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The Review of reviews

William Thomas Stead

P331.2

Bd. Jan. 1894.



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THE
REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Edited by W. T. STEAD

VOLUME VIII.

JULY - DECEMBER, 1893

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS

The Review of Reviews

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MOWBRAY HOUSE, NORFOLK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

29

PUBLISHING OFFICE: HORACE MARSHALL AND SON, 125, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

1893. Jul. 28 - Dec. 26.
Saver fund.
 P331.2
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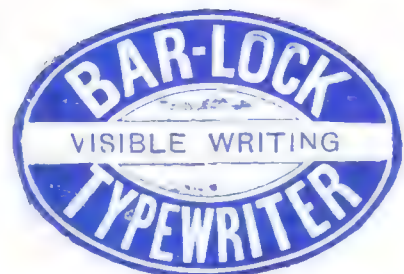
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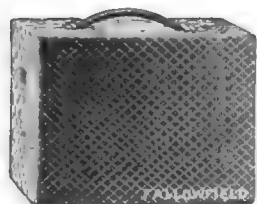
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THE MIRACLE OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

ENTRY OF JEANNE D'ARC INTO THE CITY OF ORLEANS, APRIL 28TH, 1429.



THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, *July 1, 1893.*

The Marriage of the Nations. The marriage of Prince George to Princess May has sent a ripple of social and personal interest over the land, which not even the somewhat arbitrary levy which custom enforces for wedding presents has been able altogether to dash. But the marrying and giving in marriage even of the most estimable young persons of the Royal caste cannot for a moment compare in importance to the progress that was made last month towards the marriage of the nations which speak the English tongue. If we look upon the world-drama as we should look upon any tragedy on the boards of a theatre, it is obvious that its interest centres in the fortunes of the two leading personages—Britain and America. For the last hundred years the play has turned on the story of their alienation, their differences, and their misunderstandings. But with the Alabama Arbitration a change came over the spirit of the scene which all story-tellers and dramatists lead us to expect when they are about two-thirds through their plot. The estranged lovers begin to draw together again. They discover that many deadly affronts were merely ridiculous misconceptions. Prejudices born of conflict melt in the sun of restored confidence, and the experienced observer knows that he is within a measureable distance of the time when the hero and heroine will marry and live happily ever afterwards.

The Budding of the Orange Blossoms. Without attempting to decide whether of the Orange Britain or America is the hero or the heroine in this great romance of the century, it would really begin to appear that their reunion is going to come about after all. The debate

on the proposed treaty of International Arbitration last month in the House of Commons, when a resolution was unanimously passed in favour of meeting the friendly overtures of the American Government for the conclusion of a permanent treaty of Arbitration,

was a sign of the budding of the orange blossom, that familiar symbol of the coming bridal. Mr. Cremer, Sir John Lubbock, and the Peace Society have for years pressed this resolution upon Parliament, but it was not till last month that Mr. Gladstone—and with Mr. Gladstone the House of Commons—woke up to the discovery that what had previously been declared to be impossible, unconstitutional, and most inexpedient, had now become so obviously desirable that not a single



MR. W. R. CREMER, M.P.

hostile vote could be registered against the motion. The two English-speaking peoples are now both committed to the principle of binding themselves in advance by treaty to submit all disputes to arbitration. They have already referred the Alabama and Behring Sea controversies to arbitration; but the new departure that is contemplated is to substitute for such haphazard references agreed to at the caprice of a Secretary of State for the time being, the solemn obligation of a permanent treaty binding both parties to resort to arbitration for the settlement of their disputes. From that to the constitution of the permanent international High Court which will be the wedding ring of Britain and America, there is but a short and easily traversed road.

There are some who look still further ahead. Mr. Andrew Carnegie is not exactly the supreme type of the fairy match-maker who presides over the love affairs of

Publishing the Banns.

nations. But Mr. Carnegie is a shrewd man and very practical. He was born a Scotchman, is naturalised an American, and he divides his year between his Highland residence under the Monarchy and his country house in the Republic. He knows personally the leading Republican statesmen of the West and the most influential Liberal Ministers of the Queen. He is a protectionist of the protectionists in America, a millionaire whose wealth is largely believed to be due to the heavy duties which excluded British iron and steel from the American market. But this is the man who, in the article entitled "A Look Ahead," which I notice elsewhere, proclaims the banns between the Republic and the Empire, and offers as a solid and material consideration the establishment of free trade between dominions of the Queen and the States of the American Commonwealth. From whatever point of view this may be regarded, it is significant and encouraging. It would really seem as if the beautiful dream of 1883 were about to be materialised into actual fact before the end of the century.

If the great blunder of the Third George [Mr. Astor. is to be undone, if the Empire and the Republic after a hundred years of estrangement are to be reunited, so as to constitute a single state—so far as the rest of the world is



MR. W. W. ASTOR.

concerned—then it is evident that the hour has come for the appearance of a new factor on the scene in the shape of British-Americans in Britain and American-Britons in America, men jointly representing both countries and owing allegiance both to Empire and

to Republic, as Minnesotans to Minnesota, or as Welshmen to Wales, but whose real fatherland is the English-speaking world. A few of us here and there in the press and in the pulpit have long ago proclaimed our adhesion to this saving faith. But what is wanted is a person or persons who will stand forth before the two countries as the champion of the great cause, and use their personal influence, social position, and all and every other means at their disposal to work for the reunion of English-speakingdom, as scores and hundreds of other men use their lives in working for their particular party, sect, or faction. The difficulty is that it takes a very big man to work for a very big idea. We make our gods in our own image, and the idols of the market-place and the forum are adjusted to our own stature. But the English-speaking idea is one of the biggest that ever fired the imagination of mankind, and that is one of the reasons why people are asking themselves whether Mr. Carnegie could be right in urging Mr. W. W. Astor to shoulder the responsibilities of his unique position and place himself at the head of the movement for the reunion of the English-speaking race. Mr. Astor has great advantages for playing such a part. He has wealth without envy, he comes of a good breed, he has the sense of responsibility—all that is good. He is also not without ambition, social and journalistic, as his recent adventures prove. But whether he is man enough for this other work time alone can show.

The Turn where we may, we find evidence of the Americanisation of British institutions. The Australian banks are re-constituting themselves on an American basis. Mr. Rhodes announces at the Cape that he is studying the American immigration laws with a view to restricting the landing of Asiatics. But it is in England and at Westminster that the tendency is most perceptible. Mr. Gladstone—most unfortunately for his cause—began by framing his Home Rule Bill with an eye not to American, but to Colonial precedents. That was the root of all his errors, the cause of all his embarrassments. For the difference between Colonial and American precedents is simply this—that the Colonial constitutions were drawn up with the view of enabling the colonies to become independent States, while the American constitution, as interpreted by the great Civil War and its corollaries, is based upon the principle of keeping together in indissoluble federation States which in their own domestic affairs are independent.

Home Rule on Colonial lines meant—and means—an Ireland ripening for separation and independence. Home Rule on American lines meant—and means—Ireland left free to manage her own affairs, in order that she may be more indissolubly bound up with the fabric of the Empire. In the debates of last month it was evident that Mr. Gladstone still clung to his Colonial precedents—but with a relaxing grasp. The Opposition, on the other hand, are pressing him hard with arguments and analogies drawn from Washington, and the issue is not doubtful. Colonial Home Rule will never be applied to Ireland; but American Home Rule—Home Rule as a basis for federation—comes nearer every day.

The Progress of the Home Government will discover the wisdom of Rule Debate. Possibly by the middle of this month the principle which last October has pressed upon them in vain here and elsewhere. That principle was the very obvious one, that they should not attempt to legislate upon any branch of the Irish question upon which they had not got a majority in the House of Commons. Ignoring this prudent counsel, Mr.

of 1886 differed from his financial scheme of 1890, and that again has been modified by the discovery of fatal flaws in the figures vitiating all his calculations. So it is now proposed that for six years, while the new Government is finding its feet and learning its business, the finances shall remain as at present in the hands of the Imperial Government, and it is understood that as a natural corollary of this decision Clause 9 will be excised holus bolus from the Bill. Surely it would have been more sensible to have taken this course from the first. One thing at a time. They stumble who run too fast. But when the journalist pressed these considerations on the statesman nine months since, the latter would not listen, with such results as are now before us.

The Home Rule Bill was discussed **Blocked.** all last month, with the result that the Committee has just got to the fourth Clause, and the majority impatiently chafes and fumes, and talks of guillotining the Bill through the House. The guillotining process is that which was applied by the late Government to drive their Coercion Bill through Committee. Notice is given that after a certain day debate will cease, and the House will divide without debate upon all amendments still on the paper. It is the gag applied in the most brutal fashion; and it was noted as an evil precedent when Mr. Balfour employed it by the very men who are now clamouring for its adoption to thrust the Home Rule Bill through Committee. If the majority wished to shorten debate without giving the House of Lords a plausible pretext for rejecting the Bill, they can adopt many less objectionable measures than the guillotine. They can, for instance, limit the length of speeches, say to ten minutes, with occasional exceptions by special permission, and they can fix a fair and reasonable limit to the duration of a debate on any amendment or clause, and they can refuse to debate at all any amendment which is manifestly and only obstructive. Ministers have adopted a modified guillotine policy, but it will probably not help them so much as would a decision to lighten the Bill as much as possible of all controversial top-hamper, and to send up the irreducible minimum of clauses conceding Home Rule to the Peers. This would be good policy in any case: it is obviously our only policy when it is quite accepted that the Peers will throw it out, no matter in what shape it comes before them.

This block in the House of Commons is **Paying the Penalty.** the penalty of the policy of silence which Mr. Gladstone pursued during the years of opposition. Mr. Gladstone is an old parlia-



From the Birmingham Daily.

[June 23, 1893.]

THE GREAT OBSTACLE RACE.
Will he ever get through?

Gladstone persisted in binding up the establishment of an Irish Parliament—which is not to be called a Parliament—with an alteration of the constitution of the Parliament at Westminster and a readjustment of the financial relations of the two countries. It is around these two subjects that the battle has hitherto raged. On the financial question Mr. Gladstone was so far from having a majority of his own party, that he has not even been able to maintain his own equilibrium. His financial scheme

mentary hand, and no one can give him a lesson in strategy; but it may be permitted even to the humblest of his followers to point out that the result of refusing to discuss in advance in the press and on the platform the principles of his Home Rule scheme has been to choke the House of Commons with the consideration of a multitude of questions which had not been practically debated before. If, instead of being dieted morning, noon, and night for five years with the massacre of Mitchelstown and the infamies of Coercionist Balfour, our leaders had discussed the practical difficulties of finance and representation, and had familiarised the country not merely with the case for Home Rule, but with the arguments in favour of the particular scheme of Home Rule which he favoured, there would have been more justification for the clamour for the closure and the guillotine. There were tactical advantages of an obvious nature in favour of keeping the Home Rule pig in the Gladstone poke; but, like everything else in this world, they have their price, and to-day, with July upon us and the fifth Clause still undisposed of, is it no wonder that many of us are beginning to ask whether the advantages of preventing preliminary debate during the years when we were in opposition were not bought too dear by the limitless field which is now opened to debate which cannot seriously be condemned as obstructive, inasmuch as it is the first real discussion of the practical questions involved in Home Rule?

Irish Restiveness.

Under the pressure of the prolonged debate the Government have made some minor concessions to the Opposition, with the result that the Irish are beginning to be restive. Mr. Sexton protested on one occasion against the growing habit of concession, and Mr. Redmond and the Parnellites have revolted

altogether against the proposed postponement of the financial question for six years. But Mr. Redmond's revolt does not go further than the addressing of a manifesto to the Irish Americans, while the dissatisfaction of the other party is more with appearances of things than with their substance. The Irish are shrewd enough to see the drift of events, and as they have no objection to American Home Rule, they have every reason to be satisfied with the way things are going.



From Judy.]

VERY SICKLY.

[June 14, 1893.]

The mutterings of discontent on the guillotine.

part of many of his supporters, emphasized by a slight reduction in the Liberal majority at Pontefract, decided Mr. Gladstone to make a desperate effort to extricate his Bill from the thicket. So in the last days of June it was proclaimed with great beating of tom-toms that Ministers were about to complete the revolution in Parliamentary procedure which was begun when Mr. Parnell first made the closure indispensable. Hitherto the right of closing debate has been vested in a majority subject to the discretion of the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees, who seldom acted in important cases excepting on the initiative of a Minister of

the Crown. The Liberals denounced Mr. Smith in 1887 when he thrust the Coercion Bill through by a departure from this rule, and now they shelter themselves behind the precedent which they denounced. Henceforth a Minister with a majority is to be allowed to fix a date for closing, not any particular debate on any particular clause, but for closing the consideration of the whole subject. Mr. Gladstone, for instance, wishes to get the Home Rule Bill through Committee by July 27th. He therefore allocates so much time to this, that, or the other section of the Bill. Clauses 5 to 8 must, for instance, be disposed of by the 6th of July; clauses 9 to 26 by the 13th;

clauses 27 to 40 by the 20th; new clauses, etc., by the 27th. On each of these dates the guillotine drops, and all amendments still outstanding are to be voted upon without further debate. There is to be no longer any waiting for the permission of the Speaker to close debate. Ministerial exigencies are to be the sole law of the House, and the minority is to rest content with the sole real right of a minority—that of liberty to convert itself into a majority as soon as it can.

Judging from precedent, Ministers will fail to get their Bill through before July 27. They have never fixed a date yet for getting through any stage of this measure that they have been able to keep. Even if the Opposition were to acquiesce in the policy of the gag and the guillotine, it is extremely doubtful whether the Ministerialists themselves would not require more time in which to discuss the latest version of the Government Bill. For the Bill which was read a first and second time is not the Bill which is now before the Committee. The abandonment of the financial arrangements, and the sacrifice of the ninth Clause, dealing with the retention of the Irish-members, confront the House with what is practically a new Bill. Who can say how many more versions of the Deformed Transformed we shall have before July 27? As every Ministerial change of front entails fresh loss of time, it is much more likely that they will get through their Bill in August by postponing everything but the bare principle of a subordinate legislature, than that they will succeed in carrying the present revised version of the Bill by the 27th of July. However much we may wish it to be otherwise, we shall not expedite business or bring Home Rule any nearer by taking up our quarters in a fool's paradise, even if we are able to enter it by a majority of 27, made up exclusively of Irish Members.

The Queen's birthday was marked by the usual distribution of peerages, baronetcies, knighthoods, and other declarations, by which a certain number of Her Majesty's subjects are stamped, as it were, with a hall-mark of respectability and eminence. The chief features of this year's distribution of honours was the number of knighthoods and baronetcies which fell to proprietors of newspapers and editors. If the stream of journalistic declaration continues to run at this year's rate it will become the rule that no one but a knight will have a chance of securing an engagement as editor of a first-class provincial paper. As for editors of London papers, they will all be dukes

before long; that is, if they are lucky enough to be proprietors as well, otherwise they will not be able to maintain the ducal dignity. It is to be regretted that the distribution of royal favours should not be altogether free from a suspicion of jobbery and corruption. Of course Her Majesty is not to blame, and it is better no doubt that party "whips" should be able to buy their men by titles than by cash. If the story that was current in the City last month has any foundation, it would seem as if the money taint was creeping into the very fountain of honour. The rumour to which I refer emanated from a gentleman who declared that he had been approached some time since on behalf of the Liberal wire-pullers, who informed him that if he chose to be a baronet he could obtain the coveted handle to his name by the simple process of subscribing £10,000 to the party exchequer. As he did not hanker after a baronetcy, he asked how much it would cost to get a peerage, but finding that a seat in the House of Lords could only be obtained by a subscription of £100,000 to the party exchequer, he declined business. Of course the gentleman in question may have been hoaxed by an unauthorised negotiation, but it is to be feared that some at least of the birthday honours are practically granted in return for cash down. I do not mean to say that a tuft-hunter can go to Parliament Street and buy a baronetcy as you can buy a roll of bacon, but if a man spends liberally of his substance in contesting seats it is generally understood he will not go without his reward.

The Royal wedding, which will be over long before these lines meet the eye of the reader, reminds the world once more of the immense social influence that is still wielded by the Monarchy. The pity of it is that the wire-pullers of kings do not seem to realise the latent force which they are wasting. Take for instance this very wedding. All the world and his wife are preparing to turn out into the street to cheer the bridegroom and bride on their way to the altar and on their return to the palace. But why in the name of common civility should Her Majesty have decreed that in place of the stately pageant, which Royalty knows so well how to organise, and which would have enabled everybody to have seen the prince and his bride and all their royal and imperial relatives, the wedding party shall be whisked through the streets in closed carriages? They might as well go in hearses. Then again, why could the young couple not have been induced to spend their honeymoon in

Royal
Blunders.

The Birthday
Honours.

Ireland? They could have been as private as they pleased. The mere fact that the young couple had elected to begin their married life on Irish soil would have pleased every one, whether Unionist or Home Ruler. But apparently, just because it was the most obvious thing to do, it is not to be done, and Royalty once more throws away one of its trump cards.

The German Elections, which have been the leading political events of last month, go far to show that, in Germany at least, the Monarchical principle holds its own. When the Reichstag rejected the Army Bill the Kaiser appealed

The Kaiser Wins.



From Puck.]

ONLY A TOY, AFTER ALL.

[May 24, 1893.]

And what becomes of it when William pulls the string?

to the constituencies, and, much to the astonishment of many eminent authorities, secured a majority in the new Parliament. It is a narrow majority, it is true. Two hundred and five votes good for the Army Bill to one hundred and ninety-two against, and the majority in the Reichstag has been returned by a minority of the electors. But he has got a majority; and he certainly would not have got it if he kept the Monarchy shut up in a close carriage—*more Anglicano*. Count Caprivi, who was the Kaiser's election agent, had heavy odds against him. Bismarck was virtually leader of the Opposition. The ablest and most powerful popular leaders denounced the Bill. Bad trade and depressed agriculture did not dispose the electors to vote for an increase of taxation. But, notwithstanding the heavy odds against him, the Kaiser has triumphed, and the Army Bill will pass.

The New Reichstag.

The result of the Election was a surprise for the Radicals, whose followers seem to be going over *en masse* to the Social Democrats. The latter will have forty-four members in the new Reichstag. Richter, their chief Liberal opponent, who had sixty-eight followers in the old Reichstag, will only have thirty-six in the new. The Anti-Semites have now sixteen members, including the redoubtable Ahlwardt, who has been returned for more than one constituency. Dr. Virchow, one of the most respected of the retiring Radical members, failed to secure re-election. The Catholic Centre has lost its former solidity and cohesion, but it remains the strongest of all the Parliamentary groups, with ninety-six members. The feeling in Southern Germany against the Army Bill seems to have been very strong, the vote cast in Bavaria showing a majority of more than two to one against the Bill. The composition of the new Reichstag, so far as can be ascertained to-day, will be as follows:—

Conservatives, 74; Imperialists, 24; National Liberals, 50; Radical Union, 12; Radical People's Party, 24; South German People's Party, 11; Centre, 96; Guelphs, 7; Social Democrats, 44; Poles, 19; Anti-Semites, 16; Independents, 9; Danes, 1; Alsatian Protest Party, 7; Alsations in favour of the Army Bill, 3. Gains—Conservatives, 6; Imperialists, 6; National Liberals, 8; South German People's Party, 1; Social Democrats, 8; Poles, 2; Anti-Semites, 10; Independents, 3. Losses—Radical Union and Radical People's Party together, 32; Centre, 9; Guelphs, 3.

How will the French Vote?

Germany having thus decided to give the Emperor the additional soldiers which he declares to be indispensable for the safety of the Fatherland, the next question is, what will France do? The General Election in France is fixed for next month, but the second ballot will not be taken before the first week in September. Great interest attaches to this election, because it is the first to be held since the Pope ordered his Mamelukes to support the Republic. The Catholic Royalists who have rallied to the Republic constitute an element of electoral force which M. Constans is endeavouring to exploit for his own advantage. It would indeed be a cruel irony of fate if the first result of the Papal appearance as a Republican election agent were like the return to power of a politician with such a scabrous record as M. Constans. What the result of the conflict will be no one can possibly divine. No one knows how far the Panama scandals, followed by the judicial scandal of an illegal sentence—inflicted virtually by order of the Ministry upon M. Eiffel and M. Charles

de Lesseps, which the higher court quashed—have affected the French electorate. Only one thing seems clear—whatever party or politician comes to the top, French armament will be maintained.

Parties and Programmes. M. Dupuy, the Prime Minister, proclaims as his programme the policy of Republican concentration, which means, as we should say, a Liberal-Radical union, with the Liberals at the top. M. Goblet, the Radical, accepts this policy, on condition the Radicals are at the top. M. Constans, the strong man of the law and order party of the Republicans, seeks to make his game in an altogether different direction. He has his eye upon the newly rallied Royalists. He is for a concentration of the Conservative forces, a strong policy, social legislation in aid of old age pensions, and a reduction of the burdens of the peasantry. He does not propose to abandon secular education, or to exempt priests from military service, but he proclaims on other matters a policy of tolerance and conciliation. M. Constans is the Mr. Chamberlain of the situation, if we can imagine the Conservatives just beginning to rally to the cause of Birmingham; M. Dupuy is a kind of French Sir W. Harcourt of the Whig era; M. Goblet a very poor version of Mr. Morley. M. Clémenceau—"the French Parnell"—has not yet spoken.

The Penalty of Pigottism. M. Clémenceau, who was declared to have been ruined by the accusations brought against him of complicity, through M. Hertz, in the Panama scandal, has been unexpectedly resuscitated by the inconceivable folly of his enemies. M. Millevoye, a kind of French Maud Gonne, without her beauty or grace, and with about as much influence in international politics, furiously assailed M. Clémenceau in the Chamber as a traitor to France. In support of his accusation he had the incredible folly to produce in the tribune a forged document, which he alleged had been stolen from the British Embassy, showing that M. Clémenceau had been bribed with £20,000 to support British interests against the Republic. The document was so obvious a hoax that it could not have deceived even the Simple Simon of the *Times*; who so greedily swallowed the forgeries of Pigott. The only result of publication was the extinction of M. Millevoye, the prosecution of his forger, and the rehabilitation of M. Clémenceau. It is the latest illustration of the familiar doctrine that you have usually more reason to be grateful to your enemies than to your friends. Pigott in England, Ahlwardt in Germany, and Millevoye in France constitute a

remarkable trio, whose fate will, it is to be hoped, discourage for some time to come the employment of bogus revelations as a weapon in political warfare.

The Loss of the Victoria. On Thursday afternoon, June 22nd, while the Mediterranean fleet was engaged in evolutions about seven miles from the Syrian coast in the Tripoli roadstead, the *Camperdown* collided with the flagship *Victoria*, with such force that in ten minutes the *Victoria* sank, carrying down with her into seventy fathoms of water Admiral Tryon and 400 of her crew. Only about 200 were saved. This accident, which deprived the nation of one of its strongest fighting ships and one of its ablest admirals, is said to have been due to a slight delay caused by the captain of the *Camperdown* not understanding at first the signal from the flagship. Seeing from the movements of the other ships what it meant, the *Camperdown* endeavoured to take her place in line. The distance was misjudged, and the turning room was not sufficient. As both ships were under full steam, the impact of the blow from the ram of the *Camperdown* was so great as to rip up the *Victoria's* side so badly as to render it impossible to save the vessel. As the water rushed in she began to settle by the head. A desperate attempt was made to reach the shore. Only two miles of the seven were traversed by the sinking ship with her forepart almost under water, when she suddenly canted to one side, and then capsized. For a few horrible moments she floated keel up, her gigantic screws revolving in the air. After churning into bloody foam the water in which six hundred men were struggling for life, the great ironclad sank out of sight, sucking down with her into the depth, swarming with sharks, two-thirds of her company. As she sank she burst, strewing the sea for five miles with fragments of the wreck.

Admiral Tryon. The *Camperdown* was not seriously injured. Some two hundred officers and men, more or less scalded, were picked up by the boats of the other ships. Thus perished one of the stoutest of our men-of-war, which cost three-quarters of a million to build, and which cannot be replaced for at least two years. The loss in trained capacity and naval genius cannot be estimated in money. The only consolation that is left us is that in that supreme moment officers and men did their duty. Admiral Tryon refusing to leave the deck, and going down with his ship into the abyss impressed the imagination of our people with a fresh and inspiring sense of naval heroism.

DIARY FOR JUNE.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

- May 31. Meeting of the Council of the Women's Liberal Federation; Lady Aberdeen elected President. Discussions on Woman Suffrage, Labour, Home Rule, etc.
Annual Meeting of the English Land Restoration League.
- June 1. Annual Meeting of the Royal Society.
Heavy Floods in Manipur; many lives lost.
Inauguration of the Scottish National Branch of the Royal British Nurses' Association at Edinburgh.
2. Annual Dinner of the Society of Authors at the Holborn Restaurant.
Celebration at Rome of the Anniversary of the Death of Garibaldi.
3. Celebration of the Queen's Birthday. Trooping the Colour.
4. Statue of Theophraste Renaudot, the first French Journalist, inaugurated at Paris.
6. Annual Meeting of the Suez Canal Company at Paris.
Memorial Stone of the New Buildings of the United Service Institution laid by the Prince of Wales.
Sea Fisheries Conference at Whitehall.
Public Libraries Acts rejected by Marylebone for the fourth time.
Conference of the Women's National Liberal Association opened at St. Martin's Town Hall.
7. Monument to Professor Henry Fawcett unveiled in Vauxhall Park.
Resignation of the Argentine Cabinet.
First Annual Meeting of the Militia Rifle Association.
8. M. Brunetiere elected a Member of the French Academy.
Meeting at Farringdon Hall to consider the Civil Rights of Civil Servants.
Decision in the Pontefract Election Petition; the seat pronounced vacant.
Opening of the South Australian Parliament by the Earl of Kintore.
New Cabinet formed in the Argentine Republic.
Conference of the Women's National Liberal Association continued at the National Liberal Club.
9. Collapse of Ford's Opera House at Washington; many lives lost.
10. Opening of New Municipal Buildings at Richmond by the Duke of York.
Demonstration in Hyde Park in Support of the Local Veto Bill.
13. Memorial to the late W. H. Smith unveiled at St. Martin's Town Hall.
Prorogation of the New South Wales Parliament.
14. Resignation of the Downer Ministry of South Australia.
Inauguration of the Shelley Memorial at Oxford.
Cabinet's Strike in Paris.
16. New Ministry formed by Mr. C. C. Kingston in South Australia.
Sir C. B. H. Mitchell appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Straits Settlements.
Sir W. F. Hely-Hutchinson appointed Governor of Natal.
16. Opening of the Servian Skupstina by King Alexander.
Explosion at Salamis; 11 killed.
Annual Meeting of the Central National Society for Women's Suffrage, at St. James's Restaurant.
17. Opening of New London County Asylum at Claybury, Essex.
19. Reopening of the Bank of Victoria, City of Melbourne Bank, Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, and the Australian Joint Stock Bank.
First Annual Meeting of the Women's Branch of the Horticultural College, Swanley.
Opening of the Royal Agricultural Society's Annual Show at Chester.
Conclusion of Trial of Armenian Christians; 17 condemned to death.
Opening of the Labour Electoral Congress at Hull.
20. Severe Thunderstorm in Portugal; 12 persons killed.

21. Unveiling of Shelley Memorial Tablet at Rome.
Panic in a Church at Romano Borisoglebak on the Volga; 146 persons killed.
22. Deputation from the Chambers of Commerce and Trade Associations of Northern Counties to Lord Kimberley, on Trade with India, Burmah, and China.
Opening of the Third Session of the New Zealand Parliament.
Deputation of Volunteer Officers to Lord Sandhurst, suggesting Amendments to the Volunteer Act of 1863.
Deputation of Cotton and Woollen Manufacturers of Northern Counties, to Lord Kimberley, on Railways in India.
Opening of the Home Arts and Industries Exhibition at the Albert Hall by the Duchess of Teck.
Suspension of Six Local Banks in California.
Deputation of Working Men to the London School Board, in support of Religious Education in Board Schools.

25. Failure of Messrs. Goldsbrough, Mort and Co.'s Bank, Melbourne.
Reopening of National Bank of Australasia, Melbourne.
Serious Riots in Rangoon; 20 persons killed.
26. Resignation of Cabinet in the Argentine Republic.
Opening of an International Congress on Criminal Law in Paris.
27. Mongolian Rising near Jehol.
Opening of Oxford University Extension Conference.
The Comédie Française at Windsor.
Annual Conference of the British Temperance League opened at York.
Opening of the New Building of the Association for the Blind, in Tottenham Court Road, by Princess Christian.
University Extension Conference, opened at Oxford.
Re-opening of the Commercial Bank of Australia.
28. At Kensington Gardens the Queen unveiled the Statue of herself by the Princess Louise.
Centenary Celebration in Austria of the Birth of Joseph Hessel, inventor of the Marine Screw Propeller.
Golden Wedding Celebration of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.
Victorian Parliament, at Melbourne, opened by the Earl of Hopetoun.
29. Consecration of England to St. Peter and St. Mary, at the Brompton Oratory.
Shaftesbury Memorial at Piccadilly Circus, unveiled by the Duke of Westminster.

BY-ELECTIONS.

June 15. Linlithgow:—

On the resignation of Mr. Peter McLaren, a by-election was held with the following result:—

Captain Thomas Hope (C)	3,240
Mr. Alexander Ure (L)	3,071

In 1885:		In 1886:	
(L)	3,801	(L)	2,543
(C)	1,806	(C)	1,810

Lib. majority	2,195	Lib. majority	733
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In 1892:	
(L)	2,870
(C)	2,709

Liberal majority	161
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19. Swansea District:—

Sir Hussey Vivian having been raised to the peerage a by-election was held, with the result that Mr. W. Williams (L) was returned unopposed:—

In 1885:		In 1886:	
Sir Hussey Vivian (L)	..	Sir Hussey Vivian (L)	..
returned unopposed.	..	(or L. C.) returned	..
		unopposed.	

In 1892:	
(L)	5,959
(L. C.)	933

Liberal majority	5,026
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26. Pontefract:—

Mr. Reckitt having been unseated on petition, a by-election was held, with the following result:—

Mr. T. W. Nussey (L)	1,191
Mr. Elliott Lees (C)	1,159

In 1885:		In 1886:	
(C)	1,111	(C)	1,156
(L)	1,075	(L)	947

Con. majority	36	Con. majority	209
In 1892:			
(C)	1,132		
(L)	1,092		

Conservative majority	40
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At a by-election, Feb. 13, 1893:	
(L)	1,228
(C)	1,165

Liberal majority	63
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LADY ABERDEEN.

(From a photograph by Fradelle and Young.)

23. Collision off Tripoli between the *Victoria* and the *Campdown*; loss of the Flagship *Victoria* and Admiral Tryon with 359 officers and crew.
Lord Herschell appointed Chancellor of the University of London.
The Comédie Française entertained by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House.
Foundation Stone of the New Homoeopathic Hospital, Bloomsbury, laid by the Duchess of Teck.
24. Unveiling of the Clarence Memorial at St. John's Gate by the Prince of Wales.
Opening of the New Wing of the Children's Hospital, Bloomsbury, by the Prince of Wales.
Banquet of the Elder Brethren of Trinity House.
Departure of Dr. Nansen's Expedition to the North Pole.
Centenary of the death of Gilbert White of Selborne.
Issue of Parnellite Manifesto to the Irish in America.
Foundation Stone of New Technical School at Bury, laid by Lord Stanley.

28. Cork County (North-East):—

Mr. Michael Davitt having resigned, a by-election was held, with the result that Mr. Wm. Abraham (N) was returned unopposed:—

In 1885:

Mr. Leamy (P) was returned unopposed.

In 1886:

Mr. Leamy (P) was returned unopposed. At a by-election, May 2, 1887, Mr. Wm. O'Brien (P) was returned unopposed.

In 1892:

Mr. Wm. O'Brien (N) was returned unopposed.

At a by-election held Feb. 9, 1883, on the resignation of Mr. Wm. O'Brien on his election as a member for Cork City, Mr. Michael Davitt (N) was returned unopposed.

Cork County (South-East):—

On the retirement of Mr. Morrogh, a by-election was held, with the result that Dr. Andrew Cummins (Healyite) was returned unopposed.

In 1885:

(P) 4,620
(C) 661

In 1886:

Mr. Hooper (P) returned unopposed.

At a by-election, June 3, 1889, Mr. Morrogh (N) was returned unopposed.

P. majority 3,959

In 1892:

(N) 4,110
(C) 692

Nationalist majority 3,418

NOTABLE UTTERANCES.

June 2. Mr. Stanhope, at St. James's Restaurant, on the Registration Bill.

3. Count Kaloky, at Vienna, on the State of Europe.

M. Constans, at Toulouse, on his Political Programme.

4. Grand Duke of Baden, at Offenburg, on the German Army Bill.

5. Count Kaloky, at Vienna, on the European Situation.

6. Duke of Devonshire, at Westminster, on Rural Reforms.

7. Lord George Hamilton, at Acton, on the Home Rule Bill.

Lord Randolph Churchill, at Macclesfield, on the Home Rule Bill.

Mr. Labouchere, at Northampton, on the House of Lords and Obstruction.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, at Anerley, on the Veto Bill.

8. Mr. W. H. White, at the Institute of Marine Engineers, on Marine Engineering.

10. Professor Bryce, at Oxford, on the University.

12. Lord Salisbury, at Blackfriars Road, on the Home Rule Bill.

Lord Roberts, at the Mansion House, on the Indian Army.

13. Lord Coleridge, at Saltaire, on Education.

Mr. F. C. Selous, at the Hôtel Métropole, on Hunting in Africa.

14. Sir Richard Temple, at Richmond, on the Welsh Suspensory Bill.

Mr. Goschen, at the British Economic Association, on Ethics and Economics.

Mr. Mundella, at St. Martin's Town Hall, on Education.

Professor Michael Foster, at Cambridge, on Weariness.

16. Mr. H. H. Fowler, at the City Liberal Club, on Parish Councils.

17. Lord Herschell, at the Hôtel Métropole, on Journalism.

Mr. Keir-Hardie, at the Democratic Club, on the Labour Party.

18. Lord Roberts, at Chelsea Hospital, on the Corps of Commissionaires.

19. Duke of Devonshire, at Hanley, on Home Rule.

20. Mr. W. A. McDonald, at Dublin, on the Home Rule Bill.

Sir W. Wedderburn, at Exeter Hall, on the State Regulation of Vice in India.

21. Lord Randolph Churchill, at Leicester, on Home Rule.

Archbishop Benson, at the National Society, on Church Schools.

Prince of Wales, at the Guildhall, on the Metal Trades Society.

22. Archdeacon Farrar, at St. George's-in-the-East, on Labour Homes.

23. Lord Knutsford, at St. George's Club, on Imperial Federation.

24. Lord Randolph Churchill, at Pontefract, on the Home Rule Bill.

Lord Ashbourne, at Keswick, on the Home Rule Bill.

26. Mr. Plunket, at Marylebone, on the Home Rule Bill.

28. Lord Randolph Churchill, at Birmingham, on the Home Rule Bill.

29. Sir G. G. Stokes, at the Society of Arts, on Luminiferous Ether.

Lord R. Churchill at Birmingham, on Mr. Gladstone's Closure Policy.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

June 1. Second Reading of the Wild Birds Protection Bill.

Committee on the Elementary Education (Religious Instruction) Bill.

Debate on the Increase of Crime in Limerick.

2. Passing of the Madras and Bombay Armies Bill.

Debate on Crime in Limerick resumed by Lord Zetland, and continued by Lord Camperdown, Lord Spencer, Lord Waterford, Lord Ashbourne, Lord Kimberley, Lord Inchiquin, and Lord Mayo.

5. Consolidated Fund (No. 2) Bill passed.

Debate on the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's Resolution respecting the Appointment of Justices of the Peace.

6. First Reading of Lord Rosebery's Seal Fishery (North Pacific) Bill.

Second Reading of the Bishop of Chester's Authorised Companies (Liquor) Bill.

8. Second Reading of the North Sea Fisheries Bill.

Discussions on Secondary Education in Scotland, and on a Dock for Gibraltar.

9. Second Reading of the Places of Worship (Sites) Bill.

Second Reading of the Seal Fishery (North Pacific) Bill.

12. Committee on the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors (Ireland) Bill; Lord Rookwood's Amendment carried, and the Bill passed.

Committee on the Seal Fishery (North Pacific) Bill; Bill passed.

13. Committee on the Weights and Measures Bill; Bill passed.

Committee on the Seal Fishery (North Pacific) Bill; Bill passed.

15. North Sea Fisheries Bill read a Third time and passed.

16. Committee on the Wild Birds Protection Bill; Bill passed.

Discussion on the Railway Servants (Hours of Labour) Bill.

19. Discussion on Lord Winchilsea's Resolution in favour of the Establishment of State Granaries; Motion withdrawn.

20. Committee on the Places of Worship (Sites) Bill; Bill passed.

22. Third Reading of the Railway Servants (Hours of Labour) Bill, the Duchy of Cornwall Bill, and Weights and Measures Bill; Bills passed.

Second Reading of the Rivers Pollution Prevention (No. 2) Bill, of the Statutory Rules Procedure Bill, and of the Prison (Officers' Superannuation) (No. 2) Bill.

23. Lord Kimberley's Resolution on the London School Board and the Land Clauses Acts agreed to.

26. Statement by Lord Kimberley on the Indian Currency Question.

Second Reading of the Supreme Court of Judicature Bill.

Land Tax Commissioners' Names Bill read a third time and passed.

27. Public Works Loans Bill read a third time and passed.

29. Second reading of the Friendly Societies Act (1875) Amendment Bill.

Consideration of the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors (Ireland) Bill.

Lord Dunraven's Review of Newfoundland Fisheries.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

May 31. Committee on the Home Rule Bill continued; Amendments to Clause 3 proposed by Lord Wolmer, General Goldsworthy, Sir A. Scoble, and Mr. Parker Smith negatived.

Second Reading of the Consolidated Fund (No. 2) Bill.

Withdrawal of the Civil Services (East India) Bill.

June 1. Committee on Clause 3 of the Home Rule Bill continued; Amendment moved by Mr. Bartley negatived, and Amendments moved by Mr. Parker Smith carried; Discussion on Mr. Burns's Amendment.

Consolidated Fund (No. 2) Bill passed through Committee.

Second Reading of the Statute Law Revision (No. 1) Bill.

2. Committee on Clause 3 of the Home Rule Bill continued; Amendments moved by Mr. Burns, Colonel Lockwood, and Mr. Brodrick negatived.

Third Reading of the Statute Law Revision (No. 1) Bill.

Mr. Paul's Resolution relating to Civil Service Examinations in India and England carried by 84 to 76.

5. Committee on Clause 3 of the Home Rule Bill continued; Amendments moved by Admiral Field, Mr. Hobhouse, Mr. Tomlinson, and Mr. Gerald Balfour negatived.

6. Committee on Clause 3 of the Home Rule Bill continued; Amendments proposed by Mr. Butcher, Sir Henry James, Mr. Stuart-Wortley, Mr. Barton, and Mr. Carson negatived.

7. Committee on Clause 3 of the Home Rule Bill continued; Amendments moved by Mr. Brodrick, Mr. J. G. Lawson, and Mr. Courtney negatived; and Amendments moved by Mr. John Morley and Mr. Sexton carried.

8. Committee on Clause 3 of the Home Rule Bill continued; Amendments moved by Mr. Bartley and Sir T. Lea negatived; and Amendment moved by Mr. Bousfield agreed to.

9. Committee on Clause 3 of the Home Rule Bill continued; Amendment moved by Mr. Whiteley negatived.

Second Reading of the Elementary (Blind and Deaf Children) Education Bill.

Discussion on the Working of the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1883.

12. Committee on Clause 3 of the Home Rule Bill; Amendments moved by Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Parker Smith, Sir F. Powell, Mr. Gerald Balfour, and Mr. H. S. Foster negatived; Amendment moved by Mr. Bartley carried.

13. Committee on Clause 3 of the Home Rule Bill continued; Amendment moved by Lord Wolmer negatived; and Amendments moved by Mr. Morley and Mr. Gerald Balfour carried.

Clause 3 was agreed to.

Committee on Clause 4 of the Home Rule Bill; Amendments moved by Mr. H. S. Foster, Mr. Bartley, Sir H. James, Mr. Boscawen, and Mr. Rentoul negatived; and Mr. J. Morley's Amendment agreed to.

14. Committee on Clause 4 of the Home Rule Bill continued; Amendments moved by Mr. V. Gibbs, Mr. Gerald Balfour, and Mr. Darling negatived.

15. Committee on Clause 4 of the Home Rule Bill continued; Amendments moved by Sir T. Lea, Mr. Bartley, Mr. Mowbray, and Mr. Wyndham negatived.

16. Committee on Clause 4 of the Home Rule Bill continued; Amendments moved by Mr. Sexton, Major Darwin, and Mr. H. Plunkett negatived; Amendment moved by Sir Charles Russell carried.

Resolution in favour of International Arbitration, moved by Mr. Cremer and modified by Mr. Gladstone, agreed to.

19. Committee on Clause 4 of the Home Rule Bill continued; Amendments moved by Mr. T. H. Bolton, Mr. H. Hobhouse, Mr. Carson, and Mr. Rentoul negatived.

Second Reading of the Seal Fishery (North Pacific) Bill.

20. Committee on Clause 4 of the Home Rule Bill continued; Amendments moved by Lord Wolmer and Mr. Brodrick negatived.

21. Committee on Clause 4 of the Home Rule Bill continued; Amendments moved by Mr. Parker Smith, Mr. Plunket and Mr. Rentoul negatived.
22. Statement by Mr. Gladstone on Home Rule Finance.
Committee on Clause 4 of the Home Rule Bill continued; Amendments moved by Mr. Wolf, Mr. Plunket, and Mr. Cochrane negatived.
23. Committee on Clause 4 of the Home Rule Bill continued; Amendment moved by Mr. Parker Smith negatived; Clause 4 agreed to.
Seal Fishery (North Pacific) Bill passed through Committee.
Dr. Clark's Motion for Home Rule for Scotland negatived by 168 to 150.
26. Discussion of the London Improvements Bill.
Statement by Mr. Gladstone on the Indian Currency Question.
Committee of Supply; Discussion of the Naval Estimates.
Third Reading of the Seal Fishery (North Pacific) Bill.
Second Reading of the Housing of the Working Classes Act (1890) Amendment Bill.
27. Committee of Supply: Consideration of Army Estimates.
Third Reading of the Improvement of Land (Scotland) Bill.
28. Committee on the Home Rule Bill resumed, and Discussion on Clause 5 continued; Mr. Fisher's Amendment agreed to and two Amendments proposed by Mr. Hanbury negatived.
29. Debate on Mr. Gladstone's proposal to apply closure to the Home Rule Bill on certain dates. Motion negatived by 308 to 279.
Mr. T. W. Russell's and Baron F. J. de Rothschild's Amendments negatived.
32. Sir William Mackinnon, Founder of the British East Africa Company, 70.
Jehangirshaw Erakshaw Kohiyar, of Bombay, 42.
Sir William Fox, 81.
Mr. Arthur Locker, Journalist, 84.
Sir Theophilus Shepstone, 76.
Lord Calthorpe, 67.
General Sir Lothian Nicholson, 68.
Edmund Sturge, Quaker Philanthropist, 84.
Rev. Charles M'Dowall, D. D., 58.

OBITUARY.

- June 2. Francis Scaman Dymoke, Queen's Champion, 65.
5. Bishop Charles Joseph von Hefele.
7. Edwin Booth, actor, 60.
8. Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Hudson, 60.
12. Duke Max Emmanuel of Bavaria, 44.
Bishop Reynolds, of Adelaide, 58.
15. Canon Elierton, 66.
16. Lieut.-Gen. W. R. Gordon, 65.
17. Rev. Thomas Moseley, 87.
19. Major-Gen. Mounsey-Grant.
20. Herr Wilhelm Scholz, artist, 68.
General Henry Pritchard, 83.
21. Professor Silvio Spaventa, 70.
Senator Leland Stanford, of California, 69.

The deaths are also announced of Sir William Bowyer, 82; Chung How, of Peking; Capt. Jules Soufflot, 69; Herr Hans Peter Holst, Danish poet, 82; Prof. Charles Rudey; Major W. T. Johnson; George Potter, Trade Unionist; W. Reid, naturalist, 79; Quentin Mackinnon, New Zealand explorer; M. Lacressonnière, French actor, 73; Prince Alexander Lubowinski; Gen. Sir Fred. E. Chapman, 76; James Claudius Erskine, 72; James Sharples, the artist-blacksmith; Col. John P. Stuart, 85; Jean Vital Jammes, musician, 70; M. Grot, Russian author, 80; Major W. T. Johnson; Rev. Temple Hillyard; Col. G. B. Messadaglia-Bey; M. Emile Vidal, 68; Mr. John Butler, Journalist, 75; Gen. Sir W. Payn, 70; John Evans Jones, of Carnarvon; Gen. Sir Edwin Beaumont Johnson, 68; Gen. Jose Oliveira, President of the Brazilian Commission at the World's Fair; Prof. J. Frohschammer, 72; Thomas Brett, lawyer, 51.



M. MILLEVOYE.

(The Pigottist of Paris.)

CHARACTER SKETCH: JULY.

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE TRYON, OF H.M.S. "VICTORIA."

ONE-FOURTH of the world, being land, is divided into a considerable number of States more or less insignificant, among which some half-a-dozen great Powers stand conspicuous. The remaining three-fourths of the world, being the salt sea, is divided into several huge satrapies, over each of which reigns with supreme, although not exclusive, sovereignty the British admiral who is, for the time being, Commander-in-Chief of the Naval Station. Of these great watery dominions the most important, although almost the smallest, is the Mediterranean, and among the great potentates of the world the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean station ranks among the first. This may sound hyperbolic to those who have never been at sea. Possibly enough many of our readers may be somewhat incredulous as they hear, perhaps for the first time, of authorities whose existence is not hinted at even in Mr. Arnold Forster's patriotic "Citizen Reader;" but that is because they have lived like earth-worms in their holes in the ground, and have never in all their lives

once realised that the familiar song of "Rule Britannia," however bombastic it may sound on land, is sober serious fact the moment you embark upon the sea.

It is not until you are out of sight of land that some faint, far-away conception of the might and majesty, the power and the glory of the sovereignty of the seas begins to dawn upon the mind. But as day follows day, and everywhere across the billowy expanse, from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same, you are alone between the two infinitudes, the firmament above and the abyss of waters below, you begin to understand. And as you cross the track of the innumerable argosies

which are ceaselessly engaged in bearing the garnered wealth of the harvests of the world to the Thames and the Mersey, the Humber and the Clyde, when almost every ship you pass flies the English flag or is bound to British ports, the sense of the magnificence of our ocean

heritage imperceptibly deepens. And when, after a tour round the world, you find you visit no port that is not crowded with British shipping, that every mile of the endless circle you never passed out of the range of the authority of some British admiral, wielding an actual ever-present force, stronger than that of any rival Power, and irresistible by reason of the limitless resources of the Empire at his back, the great truth dawns upon your mind, and you begin to realise, more or less dimly, the reality of our overlordship of the sea.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria reigns on the Thames; but her sea kings both reign and rule on every ocean between the poles. Sea king is no mere phrase as applied to the Admiral Commander-in-Chief of a British naval station. His fleet is an array of floating fortresses, detached for

a time from their native land, and he himself is the living personification, the incarnate embodiment of the Empire. On all the world's broad surface no living man wields more absolute authority than the admiral on the quarter-deck, nor have Tzar and Kaiser, in all their hosts, more obedient subjects than he. He is monarch and diplomatist and warrior and judge all in one. He is the warden of the watery marches, the naval overlord of the ocean. It is he who sustains the fabric of our Colonial possessions; without him and his warships our world-circling fortresses would be as worthless as the Pyramids; it is his patrols which make the traffic on



ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE TRYON.
(Photograph by Maull and Fox.)



H.M.S. "VICTORIA" LEAVING THE TYNE, NEWLY BUILT, APRIL 6, 1888.

the trade routes from continent to continent as safe from molestation as the tramways in Hackney and Islington. And this puissant sovereignty, built up by the valour and the labour and the lives of successive generations of British seamen, is maintained to this day by the same means, and exercised as of old in the ever present menace of Death. Our fathers wrested the trident from the hands of the Sea-god because they did not fear to die, and we wield it to-day as of yore on the same terms, in defiance of the anger of the storm, of incalculable mischances of accidents, and of the carnage of battle.

But the enemy, though vanquished, is no submissive vassal bending low before the prows of the conquering ships. Ever and anon he seizes or makes opportunity to wreak a shrewd revenge upon the dominant Viking. Sometimes a great storm arises, and the abyss swallows ship and captain and crew, who go down a living sacrifice into the depths. But oftener, when the waves are still and danger seems afar, destruction swoops down upon the victor, and a collision or an accident sinks the flagship of the admiral like a broken potsherd to the bottom. Such things are the incidents, always recurring, of the sovereignty of the seas. It is upon such conditions of tenure that the sea tolerates our dominion. So it has been in the past, so it will be in the future, and so, as the fate of the *Victoria* and its admiral and crew reminds us, it is to-day. But Britannia, while sorrowing for her sons who went out but return no more for ever, sheds no unworthy tears and makes no fretful moan. She only asks if they bore themselves worthily at the supreme moment, and, when satisfied on that point, replaces with pride the missing ship, and sends forth without a phrase, save of gratitude and exultation, another crew not less brave and disciplined to keep flying at the peak the "flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." Our sailors have looked too long in the face of death in all its shapes for even the loss of the *Victoria* and her gallant crew to occasion a momentary dismay. Yet the catastrophe which cost us one of our ablest captains and one of our most powerful fighting ships was tragic enough to make the sound of mourning audible throughout the land. When Admiral Tryon went down with his ship, a great man and a ruler in our naval Israel perished in his prime. Nor can the mere loss of life be regarded as inconsiderable. More lives were lost when the *Victoria* was rammed by the *Camperdown* than the *Victoria* lost in killed and wounded at the Battle of Trafalgar. And, besides the Admiral and his crew, there is the ship. It is the fashion among some writers to decry the modern ironclad, as if it were a mere clumsy ugly box of machinery and boilers, a thing from which all sentiment and romance had departed. A man can love the trim *Galatea* or the saucy *Arethusa*. The sailing ship, with her great expanse of canvas, her graceful lines, has an individuality of her own; she walks the waters as a thing of life, and her crew, from the captain down to the powder-monkey, may well feel towards her as a lover towards his mistress. But an ironclad—pshaw! one might as well wax romantic over the rule-of-three or vulgar fractions. So sneer the land-lubbers who have never seen an ironclad except from the shore. As a matter of fact, these great marine monsters do succeed in inspiring the same kind of sentiment in the men who sail them and who fight them as did the old wooden battle-ships. The *Victoria*, like all her consorts, perhaps even more than most, had a character all her own. From the time she was launched at

Elswick down to the day when she capsized off the Syrian coast, she has been one of the most distinctive and remarkable characters among the fighting fleet of Britain. Notwithstanding the ill-luck that seafaring men believe clings to any vessel that has been twice named—she was first christened the *Renown*, *Victoria* being an afterthought—the Tyne-built ironclad was always popular in the navy. Her commander loved her. Her crew were proud of her. She was one of the crack ships of the service, and when the news came of her untimely destruction, there were not a few who felt a more poignant sense of personal bereavement in the loss of the ship than even in the fate of her admiral and crew. Even among landmen the *Victoria* was a familiar friend. Every one who visited the Naval Exhibition wondered at her gigantic turret with its tremendous gun, and shuddered at the graphic representation of the penetrating power of the 110 tonner which was painted on the adjoining wall. The silver model of the vessel that was presented to Her Majesty and the wonderfully executed wooden model shown by Lord Armstrong were among the special attractions of the Exhibition. Hence the shock occasioned by her destruction was greater than would have resulted from the sinking of any two of her consorts.

Notwithstanding all this—notwithstanding the sense of loss and the consciousness of the sudden impairing of our fighting strength on our most exposed station, the sinking of the *Victoria* is already coming to be regarded with a feeling rather of pride than of chagrin, of gratitude and exultation than of melancholy. It was a misfortune, no doubt, but it was one of those disasters which ennoble more than they injure. So far as can be seen at present, with the exception of the one irreparable mistake, nothing went wrong—nothing was done that ought not to have been done; everything was tested under the breaking strain of imminent death, and everything and every one was found to be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. Even in the suddenness and completeness of the catastrophe we have a certain consolation. We have at least demonstrated now beyond all gainsaying how irresistible a weapon is the ram of the *Camperdown*. Of all the ironclads afloat there was none stronger, although there were one or two larger than the *Victoria*. But at the first blow from the ram of her consort, a blow dealt by mischance, and without the calculated force and fury of war, the *Victoria* was crushed into irremediable ruin. No one after this can question the effective fighting value of the ram. Now Great Britain has many rams at her disposal, many more rams than we had *Victorias*, and the loss of the *Victoria* has heightened the face value of all the rams that to-day are flying the white ensign.

At first, no doubt, there was a disposition to exaggerate the significance of the evidence thus afforded as to the fragility of the modern ironclad. But, on second thoughts, this was seen to be unjust. There is nothing exceptional or unusual about the capsizing of an ironclad. British men-of-war of the most ancient heart-of-oak pattern keeled over as suddenly as the *Victoria* with even less excuse. Mr. Froude, in *Longman's Magazine*, reminds us this very month how that, at the very beginning of our naval wars, when the British fleet were repelling a French attack, insolently delivered at the very gates of Portsmouth, one of our first fighting ships keeled over and sank, drowning all her crew. The loss of the *Mary Rose* under the eyes of Henry the Eighth at Spithend, while the enemy was actually engaged in an attempt to destroy our navy and land on our shores,

was a far greater disaster than the loss of the *Victoria*. The story of the sinking of the *Mary Rose* told by Sir Peter Carewe, who witnessed it, may be recalled opportunely just now to remind us that as there were brave men before Agamemnon, so England had first-class fighting ships that could turn bottom up before the *Victoria*, and even before the *Royal George* :—

The Kynge hearing that the French galleys rowed up and doune in the very haven of Portsmouth fretted, and his teethe stooode one and edge to see the braverye of his enemyes to come so neere his noose and be not able to encountre with thyme. . . It was the Kynge's pleasure to appoint Sir George Carewe to be Vice Admyrall and haile appoynted unto hym a shippe named the *Marye Rose*, which was as fyne a shippe, as stronge and as well-appoynted, as none better on the realme. . . The Kynge then toke his boats and rowed to the lande. . . The sayles were no sooner hoysted but that the *Marye Rose* boganne to heele, that is to leane, on the one side. Sir George Carewe being then in his own shippe and seeinge the same called for the master of his shippe, and told him thereof and asked hym what it mento? Who answered that yf she did heele she was lycke to be cast awaye. Then the sayd Sir Gawen passage by the *Marye Rose* called one to Sir George Carewe asking hym how he did? Who answered that he had a sort of naves whom he could not rule. And it was not longe after but that the sayde *Marye Rose*, thus heeling more and more, was drowned with 700 men.

Mr. Froude says that "the ports of the ship were open for action, her guns were run out, but, misled by the calm that prevailed, the crew had insufficiently secured them; the wind came up with a sudden sweep, and as the *Mary Rose* was slightly heeled on one side, her hindmost tier of guns broke loose, rolled across the deck, and with their weight and momentum it depressed the leeward side so that the water rushed in at the open ports, filled the ship, and sunk her with nearly every soul on board." In the very place where the *Mary Rose* capsized in the sixteenth century, the *Royal George* heeled over in the eighteenth. Both these vessels, like the *Victoria*, were ranked among the best of their time. Of the *Mary Rose*, Sir Robert Howard, who commanded her in 1513, told King Hal she was "the noblest shipp at this time that, I trow, be in Christendom, the flower of all shippes that ever sayled." But this peerless vessel turned turtle and carried down to the bottom twice as many as those who went down in the *Victoria*.

It is well to remember that, with the exception of the *Captain*, there had been no great loss of human life in connection with any of our ironclads until the ramming of the *Victoria*.

It must also be borne in mind that, although the *Victoria* went down rapidly before the stroke of the *Camperdown's* ram, she had proved her exceeding toughness and stability only the previous year, when, after grounding on a rock off the coast of Greece, she was got off without serious injury. If she was not like the *Mary Rose*, "the flower of all shippes that ever sayled," she was, all things considered, one of the most perfect specimens of the modern warship that ever carried an admiral's flag. Landsmen can only give with more or less precision the facts about her dimensions and her armament, but those who knew her and had many a time sailed in her—faced the storm in her, and hoped for nothing better than to have an opportunity of showing her prowess in the van of battle—mourn for her with a personal sorrow as if some dear friend or mistress had disappeared from the world. Her great guns will no more awake the echoes of fortress wall or seagirt cliff with their thunder. In vain was she sheathed in massive armour seventeen inches in thickness and

filled with watertight compartments like a honeycomb. She has perished without ever having tasted the fierce joy of battle, or of having given or received either shot or shell. And yet, perhaps, who knows but that even in her last death-plunge she may have done more for England and England's fleet than if, like the *Victory*, she had sailed the seas for forty years and carried Nelson's pennant at Trafalgar.

For the name of the *Victoria* will ever be associated with a story that the nation will cherish as one of those precious records by which Empires live. It was all over in fifteen minutes, but that fifteen minutes will live in history as lives the Balaclava charge, which did not last much longer. The testing times of life seldom last long. The first dip of the litmus paper in the solution proves the existence of acid, and the first moment of a supreme crisis suffices for a test. And as it has been said that it was almost worth the enormous expenditure of the Crimean War to have the object lesson which was afforded by the charge of the Six Hundred—of the absolute readiness of the British soldier to ride "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell"—so it may be said that it was almost worth while to lose the *Victoria* in order to have so superb an illustration of the mettle of our men. Death, in the old phrase, is the gate of life, but Death is more than that: Death is the sovereign alchemist who assays the value of the coin struck in the mint of life. Death is the supreme test. Invincible in life, are our blue-jackets invincible also in death? Their drill goes like clockwork by day and by night; their discipline is perfect by sea and by land. But how will it be when each individual, nay, when the whole ship's company with all its component weaknesses and shortcomings, is suddenly slung over an abyss yawning eighty fathoms deep below, with not one chance in three that any will escape alive? The *Victoria* supplied an answer. Not for a single moment does there seem to have been even a faltering word or a flurried deed.

Not even when the great ship reeled and quivered like a wounded thing beneath the crushing blow of 10,000 tons of metal hurled against it at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, did any of the crew or the officers lose their self-possession. Everything which had been laid down and provided for such an emergency was remembered and acted upon. Whether in trying to get out the collision mats, or in the last desperate plunge shoreward, in which the half-sinking ship, with her forepart all under water, steamed towards the land—everything seems to have been done with the regularity and steadiness and cool courage that are the distinguishing features of the British navy. And in the last dread moment when the order was given "Each for himself," which dissolved the organic whole of the disciplined ship's company into a mass of individuals each set free to seek his own safety in his own way, nothing seems to have been done unworthy the name and the fame of the British sailor. The papers, indeed, are full of stories of the self-forgetting devotion of these blue-jackets to each other.

All seem to have been alike, from the admiral who sank with his ship to the chaplain who perished in saving others. The midshipman who refused to leave the admiral and went down by his side. The brave fellow who freed the diver from his lead-laden sinkers, and lost his own life while so doing although he saved the diver's—and all the other incidents of heroic selflessness and a comradeship that is stronger than death—these things are a priceless addition to the heritage

of our land. These men have not died for naught or in vain. They have died that we might live, as much as if they had fallen beneath the canopy of the battle smoke, amid the roar of the broadside. There, off the Tripoli roadstead, as much as at Trafalgar, did England help us; how can we help England say? Such things are to nations as the bread of life. They remind us of the saving virtue of obedience and of discipline, and they inspire the breast of the people with an ideal of duty and of self-sacrifice which ennobles and glorifies the every-day life of the ordinary man. For they were not picked souls, the three hundred that perished off Tripoli, as were the three hundred of Thermopylae. They were taken at random out of the rank and file and put into the crucible. By such experimental tests in the laboratory of life history is able to form its estimate of a race. So long as the chance samples of our common folk can die as did the men of the *Victoria*, there is not much fear but that the empire will live.

Ordinary English folk they were in the engine-room and in the stoke-hole as well as upon the quarter-deck. For the admiral, whose name is on every lip, was a fair type of the naval officer who comes of a good old English stock, passes through the usual training of our service and arrives in due time at the summit of his profession. Sir George Tryon was intensely human. The instinct of self-preservation was strong in him, and from his youth he had ever a keen eye for every step that led aloft. He pushed his way from the midshipman's hammock to the admiral's cabin, nor did he ever forget himself along every step of that long road which led him from the trenches of Sebastopol to the command of the Mediterranean fleet. The story of his career is a fair sample of that of the successful naval officer. Born sixty-one years ago, Admiral Tryon kept unimpaired to his death that wonderful stock of native energy and supreme personal vitality which constitute the most obvious secret of his success in life. The second son of a Northampton country gentleman, he was born into an old Tory atmosphere which agreed with him. His father was Chairman of the Conservative Association of North Northampton, and one of the episodes in the son's varied career was a candidature in the Conservative interest for Spalding in 1887, which issued disastrously for his party. The father Tryon was all of the olden school; a man to whom poaching was as the sin against the Holy Ghost; who stood up for the Church and the Crown; a law and order man, with but scant sympathies with modern tendencies; a man, in short, who ruled in the squirearchy as his son and his brother, Admiral Robert Tryon—for Sir George is not the only admiral in the family—ruled on the quarter-deck.

To some extent the father's influence was modified by the more refined and cultured spirit of his mother, from whom he is said to have inherited many of his best qualities. George was a younger son, and as it was necessary he should do something for himself, he followed his uncle's example and entered the navy. He became a middy when sixteen, and six years later, when the Crimean War broke out, he found himself as mate in the Naval Brigade before Sebastopol. In the trenches he received his first and only wound, for the Crimean campaign was his sole experience of actual war. When Sebastopol was taken, Tryon was lieutenant with a couple of medals and the clasps of Inkermann and Sebastopol. For the next twelve years he fought his way steadily upward, serving a turn on the Royal yacht, and afterwards gaining his first experience of an iron-

clad as commander of the *Warrior*. For thirteen years therefore he had served in the old line-of-battle ships, and after three years on board the *Warrior* he went back to the older ships, commanding (1864-6) a small gun-vessel of four guns on the Mediterranean station, and afterwards going as additional captain for transport service to the *Octavia* (35) on the East India station.

It was in connection with this appointment that he found his first opportunity for distinguishing himself. The Abyssinian Expedition in 1868 necessitating the transport of an immense quantity of stores and material of war to Lord Napier's base on the coast, Captain Tryon was appointed as Director of Transport. The Admiralty could not have made a better choice. Captain Tryon, full of energy, indefatigable, sparing neither himself nor others, with the personal appearance of one born to command, and a determination that, whether he was born to it or not, he was going to do it, and that he would stand no nonsense, was the very man for the post. He made his mark, obtained his C. B., was specially mentioned in the dispatches, and received the Abyssinian medal. Annesley Bay was his jumping-off place. From that moment he never looked behind him.

Captain Tryon obtained his first commission behind the scenes in 1871, when he became private secretary to Mr. Goschen, who was First Lord of the Admiralty. With Mr. Goschen he remained till Mr. Gladstone was turned out in 1874. Mr. Goschen has been fortunate in his private secretaries, for Mr. Milner was as remarkable in his way as Captain Tryon was in naval affairs. After being for three years the mouthpiece, factotum, and sometimes, perhaps, the wirepuller of Mr. Goschen, he returned to active service as captain of the *Raleigh* in 1874.

From 1874 onward, Captain Tryon was afloat, serving either in the detached squadron or in the Mediterranean. His first notable command was the *Monarch*, which he joined in 1878. In this vessel in 1880-1 it was his good fortune to act more as a British plenipotentiary in Tunisian waters than as a mere captain of a ship in the Mediterranean fleet. The French were then engaged in occupying Tunis, to compensate themselves for the occupation of Cyprus. Captain Tryon was told off to keep a look out on their doings. This he did with great adroitness and diplomatic address. He never offended the French, but they never got the better of him, and when, in 1881, he served as one of the Commissioners who had to inquire into the Sfax bombardment claims, he acquitted himself to universal satisfaction. In 1879 he became naval aide-de-camp to the Queen, a post which he delighted in, for, true to his hereditary tendencies, Tryon was ever a courtier, to whom decorations are realities worth thinking about, and royal favour as the sunshine from on high.

After he paid off the *Monarch* Captain Tryon once more returned to the penetralia of the Admiralty administration, and for three or four years acted as Permanent Secretary to the Board. It was during the latter end of that period that I first met him, during the agitation which the *Pall Mall Gazette* carried to a successful issue for the strengthening of the navy. He struck me at the time as a man of great natural force, with a very strongly-developed instinct of self-preservation and a much clearer perception of the importance of the special work in which he was immediately engaged than of the bearing of that particular department upon the navy as a whole. For so able a man he seemed singularly inarticulate, although he may purposely have adopted that method of conversation in order to conceal his thought. That could hardly

have been the case when he was discoursing upon the one topic on which he was at that time most interested—the necessity for increasing the number of stokers. He repeated himself over and over again, read passages from his report, harked back to it and fumbled around it until I confess I got rather wearied. He was quite right in what he said, no doubt—as right as that two and two make four; but an iterated and reiterated demonstration of the fact that two and two make four is apt to pall upon you. He was a man of ideas which manœuvred at short range round the centre, but possibly enough this very concentration was one of the elements of his influence in the service. As with Mr. Gladstone, when once he had made an idea his own, it acquired an altogether new and almost transcendental importance by the mere fact of such adoption.

Mr. Gladstone, it is often said in the navy, would have made a splendid admiral of the old school. Admiral Tryon was something of the kind of admiral that Mr. Gladstone would have been, minus Mr. Gladstone's marvellous capacity for lucid expression, a gift which is thrown into relief by his still more marvellous gift of concealing his meaning when it does not suit him to speak plainly. There was in the two men a great driving force, a powerful, all-pervading personality that was the great secret of their power. The Admiral, like the Prime Minister, in his naval manœuvres was bold, dexterous, subtle, and *rusé*. The old Parliamentary hand of St. Stephen's would have found his peer in the tall Admiral if they had been pitted against each other in some arena where each could do his best. Both had achieved so many successes by bold and dexterous manœuvring, that both at length were their own undoing, and there are others besides Unionists may see a fatal analogy between the attempt to turn round in a space too narrow off the roadstead of Tripoli, and Mr. Gladstone's "steam tactics" in dealing with Home Rule.

After Tryon left the Admiralty, he was appointed to the command of the Australian station, over the heads of twenty senior rear-admirals. There was some growling that found expression in the columns of the *World*, where "Atlas" maintained that his sudden lift was due to nepotism and jobbery at the Admiralty. As a matter of fact, the Admiralty wanted to see what could be done in the way of concerted naval action with the colonies, and they sent out their ex-Permanent Secretary to see what could be done. They chose wisely, and the action that was subsequently taken by the Australian colonies was largely due to the diplomacy, the personality, and the driving force of Admiral Tryon.

On his return from Australia in 1887, he received his K.C.B., and for the next three years he was regarded at Whitehall as a kind of champion admiral, whom they utilised by giving command of one or other of the fleets in the Naval Manœuvres for three successive years. In 1888, a year after he had tried to enter Parliament and failed, he was appointed Admiral Superintendent of the Naval Reserves, and here he found an ample field for his exuberant energy. He was not a good worker, but he loved to wield the pen. He experienced a genuine delight in "making things hum," to quote an expressive American idiom. He drew up a report on the Naval Reserves which is still the chief authority upon the subject, he reorganised the system of coast signals, and generally did what a capable, pushing, hardworking seaman ashore could do to improve the administration of our fleets.

His tall commanding figure was very familiar during these years in Whitehall, Spring Gardens, and Pall Mall.

"A tall, big-built man," said an Australian interviewer, "is Admiral Tryon, with close-cut beard and moustache—a typical lord of the sea." A great smoker and a man who loved to hear himself talk, he was a personage and an authority who loomed almost as big in society as he did in person.

In 1891 he became the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean fleet, hoisting his flag on the *Victoria* in September in succession to Admiral Hoskins, the present first Sea Lord. There he remained, never quitting his ship, not even when the *Camperdown* sent her to the bottom.

Writing on July 1, before the despatch of Admiral Markham had reached this country, it is somewhat dangerous to attempt to describe the disaster which terminated so suddenly so promising a career.

The story of the manner in which Admiral Tryon prepared and carried out the operations necessary for the rescue of the *Victoria* when she had run aground on the shelving rocky shores of Greece constitute a romance in the annals of the sea; but to that I cannot do more than allude in passing. It sufficeth to say that no man, during his command in the Mediterranean, left a deeper and more abiding sense of a masterful, resourceful personality—a man capable of foreseeing all things and preparing for all things.

One in whose judgment I would place more respect than that of any other person employed in the navy, told me that after long and close observation of Admiral Tryon, both in command of fleets and in naval manœuvres, and on his flagship in the Mediterranean, he had come to the absolute conviction that if ever we had been plunged into naval war, Admiral Tryon was not only the best man, but was absolutely without a rival as commander-in-chief of the naval forces of Great Britain. Few men really knew how much he had meditated, how carefully he had prepared for almost every contingency which could arise in case of the outbreak of war. Commanding the confidence of his officers and the respect and admiration of his men, he was almost an ideal commander, and as our sea-king in the Mediterranean he occupied a position for which he was pre-eminently well qualified.

And now, in face of all this, and much more that was known among those who have cruised with him and lived with him in storm and calm during the forty years and more that he served under the flag—in face of all this comes the disastrous tidings from the Levant, from which it would appear that we have lost our finest fighting admiral and one of our finest warships through a miscalculation as to distance of which a young lieutenant could hardly have been guilty. It seems incredible; nor can we wonder—even in face of the detailed telegrams from the officers who survived the collision—that many of those who have known him best find it utterly impossible to believe that he could have issued the order which brought about the disaster.

As the story stands to-day—and I am at a great disadvantage in writing before any official dispatch has been published—it would seem that the fleet, or the greater part of it, was performing some evolutions off the coast of Tripoli. The ships were in two columns—the *Victoria*, Admiral Tryon, leading the port column, while Admiral Markham, on the *Camperdown*, headed the star-board column. After several evolutions had been gone through, including, it would seem from the statement of the captain of the *Barham*, the movement known as the "gridiron," by which the columns changed their places, Admiral Tryon signalled to the ships to "alter their

course sixteen points," so as to turn round and reverse their course within the lines of the column. It is not yet known how many vessels were in line. It is assumed at the Admiralty that there were twelve ships in all—that is, six in each line. If so, the space between the columns should have been 2,400 yards. As a matter of fact, it was only 1,200. Even if it had been 2,400 it would have been very risky to have turned inside the columns, while the whole wide sea was available for them to turn round outside. As each ship had only 600 yards in which to turn, the danger of executing the order was recognised, it is said, both on board the *Camperdown* and



REAR-ADMIRAL MARKHAM.

(From a photograph by R. Ellis, Malta.)

by Admiral Tryon's own officers. The *Camperdown* hesitated, and Admiral Tryon's Staff-Commander pointed out that there was no room to execute the manoeuvre. Admiral Tryon, it seems, persisted that the evolution should be attempted; an impatient message was signalled to the *Camperdown*, and the turning movement began.

In two minutes the two huge vessels, each weighing over 10,000 tons, and driven by engines of 14,000 horsepower, crashed into each other. The *Camperdown* struck the *Victoria* just before the turret and penetrated six feet into the soft underside of the ironclad, ripping up the plates, and letting an immense volume of water into one side of the ship. For two awful minutes the vessels were interlocked, but the *Camperdown*, which was almost uninjured, then succeeded in withdrawing her ram from the injured side of the *Victoria*. But the sudden flooding of one side of the ship with some

hundreds of tons of water caused a list and a settlement at the head, which soon showed that the ship was in imminent danger.

Admiral Tryon, however, notwithstanding the tremendous shock with which the vessels had collided, could not believe that the flag-ship was in serious danger. He even forbade the lowering of boats by the other ships who realised the situation and were preparing for the worst. The conduct of the crew appears to have been ideal. When the vessel struck, a silence so profound reigned that every word uttered by the captain could be heard by all on deck. Every order given was promptly executed, the men going to their quarters as if they were doing ordinary drill, and every effort being made to adjust the collision mats. Unfortunately the wound was too serious, and it is probable that the water was now pouring in at the opened port-holes. Orders were given to drive full steam ahead for the shore, in the hope of being able to beach the vessel. She had not proceeded a mile when it was evident that all was lost. Captain Bourke gave the order for everyone to save himself who could, and every effort was made to bring up the sick and others from below, while those who could, flung themselves into the sea. But the majority were still on board when the ship suddenly heeled over, her masts striking the water with great force, and the ship remained floating bottom uppermost for three minutes.

Then a strange thing was seen. The engines, which had been going at full speed, were kept going although the furnace fires were on the top of the boilers instead of below, and the double screws, released from the water, were racing through the air at a fearful speed. As the ship slowly sunk below the water the screws dashed up clouds of foam, in the midst of which, it is feared, some poor struggling mortals were cut to pieces. Then, at last, with a gurgling sound, the great ironclad sank to the bottom, her decks bursting as she plunged below. The boats of the *Camperdown* were busily picking up the remnant of the crew, but the majority will be seen no more until the sea gives up its dead.

As for Admiral Tryon, who realised too late the catastrophe which his miscalculation had brought upon his country and his crew—the last that was seen of him was that he was standing upon the bridge, steadying himself with one hand on the rail, while with the other he covered his eyes, as if to shut out the scene of horror and of death which spread around him. Then the ship heeled over, and Admiral Tryon was seen no more. Such was the end of a great career—an end not lacking in dignity and in tragic awe. There is something intensely pathetic in the thought of this great captain and sea-lord going down to his doom, shattering into irremediable ruin his great career, and at last paying the penalty with his own life for his own mistake.

I cannot do better than conclude this article by quoting a letter which Lord Charles Beresford has just written to me, in reply to a letter I had sent him on the subject:—

I have only just received your letter. I should have been glad to have added my voice to the universal praise given to poor Sir George Tryon. The country will never know what it has lost by his death. Amongst brilliant leaders, he was exceptional. He commanded absolute faith, unsparing devotion, and the most kindly affection. He forgot nothing, his thoughts were as kindly and as sympathetic for the boys under his command as they were for his officers. I cannot think of his loss without the most intense emotion.

THE CARICATURES OF THE MONTH.



From the *Weekly Freeman*. [June 3, 1893.]

"THE BIG GUN OF BELFAST."

BALFOUR TO SALISBURY: "Fire it easy, Uncle, or it 'll burst again!"



From the *Town Crier*. [June 17, 1893.]

POLICY MAKES A MAN ACQUAINTED WITH STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.

"Mr. Chamberlain has accepted an invitation to dine with the members of the Birmingham Conservative Club on the occasion of its twenty-first anniversary this month, when Lord Randolph Churchill will also be present as the guest of the evening."—*Daily Post*.



From *Moonshine*. [July 1, 1893.]

THE EMPTY CUPBOARD.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone, But what with amendments, financial and other, the dog in the end got none.



From *Moonshine*. [June 24, 1893.]

THE OBSEQUIES OF HOME RULE.

THE GRAND OLD UNDERTAKER: "You may stop digging, Sexton, the funeral's put off for a bit."



From *Kladderadatsch*. [June 11, 1893.]

A TRUE BELIEVER.

In Chicago it is assumed that the Exhibition as a whole, in face of the small askings, will be opened on Sundays in spite of the opposition of the women.



From the Retail Trader.]

[May 3, 1893.

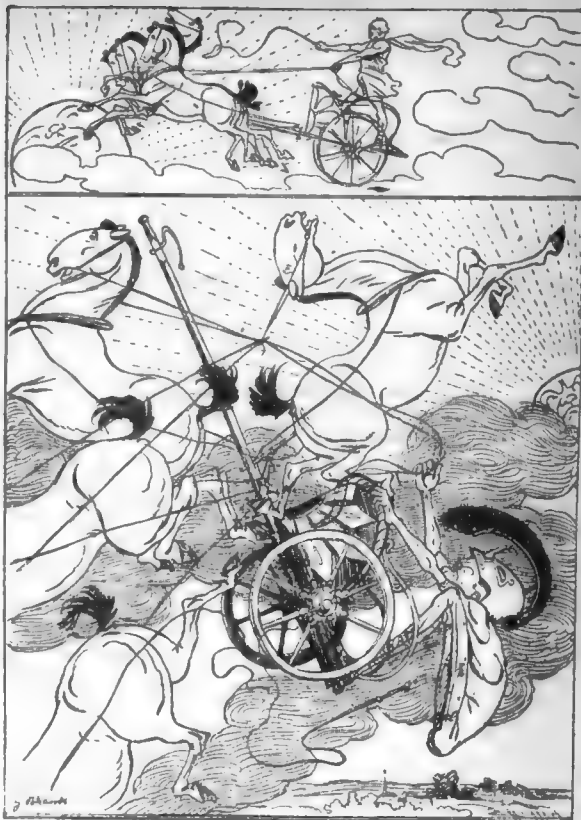
**THE SHOPKEEPER AND HIS GRIEVANCES—
A GALLANT FIGHT.**



From Il Papagallo.]

[June 18, 1893.

England: "You would mount a free horse like Moro do. Take care, for everybody chases that horse, whereas if you remained subject to me you would not be suppressed, as I like you."

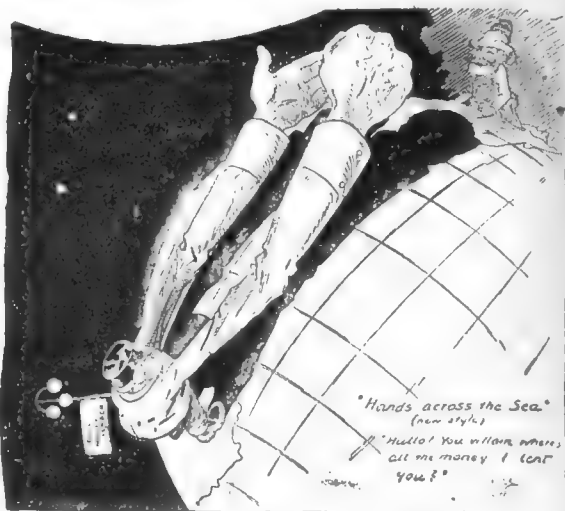


From Kladderadatsch.]

[May 18, 1893.

**AN UNFULFILLED PROPHECY: THE PRANCING OF
PARTICULARISM.**

Suggestion for a mural painting in the new German Houses of Parliament—the token of German unity.



From the Melbourne Punch.]

[May 4, 1893.

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LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

THE REUNION OF BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

A LOOK AHEAD. BY MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

It is now just ten years ago since Mr. Russell Lowell wrote to me in reply to an article I published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which advocated the reunion of the British Empire and the American Republic, saying that it was a beautiful dream, but none the worse on that account, as most of the good things that exist in the world began by being dreams. Since then events have marched somewhat rapidly, and here we have in the *North American Review* for June, a paper by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who is one of the most practical of hard-headed men, declaring that the time is ripe for realising that dream. Mr. Carnegie's paper is very remarkable, and deserves even more attention than it has already received. It is the last chapter of his new edition of "Triumphant Democracy," and from many points of view it is more significant than anything that the rest of the work contains. Mr. Carnegie believes, and sets forth with due detail the reasons for the faith that is in him, that the great crime of George III. can be undone, and the English-speaking race all round the world can be once more brought into organic political union.

MR. CARNEGIE'S PROPHECY.

That events are tending in this direction no one will very much doubt who has taken the trouble to note the significance of the right-about-face of Mr. Gladstone on the subject of the International Treaties of Arbitration of the United States, to say nothing of other indications to be found in the old country and in the Dominion of Canada. Mr. Carnegie told me that when he sat down to his desk to write "A Look Ahead," he was inclined to believe that the scheme was somewhat visionary; but when he sent his manuscript to the press, he had come to the conclusion there was nothing more practical or more important pressing upon the attention of statesmen. Mr. Carnegie concludes his paper by declaring—

Let men say what they will, therefore, I say that as surely as the sun in the heavens once shone upon Britain and America united, so surely is it one morning to rise, shine upon, and greet again "The Re-united States," "The British American Union."

That may be the case, although the British American Union is rather a long title.

A SUGGESTION BY THE WAY.

But Mr. Carnegie is not merely prepared to predict the reunion of Britain and America, he is ready with a suggestion, which can hardly be called practical, as to the first step which should be taken to give effect to his scheme:—

There is sitting at this moment in Paris a conference composed of delegates from London, Ottawa and Washington, charged by the three branches of our race to obtain a satisfactory basis for the preservation of the seals in Behring Sea. After their task has been concluded the same distinguished men, each among the foremost citizens of the respective branches, could meet in London and suggest a basis for restoring the union which only a century ago so happily existed between Britain, Canada and America, and made them one nation. It would be so easy a task that its very simplicity amazes and renders us incredulous.

WHY REUNION IS POSSIBLE.

Passing by this proposal, which, however, can hardly be regarded as serious, we now come to Mr. Carnegie's

statement of the reasons which led him to believe that reunion has come within the scope of practical politics:—

Both Briton and American being now fully agreed that those who made the attempt to tax without giving the right of representation were wrong, and that in resisting this the colonists vindicated their rights as British citizens, and therefore only did their duty, the question arises—Is a separation thus forced upon one of the parties, and now thus deeply regretted by the other, to be permanent?

I cannot think so, and I crave permission to adduce some considerations in support of my belief that the future is certain to see a reunion of the separated parts, and once again a common citizenship.

A feeling of confidence in each other among the respective communities of the race in Great Britain and America may be expected to grow, as political institutions continue to assimilate.

It is to be noted that only in the region of political ideas is there dissimilarity, for no rupture whatever between the parts has ever taken place in language, literature, religion, or law. In these uniformity has always existed; although separated politically, the unity of the parts has never been disturbed in these strong cohesive and cementing links. The books and periodicals read upon both sides of the Atlantic are rapidly becoming the same. The decision of one court is good law in all. Language remains uniform, every approved change in one part of the great realm rapidly being adopted throughout the English-speaking world. Religious ideas are the common property of the race. There seems nothing, therefore, to keep the sections of the race apart, but everything to re-unite them.

FREE TRADE WITH AMERICA.

Mr. Carnegie, I am glad to say, has grasped the fundamental principle which Mr. Gladstone has so often shown his inability to apprehend, that the sea unites instead of divides. The ocean now furnishes the cheapest of all modes of communication between men. The telegraph also renders political reunion possible, not to say inevitable. If England and America were one they would be able to maintain the peace of the world and bring about the disarmament of Europe. In addition to those advantages, Mr. Carnegie points out that the Anglo-American Union would open the American market to British goods. He says:—

An Anglo-American reunion brings free entry here of all British products as a matter of course. The richest market in the world is opened to Britain free of all duty by a stroke of the pen. No tax can be laid upon products of any part of the Union even for revenue, although under "free trade" such taxes might still exist. The ocean, which many are still apt to consider a barrier between the two countries, is the very agency which brings them so close and will ultimately bind them together. Coal, iron, steel, and all kinds of merchandise from Britain reach American ports more cheaply than American manufactures produced within a hundred miles of these ports.

I do not hesitate to say that reunion would bring with it such demand for British products as would tax the present capacity of Britain to the utmost, for the products of Continental nations, which now compete so seriously with Britain, would be almost excluded even by a tariff strictly for revenue. There would not be an idle mine, furnace or factory in the land.

In addition to those solid reasons, Mr. Carnegie lays great stress upon the extent to which the mind of the individual citizen expands in response to the magnitude of the state to which he belongs; dealing with great affairs broadens and elevates the character.

THEY MUST INCREASE; WE MUST DECREASE.

This may all be true, many will say; but what chance is there for America on one side, and the British on the

other, to see things from Mr. Carnegie's standpoint? Mr. Carnegie is sanguine that the British will not hang back, because:—

The only course for Britain seems to be reunion with her giant child, or sure decline to a secondary place, and then to comparative insignificance in the future annals of the English-speaking race. What great difference would it make to Wales, Ireland and Scotland if their representatives to the Supreme Council should proceed to Washington instead of to London? Yet this is all the change that would be required, and for this they would have insured to them all the rights of independence.

This is not a very pleasant prophecy for the Britisher, but it is based upon the solid evidence of statistics which Mr. Carnegie parades with justifiable pride.

ARE WE READY FOR UNION?

In America he thinks the scheme would be popular on other grounds:—

The reunion idea would be hailed with enthusiasm. No idea yet promulgated since the formation of the Union would create such unalloyed satisfaction. It would sweep the country. No party would oppose, each would try to excel the other in approval.

From a review of the present position of the question we find that even to-day we can say Canada, the United States and Ireland are ready for reunion; that Scotland presents no great difficulty; neither does Wales, and both have everything to gain and nothing to lose by reunion; and that the causes of continued disunion which admittedly exist in England are rapidly vanishing and are all melting away like snow in the sunshine; the colonial empire, the Indian question, European entanglements present no insuperable obstacle, and hereditary privilege and a national church are doomed. The present generation is to find several of these obstructions abolished; the succeeding generation probably is to find no trace of any of them.

OBSTACLES IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Carnegie then considers the obstacles to the reunion in the political institutions of the old country. For it is needless to say that the political organisation of the Re-united States will be republican and democratic. In order to constitute Britain an eligible member for this great Federation, Mr. Carnegie thinks we must get rid of such little trifles as the Monarchy, the Peerage, the Established Church, and the Indian Empire; but therein Mr. Carnegie makes his mistake; it is perfectly possible to have a union between Britain and America which would enable us to cultivate those institutions as a harmless little peculiarity of our own. Mr. Carnegie, however, thinks otherwise, and he has even worked himself up to a belief that the Prince of Wales may lead the way in bridging over the gulf created by George III. in the last century.

AN INVITATION TO HER MAJESTY.

Mr. Carnegie says:—

From what wise friends who know the Prince tell me, I am persuaded that he is the last man in the world to stand in the way of healing a separation which he so constantly deploras, and unless the estimate formed by all, of the patriotism, virtues and character of Her Majesty herself be strangely awry, she would give up much beyond her Crown to be the peacemaker who brought reunion to her race. Strange almost beyond explanation is the fact that this woman, from one point of view bereft of political power, a mere instrument in the hands of her elected ministers, nevertheless is in this omnipotent. She is the only one who could by a sublime act reunite the separated branches of her race. Never in the history of the world has it been in the power of any human being to perform so great an act, or to secure so commanding a place among "the immortal few who were not born to die." All the saints in the calendar would give place to Saint Victoria were Providence to favour her by calling her to perform a mission so fraught with blessing to her

people and to the world. There would be but two names set apart for ever in the annals of the English-speaking race—names far beyond all other names than any name now known to man is beyond that of all his fellows—Victoria and Washington—patron saints of our race; he, the conqueror, who, manlike, drew the sword in righteous quarrel; she, womanlike, the angel of peace and reconciliation; each adding lustre to the other, and equal in power and glory.

For such a mission and such a destiny even Queen Victoria on bended knee might pray.

In England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales a proposition to make all officials elective by the people after Victoria passes away, which God grant must be long is the prayer of every American, would command a heavy vote.

This may be, or may not be, we are all free to disbelieve a prophet, and Mr. Carnegie in this matter is walking by faith and not by sight. Still, apart from the suggestion that we should get rid of our peculiar institutions in order to qualify for admission to the Re-united States, the article is one which will deserve the very careful consideration of the English-speaking race in all its ocean-sundered branches.

THE LIMITATION OF THE AMERICAN FAMILY.

THE DECLINE IN THE BIRTH-RATE.

In the *Forum* for June, Dr. J. S. Billings, writing on the diminishing birth-rate in the United States, calls attention to a fact which is not often referred to, namely, that the birth-rate is declining in all civilised lands, and even more in the United States than other countries:—

In the United States, the proportions per 1000 for 1880 and 1890 were respectively 36.0 and 30.7; England and Wales, 34.2 and 30.2; Scotland, 33.6 and 30.3; Ireland, 24.7 and 22.3; France, 24.5 and 21.8; Belgium, 31.1 and 28.7; German Empire, 37.6 and 35.7; Austria, 38.0 and 36.7; Switzerland, 29.6 and 26.6; Denmark, 31.8 and 30.6; Norway, 30.7 and 30.0; Netherlands, 35.5 and 32.9.

Dr. Billings discusses the question as to the cause of this remarkable decrease, and the following is his conclusion:—

The most important factor in the change is the deliberate and voluntary avoidance or prevention of child-bearing on the part of a steadily increasing number of married people, who not only prefer to have but few children, but who know how to obtain their wish. The reasons for this are numerous, but I will mention only three.

The first is the diffusion of information with regard to the subject of generation by means of popular and school treatises on physiology and hygiene, which diffusion began between thirty and forty years ago. Girls of twenty years of age at the present day know much more about anatomy and physiology than did their grandmothers at the same age, and the married women are much better informed as to the means by which the number of children may be limited than were those of thirty years ago. To some extent this may also be true as regards the young men, but I do not think this is an important factor.

The second cause has been the growth of the opinion that the abstaining from having children on the part of a married couple is not only not in itself sinful, or contrary to the usual forms of religious creeds, but that it may even be under certain circumstances commendable.

The third cause is the great increase in the use of things which were formerly considered as luxuries, but which now have become almost necessities. The greater temptations to expenditure for the purpose of securing or maintaining social position, and the correspondingly greater cost of family life in what may be called the lower middle classes, lead to the desire to have fewer children in order that they may be each better provided for, or perhaps, in some cases, from the purely selfish motive of desire to avoid care and trouble and of having more to spend on social pleasures.

A VISIT TO PRINCE BISMARCK.

By MR. G. W. SMALLEY.

ONE of the best, if not the best article in this month's magazines, is Mr. Smalley's account of his visit to Prince Bismarck, which he contributes to the *Fortnightly Review*. It is a long article of twenty-seven pages, and every page is bright and readable. Mr. Smalley gives a charming picture of Prince Bismarck at home, surrounded by his dogs and his water-fowl, full of talk of things past, of things present, and of things to come. The Prince figures much more amiably in Mr. Smalley's pages than in his own speeches. Mr. Smalley found him resigned to ostracism, and almost benevolent to the Emperor.

"My time is over," he said, with a gesture which meant as much as the words. And still more expressively: "I shall not go into action again."

Never once had he a harsh or even a hard word for the Emperor personally. What he said showed, or implied, an odd mixture of respect for the Emperor as Emperor, and of something that was not exactly respect for his abilities or character.

LENBACH'S PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE.

Mr. Smalley tells the curious story as to how Lenbach, the great portrait painter, caught the expression which flames in his last picture of the Iron Chancellor. Mr. Smalley says:—

The last portrait he painted shows you such a Bismarck as you might fancy thundering at a stubborn majority in the Reichstag; full of righteous anger and stern purpose, lightnings in the eye, and the mouth hard as iron. Well, the history of that portrait is this. Prince Bismarck hates crows because they are the enemies of the singing birds he loves. He and Herr Lenbach were walking in the woods when the Prince caught sight of one of these detested crows on the branch of a tree. It was his sudden glance of anger at the crow which the artist seized—one can imagine the look, fierce, and even deadly if a look could kill—and this it was which was put on paper when they got home, and the sketch became the portrait we see. It was no Socialist, nor Particularist, nor human Philistine of any species, which provoked this Olympian wrath which Lenbach has fixed for ever on the speaking canvas; only a crow, with no love for music or for musical birds.

THE PRINCE AS A TALKER.

Prince Bismarck seems to have an unbounded flow of talk. Mr. Smalley says:—

The talk flowed on for another hour, the Prince choosing his own topics, dismissing one with a flashing sentence, enlarging upon another, the face radiant at times, the eyes burning, and then the fire dying out only to flame up again; and sometimes the cold glitter of steel came into them, and then the words cut like steel.

His conversation ranged over many themes, upon some of which he spoke very characteristically, as for instance when he declared that the Government made a mistake in treating the Socialists as a political party, to be seriously met and argued with instead of as robbers and thieves to be crushed. "I would never have allowed this," he exclaimed. "They are the rats of the country to be stamped out." The Prince omitted to say that his effort in that direction had not been crowned by such conspicuous success as to justify his successor in continuing the same line of tactics. He did not hesitate, however, to assert his utter dissent from the principles of modern democracy—

"There has grown up of late," said Prince Bismarck, "a notion that the world can be governed from below. That cannot be."

HIS VIEWS OF ENGLAND.

Prince Bismarck did not seem to take much interest in England, whose politics seem to him both sterile and trivial. Mr. Smalley says:—

Prince Bismarck's views, so far as he expressed them, may be summed up in a sentence or two:—

"If we have a controversy with England we pay attention to that, and try to understand the English side of it as well as ours. Other international questions, European and not Anglo-German merely, do sometimes, though not very often, make us turn our eyes to England. Otherwise, what chiefly concerns us is the effort of certain parties or persons in Germany to make us copy English Parliamentary institutions."

"This last was said with that gleam of humour which so often lighted up both his face and the subject he was discussing."

OF MR. GLADSTONE.

Of Mr. Gladstone, Prince Bismarck appears to have spoken with scant respect, of which Mr. Smalley says:—

Let us excuse Prince Bismarck so far as we can, and not forget that he has full faith in Mr. Gladstone as an orator.

I quoted, while this topic was still being talked of, the remark of a Frenchman less well known than he deserves to be, M. Doudan, who said of Victor Hugo: "A force de jouer avec les mots, il en est devenu l'esclave;" and this I applied to Mr. Gladstone. "Yes," answered Prince Bismarck, "les mots se jouent de lui." This was the only French phrase he allowed to pass his lips, and with this too came a humorous illuminative gleam into his eyes.

AND OF RUSSIA.

He spoke with more sympathy:—

His old partiality for Russia came out in the remark that, whatever might be Germany's troubles from Socialism, they would never be aggravated from any Russian source. But his faith in the good faith of the Emperor of Russia was not to be shaken. The state of things in Russia seemed to him to forbid such a supposition. "The party of discontent, whether you call it Socialist, or Anarchist, or Nihilist, is much the same everywhere. If it is a danger to Germany, it is equally a danger to Russia—perhaps a much greater danger. The Tzar is not the man to lend a hand to the enemies of order, of society."

HIS OPINION OF THE ARMY BILL.

Prince Bismarck expressed himself at length against increasing the number of men in the army. To increase the number of men would draw off a great many officers to train the new soldiers, which is weakening the army in its vitals. Non-commissioned officers cannot be created offhand. In a war you could not use more than a million troops in three or four battles fought at different points about the same time. As Germany has three million trained soldiers already, he does not see the use of adding eighty thousand more. What the army wants is not more troops, but more cannon, and so forth, and so forth.

One more extract, and I close our notice of this extremely interesting contribution to contemporary history.

ON PUBLIC OPINION.

They were discussing the position of the Press in various countries, and Mr. Smalley appears to have raised the point as to whether or not public men should contradict statements in the newspapers:—

Renan, I said, laid it down as a rule, which he had adopted early in life on the counsel of Bertin, editor of the *Journal des Debats*, never to contradict anything. He did not contradict the current story that the Rothschilds had paid him a million francs for the "Vie de Jésus," nor even deny the authenticity of spurious writings published under his name.

"What is that," said the Prince, "but contempt for public opinion? A writer of books like Renan, a recluse, a man who holds aloof from the world, may be able to afford himself that luxury. A statesman, a politician, cannot. Public opinion is one of the forces on which he relies. If it is corrupted, is he not to purify it? What becomes of his usefulness if he is discredited?"

VARIOUS VIEWS OF THE HOME RULE DEBATES.

MR. E. DICEY in the *Nineteenth Century* has the first place with an article entitled "The 'Arts and Crafts' Exhibition at Westminster." The gist of this article may be gathered from the following passage:—

ARTS AND CRAFTS AT WESTMINSTER.

The exhibition of which I write is not to be found at Earl's Court, or Olympia, or the Agricultural Hall, but in the House of Commons. The products of Art and Craft displayed therein are not of a material, but a moral, perhaps I should say an immoral, character. Yet for all that it is, from an outsider's point of view, a very interesting and instructive show. The grand old farce of "hoodwinking the British public" is performed there nightly with unflinching success. Illustrations of the art of saying one thing and meaning another, of suggesting what is false and suppressing what is true, of confusing plain issues and conveying erroneous impressions, are given evening after evening by the most eminent of Parliamentary craftsmen.

WHO IS BEING HOODWINKED?

Mr. Dicey thus proceeds to specify the various points in which he maintains that Parliaments have been befooled and hoodwinked:—

The Liberals have been led to vote for Home Rule on the plea that the Parliament of Ireland is to be a subordinate legislature, competent only to deal with local matters: it now stands manifest that if the Bill passes, the Irish Legislature is, in fact if not in name, to be the supreme governing body in Ireland. The public were assured, time after time, that every precaution was to be taken to protect the Irish Protestants and Loyalists against any possible interference with their civil and religious liberties, and now it appears the only guarantee offered them is the personal conviction of Mr. Gladstone that the Irish Parliament is never likely to abuse its authority. The Bill was recommended to British acceptance mainly on the ground that its enactment would relieve the Imperial Parliament from the presence of the Irish contingent, and now it is obvious that the Irish, like the poor, are to be always with us.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR MR. GLADSTONE.

Let us know the truth. This, if I were a Home Ruler, is the question I should address to my leaders: Let us be told, in language we can understand, whether the Irish Parliament is to be independent or subordinate; whether the men of Ulster are or are not to be left to the tender mercies of a Celtic and Catholic Administration appointed by a Catholic and Celtic Legislature; whether the resources of Ireland are or are not to be supplemented by subsidies levied at the expense of the British taxpayer; whether the Irish Parliament is or is not to be allowed to pursue a commercial policy inconsistent with, if not hostile to, that of England; whether, in fact, Home Rule is or is not to be tantamount to repeal of the Union. Upon these and any number of similar questions, I—supposing myself to be a Home Ruler on principle—should think it was only due to me to be enlightened before I was asked to pledge myself to Home Rule. Yet, if I asked for an answer I should be met by empty platitudes which may mean anything or nothing.

OCHONE, OCHONE, FOR THE DEAR NINTH CLAUSE!

Mr. Dicey is followed by Dr. Wallace, who raises quite a pathetic lament over the doomed 9th Clause, not that Mr. Wallace loves the 9th Clause—he would prefer to keep the Irish members out of the House of Commons altogether, but he prefers the in-and-out arrangement to allowing them to remain in on all occasions. His argument is ingenious, humorous, and satirical. Of course he is utterly and hopelessly wrong, because he is aiming at an end which the British public has never sanctioned and never will sanction, namely, the erection of Ireland into a virtually independent State. The true formula, as we have always declared, is Home Rule in Ireland as in London, *mutatis mutandis*; and this, Dr. Wallace has the grace to recognise, will be the

inevitable result of the sacrifice of the 9th Clause. He concludes his article with the following declaration:—

Unless you abandon your present attitude, the only Home Rule you are ever likely to achieve is a modified replica in Dublin of the London County Council, an admirable institution, but not embodying the Irish Nationalist idea of self-government.

AN UNPLEASANT ALTERNATIVE.

Considering that no scheme which has yet been proposed by Mr. Gladstone, or anybody else, embodies the Irish Nationalist's idea of self-government, that sneer may pass. The following passage, in which Dr. Wallace replies to those Gladstonians who defend Mr. Gladstone for introducing the 9th Clause, and now support him in abandoning it, shows how strongly Dr. Wallace can state his case when he has his opponent on the hip:—

Either Mr. Gladstone knew that the in-and-out clause was unworkable when he put it in the Bill, or he did not. The first alternative is excluded, because it means that our revered leader has been befooling the country and ourselves to make a tactical catch of the second reading—an insulting and incredible supposition. You must therefore be of opinion that the distinguished man, whom I have often heard you with pleasure describing as the oldest, the wisest, the most gifted, the most accomplished, the most eloquent, the most experienced—in a word, the greatest Parliamentary statesman in the world—is an incompetent bungler in his own business, a fabricator of unworkable clauses, and does not know it, an inventor of machinery that ends in deadlock, a compounder of nostrums that aggravate the disease. And yet you claim to be a better Gladstonian than the like of myself. You must really set a limit to your audacities.

MR. HEALY'S SARCASMS.

In the *New Review* Mr. Tim Healy discusses the tactics of the Opposition in a few pages which he entitles "A Defence." The House, says Mr. Healy, has become a paradise for any adroit Unionist seeking the road to fame. Mr. Healy caricatures Mr. Chamberlain's method of debate, and says that Mr. Chamberlain sits down with an expression of unalloyed satisfaction on his countenance, such as might become the faces of the just on the Judgment Day. Mr. Healy's object, of course, is to press for what he calls railroading the Bill through the Commons. Mr. Healy concludes his article as follows:—

So far from condemning all this waste of time, however, every judge of tactics must hold it perfectly warranted. It is at present the business of the Opposition to waste time. It is equally the business of the majority to prevent waste of time. A majority is a majority, a minority is a minority, and there are, it is understood, considerable limitations of power between one and the other. Scores of members of the present House of Commons never enjoyed the luxury of acting with a majority before, and they are now waiting curiously to learn the difference between the relative advantage of the *plus* and *minus* signs in point of strength.

THOSE who have read Mr. Clem Edwards's account of the Hull strike in the *Economic Journal* may be interested in reading in the *Liberty Review* a paper on the same subject from an opposite point of view by Dr. Hayman. Dr. Hayman is an able man who has invincible prejudices upon some subjects. Mr. H. G. Crews, in the same Review, defends Grocers' Licenses in an article which will not please the prohibitionists.

TO JERUSALEM BY RAIL.—The saving that is effected in money and time by the railway is well illustrated in a fact mentioned by a writer, Mr. Walker, in the *Sunday at Home*, as to the relative cost of going to Jaffa from Jerusalem by road or by railway. If you go by road it takes you twelve hours, and costs you £2; if you go by rail, first class, you go in three hours, and it costs 12s.

"NO FORWARD POLICY IN AFGHANISTAN!" A PROTEST BY LORD CHELMSFORD.

IN the *Asiatic Quarterly* Lord Chelmsford has a very useful paper protesting in advance against the disposition shown in high quarters in India to advance into Afghanistan in case the Russians were to make any move upon Herat.

THE POLICY OF THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT.

Lord Chelmsford quotes extracts from a recently-published paper expressing the opinion of the Governor-General in Council, which, he says, seemed to prove—

that a "Forward Policy" is looked upon both as a political and military necessity, in the event of an attempt being made by Russia to occupy Afghanistan, either by conquest or with the consent of the Ameer. The bitter experiences of all our former occupations of Afghanistan are to be ignored; and we are to embark once more in a sea of troubles, as regards our transport and supplies; our relations with the most treacherous nation on the face of the earth; and the discontent of that portion of our native troops which may form our army of occupation.

OUR TRUE POLICY.

Lord Chelmsford sets forth with much lucidity and emphasis the necessity for abandoning once and for all the suicidal policy of advance beyond our north-western frontier under any circumstances whatever. His idea of the policy which should be pursued, even if Russia were to occupy Afghanistan, is set forth thus:—

It would be necessary to come to a clear explanation with the Amir of Kabul, and to make him understand that we have definitely abandoned all idea of entering his dominions, with an armed force, should Russia advance further towards his borders. He should be told distinctly that he must rely on his own resources in men, and not on any direct assistance from India, should his territories be invaded.

IF RUSSIA OCCUPIES AFGHANISTAN.

The possible occupation of Afghanistan by Russia ought not to give us any cause of anxiety, much less alarm.

At Kandahar and Ghazni she would still be some 300 miles from the Indus river; and at Kabul she would be 175 miles from Peshawar. This zone would practically be a neutral one; as it is occupied, as I have already said, by quasi-independent tribes, very jealous of any interference; and ready to resent any encroachment on their territory. The country is quite unfit for occupation by Europeans; and would always be likely to remain as a convenient buffer between India and Afghanistan proper.

LET US STAY WHERE WE ARE.

Whilst deprecating therefore any undignified alarm at the nearer approach of Russia towards India, I quite recognise the desirability of having the whole of Afghanistan between the two nations, instead of the narrower zone above alluded to, if it can be managed without our making any forward military movement to secure it. It is clear however that the Amir has no military resources at his disposal, sufficient to prevent an occupation of his dominions by Russia; and I am absolutely convinced that it would be a suicidal policy on the part of India, were she to pledge herself to directly assist the Amir.

My sole object has been to try and show that, from a military point of view, there ought to be no danger to India should Russia either take forcible possession of Afghanistan; or occupy the country with the consent of the Amir; provided that proper precautions are taken to increase the natural strength of our frontier. Any forward movement beyond our borders, as at present contemplated by the Government of India, would, I feel sure, defeat the very object it is intended to obtain—viz. the safety of India.

OUR STRENGTH IN INDIA.

Sir Lepel Griffin, in the same *Review*, writes cheerily concerning the safety of India. He says:—

To place 100,000 men on the western borders of India is beyond the strength of Russia in this generation. No doubt, should cause of quarrel arise between us, she would endeavour to annoy and injure us in India as far as possible, but an invasion could have no hope of success.

The quality of the Indian Native troops is little known or appreciated in Europe. Some of the fighting races, who form the largest proportion of our army, are not inferior to any soldiers in the world, when well and sufficiently led by European officers. The Sikhs and Gurkhas are, I believe, superior to Russian troops of the line. They are much of the same quality as the Turks who held the Russians at bay in the last war, and who would have beaten them single-handed had they not been betrayed by their own generals. As to the Native Indian Irregular Cavalry, although it might be increased by twenty regiments with advantage, it is infinitely superior to the Cossack regiments of Russia. The conclusion of this brief article is, that during this generation Russia has nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by attacking us in India.

A Woman's View of Tess.

HARRIET WATERS PRESTON, writing on Thomas Hardy in the *Century Magazine*, gives a woman's view of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" with considerable emphasis. After describing how Tess, after her first misfortune, was borne safely and almost triumphantly through all her dangers, she says:—

The goal is close at hand where, in Mr. Hardy's own striking words concerning the Native, the fairest child of his fancy may grasp the supreme boon of *retreating from life without shame*. We are actually beginning to thank him for an enlarged perception of the moral possibilities of primitive womanhood. The interest of the narrative has been breathless all along; now, at its final crisis, our pulses begin to throb as though we were on the eve of some stupendous revelation. Has our pantheist and pessimist of other days, we ask, been transformed into the most powerful and penetrating of all the preachers of Neo-Christianity? Are we about to be told, at last, what the words were which Jesus "stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not"—the mystic import of the divine sentence, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more"?

Alas! nothing of the sort. Mr. Hardy's conversion is no more authentic than Alice D'Urberville's own. Just when his noble work lacks naught but the finishing touch, he is seized by what looks like a paroxysm of blind rage against his own creation, and with one violent blow he destroys irreparably both its symmetry and its significance. There was no need to condemn the finest of his creations to an after-life of bourgeois security and prosperity as the wife of Angel Clare. That would have been at once too bad for her and too good for him. But surely a kindly, compassionate, natural death might have rescued Tess from her sharp dilemma at any one of the later turnings of her hunted way! Or, if not, she had still the last remedy in her own hand, and the daughter of the D'Urbervilles would never have lacked the courage to apply it. But from the moment when, despite the dreadful illumination of her experience, and the painfully acquired habit of heroic resistance, Tess yields a second time to the importunities of her first and now doubly repulsive seducer, the claim put forth for her by her historian upon his title-page is stultified; and artistically, no less than morally, his work lies in ruin. To call Tess "pure" after this is a ferocious sarcasm. The first stain had been effaced by a purgatory of suffering; the second is indelible. The ghastly incidents crowded into the last pages of the book avail nothing. The murder and the scaffold are mere vulgar horrors, gratuitously insulting to the already outraged feelings of the deeply disappointed reader. They exceed the proper limit of tragedy, exciting neither "pity" nor "terror," but simply repugnance. No writer of our own gloomy time—I say it regretfully, and even resentfully—has grasped for one moment, only to wantonly fling away, a more sublime opportunity than Mr. Hardy in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

PRINCESS MAY.

A CHARACTER SKETCH BY MISS FRIEDERICHs.

A BRIGHTLY written and appreciative character sketch of the Princess May, from the pen of Miss Friederichs, appears in the *Young Woman* for July.

HER CHILDHOOD.

Miss Friederichs says:—

Of the early childhood of golden-haired Princess May nothing is known to the outside world. But those who knew the Duchess of Teck in her girlish days, often noticed how her bright, cheery manner, her kindly, sympathetic disposition, and, of her personal appearance, the clear rosy complexion and the abundance of fair silky hair, had descended upon the child. A friend of the Duchess of Teck's youthful days has often told me how they used to beguile the long winter evenings at the Castle of Mecklenburg Strelitz with merry games and gambols. Princess Mary, then a very lovely girl, was fondest of the games which involved much noise and rushing about; and sometimes, in a wild, mad chase through the long corridors, she would suddenly come to a standstill when the silver arrow round which was coiled her magnificent mass of fair hair had slipped out, and she would stand enveloped in what looked like a long cloak of waving gold.

HER INDUSTRY.

Princess May is far too active to waste even an hour of her day. Indeed, it happens very often that, when visitors call at White Lodge, she rises quietly during a pause in her animated chat with her own or her parents' friends, and says smilingly, "You will pardon me, I know, if I get my knitting and do some work while we talk. There is really so much to do, it seems quite wrong to be idle." And she comes back with a thick half-finished stocking, or some piece of plain needlework, and stitches while talking—stitches that some shivering creature may be less miserable in cold and wintry days. And often, when alone with the friends of her home circle, a sigh would force its way across her lips, and she would say, with a look at the heaps of needlework before her, "Oh, if I had only half of the time given to me as a present, in addition to my own time, which so many girls waste in doing nothing at all!"

HER EDUCATION.

For Princess May is distinctly a clever girl, from the intellectual point of view. She plays the harp and the piano-forte, and plays them well; for she has had a very thorough musical education. Signor Foli, her singing master, has trained her voice, which, though not powerful, is very sweet and sympathetic; and her German and French are as fluent as her native tongue. Not long ago, Princess May attended a course of lectures on Elizabethan literature, delivered by Mr. Churton Collins at Richmond, in connection with the University Extension movement, thereby ranging herself with the "Extension students," and by doing so, helping on one of the best educational movements of the time. In this simple, practical way she prepared herself unconsciously not only for the prominent position which the future has in store for her, but also, by constant acts of unselfishness and of self-control, for the stern school of discipline through which she was destined to pass so soon.

HER BEAUTY.

If you have never seen Princess May you can hardly form an idea of how very attractive she is. Hers is not one of the faces to which either photographer or artist can do justice, unless, indeed, he be Mr. G. F. Watts, the patriarch master painter, who succeeds in causing the soul to shine through the face where no one else can "catch" the gleams of inward light. The expression in her blue eyes—blue as cornflowers—changes so rapidly, is one moment so gay and roguish, the next so grave and thoughtful, and again so composed and calmly intelligent, that the photographer may well despair when he compares even the best of his productions with the original. Apart from her unusually expressive face, Princess May is a girl of the true English type, with a fair complexion, a healthy glow in her cheeks, a tall pretty figure, and light and graceful movements. She is also truly English in her

fondness for all kinds of outdoor exercises. She rides and drives well; and, thanks to her three brothers, all of whom are equally devoted to "May," though, with characteristic brotherliness, they disguise this fact occasionally a little, she is not easily beaten at tennis.

LAST YEAR.

After the death of the Duke of York's eldest brother, to whom the Princess May was first engaged to be married, Miss Friederichs says:—

For many months, though she was busier than ever with her labours of love, no ray of sunlight seemed to be able to pierce the gloom that had fallen upon the life of Princess May. All her endeavours were to help others, to make the lives of others brighter; but her own burden—so those around her saw with aching hearts—her own burden was, and remained, very heavy. Only once or twice she lost her perfect self-control. It was when, by chance, she read of the heartless suggestions made by one section of the public press, that the Duke of York should forthwith do his duty to her, and to the nation, by marrying her. "It is too cruel—too cruel!" she said, with burning tears. "Why may not I have the privilege of privacy at such a time as this, which every other girl in private life may have?"

Of which let the *Spectator* and its editors take due note.

HER TASTE IN RELIGION AND MUSIC.

Two writers in the *New Review* contribute studies in character of Princess May. Both are anonymous, the first much the most interesting. The writer says that the Princess is a regular church-goer and communicant, who is extremely tolerant in her views, but very punctual in reading her Bible every day; no matter how much work she has to do, she always reads her chapter. She is not attracted either by high Ritual or by low Church; she loves the music of the organ and the singing of a well-trained choir:—

She is very fond of singing, and her voice, although not strong or of great volume, is sweet and sympathetic. For the modern love-song the Princess has no fancy, but prefers words more in keeping with her every-day thoughts. "The Lost Chord" and "The Convent Gate" are among her favourite songs. She very often gets up concerts in the surrounding villages, and is exceedingly kind to struggling professionals. During the stay of the family in the northern capital of Italy, Princess May took lessons from Italian professors, and began to cultivate her taste for music, art, and literature, a taste which developed very much under the tuition of Mdlle. Bricka, who had succeeded Mdlle. Gutmann, and still remains as companion to her late pupil.

HER FAVOURITE BOOKS.

French, German, and English are all alike to Princess May. She can converse fluently in either one or the other language. Novel-reading does not interest her very much—that is to say, novels of a frivolous kind. But with the works of the great novelists she is, of course, acquainted. On her book-shelves you will find no uncut and dusty books, but neatly cut edges and well turned pages. Her favourite authors are Tennyson, Carlyle, Emerson, and George Eliot. She is very fond of well-bound books, and values highly all presentation copies. The works of Macaulay, Froude, Lamb, John Morley, Motley, Molière, Goethe, Dante, occupy prominent positions on her book-shelves. Her method is to read something every day, even if it be only a page, and then to discuss what she has read. With her companion-governess she talks French and German, and, according to arrangement, the discussion takes place in either one language or the other. Mdlle Bricka is a very broad-minded woman, and thinks that as princesses are women, they should know as much as possible about what appertains to women. Order and regularity are with her principles of life—never is anything out of place, never is an appointment missed. There is a time for getting up in the morning, and, when possible, a time for retiring to rest at night.

HER LOVE FOR CHILDREN.

The Princess's love of children is great. A suffering child at once commands her sympathy. Out of her income she always sets apart a sum to give away to poor children. Her aim and object when dealing with the poor is to make their lives pass as pleasantly as possible. She carries her sympathy into deeds. Every Christmas, New Year, and birthday card is carefully preserved by the Princess, who arranges them in scrap-books for the poor children in homes and hospitals. No cotillion favour is ever thrown away; each toy and ribbon is put away in a drawer to be used, when the time comes, for her "Sea-shell Mission." Similar odds and ends are collected by her friends, so that often the parcels contain sufficient presents to give something to each child in an institution. Many a sad little heart is made glad and many a young life brightened by the Princess's Mission.

HER SYMPATHY WITH THE POOR.

A crippled boy in a village near White Lodge was dying of consumption. Over and over again Princess May would either drive or walk over to see the little sufferer, and, sitting down by the bedside in the cottage, would talk and read to him. Often she carried with her delicacies to keep up his wasting frame. Her last visit to the boy was one day on her way to church, when she knew the end was near. Gently giving him a kiss, she wished him good-bye with tears in her eyes. I could tell of many actions of a similar kind, but this one will suffice to show her tender-heartedness and sympathetic nature.

But it is in her work and in her mother's work that she is really interested. This subject she will discuss with animation and a knowledge seldom to be found in so young a princess. In State schemes for the poor of the country she is also greatly interested. During the time the House of Lords' Sweating Committee was sitting she carefully read the evidence given, and evinced the greatest sympathy with the hard lives of poor seamstresses and nail and chain workers. With so sensible a guide as her companion, and so sympathetic a mother, it is not surprising that Princess May's reading has not altogether been confined to books for the "young person." It is possibly in some measure due to this more liberal course of reading that we find Princess May's knowledge of things as they are to be far greater than that of any other princess of her age.

"The Heavenly Twins."

THE *Modern Review* publishes a couple of articles which it calls the "Sarah Grand Sex Theory." The first writer, "Egeria," declares that the book ought to have been called "The Revolt of a Sex." "Egeria" does not like Evadne, whom she regards as an egoistical, self-righteous, complaisant young woman, who with her scientific education ought to have had more sense than to imagine that Major Colquhoun could possibly, with his physical organisation, have been other than a Tom Jones. Miss Catherine M. Whitehead is very enthusiastic, and considers "The Heavenly Twins" heralds the dawn of a new age that is springing up for women, and that all women therefore owe it a debt of gratitude:—

The absence of the sense of sex on the part of Evadne is commented on in one review. But she surely belongs to that class of women who, when her ideal is shattered, loves no longer the mere outside shell which enfolded it. For a while at least passion sleeps beneath the ruins of the volcano which poured its burning lava down until she became petrified beneath the weight. Evadne's powers of mind upheld her to a certain extent through the crisis, though how they suffered is clearly shown by the benumbing process which followed. How little men can understand the thousand deaths a woman dies when her ideal falls before her eyes!

"Mr. Henley as the New Poet."

MR. GILBERT PARKER in *Lippincott* writes half-a-dozen enthusiastic pages about Mr. Henley, of whose influence on literature he speaks very highly. He says:—

He has dared to say things, he has dared to do things, which others have hesitated to say and do. He has opened a way for a larger, deeper convention. He has broadened our view by his daring, and his strength by his fine art.

Scribner's Magazine publishes a long poem by Mr. Henley entitled "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." It is a reminiscence of his youth when, a little boy on Severn side thirty-five years ago, he first revelled in the charm of Arabian Nights. It is full of characteristic Henleyisms.

Samaracaud!

That name of names! That star-vened belvedere
Built against the Chambers of the South!
That outpost on the Infinite!

The Normal Young Woman and Young Man.

IN *Scribner's Magazine* there is an account given of the investigations of Dr. Sargent of Boston, who has measured the bodies of over 2,000 Harvard students, and who has constructed two nude clay figures representing the average or composite of 5,000 Harvard students of the age of twenty-one, and of 5,000 girl students of different colleges measured at the same age. According to Dr. Sargent the normal young man is much finer in physique than the normal young woman, which is not in the least to be wondered at, considering how much more attention is paid to the physical culture of man than that of woman:—

Standing squarely, clean-limbed, strong-necked, he looks rather like a runner than a rower; but there is nothing sordid, nothing warped, nothing to indicate the deterioration of a civilization of too many wheels, the stunting, or the abnormal one-sided development, of the factory or of city life. The pose, of course, must be the sculptor's, but the measures show: height, five feet eight; weight, one hundred and thirty-eight (the equivalent of one hundred and forty-nine, as we clothe ourselves); chest, thirty-four, to thirty-seven inflated. Lung power is there and heart; strength enough to hold his own in life, and withal a certain refinement, a curious grace of mould, which our fathers would have called aristocratic, and we would term, as even our age may permit us, finely bred.

Of the American women students it is said that they do not come from as high a class, socially and intellectually, as the men, and the result is seen in the clay model:—

Brutally to set forth the facts, the figure has more fragility without a corresponding gain in grace; the lower half is better than the upper; it is not that tight-lacing has left evident traces (the waist is over twenty-four), but the inward curve of the back, the thinness of the body, lack strength and erectness of pose. At this point one hurriedly resorts to figures: the height is five feet three, the weight one hundred and fourteen, the chest measurement but thirty, and the feet (the figure will be seen at Chicago) ten inches long.

IN the *Canadian Magazine* for June, Mrs. Cecil Logsdail devotes a paper to criticism of the women of the United States. The writer says that if in England it were better understood that nature has gifted women with other capacities than for suffering, and if her mission were more generally understood outside society in its narrow sense, there would be considerably less unhappiness in married life, and a finer, nobler race would spring up.

THE PROTESTANTISM OF THE BRITISH SAILOR. ITS ORIGIN. BY MR. FROUDE.

In *Longman's Magazine* there is a very charming paper by Mr. Froude, which is chiefly devoted to an examination of the cause why Protestantism in the sixteenth century had its stronghold in the seaport towns of England. Mr. Froude says:—

I have in my possession a detailed account of the temper of parties in England, drawn up in the year 1585, three years before the Armada came. The writer was a distinguished Jesuit. The account itself was prepared for the use of the Pope and Philip, with a special view to the reception which an invading force would meet with, and it goes into great detail.

THE ELIZABETHAN PURITANS.

According to this authority, who evidently seems to know what he is talking about—

"The only party, the only party that would fight to death for the Queen, the only real friends she had, were the Puritans (it is the first mention of the name which I have found), the Puritans of London, the Puritans of the sea towns." These he admits were dangerous, desperate, determined men. The numbers of them, however, were providentially small.

Mr. Froude then addresses himself to an explanation of the causes for this concentration of the Protestant patriotism in English seaport towns.

THE WORK OF THE INQUISITION.

He attributes it, not to any theological conviction on the part of the Elizabethan sailors, but simply and solely to the fact of the horror inspired by the Inquisition. Mr. Froude says:—

A new and infinitely dangerous element had been introduced by the change of religion into the relations of English sailors with the Catholic powers, and especially with Spain. In their zeal to keep out heresy, the Spanish government placed their harbours under the control of the Holy Office. Any vessel in which an heretical book was found was confiscated, and her crew carried to the Inquisition prisons. It had begun in Henry's time. The Inquisitors attempted to treat schism as heresy, and arrest Englishmen in their ports. But Henry spoke up stoutly to Charles V., and the Holy Office had been made to hold its hand. All was altered now. It was not necessary that a poor sailor should have been found teaching heresy. It was enough if he had an English Bible and Prayer Book with him in his kit; and stories would come into Dartmouth or Plymouth how some lad that everybody knew—Bill or Jack or Tom, who had wife or father or mother among them, perhaps—had been seized hold of for no other crime, been flung into a dungeon, tortured, starved, set to work in the galleys, or burned in a fool's coat, as they called it, at an *auto da fé* at Seville.

PROTESTANTISM HELPED BY PERSECUTION.

The object of the Inquisition was partly political; it was meant to embarrass trade, and make the people impatient of changes which produced so much inconvenience. The effect was exactly the opposite. Such accounts when brought home created fury. There grew up in the seagoing population an enthusiasm of hatred for that holy institution, and a passionate desire for revenge.

The Holy Office burnt English or French Protestants wherever it could catch them. The Protestants revenged their injuries at their own risk and in their own way, and thus from Edward VI.'s time to the end of the century privateering came to be the special occupation of adventurous honourable gentlemen, who could serve God, their country, and themselves in fighting Catholics.

So it went on until Elizabeth's reign, and the more the Inquisition burned our sailors, the more resolute did our seafaring men become to wage war to the death against the devildoms of Spain and of the Holy Catholic

Church, which found in Spain its most cruel and ruthless instrument.

NEMESIS.

Mr. Froude concludes his paper as follows:—

The Holy Office meanwhile went on in cold savage resolution: the Holy Office which had begun the business and was the cause of it. A note in Cecil's hand says that in the one year 1562, twenty-six English subjects had been burnt at the stake in different parts of Spain. Ten times as many were starving in Spanish dungeons, from which occasionally, by happy accident, a cry could be heard like this which follows. In 1561 an English merchant writes from the Canaries:—

"I was taken by those of the Inquisition twenty months past, put into a little dark house two paces long, loaded with irons, without sight of sun or moon all that time. When I was arraigned, I was charged that I should say our mass was as good as theirs; that I said I would rather give money to the poor than buy Bulls of Rome with it. I was charged with being a subject to the Queen's grace, who, they said, was enemy to the faith, Antichrist, with other opprobrious names; and I stood to the defence of the Queen's Majesty, proving the infamies most untrue. Then I was put into Little Ease again, protesting very innocent blood to be demanded against the judge before Christ."

The innocent blood of these poor victims had not to wait to be avenged at the judgment day. The account was presented shortly and promptly at the cannon's mouth.

An Irish Catholic View of Hodge and His Religion.

THERE is an interesting article in the *Lyceum*, the writer of which reviews Mr. Heath's book on "The English Peasant," from the point of view of an Irish Catholic. The following passage is very curious:—

Nothing, perhaps, shows the wretchedness of rural England so much as the fact that Calvinism is the only form of religion that has any real hold over the peasants; there is something in the terrible hopelessness of that creed that harmonises with life as they know it. Otherwise there is little or no religion amongst the agricultural labourers. There are districts where there is absolutely no religion, and in other districts it exists but only nominally. The people don't go to church, or if they do, it is in careless compliance with custom. Even among the virtuous peasantry there is a great deal of indifference. One of them spoke for his class when he told Mr. Heath that he was a Wesleyan himself, but that he thought "we should never be asked what we'd been." In some parts of England there is a natural, perhaps inherited, bent towards Paganism so strong that Christianity never seems to sink in, but has to be laboriously grafted on each generation, from the outside. But after all, who can wonder at the people's attitude towards religion? It has been nothing to them for so long a time, but a perfunctory weekly discourse from a man whose nature, sympathies, and worldly position made him one with their masters.

"The Size of the Sea."

MR. SCHOOLING has a curious paper in *Longman's Magazine*, in which he calculates what the sea would cost to remove it, if a contractor undertook to shift it at 1d. per 1,000 tons. If he performed his contract his bill would amount to 10,000 times the amount of the National Debt. If the sea could be piled up in a round column reaching to the sun, the column would be 24 miles in diameter. If you could sell the sea at 1d. per 10,000 gallons, it would fetch 155 billion pounds; if you were to try to pump it dry at the rate of 1,000 gallons a second, it would take 12,000 million years. If you take a crown-piece as representing the surface of the planet, half-a-crown will represent the surface of the whole sea, a shilling the surface of the Pacific, and a threepenny-piece the surface of the Atlantic.

THE CATHOLICISM OF THE NEW ERA.

BY PÈRE HYACINTHE LOYSON.

PÈRE HYACINTHE LOYSON publishes in the *Contemporary* for July an article which begins "Paris, Whit-Sunday, 1893. This is my Testament." As he is now sixty-six years of age, he stands on the brink of the tomb before the bar of the Supreme Judge. He begins with a survey of his life, with which he seems to be very well satisfied. When he was eighteen he became a priest, when he was thirty he became a monk, when he was forty-two he was excommunicated, when forty-five he married—and that marriage he declares was the most logical, the most courageous, the most characteristic act of his life. That life has been devoted to two causes: that of his country and his Church. Notwithstanding the destruction of many illusions, he continues to believe in both.

THE POPE OF THE NEW ERA.

I have never abjured Catholicism; I have never replied by anathema and insult to the insults and the anathemas which have been heaped upon me. I have hoped against hope. I have said to myself that perhaps some day there will arise a successor of Pius IX. and of Leo XIII., who will be as superior to the opportunism of the second as to the intransigence of the first; a true reformer, who will take the Church's transformation in hand, beginning with the Papacy, and who will be the herald and architect of the new era. It would be a miracle, I admit. But by how much I reject the false miracles by so much I implore the true. And should it please Almighty God, in whose hands are all the hearts of the sons of men, to raise up such a Pope, the world would have seen no greater man since prophets and apostles walked her soil, nor any day so great since the day of our redemption.

A TRANSFORMED CATHOLICISM.

Whether the Pope of his dream comes along or not, he is convinced that Catholic Christendom is changing:—

For myself, the more I consider it, the more I am persuaded that Catholic Christianity is approaching a transformation. It seems as if the Lord were saying a second time, as once to the prophet, "Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth; and the former things shall not be remembered, nor come into mind."

We shall keep with religious reverence the oracles of the prophets of Israel and the apostles of Christianity, the teachings of all the inspired saints of the two Testaments; but we shall no longer confound the Word of God with the human alloy from which a sound exegesis is separating it every day. Doubtless God has spoken to men, but He has spoken to them by men, and by men of a rude race and of early or even barbarous times.

THE TRUE CATHOLICISM.

Père Hyacinthe, like many others who are fascinated by the Catholic ideal, is repelled by the Catholic Church because it is not Catholic but Sectarian, representing only a segment of the truth which God has revealed to men.

Nor is the Biblical revelation the only revelation, though it be the highest. There is something of God in all the great religions; which have presided over the providential development of humanity. It is not true that all religions are equally good; but neither is it true that all religions except one are no good at all. The Christianity of the future, more just than that of the past, will assign to each its place in that work of "evangelical preparation" which the elder doctors of the Church discerned in heathenism itself, and which is not yet completed. It will beware of pronouncing on these rough sketches of religion a hard and unmerited reprobation. Through all these divisions, all these conflicts, it will yet work out that luminous synthesis of truth.

Science, again, must not be ignored. It also is a revelation, at once human and divine, and no less certain than the other. Some day will be realised the daring forecast of Joseph de Maistre: "Religion and science, in virtue of their natural affinity, will meet in the brain of some one man of genius—perhaps of more than one—and the world will get what it needs and cries for: not a new religion, but the revelation of revelation."

THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE FUTURE.

Such a faith in which religion and science can lie down together, like the lion and the lamb in the prophecy, will have plenty to do in putting the world to rights.

The Christianity of the future will reconcile more and more, in human life, those elements which are all equally necessary, and which have hitherto been too much divided. It will reclass the links of close alliance between nature and grace, between labour and prayer, between action and contemplation; between the body, despised and accursed in the name of the soul, and the soul of which it bears the imprint and is the organ; between family life, depreciated as an ignoble and inferior state, and those highest aspirations of genius and sanctity which have sought to express themselves in an unnatural and irrelevant celibacy.

HIS LAST WORD.

Père Hyacinthe then sums up the last word of his last testament:—

It is not to politics, and it is not to science, and certainly it is not to the interests of men or the utopias of dreamers, that we must look for the salvation of France or of the world. Our salvation must come from Christianity alone. But to work this miracle, Christianity must regain its true character; it must be the religion of the gospel, the religion of justice and of charity. It must tear itself free from the superstitions which degrade it, from the sects which rend it into fragments, from the clerics and the governments who enslave and exploit it.

Moral and social renovation, by means of religious renovation, this is my last hope, my last word—*novissima verba!* France, the soul, and God—in these I sum up all that I have believed, all that I hope, all that has been the joy of my life and will give me strength to die.

Prices Current for Wild Beasts.

In *McClure's Magazine* for June, Mr. Raymond Blathway publishes the first of an interesting series of interviews with Hagenbeck of Hamburg, wild beast purveyor to the civilised world. From this article I extract the following prices current of wild beasts, in case any of our readers wish to start a private menagerie of their own:—

A hippopotamus costs £1,000. An Indian tapir costs £500, an American tapir £150. Elephants vary according to size and training, from £250 to £500. A good forest-bred lion, full grown, will fetch from £150 to £200, according to species. Tigers run from £100 to £150, according to their variety. "Do you know," he continued, "that there are five varieties of royal tigers? And, besides them, there are the tigers which come from Java, Sumatra, Penang, and even from the wastes of Siberia. Snakes are very much down in the market at present. Those which formerly fetched £5 or £10, you can now get for £2. Very large ones sometimes run up to £50. Leopards £30. Black panthers £40 to £60. Striped and spotted panthers £25. Jaguars run from £30 to £100. A good polar bear will fetch from £30 to £40. Brown bears from £6 to £10. Black American bears from £10 to £20. A sloth from Thibet £25 to £30. Monkeys run from six shillings apiece. They are most expensive in the spring, when they will sometimes fetch as much as £1 6s. Giraffes are altogether out of the market," continued Mr. Hagenbeck with a sigh, "for there are none now to be obtained. I have sold one as low as £60, whilst the last one which I sold, four years ago, to the Brazils, I was paid upwards of £1,100 for."

A CALL TO ARMS TO PROTESTANTS.

BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

In the *Contemporary Review* Archdeacon Farrar publishes an article entitled "Undoing the Work of the Reformation," which is a veritable cry to arms. Archdeacon Farrar says:—

The time has come when it is the plain imperative duty of every true member of the English Church to reassert, at all costs, the principles—the scriptural, the primitive, the historic principles—the assertion of which is the sole reason why their Church, as a Reformed Church, has any title to exist.

The Archdeacon then proceeds to set forth the foundation upon which he bases his belief that the Church of England is Protestant, not Catholic in the Ritualist sense.

NO SACERDOTALISM.

There is, for instance, no shadow of even possible doubt what is the teaching of the Bible, of the Prayer-book, and of the Church of England about the clergy. The setting up of the Presbyterate as a sacrificial priesthood; the pretence that the ministry is vicarious, not representative; the assimilation of the English clergy to the "massing priests" of the Middle Ages; the claim that our presbyters perform acts of sacrifice as substitutes for the people—are demonstrably unjustifiable. To the proofs that they are so, no attempt of an answer has been, or can be given, except on premises which our Church has deliberately rejected.

NO TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

The doctrine of Sacerdotalism is always allied to the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and Transubstantiation is one of the heresies which the Church of England at the Reformation most decisively and most emphatically repudiated. She might well do so. It is a late and gross corruption of crude materialism, not formally accepted even by the Church of Rome till the Lateran Council of 1215. The argument for it, such as it is, ignores the whole analogy of the faith.

NO CONFSSIONAL.

Auricular Confession is the natural result of sacerdotal encroachment and sacramental materialism; and if the once-Protestant laity of the Church of England can look on unmoved and see this practice—which has in all ages been prolific of the worst evils—reintroduced among them, it can only be either because they have been driven into contemptuous indifference by having been first betrayed, and then reduced to helplessness, or because they look elsewhere than to the Anglican Church for freedom and for truth.

For of auricular confession there is not the faintest vestige in the New Testament. It was absolutely unknown to the primitive Church. It was absolutely unknown to the Fathers, even amid the dense overgrowth of sacerdotal usurpation and corruption in the fourth century. It was a gradual innovation of the darkest part of the Dark Ages, and I have no hesitation in saying—and am perfectly prepared to prove to any extent—that it has been stamped by age after age with the just stigma of indelible abhorrence.

A PROPHECY OF DOOM.

Already, like a swarm of locusts, Ritualistic practices have settled on every green field. In twenty years, if things are suffered to go on at the present rate—if the cause of the Reformation is on every side abandoned and betrayed—the Church of England will be Romish in everything but name.

But there is another class—a class unhappily of disastrous and ever-increasing magnitude—which will never accept such a form of religion as Rome or the Ritualists offer. It is not averse to the simple gospel of Christ, but it is now being driven into indifference. There are thousands in England, where fifty years ago there were only scores, in the Upper Classes, who now devote their Sundays exclusively to worldly amusements, who rarely enter a church, and scarcely ever

dream of partaking of the Holy Communion. In the working classes such men may be counted by millions, and their numbers will steadily increase as Ritualism increases. England may be driven by Ritualism into infidelity, but I believe that she will have to reel back into barbarism before she becomes Romish, or again accepts the form of religion which the Spanish Armada would have forced upon us with stakes and implements of hellish torture. Disestablishment will be one of the first consequences of the triumph of Ritualism; and immediately after Disestablishment will come the necessity for, and the certainty of, a New Reformation to re-establish the truths which Ritualism endeavours to overthrow.

The Royal Road to Languages.

In the last note on this system in the May number a somewhat unfortunate error crept in which might cause uncertainty in the minds of teachers who were interested in the new method of language teaching. It was said that "it has been found that those who have had some training" never appreciate the points of the system. This should have been those who "have had no training." The method depends for its success a good deal on the liveliness and skill of the teacher, who must speak the language well and know exactly what to do in conducting the class. Lectures were given on the method by Mr. H. Swan last month before the College of Preceptors, London, Canon Daniel in the chair; and before the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, Miss Beale in the chair; and reports will be found in the *Educational Times* for July, and in the *Cheltenham Examiner*, June 21. A fifth and sixth holiday training class for teachers on the series method will be held in London (at or near Essex Hall, Strand) from Tuesday, August 8 to 18th, and also from September 5 to 15th, mornings, two hours a day. Application should be made in advance to Messrs. Swan and Bétis, 4, Mount Ararat, Richmond. I understand several teachers from America intend to be present, and the Norwegian Government also have notified an intention to send a representative to go into the merits of the system after hearing of the results published in the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* for January last.

The Press and Bubble Companies.

MR. B. D. MACKENZIE, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, writes at some length on "Limited Liability." There is one passage in his article which deserves to be taken to heart by journalists and by those legislators and judges who forge the chains in which journalists have to move:—

Valuable assistance has often been rendered to the public in the wise selection of sound investments by the City editors of the daily press, and the specially qualified writers of the better-class financial journals. But this aid might easily be made much more effective. There is not much use moralising over mischief after it has occurred; a pound of prevention is worth a ton of cure. Whether the press are silenced by the bribe of repeated highly-paid advertisements, or from fear of the very loose law of libel, and the uncertain temper of juries, the fact remains that Companies are launched and Foreign Loans floated which the slightest examination must satisfy any competent man are deserving only of severe censure and prompt exposure. The mere publication of a prospectus ought legally to justify any competent City editor in freely criticising without malice the character of any public investment and its promoters and directors, demanding, on behalf of his readers, adequate information and substantial guarantees upon which a sound judgment may be formed. The character and conduct of politicians are criticised with merciless rigour, some of which might well be spared for the projectors and directors of public companies.

THE TZAR AND THE POPE.

SOME SIDE LIGHTS FROM M. DE BLOWITZ.

In *McClure's Magazine* for June M. de Blowitz discusses *more suo* upon the state of Europe. He professeth peace on several grounds, but primarily because of the social trouble in Belgium. He says:—

It is in the light of these events in Belgium, that I do not hesitate to say, that Europe for a long time still will not be menaced by war. The social problem is now too pressing. It requires the entire attention. Woe to the blind! The hour of rest is past; a new world awakes. It knows its strength. It has everything to gain, nothing to lose. Follow it with anxious eye, ye who sleep now in possession, for if ye sleep too long, ye will awake in chains!

THE PEACEKEEPER OF EUROPE.

M. de Blowitz is overwhelmed by the contemplation of the power of the Tzar, reflecting that Alexander III. has but to lift his finger and all France will do his bidding. But the pious correspondent is consoled:—

However, this autocrat so formidably armed is well known to be absolutely pacific. He turns a constantly listening ear to the counsels of an experienced queen, herself full of the spirit of peace, the Queen of Denmark. This queen loves Germany; she adores the young emperor, whom she calls "an angel." She has already smoothed down many rough places. It was she who brought about the Kiel interview and the visit of the Czarevitch to Berlin. She has strengthened the idea of peace in the brain of this emperor, whence, instead, war might spring full-armed; war *fin de siècle*; the new, mysterious, unprecedented form of it; the war of infinitely multiplied murder, covering the Old World with corpses of the slain. The special factor of armed explosion most to be dreaded in Europe is thus held in check by an all-powerful hand gently directed. It is nothing less than the work of God that has made him who holds the chief of the arsenals of power, pacific, and thus reassuring to the world.

THE WIREFULLER OF EUROPE.

Next to M. de Blowitz's picture of the Tzar, the most interesting description in his paper is that which he gives of the Pope:—

No one can have any idea of the life and movement which reigns in this voluntary prison which lies over against the Quirinal. Thither flow innumerable missives from every corner of the world, and could I only tell some of them, it would be seen how long still is the arm extending from the shadow of St. Peter's; how dreadful still are the lips that speak in the shade of the Vatican. I should show the Holy Father and his cardinals writing to the Emperor of Austria, directing him by counsel and advice, and sometimes almost by their orders. I should show Prince Bismarck continuing, since his fall, to hold before the eyes of the Pope glimpses of the more or less partial restoration of the temporal power. I should show Leo XIII. now trying to unite, now to alienate, France and Russia, according as at the moment this or that policy seems to him most propitious for his own cause or the cause of peace; and I should show, at the same time, the Vatican divided within itself, and Cardinal Vanutelli working, in secret letters addressed to powerful sovereigns, against the policy of Cardinal Rampolla, and acting on the mind of Leo XIII. to detach him from his secretary of state, and wean him from the democratic policy on which he is now launched. I should show, also, all the leading politicians of France, whether in power or out, soliciting the support, the protection, the favour of Leo XIII. and the latter working with astounding insight for the fusion, more and more complete, of the liberal monarchical party with the Republic.

The article, which is illustrated by a portrait of the great little man, is in a more *glamboyant* style than is permitted in the columns of the *Times*.

DR. LUNN AND THE WESLEYAN SANHEDRIN.

THE Wesleyan Conference, like other Sanhedrinitical assemblies, has no love for those of its own members who venture to speak disrespectfully of the idols in its market-place. The fate which has befallen the Rev. Dr. Lunn is probably intended as a warning against any too great zeal in discerning the shortcomings in the official methods of doing good. Dr. Lunn criticised, somewhat crudely perhaps, but still honestly and from personal knowledge, certain principles of missionary action dear to the Wesleyan Society in India. His criticisms undoubtedly directed attention to the subject, and led to the adoption of considerable reforms. But instead of gratitude the Wesleyan Sanhedrin regarded with resentment the man who had troubled the peace of the official Israel. Dr. Lunn, having no fixed pastoral charge, became chaplain to the Polytechnic, founded and edited the *Review of the Churches*, and undertook the organisation of the pious picnics which are the precursors of the modern pilgrimage. There is nothing in these laudable and useful pursuits incompatible with the calling of a Wesleyan minister, any more than the scientific researches of Dr. Dallinger or the journalistic labour of the editor of the *Methodist Recorder*. But Dr. Dallinger had not offended the Sanhedrin, and the editor had only made it ridiculous by the excess of his zeal in its defence. Therefore, Dr. Lunn was singled out for expulsion, which he anticipated by his resignation. So the Conference thanks God, with Dogberry, that it has got rid of a knave; and then sits down placidly to hold sweet communion with Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, who edits the *Methodist Times*, through which Dr. Lunn had perpetrated his enormities. But then Dr. Lunn, although able and energetic, can be jumped upon with safety, whereas to jump upon Mr. Price Hughes might be inconvenient. And, besides, it is so much easier to let him off this time as a reward for behaving himself more seemly in the future.

In the *Review of the Churches* Dr. Lunn reviews the whole controversy, and concludes as follows:—

On the advice of many of my best friends I have resolutely adopted—if the paradox is permissible—an attitude of indecision, and shall take the opportunity of a quiet holiday in Switzerland to consider well before taking any decided step. There are, however, two or three facts and two or three considerations which are manifest, and will no doubt influence my ultimate decision. In the first place the ministry which I received from a Higher Source than the Wesleyan Conference is not affected by my resignation. In the second place my sphere of service to the Church of Christ at the Polytechnic is also unaffected. In the third place my position as a class-leader in the Wesleyan Methodist Church is also unaffected, and there is nothing in Methodist polity to hinder my continuing to render such service as I am able in Wesleyan Methodist pulpits. The considerations which will weigh very heavily with me in my final decision are, in the first place, that I must take no step which will injure the movement which this Review was founded to represent; and secondly that I can never take up a position which would necessarily involve any expression of doubt as to the validity of my own ministry in the past, or the present validity of the ministry of those eminent representatives of the Free Churches who have worked with me in this movement. I have ever held to the truth of the great patristic saying, "*Ubi Christus, ibi Ecclesia*," and whether I find it possible to remain a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, or am compelled to seek another spiritual home, I can never take up a position inconsistent with this great saying.

ENGINEERS and railway men will be interested in reading Mr. Lodian's paper in *Cassier's Magazine* for May upon "Fast Trains of England and America."

WORK, WORK, WORK!

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO M. ZOLA.

THE *New Review* publishes the full text of the address which M. Zola delivered to the Paris Students' Association some weeks since, brief notices of which appeared in the English press. The article is well worth careful perusal. After describing the despairing cry for happiness which arose on all sides, and which nothing could satisfy, M. Zola said the sound filled him, old and hardened Positivist as he is, with infinite pity. Without attempting to summarise all his remarks, I quote some of the concluding passages in which he preaches the gospel of labour.

TOIL, YOUNG MEN, TOIL!

I will conclude by, in my turn, offering you a faith, by beseeching you indeed to put your trust in work. Toil, young men, toil! I am quite conscious of the triteness of the advice. There is not a distribution of prizes at any school but it falls upon heedless, indifferent ears. None the less, I ask you to reflect upon it, and venture—I who have been nothing but a toiler—to tell you how great has been the benefit that I have derived from the long labour, the arduous accomplishment of which has occupied my whole life. My career began in hardship; I knew bitter misery and despair. Later on I lived a life of battle, I live it still; disparaged, scoffed at, covered with insults! Well, through all of this I have had but one faith, one fortifier—work. That which has sustained me has been the huge labour I imposed upon myself. Yonder, in front of me, I always beheld the goal toward which I was marching; and this it was—whenever the ills of life had laid me low—that sufficed to set me on my legs again and gave me the courage to march on and on, despite everything.

A NEVER-FAILING CONSOLATION.

The work I refer to is steady, settled work, the daily task, the self-imposed duty of making a forward step every day towards the accomplishment of one's allotted toil. How many times of a morning have I sat down at my table, with my head in confusion, lost, my mouth bitter, tortured by some great physical or moral anguish! And on each occasion, despite the rebellion of my sufferings, my task—after the first minutes of agony—brought me relief and comfort. I have invariably risen up from my daily toil with a feeling of consolation—my heart yet sore, perhaps, but nevertheless conscious that I was still erect, with strength enough to continue living until the morrow.

LABOUR, THE LAW OF LIFE.

Labour! remember that it is the unique natural law of the world, the regulator which leads organised matter to its unknown goal. Life has no other meaning, no other *raison d'être*; we only appear on this earth in order that we each may contribute our share of labour and disappear.

As soon as that task has been accepted, as soon as the accomplishment of it begins, quietude, it seems to me, must descend into the hearts of those that experience the greatest torture. There are some minds, I know, that are tormented by thoughts of the Infinite, the Mysterious, and to them I fraternally address myself, advising them to occupy their lives with some huge labour, the end of which it might be well they should never see. This is the balancing pole that will enable them to proceed on their way upright, without fear of falling, the diversion that will provide solace for every weary hour, the grain of wheat tendered to the mind that it may grind it for its daily sustenance with the satisfaction that attends upon the performance of duty. Doubtless this does not resolve any metaphysical problem; in what I have said there is but an empirical recipe for living life honestly and in tolerable quietude.

SOCIALISM THE GREAT LAW OF TO-MORROW.

Cannot you already see outlined in the rise and growth of Socialism, the one great law of to-morrow, the law of labour for all—liberating and pacifying toil? So, young men, young men, set yourselves to work. Let each of you accept his task, a task to fill his life. It may be a very humble one, but it will none the less be useful. Let it be what you please, provided that it is *there*, and that it keeps you erect!

FRENCH AGGRESSION ON SIAM.

THERE are many articles on the Siam Frontier Dispute in the July magazines, but they all sound the same note.

In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. Henry Norman writes on the "Future of Siam." The article is brightly written, and based upon the result of his own observation. Mr. Norman is quite sure that Siam could not offer any resistance worth naming to any European force. Like everybody else who writes upon the subject in this month's magazines, Mr. Norman is in favour of intervention to protect Siam against her aggressive neighbour:—

We are the great power in the whole East, and we must remain so. For the sake of peace and security for our present possessions, and for the sake of our future market, we must not allow Siam to be absorbed by France. If to prevent this it is necessary to "protect" Siam, we must be prepared to do so. Speaking for myself, though the attitude may be an unpopular one, I hold as an Imperialist and a believer in Englishmen above all other men, and in British rule above all other rule, that we should be justified in assuming charge of Siam for no other reason than to prevent France doing so. But of course we must be sure of her intention first. Our forefathers twice prevented her from founding a rival empire; we should not be less determined.

In the *Nineteenth Century* the Hon. G. N. Curzon has an article on this question which he illustrates admirably with a map displaying the successive advance of the French frontier on the successful maps in 1866, 1887, and 1892. Mr. Curzon thinks that we ought to say "Hands off" to the French. He says:—

The proximity of Siam to our Indian dominions, the millions of British capital that are sunk in the country, and the enormous preponderance of British political and commercial interests—as compared with the total absence of any corresponding French qualifications—render it impossible, therefore, for any British Government to acquiesce in further and more serious assaults upon Siamese territorial integrity, or in the institution of a rival and hostile European influence at Bangkok.

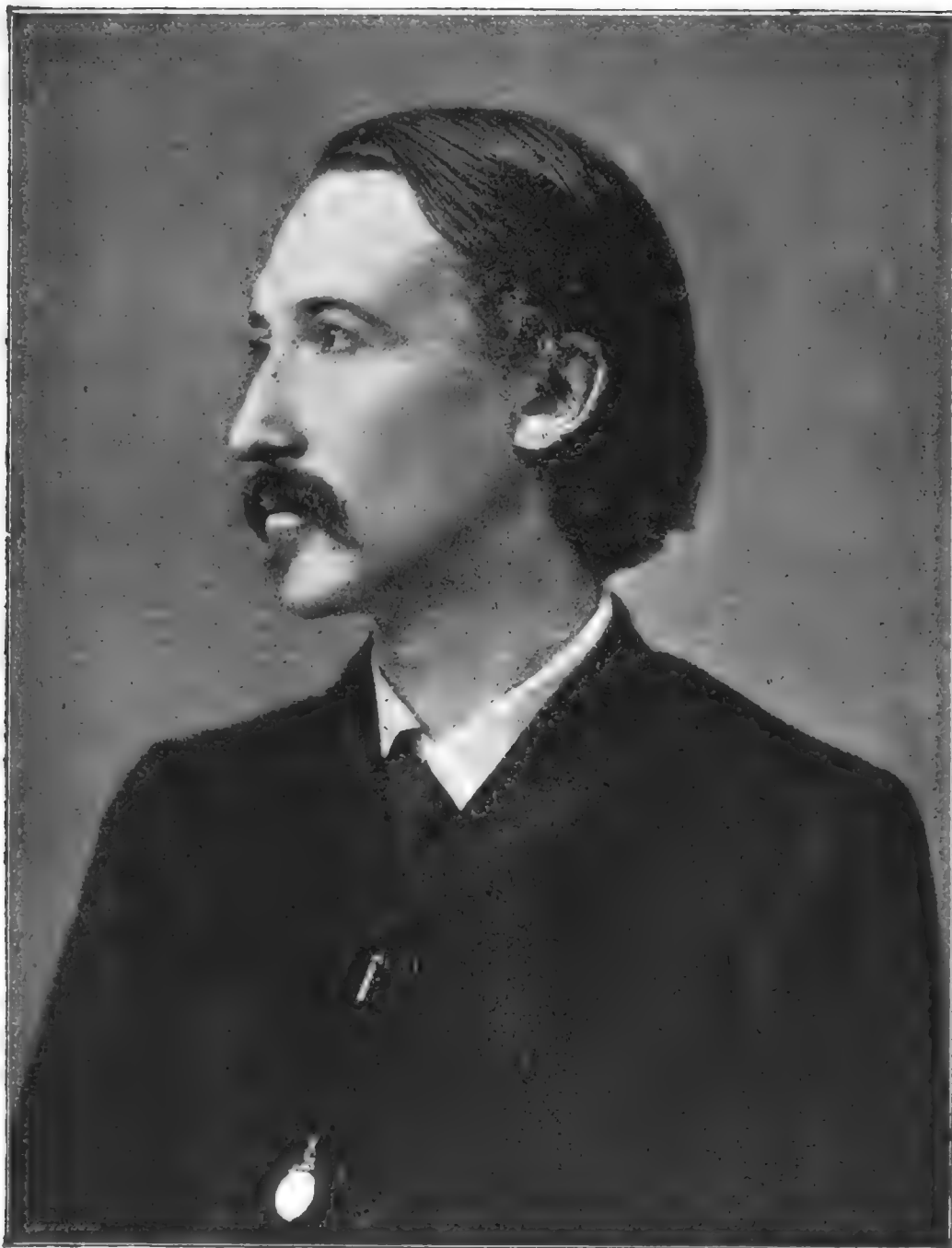
No English Government could afford to sit still while the French established themselves, at leisure and in succession, in the Cis-Mekong districts, on the Central Siamese plateau, in the valleys of the Menam and the Meping. Of this our neighbours should be apprised in full time.

In the *National Review* Mr. R. S. Gundry, writing on "France, England, and Siam," sets forth the cause at issue between the Powers, and insists that—

Nothing could be fairer than the Siamese proposal that both sides should bring forward proofs in support of their respective claims, and that resort should be had to arbitration in case of inability to agree; and the French Government would be well advised to accept it. The relegation of the question to diplomacy would not only give opportunity for a settlement that would be less reluctant of aggression, but would open the door of a revision of M. Ribot's claims on the Upper Mekong, where England would not only view with jealousy any encroachment on Luang Prabang, but would certainly resent the annexation of territory that she has herself just ceded to Siam.

In the *Asiatic Quarterly* there are two papers dealing with French designs on the borders of Siam. The writer of the article upon France and Siam is a resident in the latter country, who strongly objects to the action of the French, and urges that we should do what we can to prevent Siam becoming a prey to French ambition.

England has no desire or intention either now or at any future time to annex Siam; but our interests, both political and commercial, require that the independence of the country shall be upheld. Commercially, any tampering with the kingdom by France will mean the certain loss to this country of a valuable and rapidly increasing trade; and politically, since the occupation of the country by France would make our boundaries co-terminous, and result in constant friction, besides adding largely to the expenses of administering Burmah.



From a photograph]

[taken for the "Westminster Budget,"

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SOME POPULAR AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS.

DAUDET, HOWELLS, STEVENSON, HIGGINSON, MISS DICKENS, ZANGWILL, ETC.

THE chief feature of the lighter magazines this month is papers describing popular authors and their books. For convenience sake I string together the notices of these articles.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

The brightest and most readable of the series is the charming account of M. and Madame Alphonse Daudet, which Miss Belloc contributes to the *Idler*. It is part sketch, part interview, and gives a very pleasant picture of the great French novelist and his wife.

One of the most charming characteristics of Alphonse Daudet is his love for, and pride in, his wife. He says, "All that is best in my literary work is owing to her influence and suggestion. There are whole realms of human nature which we men cannot explore. We have not eyes to see, nor hearts to understand, certain subtle things which a woman perceives at once; yes, women have a mission to fulfil in the literature of to-day."

His handwriting is clear, and somewhat feminine in form, and he always uses a steel pen. Till his health broke down he wrote every word of his manuscripts himself, but of late he has been obliged to dictate to his wife and two secretaries; re-writing, however, much of his work in the margin of the manuscript, and also adding to and polishing each chapter in proof.

Daudet's novels are really human documents, for from early youth he has put down from day to day, almost from hour to hour, all that he has seen, heard, and done. He calls his note-books "my memory." When about to start a new novel he draws out a general plan, then he copies out all the incidents from his note-books which he thinks will be of value to him for the story. The next step is to make out a rough list of chapters, and then, with infinite care, and constant corrections, he begins writing out the book, submitting each page to his wife's criticism, and discussing with her the working out of every incident, and the arrangement of every episode.

His own favourite dramatist and writer is Shakespeare, whom, however, he only knows by translation, and Hamlet and Desdemona are his favourite hero and heroine in the fiction of the world, although he considered Balzac his literary master.

How Daudet began life as a poet, then blossomed into a dramatist, and afterwards served four years as one of the Duc de Morny's secretaries—for all this and much besides of interest and instruction I must refer the reader to the article. But one more extract I must give. Speaking of the war year, 1870-1, Daudet told Miss Belloc:—

"That terrible year taught me many things. It was then for the first time that I learned to appreciate our workpeople, *le peuple*. Had it not been for what I then went through, one whole side of good human nature would have been shut to me. The *Paris courier* is a splendid fellow, and among my best friends I reckon some of those who fought by my side in 1870."

I. ZANGWILL.

Mr. Zangwill, in the same magazine, tells the story of his first book. The humour is rather forced, but the tale is not without interest. Mr. Zangwill began to write stories when he was ten, and when he was in his teens gained a prize for a tale which appeared in *Society*. He stands aghast at the quantity of rubbish he turned out in his seventeenth and eighteenth years, in the scanty leisure of a harassed pupil-teacher at an elementary school, working hard in the evenings for a degree at the London University to boot. His first serious effort was a

story, "The Premier and the Painter;" but his first literary success was "The Children of the Ghetto." After it appeared all seems to have gone smoothly. He thus sums up his own experience by way of advising literary aspirants:—

But the best I can find is this: That if you are blessed with some talent, a great deal of industry, and an amount of conceit mighty enough to enable you to disregard superiors, equals and critics, as well as the fancied demands of the public, it is possible, without friends, or introductions, or bothering celebrities to read your manuscripts, or cultivating the camp of the log-rollers, to attain, by dint of slaving day and night for years during the flower of your youth, to a fame infinitely less wide-spread than a prize-fighter's, and a pecuniary position which you might with far less trouble have been born to.

EMILIA BAZAN.

Under the title, "The First Woman in Spain," Sylvester Baxter, in the *Cosmopolitan* for June, writes a very appreciative notice of his friend Emilia Pardo Bazan, the Spanish novelist. After describing her childhood and her first literary attempt, he tells us the following story of the origin of one of her most famous novels:—

"La Tribuna" was suggested by the sight of dozens of groups of operatives from the great cigar factory in La Coruña on their way homeward at close of day. "Can there be anything like a novel beneath those calico gowns and frayed mantles?" she asked herself. "Yes," her instinct responded, "wherever there are four thousand women, there are certainly four thousand novels; the thing is to find them out." Then she recollected that those women, dark, strong and, resolute in bearing, had been the most ardent partisans of the federal idea in the revolutionary years, and she felt a curiosity to study the development of a political idea in woman's brain.

For two months she visited the factory morning and afternoon, listening to conversations, delineating types, hunting for phrases and modes of thought. She obtained local newspapers of the federal epoch, evoked recollections, described the Coruña of her childhood, and reconstructed the days of the famous compact. She did not make the slightest attempt at satire, and she even endeavoured to diminish her humorous effects.

An aristocrat by birth, Señora Bazan is evidently democratic by nature; made so by her broad and keen sympathies, aroused by her observations in circles of life foreign to her class. No socialist could put it stronger than the following: "The genuine social inferno into which the novelist may descend, the modern Dante who writes cantos of the *Comedia Humana*, is the factory; and the most condemned of the condemned, that being who is converted into a wheel, a cylinder, an automaton."

W. D. HOWELLS.

McClure's Magazine for June makes an attempt to substitute real conversations for the interview. The victim selected for the first attempt is Mr. W. D. Howells, his interlocutor being H. H. Boyesen. It can hardly be said to be a success. Mr. Boyesen does not know how to interview, and he attempts to make up for his lack of art by laying on flattery with a trowel. From the remarks made by Mr. Howells I take the following items:—

I had always a passion for literature, and to a boy with a mind and a desire to learn a printing office is not a bad school. I was nineteen years old when I went to the capital and wrote legislative reports for Cincinnati and Cleveland papers; afterwards I became one of the editors of the *Ohio State Journal*. My duties gradually took a wide range, and I edited the literary column and wrote many of the leading articles. Then I wrote a poem for the *Atlantic*, which pleased Lowell, pub-

lished some verse, and was appointed to a Consulate in Italy. At first I was going to the Consulate at Rome; but as it depended entirely upon perquisites, which amounted only to three or four hundred dollars a year, I declined it, and they gave me Venice. The salary was raised to fifteen hundred dollars, which seemed to me quite beyond the dreams of avarice. My Venetian experience gave me four years of almost uninterrupted leisure for study and literary work. There was, to be sure, occasionally an invoice to be verified, but that did not take much time. Secondly, it gave me a wider outlook. Thirdly, I learned German and Italian. From the day I arrived in Venice I kept a journal, in which I noted down my impressions. I found a young pleasure in registering my sensations at the sight of notable things, and literary reminiscences usually shimmered through my observations. Then I received an offer from the *Boston Daily Advertiser* to write weekly or bi-weekly letters, for which they paid me five dollars, in greenbacks, a column, nonpareil.

Mr. Howells goes on to tell how his first story was refused by publisher after publisher, but when published at last achieved an immediate success. He says that he prefers of all his works "A Modern Instance."

"Silas Lapham" is the most successful novel I have published, except "A Hazard of New Fortunes," which has sold nearly twice as many copies as any of the rest.

MISS MARY DICKENS.

Miss Dickens is described in the *Young Woman* for July. She is the granddaughter of Charles Dickens. Her novels, "Cross Currents" and "A Mere Cypher," give promise that the grandfather's genius is developing in his descendant. The interviewer says:—

Of full height, rather slim, with large thoughtful eyes set in a refined intellectual face, Miss Dickens is altogether a bright, unaffected young lady, whose chief charm is her naturalness. She has never lost her girlishness, though when looking at you sternly through her *pince-nez* she is more formidable. She is naturally pleased with the reception given to her books, and frankly showed it; but success has in no way spoiled her. When I asked her how she came to be a writer, she replied, with a light laugh, that she hardly knew. "I never should have thought of writing at all," she told me, "if it were not that I have a friend who makes story-writing her profession. I had been in the habit of criticising her work for years, and in this way I gradually acquired a familiarity with the technique of the art which eventually suggested to me the idea of writing a story on my own account." She mentioned that at first she felt very shy of putting anything in the shape of thought into print. "My first book was quite dreadful to me. I felt as I should imagine a snail might feel if he should find himself suddenly separated for ever from his shell! It was silly, of course, and one gets hardened; but even now I cannot sit still and see any one reading a story of mine. It makes me wretched."

"Have you any particular methods of work?"

"I write six hours a day—three in the morning, three in the afternoon. As to waiting until the spirit moves me," she went on merrily, "if I did that, I might never sit down to work at all. But I must own that it is not pleasant to get up after having written three lines in three hours, and then perhaps to cross those three lines out in the afternoon." Miss Dickens works in a little room at the top of the tall house, and her window commands a fine view of the Park.

R. LOUIS STEVENSON.

The character sketch in the *Young Man* for July is Rev. W. J. Dawson's study of Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Dawson, speaking of Stevenson's early days, says:—

From earliest boyhood he admits the tendency to write, but with him it was never a casual indulgence, nor was the achievement of his style a fortunate discovery. In those old Edinburgh student days which he so perfectly depicted, he was to the academic eye a mere idler, at ending as few classes as he possibly could, and wholly without thirst for

academic honour. When he presented himself for a certificate in the engineering class, Professor Fleming Jenkin, whose life he was afterwards to write, said, "It is quite useless for you to come, Mr. Stevenson. There may be doubtful cases: there is no doubt about yours. You have simply not attended my class."

Speaking of one great element of his charm, Mr. Dawson says:—

Mr. Stevenson has three great interests in life: the first is himself, the second his fellow-man, and the third Nature. In his power of minute self-revelation he resembles Montaigne. His candour is perfect, and whatever he writes he unconsciously succeeds in projecting some lovable, or at least fascinating, image of himself across the page.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

In the *Literary Northwest* for June Miss Mary J. Reid has a very interesting article upon "Thomas Wentworth Higginson," illustrated by his portrait and an autograph. Miss Reid says:—

Physically, our author is tall and broad-shouldered, carrying all of his six feet in his erect and soldierly bearing. His eyes are blue, his complexion is ruddy and healthful, and his hair is brown, flecked with gray. His voice is clear and well-modulated, his manner genial, and he possesses much social tact. In a mixed company Higginson soon gets the ear of the room, and knows how to adapt himself to the capacities and idiosyncrasies of others. On the platform he is a ready yet finished speaker, realising one's ideal of oratory more nearly than any other living American. As he always begins his speeches in a conversational tone, a novice might be disappointed in him; not understanding the art that conceals art. As a presiding officer he is unequalled, having a profound knowledge of parliamentary rules and an infinite amount of tact. Being quick at repartee, his admirers claim that he is one of the best after-dinner speakers at the East, his only rival in that respect being Hon. Chauncey Depew. In politics he is a "Mugwump."

An Example for Our Women from Chicago.

MR. JULIAN RALPH writes a paper in *Harper's Magazine* upon "Chicago's Gentle Side." He gives the following account of the kind of work done by the Chicago Protective Agency for Women:—

Five mistresses of disorderly resorts had brought as many young girls to Mrs. Logan, and had said they wanted them saved. The girls were pure, but had been brought to the houses in question by men who had pretended that they were taking them to restaurants or respectable dwellings. The Agency caused the arrest of the men implicated; and when the first case came up for trial, the Agency sent for fourteen or sixteen married women of fine social position to come to court and sit through the trial to see fair play. When the baigno-keeper, who was the chief witness against the prisoner, took the stand, she testified that the girl had been told that her house was a restaurant where she was to have supper. Undeceived, she was greatly frightened, and the woman took charge of her. Then the counsel for the defence began to draw out the story of the woman's evil life and habits. He was rebuked from the Bench, and was told that the woman's character for chastity could not affect her testimony, and that when counsel asked such questions of women witnesses the Court would insist that similar questions be put to all male witnesses in each case, with the same intent to destroy the force of their depositions. Thus was established a new principle in criminal practice. In the other cases prosecuted by the Agency the same array of matrons in silks, laces, and jewels was conspicuous in the court-rooms. The police and court officials are said to have been astonished at this proceeding by women of their standing. But the women have not only gained a step towards perfect justice for their sex, they say that their presence in court has put an end to the ribaldry that was always a feature of trials of the kind. Not far removed from this work has been the successful effort of the women to raise what is called "the age of consent" from twelve to sixteen years.

FRITZ VON UHDE.

SOME of us still remember a very striking picture which was recently exhibited at the new gallery in Grafton Street; yet it evidently did not succeed in attracting such universal attention as would ensure its being reproduced in any of the handbooks to the "Pictures of the Year." The picture referred to is Fritz von Uhde's "Lord, Abide With Us," in which the disciples who met Christ on the road to Emmaus and Christ Himself were painted in the ordinary costume of nineteenth century workmen. Very little seems known about the artist who has dared to lend such reality to Christ and His teaching by depicting Him amid



FRITZ VON UHDE.

present-day surroundings; therefore the following notes respecting his career are not without interest. They are taken from Heft 19 of the *Universum* and from a short study by Otto Feld in the June number of *Nord und Süd*.

Fritz von Uhde, says his critic, is an artist and a painter who reads the Bible story and contemplates the world; his soul is filled with an all-pitying love for mankind, and it is this same love which he discerns in nature and in toiling humanity, and reproduces in his pictures.

The evening bells are heard across the fields; a gentle expression steals over the faces of the peasants; they lend the knee; their hearts are full, and they are weighed down with fatigue. At this moment a wanderer comes up to them, and whispers soft consoling words to them. Again, a group of children are playing in a poor room; a man with gentleness and love in his eyes goes in; the little hearts fly to him and trustingly crowd round his knee, staring innocently while the kind words flow from his lips. This is "Suffer Little Children."

Few artists, however, have experienced so much varied criticism as Uhde. Some have lauded his religious pictures as works of the highest epoch-making significance; others have condemned them just as roundly. In modern painting they are certainly something thoroughly new, representing Christ and New Testament events as present-day actualities. Yet in other periods of art history

the same things have happened before. Nearly all the artists of the Italian Renaissance, for instance, painted Biblical occurrences as events of the Italian life of the time. Similarly, Dürer gives us the Nürnberg of his day, and Rembrandt the Netherlands of his time.

Uhde was born in May, 1844 (or 1848?), at Wolkensburg, in Saxony. After spending some time at the Academy of Art at Dresden, he seems to have been disgusted with his progress, and so gave up art in 1867 to enter the Saxon regiment of mounted guards, and as officer took part in the French campaign of 1870-71. In 1877, however, he put off his military uniform to go back to art, studying the Dutch masters of the seventeenth century at Munich, and in 1879 going to Paris, where he worked some time in the studio of Munkacsy. In 1882 he returned to Munich, then set out for Holland in the same year, the fruits of his sojourn in that country being a series of studies and impressions of Dutch life.

Meanwhile, the Germans were shaking their heads in doubt over Uhde's work; but it was not till 1884 that the real storm of rage and adverse criticism broke forth. This was *à propos* of his first Biblical picture, "Suffer Little Children," in which no attempt whatever is made at beauty of form, simple, honest truth rather being made to speak more forcibly than any conventional beauty.

The master has indeed made a deep study of the pious legends, and has rescued from the Gospel that which is ever human. Stripped of all dogma, he soars in the sphere of pure humanity, so that the great teacher who practised and preached love for mankind goes to the children and to the poor and oppressed, breaking bread for the disciples in "The Disciples at Emmaus;" entering the poor hut when the family are asking a blessing, and sitting down to the simple meal with them in "Come, Lord Jesus, and Be Our Guest;" and preaching in the open to the devout country folk in "The Sermon on the Mount." A mighty step forward is "The Lord's Supper," which, according to a French critic, should have been entitled "Comment se fondent les religions;" but those who would fathom all the riches of the artist's soul should not fail to turn to his "Holy Night."

Most of Uhde's pictures seem to have gone into the hands of private individuals outside Germany, but the following list of the Biblical subjects already treated may be regarded as fairly complete:—

- "Suffer Little Children." 1884. Leipzig Museum.
- "The Disciples at Emmaus." 1884. Museum at Frankfurt-on-the-Main.
- "Come, Lord Jesus, and be our Guest." 1885. Berlin National Gallery.
- "The Sermon on the Mount." 1886-7.
- "The Holy Night." 1887.
- "The Birth of Christ." 1889. Dresden Gallery.
- "The Lord's Supper." 1890.
- "The Journey to Bethlehem." 1890. Pinakothek, Munich.
- "The Women returning from the Sepulchre." 1890.
- "Morning." 1890.
- "The Flight into Egypt." 1891.
- "Bringing the News to the Shepherds." 1892.
- "Lord, Abide with Us." 1892.
- "Easter Morning." 1892.
- "The Journey to Emmaus." 1892.
- "Christ among the Work-People." Luxembourg, Paris.

In the *Theosophist* for June, Colonel H. S. Olcott contributes the fifteenth chapter of his "Old Diary Leaves," in which he makes many extraordinary statements as to the way in which Madame Blavatsky wrote "Isis Unveiled." I reprint them in *Borderland*.

THE DECADENCE OF ART.

By MR. FRED. HARRISON AND MR. QUILTER.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, who recently discoursed concerning the decline and fall of British romance, is now turning his attention in the same mournful mood to modern art. In the *Forum* for June Mr. Harrison says that he finds numerous illustrations of the decadence of art in many places.

THE CULT OF THE DISGUSTING.

Among other instances, he calls attention to the love of reproducing objects which simply disgusts him.

One rarely sees an exhibition of pictures now, especially in France, without plenty of literal transcripts from hospitals, police cells, and dens of infamy. A powerful imagination might find art even there. But the aim of these modern "artists" is not art—but disgust. They give us mere coloured photographs, without grace, pathos, awe, life, or invention. Their purpose is to be as ugly, as crude, as photographic, as unpleasant as canvas and dull paint can make it. It is not even grim; it is not sensational; it is not a *tour de force*. Everything is flat, angular, prosaic, nasty. Few persons have witnessed the operation of ovariectomy, or a lesson in anatomy, or a drunken orgy in a night-house. To give a literal rendering of one of such scenes ministers in some to a prurient curiosity. And the artist has his reward in the grinning groups around his work. But it is no more art than is the report of a filthy trial, or the descriptions in a manual of surgery.

THE THEORY OF THE UGLY SCHOOL.

Strange though it may seem, this practice is by no means confined to the worst of contemporary artists:—

We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that men of true gift and trained skill are dragging down their Art into the mire; and it is time to weigh their claims and their theories. For it concerns more than Art. Like every other claim to degrade human life, it has a moral and a social side which concerns us all.

I deduced to its elements, their theory is this:—

"Art means the representation of Nature. Whatever is found in Nature is the subject of Art. The test of Art is success in representation: nothing else at all. The business of the artist is to show how cleverly he can use his brush. It matters not what he paints, if it enables him to display dexterity. You, the spectator, must not think about the painting—the one thing to be thought of is the painter. You may not like the result of his work: you may find it as a picture, tedious, revolting, grotesque. So much the worse for you. The painter *sees* that: the painter *enjoys* that dull or foul scene; the painter *once so* that queer combination. It is no business of yours that it does not interest you. Your business is to see how very cleverly he has put on to canvas this filth or this dullness. If you cannot see it, you are a rank Philistine, and had better buy oleographs evermore. Art has been ruined by its silly straining after the beautiful, the ideal, the charming, and the ennobling. There is in Nature quite as much that is coarse, dull, odd, and foul—perhaps much more—and it is far more obvious and intelligible. Art henceforth means the realism of the seamy side of Nature and Man. We have been surfeited by the pursuit of grace, beauty, and dignity, which have led Art into a world of sickly conventions. We are now in for naturalism in its real, crude, naked shape. If *technique* is right, all is right. The one test of Art is—*du Chic, du Chic, encore du Chic!*"

These are the Ten Commandments of the Ugly School. And we may say at once that Art has never before been endangered by a creed at once so false and so base. It is the product of conceit in the artist, stimulated by the demoralising system of public Exhibitions filled by competition, in an age when social principles are being cast pell-mell into the melting-pot.

IS ART INSPIRATION WORN OUT?

Against this doctrine Mr. Harrison raises his voice in eloquent protest. He says:—

There never was, and there never will be, any epoch of great Art which had not its own religious, social, or national enthusiasm, its recognised ideals of beauty and happiness, its sense that the duty of Art was to minister to a nobler life. It will be an evil day when Art comes to mean individual caprice, and the artist means a clever tradesman scheming to get business—when the ideal of beauty is displaced by feats of manual dexterity. It is but too obvious that nearly all that which served to inspire great Art in past times is now worn out. But to preach to us that Art needs no inspiration, no ideals, no guidance, no thought, no beauty, no self-control—that its sole task is to put on canvas whatever is to be seen—this is the broad road that leadeth to destruction.

THE TRUE PATH.

Mr. Harrison is not content merely to protest; he thinks he sees the true path in which all artists must work if art is to be saved. In some modern painters he thinks he can recognise hopeful signs.

Especially is that true of those poetic efforts to combine fact, beauty, pathos, and reality in the aspect of common things and lowly lives—which may be said to culminate in the *Angelus*. Here is the true path. But amongst these new groups, raging to be "original," both here and in France, there are some to whom beauty—nobleness of aspect or of feeling—even decency—are a mockery and an offence; some whose ideal it is to be dull, or to be eccentric, or to be brutal. For such there is no hope in this world or the next.

WHAT MR. QUILTER THINKS.

Mr. Harry Quilter in the *English Illustrated Magazine* discusses upon a similar subject, but he has ideas of his own as to the cause of the mischief and its remedy. Judging from Mr. Quilter's paper, one of the greatest evils which assail art at the present day is the popularity of illustrated journalism. Newspapers pay so well that the rising artists are tempted to devote themselves to ephemeral work.

THE CURSE OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mr. Quilter says:—

I who write have seen in England the rise and growth of illustrated journalism, from the old days when there was provided for the delectation of the æsthetic public only the *Illustrated London News* and its "Police" namesake, to these present days of *Daily Graphics* and *Pick-me-ups* and the *Picture Magazine*; and I have no hesitation in saying that the effect of this enormous development has been far more injurious than beneficial to the finest qualities of English art. Whether it has not been as strongly injurious to English life is a question of graver importance, and one which cannot be debated here, but there can be little doubt but that the baser sort of society journalism, which probably does more harm than any other social influence of the day, walks hand in hand with these Anglo-French illustrations which are becoming daily more common. We have not yet, it is true, the absolute equivalent of *La Vie Parisienne* produced in London, but there are one or two journals of essentially the same type, and which appear to be day by day feeling their way gradually to the attainment of that paper's special ideal.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE.

To check the decay which is going on all round, Mr. Quilter insists that—

If we would have a great art we must encourage less the art that is *only made for destruction, which is, of its very nature, temporary and evanescent*. And to do this we must render the prizes of the first commensurate with the importance of the object, and such as can be utilised to help all those who choose the higher service.

There are many ways of effecting the last-mentioned object, of which one of the simplest would be the institution

of competitions for great decorative designs in both painting and sculpture, at certain fixed seasons. A preliminary series of designs should be sent in to the judges, and from these a certain number selected. Their producers should be assisted to defray the expense of models, studio, etc., necessary to the completion of the finished work. The finally successful competitor should have his work purchased by the nation at an adequate, but not extravagant price, and should further be allowed the privilege of exhibiting as a matter of right for three or more successive years at the Royal Academy. The unsuccessful designs should become the property of the nation in such cases as those in which the nation had paid for their production, and might easily be utilised in principal art schools, galleries and museums. I believe if such a competition were instituted twice yearly, two months being given for the preparation and judgment of the first designs, and four for the execution of the work, a great improvement would be effected.

THE PENURY OF THE MODERN ARTIST.

Mr. Quilter closes his article by describing with much feeling the miserable condition of the modern artist. It seems there are 10,000 persons mentioned as artists in "The Year's Art"; there are probably twice as many who are devoted to the brush, yet only one picture in ten of those exhibited in the galleries is sold. Mr. Quilter says:—

Many of these boys of ours, and those the best, the least advertising, and most high-minded, are literally starving; and starving, mind, with that most bitter of all thoughts, that there is for the best kind of work they try to do no recognition and no reward. These are not sentimental or hasty words, nor are they written by one who is ignorant of this subject. I have been for many years behind the scenes of the unfashionable artist world. I have seen the shoe pinch—seen it sometimes drive my near friends to desperation and madness. It would be everything to the men who are working honestly and unknown if they could feel there was a bi-yearly tribunal to which they might send their work in projection, and which would, if the work were deserving, aid its completion; nay, even the permission to show it to impartial judges, would save many from that morbid self-concentrated despair which is the artist's greatest suffering.

The Paderewski Mania.

MR. HENRY T. FINCK, in the *Forum*, gives an interesting account of the immense mania which prevails in America over the pianist Paderewski. Paderewski is probably the only musician who has made £36,000 in a single season. Mr. Finck says:—

The receipts averaged about five thousand dollars, and the pianist's earnings from about seventy concerts in twenty-six American cities this season exceed \$180,000—a sum never before reached by any instrumental performer and rarely equalled by a favourite prima donna in the palmiest days of the *bel canto*. To some of the concerts in Western cities, extra Paderewski trains were run from neighbouring towns, and another curiosity was a special concert for the young lady students of Smith College, for which the authorities spent twelve hundred dollars.

It is interesting to compare Rubinstein's net earnings in 1872—fifty thousand dollars for two hundred and fifteen concerts. For the number of concerts given he earned nine times as much as Rubinstein. Yet even this sum cannot tempt the Polish pianist to return next year. He longs to compose rather than to play. Six months of concert-giving, with half the nights spent sleepless on Pullman cars, brought on nervous prostration last year, and came near doing it again this year, in spite of his youthful age (thirty-three) and his strong constitution; for he is a much stronger man than he looks, being muscular and wiry, and weighing one hundred and forty pounds.

Our full purses and ready enthusiasm for what is greatest of its kind, combined with our "magnificent distances," make America at once the Eldorado and the terror of artists.

HOW NONCON. STUDENTS ARE TRAINED.

BY PRINCIPAL REYNOLDS.

IN the *Quiver* Mr. Raymond Blathwayt publishes an interview with Principal Reynolds, of Cheshunt College. The following extract from Dr. Reynolds' remarks may be read with interest by those outside the Congregational body, who wish to know how one of the leading Nonconformist denominations trains its students for the Ministry. Dr. Reynolds said:—

They know comparatively little of the old Puritans, and I should say that they are very much influenced by modern thought. They, of course, read along the lines of study we indicate to them, taking up very carefully the long-ago preparation in eastern and western heathendom for the conception of "The Word made Flesh;" the Christology of the Old Testament; the Alexandrine Gnosis; the special teachings of the Four Gospels; our Lord's testimony of Himself; and the theological conceptions deducible therefrom: but on this they graft their own study of modern theology. "Lux Mundi," for instance, greatly interested them; and almost all of them have read Drummond's "Natural Law," although I do not suppose many of them could criticise it very ably. I myself, at this time of day, am naturally rather conservative; still, I like these young men to think matters out for themselves as much as possible. I have elaborated a rather comprehensive plan of theology, which I am gradually opening up to my classes. I am dealing a good deal with comparative religion, the relation of Christianity to philosophy and theology, starting from Christology and thence to theology. I teach them that the Incarnation is the great centre, and how it presses on conscience and heart. I take up the doctrine of the Godhead, and here I instruct them in "Vanooosterzee," Ellieott's "Being of God," and in "Dorner." I advise them in their exegesis and general theology to take up the great books, and to regard theology equally from the biblical, the philosophical, and the historical point of view, tracing it all up from the Scriptures to the present day.

And now as to the controversial side of the question, so necessary in the present day?

Well, they have a three years' course in philosophy, psychology, history, dogma, and ethics. They are specially instructed in the points of agnostic and infidel controversy; they are advised where to concede and where to hold fast. Another thing that I believe in strongly as being of great benefit for these young men is the delivery of homiletic lectures on preaching. We begin with elocution. We tear these men to pieces at first; their delivery, their logic, their grammar. I devote special pains to teaching them the proper use and the mode of employing illustrations in their sermons. It is difficult for a young man to know what he means by establishing a fact. He can state it readily enough, but to prove it is altogether another matter. I employ the Socratic method. They learn here that first they must know what they are going to say, then how to begin; they are assured of the homiletic motive; they are taught the method of description; they learn how and when to end—always a difficult thing for young men. They lack pathos strangely. Most of them are afraid of their own emotions; they don't like to let themselves go. Some, on the other hand, are all emotion. The pathetic and the argumentative are exceedingly difficult to teach.

How to Live for 200 Years.

ANY of our readers who wish to protract their existence in their present bodies for two centuries, may be interested in knowing that in the *North American Review* for June Mr. William Kinnear tells them how to do so. Here is the prescription:—

The most rational modes of keeping physical decay or deterioration at bay, and thus retarding the approach of old age, are avoiding all foods rich in the earth salts, using much fruit, especially juicy, uncooked apples, and by taking daily two or three tumblerfuls of distilled water with about ten or fifteen drops of diluted phosphoric acid in each glassful.

ON THE EDGE OF THE FUTURE.

PROBLEMS IN STEAM AND ELECTRICITY.

In the *Engineering Review* for June, Professor Thurston, writing on "Progress in Steam Engineering," thus describes the problems which still await solution at the hands of the engineer:—

WORK FOR THE ENGINEER.

The problems remaining to be solved are such as these: securing fuel of minimum volume and weight with maximum heat-producing power; making boilers safe for still higher pressures; extending still more widely the range of thermodynamic transformation of the thermal into dynamic energy; reducing still further, and greatly, the wastes of the engine, especially its internal heat-wastes; and concentrating the mighty power of steam into even less compass and weight. Liquid fuels give about twice as much power as the coals, per pound and per cubic foot; boilers composed of many small chambers give greater safety, both from explosion and in case of explosion at high pressure; increased pressures, with further multiplication of engine-cylinders, promise further economy, and superheating the steam, should this ever be found permanently and safely practicable, gives perhaps even greater promise in this direction; the better kinds of iron and especially of construction-steels, the new alloys constantly coming into sight, and the more skilful use of materials by the designer, are conspiring to give further concentration of power, both in weight and space; and there seems to be no reason to doubt that the immediate future holds out promise of continued, perhaps of still accelerated, advances in all these directions.

WHAT HE HAS ALREADY ACCOMPLISHED.

For the moment, at least, the advances of the century have brought us to the construction of steam-engines light enough to compete successfully with the motive organs of the birds; others economical enough to give us a horse-power for an hour with every twenty ounces of fuel burned in their boilers, and to carry a ton a mile, at sea, on the expenditure of a half ounce of coal; quick enough in their rotation to accompany the spinning armature of the dynamo-electric machine and to drive their dispersing energy over miles of wire, to give light or power to distant buildings or to cars loaded with a hundred passengers. The culmination of human ingenuity and skill seems to be presented in the new ocean steamers.

Should this progress culminate in the discovery of methods of direct conversion of the energy of chemical forces into mechanical power without those enormous thermodynamic losses now apparently absolutely inevitable between our coal beds and our various machinery, our own times will very probably stand to those of future ages as, in respect to intellectual development, the days of the ancient Greeks stand to later times.

FLYING BY ELECTRICITY.

In *McClure's Magazine* for June, Mr. C. Moffett publishes an interview with Professor Graham Bell, from which I quote more at length in *Borderland*. Professor Bell says:—

I have not the shadow of a doubt that the problem of aerial navigation will be solved within ten years. That means an entire revolution in the world's methods of transportation and of making war. Electricity in one form or another will undoubtedly be the motive power for air-ships, and every advance in electrical knowledge brings us one step nearer to the day when we shall fly. It would be perfectly possible, to-day, to direct a flying machine by electricity.

SEEING BY ELECTRICITY.

Scientists are agreed that there is no theoretical reason why the well-known principles of light should not be applied in the same way that the principles of sound have been applied in the telephone, and thus allow us to see at a distance by electricity. It is merely a question of finding a diaphragm which will be sufficiently sensitive to receive the vibrations and produce the corresponding electrical variations of light.

THINKING AND HEARING BY ELECTRICITY.

Professor Graham Bell then said that the time is coming when thought will be transmitted electrically without wires or speech—as indeed it is done now every time a telepathic communication is received. He held forth hopes that before long the deaf will be made to hear and the blind to see by the same brain-tickling capacity of this universal agent.

WHAT EDISON IS AFTER NOW.

TWO NEW INVENTIONS—IRON AND COAL.

In *McClure's Magazine* for June Mr. E. J. Edwards gives a very interesting account of the problems which Mr. Edison is now attempting to solve. If he succeeds he will revolutionise the iron and coal trade.

AN ORE CONCENTRATOR.

Mr. Edison's most important campaign, according to his own account, upon which he has been engaged for several years, is the invention of an ore concentrator for cheapening the process of extracting iron from earth and rock. Of ten important details necessary for success he has mastered eight.

When the machinery is done as I expect to develop it, it will be capable of handling twenty thousand tons of ore a day with two shifts of men, five in a shift. That is to say, ten workmen, working twenty hours a day in the aggregate, will be able to take this ore, crush it, reduce the iron to cement-like proportions, extract it from the rock and earth, and make it into bricklets of pure iron, and do it so cheaply that it will command the market for magnetic iron.

A COAL CONVERTER.

After this iron-ore concentrator is finished, Mr. Edison said:—

I shall turn my attention to one of the greatest problems that I have ever thought of solving, and that is—the direct control of the energy which is stored up in coal, so that it may be employed without waste and at a very small margin of cost. Ninety per cent. of the energy that exists in coal is now lost in converting it into power.

If this waste were saved—

It would enable an ocean steamship of twenty thousand horse-power to cross the ocean faster than any of the crack vessels now do, and require the burning of only two hundred and fifty tons of coal instead of three thousand, which are now required; so that, of course, the charges for freight and passenger fares would be greatly reduced. It would enormously lessen the cost of manufacturing and of traffic. It would develop the electric current directly from coal, so that the cost of steam-engines and boilers would be eliminated. I have thought of this problem very much. The coal would be put into a receptacle, the agencies then applied which would develop its energy and save it all, and through this energy electric power of any degree desired could be furnished. Yes, it can be done; I am sure of that. Some of the details I have already mastered, I think; at least, I am sure that I know the way to go to work to master them. I believe that I shall make this my next campaign. It may be years before it is finished, and it may not be a very long time.

MARINE SIGNALLING.

Mr. Edison looks farther ahead than this campaign, for he said: "I think it quite likely that I may try to develop a plan for marine signalling. I have the idea already pretty well formulated in my mind. I should use the well-known principle that water is a more perfect medium for carrying vibrations than air, and should develop instruments which may be carried upon sea-going vessels, by which they can transmit or receive, through an international code of signals, reports within a radius of, say, ten miles."

FLYING BY SEA AND BY SKY.

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO NEXT.

THE *Campania* has beaten the record of the Atlantic greyhound by the longer summer route in five days and sixteen hours. But this record, according to Professor Biles, who writes a very interesting article in the *North American Review* for June, is shortly going to be beaten:—

Ten years ago the time to cross from New York to Liverpool was practically eight days. The best that has been done up till now is a little over six days. Will the best time in ten years hence be a little over four days? There seems to be good reason to believe that it will be. To leave New York at noon and arrive at Southampton at noon on the fourth day out necessitates a speed of thirty knots an hour. A vessel 1,000 feet long, 100 feet wide, with a draught of water of thirty feet, with a structure built of stronger steel than that at present adopted, with lightened boilers, with oil or some equally light fuel instead of coal, and with the steady general improvements in methods of construction and management of ships and machinery, such a vessel will be capable of crossing the Atlantic in a little over four days. The design of such a vessel will involve the consideration of many problems of structural detail, but there is nothing insuperable in any of the difficulties which will accompany such a project.

The *Leisure Hour* for July reprints from the *Scientific American* an account of the newest flying machine that has just been invented by the head of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, Professor S. O. Langley. Twenty months ago Professor Langley set four skilled workmen to construct the working model of the machine, and this has been perfected in a secret room in the Smithsonian Institution. The following is the description of the latest of many attempts to navigate the air:—

In configuration the body portion closely simulates a mackerel. The backbone is a light but very rigid tube of what is technically known as "titanium metal," one of the many alloys of aluminium and steel. It is 15 feet in length, and a little more than 2 inches in diameter. To give rigidity to the skeleton, ribs of stiff steel are provided, intersected at intervals by cross ribs of pure aluminium, the result being a lattice framework of great strength. The engines are located in the portion of the framework corresponding to the head of the fish. They weigh 60 ounces, and develop one horse-power—the lightest of that power ever made. There are four boilers, made of thin-hammered copper, and weighing a little more than seven pounds each; these occupy the middle portion of the fish. Instead of water, a very volatile hydrocarbon is employed, the exact nature of which is a matter of secrecy, but which vaporises at a comparatively low temperature. The fuel used is refined gasoline, and the extreme end of the tail of the fish is utilised for a storage tank with a capacity of one quart. There are twin-screw propellers, which would be made adjustable to different angles in practice, to provide for the steering. The engines develop a speed of 1,700 revolutions a minute.

The machine will be sustained in its flight by means of induced currents. The wings, or air-planes, which, like the edge of a bird's wing, will present to the air a surface of least resistance, consist of light frames of tubular aluminium steel covered with china silk. With the propulsion of the twin screws, they are expected to carry the machine up a gentle air-gradient, utilise the buoyancy of the atmosphere, and create sustaining currents of air. Like the heavier birds, such as the condor, which has to take a run along the ground before it can fairly launch itself in the air, Professor Langley's machine will probably require extraneous help to start it in its course. The wings, or air-planes, are in pairs; the rearward pair are the smaller of the two. Both are designed to be adjustable with reference to the angle they present to the air. Fixity of all the parts is secured by a tubular mast extending upwards and downwards through about the middle of the craft, and from its extremities run stays of aluminium wire to the tips of the aeroplanes and the end of the tubular backbone.

OUR FLOATING HOTELS.

MR. W. J. GORDON, in the *Leisure Hour*, gives an interesting account of the victualling of passenger steamers, from which I make the following extracts:—

The *Majestic*, out of an average crew of 322, has 114 stewards and cooks; the *Campania*, out of 415, has 159, consisting of one chief steward, 105 stewards, 8 stewardesses, and 45 cooks, bakers, etc., and these are at work early and late, cleaning, cooking, and serving. In these post-biscuit days the hot rolls and bread require the bakers to be afoot at four in the morning, and it is seven at night before the last baker's work is done. The cooks have to be up at half-past five. In the new Cunarders, for instance, the kitchen—without the bakery—is from twenty-five to thirty feet square, and besides an immense grill and other apparatus, contains a cooking-range twenty-five feet long, on which 170 stewpans can be worked side by side at the same time.

In that department the bills of quantities run large, for in a year the provisioning of only one boat will, as a fair average, include five hundred sheep, two hundred lambs, three hundred oxen, three thousand fowls, as many ducks and miscellaneous poultry, besides several thousand head of game and other sundries. Add to these a hundred thousand eggs, ten tons of ham and bacon, five tons of fish, two tons of cheese, one thousand tins of sardines, one hundred tons of potatoes, five thousand loaves and fifty tons of flour and biscuits, five tons of jam and marmalade, three tons of oatmeal, two tons each of rice and peas, pearl barley, plums and currants, and twelve tons of sugar, with a ton of tea and three tons of coffee, and you have what may be called the backbone of the daily fare. With it, considering all things, the drink bill will favourably compare, as it averages out per vessel per year at about fifty thousand bottles of beer, twenty thousand mineral waters, three thousand bottles of spirits, and five thousand bottles of wine.

And that reminds us that we have only mentioned the necessities, and said nothing of the luxuries, which we ought not entirely to omit. Let it be added, then, that each passenger averages three oranges, almost as many apples, and half as many lemons a day; that the ice cream supplied averages a pint a head a week; and that on an Atlantic trip, taken at a venture, the fruit bill included one hundred and sixty melons, one hundred pineapples, ten crates of peaches, ten bunches of bananas, one hundred quarts each of gooseberries, huckleberries, and currants, two hundred and fifty quarts each of raspberries, strawberries, and cherries, and seventy-five pounds of grapes.

The breakages are simply appalling. During one week not so very long ago the steward's returns on one well-known liner showed an average breakage list of 900 plates, 280 cups, 438 saucers, 1,213 tumblers, 200 wine-glasses, 27 decanters, and 63 water-bottles, all of which had, of course, to be made good on arrival in port.

A Card from Mr. Parker Snow.

MR. PARKER SNOW will be thankful if the Editor of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* kindly states that one or two anonymous contributions having reached him, he wishes to thus warmly acknowledge them. One from "An admirer of bravery and honesty," and two others, can only be thanked in this way. To his noble-hearted old friends, especially the one of so many years, no words can express all he feels; while to some few new ones he is, also, most warmly indebted. But the main hope he had of some fixed arrangements for his literary work, or to take it off his hands, and thus ensure some certain permanency for his declining days, has vanished. The quiet pursuits of his pen in the work he had so long been engaged upon have been turned into a far different channel by the futile results of Mr. Stead's nobly worded, though unsolicited, appeal.

Bexley Heath, Coronation-day Anniversary, 1893.

THE STORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF BRITAIN, B.C. 330.

THE STORY OF THE VOYAGE OF PYTHEAS.

MR. CLEMENT R. MARKHAM contributes to the *Geographical Magazine* for June a very interesting account of the Greek Pytheas, who, in the days of Alexander the Great, first discovered Britain.

A GOVERNMENT EXPEDITION.

The Government of the Greek colony of Massalia, the modern Marseilles, about the time of Alexander the Great and Aristotle, or 330 B.C., equipped a naval expedition to discover the unknown lands that lay in the unexplored North. Pytheas was a poor wise man, a great mathematician and astronomer.

His ship was a good sea boat, and well able to make a voyage into the northern ocean. She would be from 150 to 170 feet long—the beam of a merchant ship being a quarter, and of a warship one-eighth the length—a depth of hold of 25 or 26 feet, and a draught of 10 to 12. Her tonnage would be 400 to 500, so that the ship of Pytheas was larger and more seaworthy than the crazy little *Santa Maria* with which, eighteen hundred years afterwards, Columbus discovered the New World.

HOW PYTHEAS FARED FORTH TO THE NORTHWARD.

Pytheas, the first of the great explorers, like the illustrious Genoaese of later times, prepared himself for his difficult task by long and patient study of the astronomical bearings of the question. Thus well-provided with all the knowledge of his time, he raised his anchor, and commenced his coasting voyage towards the Sacred Promontory, the western limit of the known world. The Grecian ships were supposed to make an average of about 500 *stadia*, or 50 miles in a day's sail, the *stadium* being the unit of measurement for all geographical distances. Coasting along near the shore, the ship of Pytheas skirted the Spanish and French coasts, and then the explorer left the north coast of Gaul, and shaped a direct course for a part of Britain which he called Cantion (Kent), the Cantium of Cæsar. This must have been the route, because he reported that the coast of Gaul, where he left it, was some days' sail from Cantion.

THE DISCOVERY OF ENGLAND.

The Cantion of Pytheas was doubtless the modern Kent, although it may be intended to include additional territory to the north. Here he stopped; and we are told that he not only landed, but travelled over a part of Britain on foot. He probably went westward to collect information respecting the tin trade, which in those days would have entailed a very difficult and perilous journey.

Britain, in the third century before Christ, was almost in a state of nature. The valleys were covered with primeval forests, their lower parts were occupied by vast swamps, and it was only on the downs and hill ranges that there were *Gwents*, or open clearings. Still the Celtic tribes had been in possession for several centuries, and had made some advances in civilisation.

AND OF BEER.

Several pieces of information respecting the natives of Britain, related by Pytheas, have been preserved. In consequence of the rain and absence of sun, the former did not use threshing-floors, but threshed their corn in large barns. They stored the ears of corn in pits underground, and the part that had been longest in store was brought out daily and prepared for food. They made a fermented liquor from barley, which they used instead of wine; it was called *curmi*. As Columbus was the discoverer of tobacco, so his great predecessor, Pytheas, discovered beer. Pytheas also says that the Britons made another drink from honey. Their houses were of wood and thatch, and he mentions the war-chariots, but adds that the chiefs were generally at peace with each other.

OF SCOTLAND.

When Pytheas returned to his ship, in some haven of Cantion, he proceeded northwards along the coast of Britain, until he

reached a point at the northern end of Britain, where the length of the longest day was eighteen hours. The corresponding latitude is 57° 58' 41" N., which is that of Tarbett Ness, in Ross-shire. As he advanced to the Pole, he found that the cultivated grains and fruits, and almost all domesticated animals, gradually disappeared. The people in the far north were reduced to live on millet, herbs and roots. The intrepid explorer still pushed onwards to discover the northernmost point of the British Isles. Coasting along the shores of Caithness and the Orkney Islands, he finally arrived at a land where the length of the longest day was nineteen hours. This was in latitude 60° 51' 54" N.

AND OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Pytheas received information of an Arctic land called "Thule," at a distance of six days' sail, and near the frozen ocean. Even as we have it, the account is a good description of a dense fog at the edge of the pack, amongst sludge ice, which "can neither be travelled over nor sailed through." He might have seen such ice occasionally, at no great distance from the Shetlands.

Pytheas was thus not only the discoverer of Britain, but the first explorer who received information respecting the Arctic Regions. He was, as Professor Rhys has truly said, "one of the most intrepid explorers the world has seen." If, as we may infer from their approximate accuracy, the five observations for the length of the longest days were taken by the explorer himself, the voyage must have occupied about six years. Sailing southwards from Orcas, Pytheas returned to Cantion, and continued the long voyage onward to Massalia.

Lesseps in Ruin.

MR. ROBERT SHERARD has a very pathetic paper in *McClure's Magazine* describing a visit which he paid to the country seat where old M. de Lesseps, of Suez and Panama notoriety, is slowly wasting towards death. Mr. Sherard says:—

He has the fixed idea that the Queen of England will come and make all things right. He often rises in his chair and asks if Queen Victoria has arrived, and when any visitor comes he thinks that it is she at last.

Then, blanching, the countess added: "You think, sir, do you not, that he is in ignorance of what has happened? You do not think that he has any suspicion? Sometimes the dreadful thought troubles me that he knows all, and that, great-hearted gentleman that he is, he lends himself to this most tragic comedy that we are playing. I sometimes doubt. Would not that be terrible? And again there are times when I am convinced that our efforts to hide all that is successful. We give him last year's papers to read. I have had collections sent down. Formerly we used to cut out or erase parts which we did not want him to see, but he seemed to notice the alterations, and so we ordered down papers of a year ago. And it is quite pathetic to hear the remarks he occasionally makes. Thus a few days ago he called me to his side in high glee, and said how happy he was to hear that his old friend M. Ressenman had been appointed Italian Ambassador to France, an event of more than a year ago. There are times, too, when he gets very impatient at being kept down here, and what he misses chiefly is the French Academy. He is constantly telling me how anxious he is to attend, and I have to invent the sorriest fables to explain to him that the Academicians are not holding any meetings—as, for instance, that they are all old men, and that they are taking a long holiday."

The countess sighed, and said: "I do what I can, but that terrible doubt pursues me often. You see, he did know that the Panama affair had resulted in ruin. It is since he was called before that examining magistrate, M. Prinet, that he has been as you have seen him. He must suspect something. How much, we shall never know." Then she added: "He is constantly asking after Charles. He knows that he is in trouble, but we hope that he does not suspect what the trouble is."

M. de Lesseps sleeps a great deal, and sinks slowly towards the grave.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE WORLD.

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

In the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for March, M. Camille Flammarion begins an imaginative account of the destruction of the world, which is entitled "Omega: the Last Days of the World." The scene is laid in Paris several hundred years hence, and the article deserves, and will receive, considerable attention as an interesting exercise of the scientific imagination.

THE APPROACH OF THE COMET.

The scene is laid in Paris, which has telephonic communication with the observatories on all the highest peaks in the world. The story opens at the time when the life of the great capital is paralysed by the intimation of the rapid approach of a comet thirty times the size of the world. M. Flammarion incidentally prophesies dismal things as to the development of the Press, which he thinks will go from bad to worse. He does not carry his story down further than the first part of the debate, in which various theories are mooted as to the way in which the impact of the comet on our world will affect life on this planet.

The following extracts from the chief astronomer's speech gives an account as to what would happen if a comet like that of 1811 were to collide with the earth:—

TO BE BURNT UP IN SEVEN HOURS.

The destruction of the world will result from the combustion of the atmosphere. For about seven hours—probably a little longer, as the resistance to the comet cannot be neglected—there will be a continuous transformation of motion into a heat. The hydrogen and the oxygen, combining with the carbon of the comet, will take fire. The temperature of the air will be raised several hundred degrees; woods, gardens, plants, forests, habitations, edifices, cities, villages, will all be rapidly consumed; the sea, the lakes, and the rivers will begin to boil; men and animals, enveloped in the hot breath of the comet, will die asphyxiated before they are burned, their gasping lungs inhaling only flame.

WHICH WILL BURN FIRST.

If our latitude were to receive the first shock of the comet, reaching us, we will suppose, in summer, the tropic of Cancer, Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Greece, and Egypt would be found in the front of the celestial onset, while Australia, New Caledonia, and Oceania would be the most favoured. But the rush of air into this European furnace would be such, that a storm more violent than the most frightful hurricane and more formidable even than the air-current which moves continuously on the equator of Jupiter, with a velocity of 400,000 kilometers per hour, would rage from the Antipodes towards Europe, destroying everything in its path. The earth, turning upon its axis, would bring successively into the line of collision the regions lying to the west of the meridian first blasted. An hour after Austria and Germany it would be the turn of France, then of the Atlantic Ocean, then of North America, which would enter somewhat obliquely the dangerous area about five or six hours after France—that is towards the end of the collision.

FIRST STIFLED, THEN BURNED.

The terrestrial globe being thus entirely surrounded by the cometary mass for nearly seven hours, and revolving in this incandescent gas, the air rushing violently towards the centre of disturbance, the sea boiling and filling the atmosphere with new vapours, hot showers falling from the sky-cataracts, the storm raging everywhere with electric deflagrations and lightnings, the rolling of thunder heard above the scream of the tempest, the blessed light of former days having been succeeded by the mournful and sickly gleamings of the glowing atmosphere, the whole earth will speedily resound with the funeral knell of universal doom, although the fate of the dwellers in the Antipodes will probably differ from that of the rest of mankind. Instead of being immediately consumed, they will be stifled by the vapours, by the excess of

nitrogen, the oxygen having been rapidly abstracted, or poisoned by carbonic-oxide; the fire will afterwards reduce their corpses to ashes, while the inhabitants of Europe and Africa will have been burned alive. The well-known tendency of carbonic-oxide to absorb oxygen will doubtless prove a sentence of instant death for those farthest from the initial point of the catastrophe.

M. Camille Flammarion breaks off his story with an interruption, caused by the announcement that the inhabitants of Mars were photophoning to the earth, and the meeting was adjourned in order to ascertain what it was that they had to say.

THE COLLISION WITH THE COMET.

In the June number, M. Flammarion brings the comet into collision with the world. But the end of the world is not to happen till the August number. The catastrophe described last month was but the preliminary canter as it were. Here is the French astronomer's picture of what happened when the comet struck the earth:—

Already the cometary fringes had invaded the lunar orbit. At any moment they would reach the rarer limits of the earth's atmosphere, only 200 kilometers away.

Then every one beheld, as it were, a vast conflagration, kindled over the whole extent of the horizon, throwing skyward little violet flames. Never before had the earth been bathed in such a light, which at first seemed to be colourless, emitting lightning flashes from its pale and wan depths. The dryness of the air, hot as the breath of a furnace, became intolerable, and a horrible odour of sulphur, probably due to the super-electrified ozone, poisoned the atmosphere. Every one believed his last hour was at hand.

"THE EARTH IS ON FIRE!"

A terrible cry dominated every other sound. The earth is on fire! The earth is on fire! Indeed, the entire horizon was now illuminated by a ring of bluish flame, surrounding the earth like the flames of a funeral pile. This, as had been predicted, was the carbonic-oxide, whose combustion in the air produced carbonic-anhydride.

Suddenly, as the terrified spectator gazed silent and awe-struck, holding his very breath in a stupor of fear, the vault of heaven seemed rent asunder from zenith to horizon, and from this yawning chasm, as from an enormous mouth, was vomited forth jets of dazzling greenish flame, enveloping the earth in a glare so blinding, that all who had not already sought shelter, men and women, the old and the young, the bold as well as the timid, all rushed with the impetuosity of an avalanche to the cellarways, already choked with people. Many were crushed to death, or succumbed to apoplexy, aneurismal ruptures, and wild delirium resulting in brain fever.

HOW THE EARTH ESCAPED.

Although, at the instant of collision, the greater part of the hemisphere on the side of the comet had been affected by the constricting dryness, the suffocating heat and the poisonous sulphurous odours, as well as by deadening stupor, due to the resistance encountered by the comet in traversing the atmosphere, the supersaturation of the ozone with electricity, and the mixture of nitrogen protoxide with the upper air, the other hemisphere had experienced no other disturbance than that which followed inevitably from the destroyed atmospheric equilibrium. Fortunately, the comet had only skimmed the earth, and the shock had not been central. Doubtless, also, the attraction of the earth had had much to do with the fall of the bolides in Italy and the Mediterranean. At all events, the orbit of the comet had been entirely altered by this perturbation, while the earth and the moon continued tranquilly on their way about the sun, as if nothing had happened. The orbit of the comet had been changed by the earth's attraction from a parabola to an ellipse, its aphelion being situated near the ecliptic. When later statistics of the comet's victims were obtained, it was found that the number of the dead was one-fortieth of the population of Europe.

HOW TO EDUCATE A JOURNALIST.

AN INTERESTING AMERICAN SYMPOSIUM.

"The Newspaper and the College" is the title of a very interesting article in the *Educational Review* for June. President Thwing, of the Adelbert College of the Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, wrote to several leading editors, asking them, "What more can the colleges do than they are now doing in fitting men to do newspaper work?"

TEACH HIM ENGLISH.

He publishes replies from fourteen editors, who chiefly seem to desire that the colleges should teach would-be journalists to write English. Mr. Ayres, of the *Boston Advertiser*, says:—

An immensely increased attention should be given to the study of English composition. I spend from an hour to three hours daily in correcting the grammar, diction, sentence construction, and eliminating the tautology of college graduates who stood among the highest in their classes, most of these graduates being from leading New England institutions.

GIVE HIM A GOOD GENERAL EDUCATION.

After English, journalists need most a good general education. Mr. Godkin, of the *Evening Post*, New York, says:—

My opinion is that you should not make any change in your curriculum in preparing young men to be editors and reporters. What they all need most, according to my experience, is a good general education, more especially in history, political economy, and constitutional law. Nothing does an editor so much good as a course in a law school. The later a young man enters a newspaper office, the more likely to prove valuable I consider him. There is nothing to learn in a newspaper office which a man of ordinary ability and a good college education cannot learn in a week or two. The editorial ignorance on all topics but the ins and outs of American party politics is the great bane of the newspaper, and the great hindrance to its influence and usefulness. Cure that and you will render the country an immense service.

AND A VERY WIDE KNOWLEDGE OF THINGS.

The editor of the *Independent* has a very exalted notion of what an editor should know. He says:—

A good editor must have a very wide general knowledge of things. He must not be a specialist, ignorant of things outside of his speciality. The extension of the system of electives is injurious, I suspect, to editorial success, because it is apt to leave large tracts of knowledge unvisited. An editor must have a good smattering, if possible more than a smattering, of pretty much everything. He must know enough of principles and enough of facts to detect charlatanisms, to know what to leave out, which is, perhaps, a first qualification. He should be a fair student of mental philosophy, and physics, and biology, and literature, and history, and political economy. It is not necessary that he should remember all that he has ever learned, but he should have his principles so far ingrained in his mind that he knows nonsense when he sees it. It is precisely with an editor as it is with a college president, whose first qualification is that he can tell a trustworthy scholar who is fit for a professor. An editor needs that genius for distinguishing the true from the false, the competent from the incompetent, the trustworthy from the deceptive. The rhetorical qualifications of an editor are directness and vivacity; but you cannot teach these things.

HOMER AS A REPORTER.

President Thwing, summing up the correspondence, notes sadly that none of the editors plead for Latin and Greek. Yet says President Thwing:—

Few reporters, possibly, would agree with me, but I venture to say that no reporter could have a better model than Homer. Homer has that faculty which is of the greatest value to the reporter—knowing how to see—and he tells what he sees with

exactness and fullness; he also tells it in a way always picturesque and interesting.

NO SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM POSSIBLE.

He observes that none of the editors believe in schools for journalism. He says:—

The attempts made to found a school of journalism, although few and sporadic, have met with lamentable failure. The comprehensive reason of these failures lies in the fact that journalism is an art, and is therefore to be learned by practice. It represents also a science, the essence of which can as well be taught as is the science of medicine and of law; but the art of it, like any other art, is best learned by practice.

THE SUMMING UP OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

It is therefore evident that the best general preparation which a man who desires to become an editor can receive, is a college education. This education should be at once broad, and special, complete in itself, and also preparative. It should be broad, for journalism covers a larger range of subjects, by a greater diversity of method, than any other profession. It should be special, because the newspaper represents a special agency. Throughout his course, too, the student who proposes to become an editor should devote special attention to writing. This writing should be done under the supervision of teachers inspiring and severely critical. His writing also may well have a place in the college papers, which, on the whole, are admirably made. In the last two years, English literature and language, historical and sociological studies, should predominate; but it is to be added that these studies should be made the basis of further research. Every man who is to become an editor would do well to devote at least two years following his graduation to studies in history, sociology, and English literature and language. These studies represent his professional equipment.

THE "CHRISTIAN WORLD."

INTERVIEW WITH MR. EDITOR CLARKE.

In the *Young Man* for July there is an article on Mr. J. G. Clarke, editor of the *Christian World*. It is not quite up to the average, possibly owing to the retiring modesty of the subject. The following extracts give the most interesting passages:—

WHAT WOULD A DAILY COST?

"Why do you not make the *Christian World* a daily? You have a better opportunity than anybody else."

"So far as I am concerned, one reason is sufficient—there are limits to everybody's working powers. For myself, I could not work that and keep the other on too. Of course, we have thought of the idea, but never went to the point of making practical calculations."

"You don't feel that it may be necessary to do it in self-defence?"

"We have not felt that yet. It would be a great risk for any man, or set of men; and for our part, we would not think of attempting it unless we were prepared to spend from £50,000 to £100,000 before seeing a penny back."

WHAT THE "CHRISTIAN WORLD" BELIEVES

"Could you state the doctrinal basis of the paper?"

"Though I think that the paper is a sufficient answer to that question, I may say that while considering spiritual religion as a life which it is impossible to adequately express in any definition, the *Christian World* is content to state its position as founded on the teachings of the New Testament, unencumbered by the ecclesiasticism and traditional accretions of a later time, and interpreted in the light of the instructed Christian consciousness of to-day. Believing that the Divine Spirit, through whose agency humanity has received the Scriptures, the Christ and the Church, is still operating in the world, it holds all truth as sacred, and has no fear that the revelations of science, or the verdicts of sound criticism and philosophy will ever invalidate the claims of essential Christianity. For myself, I am a Congregationalist and a member of a Congregational Church."

HOW TO LIVE ON HALF-A-CROWN A WEEK.

THE Young Woman for June publishes a letter from a young lady correspondent describing how a lady can live comfortably and contentedly on 2s. 6d. per week:—

I purchase always at large clean shops, and invariably from the same greengrocer and fishmonger; they get to know me, and what I need, and are glad to please me. I allow 3½d. per week for milk—½d. per day—but when the weather is warm, I have a tin of best Swiss condensed milk at 5½d.; then, as sugar is unneeded, and a tin will last more than a week, the expense is not more. I do not drink coffee; a tin of cocoa at 10½d. lasts many weeks, as I take it only for supper when wet, cold, or very tired. My supper usually consists of a digestive ginger biscuit (two a penny), or two or three lunch or gingerbread biscuits (½d. per lb.), and a cup of hot water with just a squeeze of lemon in it. Then I can sleep well. I make a ½ lb. of 2s. tea last three weeks; I have one cup freshly made for breakfast and two for tea. I also have for breakfast, in cold weather, either oatmeal porridge (soak the meal overnight and boil it in same water half an hour), or Symington's pea-flour—one table-spoonful flour, small lump of butter and salt, boiling water poured over to form thick batter.

I have but one loaf of bread a week, and that is generally of whole-meal at 3d.; but I get a little tired of brown bread sometimes, and have a white loaf at 2d. Then I have a whole-meal scone at 1d. for tea, or a dry biscuit. In the warmer weather brown bread and hot milk are nice, and if possible, an orange or some stewed fruit as well, for breakfast.

One shilling tin of Bovril lasts a fortnight. It is delicious plain, thickened with a teaspoonful of "Symington's," or poured over any boiled vegetables or curried rice.

I do all my cooking with a Beatrice oil stove and two enamelled saucepans at 6d. and 10d.

EXPENDITURE.

First Week.			Second Week.		
	s.	d.		s.	d.
Tea	0	2	Tea	0	2
Milk	0	3½	Milk	0	3½
½ lb. butter	0	3½	Butter or jam	0	3½
Brown bread	0	3	White loaf	0	2
White loaf	0	1	Germ scones	0	2
Sugar	0	1	Porridge	0	2½
Mackerel	0	3	Bovril	0	6
Salad	0	2	Vegetables	0	3
Cheese	0	2	Apples	0	2
Onion and cauliflower	0	2	Rice	0	1
Pineapple	0	6	Rhubarb	0	1½
Rhubarb	0	1	Biscuits	0	1½
	2	6		2	6
Third Week.			Fourth Week.		
	s.	d.		s.	d.
Tea	0	2	Tea	0	2
Milk	0	3½	Milk	0	3½
Butter	0	3½	Butter	0	3½
Brown loaf	0	3	White loaf	0	2
White loaf	0	1	4 coconut cakes	0	2
Bovril	0	6	Ham & cheese	0	2½
Vegetables	0	3	Cheese	0	2
Egg	0	1	Salad	0	2
4 oranges	0	2	Apricots	0	6½
Sugar	0	1	Porridge	0	1
Stewed raisins	0	2	Rhubarb	0	1
	2	6		2	6

Dinners for First Week.

Saturday	Stewed mackerel, beef and butter, rhubarb.
Sunday	Cold mackerel in vinegar, with salad, pineapple.
Monday	Cheese sandwich and salad, pineapple.
Tuesday	Boiled onion, white sauce, pineapple puree.
Wednesday	Soup (Edwards' desiccated), remainder of yesterday's onions, cheese.
Thursday	Cauliflower with sauce, rhubarb stewed with candied peel.
Friday	Cheese sandwich, cold rhubarb.

Dinners for Second Week.

Saturday	Anything that's left, stewed apples.
Sunday	Plain Bovril, cold stewed apples.
Monday	Onion fried, with Bovril, cheese.
Tuesday	Soup, hot rhubarb.
Wednesday	Cauliflower with thickened Bovril, cold rhubarb.
Thursday	Remains of cauliflower and curried rice, apple.
Friday	Plain Bovril, biscuit.

Dinners for Third Week.

Saturday	Just anything, stewed raisins.
Sunday	Plain Bovril, pulled bread, cold raisins.
Monday	Plain Bovril, pulled bread, orange.
Tuesday	New potatoes, Maitre d'Hotel sauce, orange.
Wednesday	New potatoes, Maitre d'Hotel sauce, m. de hot, cheese.
Thursday	Plain Bovril, orange.
Friday	Soup, orange.

Dinners for Fourth Week.

Saturday	Remains of soup, coconut bun.
Sunday	Cheese, salad, apricots, pulled bread.
Monday	Boiled haddock, sauce, apricots.
Tuesday	Cold haddock, last of apricots as puree.
Wednesday	Cheese sandwich, hot rhubarb.
Thursday	Last of pulled bread with cheese, cold rhubarb.
Friday	Cup of cocoa and coconut cake.

I have a tiny storebox, which generally contains tin of Edwards' desiccated soup, ½d. tin of pea-flour, a little wheat-flour or rizin for sauces, bottle of Yorkshire Relish for ½d., dried herbs, cayenne, salt in stoppered bottle, vinegar, etc. These little things I get one at a time by going without something else. Two lemons at 1½d. will squeeze over fish, then be scalded with sugar for lemonade; and after that the white part scraped away, remainder chopped up finely and boiled with a little sugar, cup of water, and one Seville orange for breakfast marmalade. With all tart fruits or rhubarb I put a pinch of Californian borax or carbonate of soda. This neutralises the acid, and very little sugar is required. Rhubarb is nice plainly stewed with a little candied peel, sweetened, strained, a little gelatine dissolved into it, and poured into a mould. Dates and figs are nourishing for those who like sweet things. Where cheese is not liked, sandwiches can be made of potted ham and chicken or turkey and tongue. Two or three ladies dining together could have more variety. I take my meals as regularly as possible—at eight, one, five, and nine o'clock; rise at half-past six, take cold bath; retire at eleven, taking a hot bath quickly if exhausted. Although not strong, I rarely require medicine, and my health is far better than when staying with friends where the food is richer.

Women in Prison.

THE Literary Northwest for June publishes the papers read at the Minnesota Convention on "Charities and Correction." Among others there is a valuable paper demanding the right of female prisoners to be looked after by women. The writer says:—

We believe that women should manage and control women's prisons, because a board of women properly appointed without remuneration, having under control a paid corps of keepers and a matron or superintendent, a teacher and the necessary instructors in industrial work, would give time and thought to the individual cases that no man for a moment would think possible. They could and would extend their care to the families of the prisoners, thereby furnishing a strong lever of control at once to their hands.

Lady Doctors.

In the *Medical Magazine* for June 15th, Dr. Jex Blake, surveying the successful campaign which she so largely helped in winning for medical women, says that the battle is now almost over. Medical women need some endowments—for the men monopolise the money, as usual; but the cash will come in good time:—

At the beginning of 1893 the number of women who had entered their names in the "British Medical Register" amounted to 158, of whom nine have died since registration. About fifty are in practice in India and other parts of the East, chiefly as medical missionaries; some of the younger women (perhaps twenty) are still engaged in study at various schools and hospitals, chiefly on the Continent; and the remainder are in practice in various part of Great Britain, more than half of these having settled in London. The number of posts thrown open to medical women increases every day, and the demand for their services in various directions is still considerably in excess of the supply.

PRUSSIANISING GERMANY.

A FRENCH STUDY OF THE PROCESS.

IN the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the 15th of June M. Charles Benoist is the author of an interesting article entitled "The Reichstag, the Emperor, and the German Empire." He begins his account of the present struggle between an Emperor and his Parliament by carrying his readers back to the previous conflict of 1837. Six years ago last January the Iron Chancellor was in full power, acknowledging no one as master but old Emperor William, and against his military Bill, which involved, it will be remembered, an increase of 50,000 men and a proportionate taxation, the Parliament "kicked like a young horse hoping to throw its heavy rider." As all the world knows, Bismarck got his way, and the horseman held tight on his plunging steed. But times are changed—the old king is dead, the one-time Iron Chancellor is in retreat, and a young man is now facing the People. M. Benoist, it is curious to note, treats the question from a philosophical point of view, saying, *à propos* of the present hour, that the appeal of William the Second to Germany is "not an act of personal policy, and that the present crisis is not an accident, if, in the profound calm of the present moment, the word 'crisis' may be allowed. Its true cause is a development of German nationality on the model of that of Prussia. 'Germany,' he continues shrewdly, 'though outwardly unified, has, like Shakespeare's unhappy Hamlet, two souls,' born of the marriage of the North and South; she exemplifies a psychological dualism, possessing the feudal military soul of Prussia, and the dreamy, poetic spirit of the land of the Rhine. One soul is rude and imperious by nature, the other soft and musical; from thence arise two distinct tendencies, nay, even two distinct conceptions of the end of existence. 'To be strong, feared, and the master of men,' is the cry of the Prussian soul; to enjoy life is the sighing aspiration of the German. Prussia has at present got the upper hand, because the position of the Empire defined by artificial frontiers on every side is one of constant national peril. But if the more intellectual sympathies of Germany succeed in domineering Prussian prudence and Prussian arrogance, a disruption of the Empire might occur. But in this M. Benoist does not at all believe. 'However strong may be the antagonism of the two elements there is something still stronger—the feeling for Germany; a milder and less burdened Germany is doubtless desired by many; but none desire to see it crumbling to nothing. A German Empire progressing towards unity is what exists; any other conception is pure fantasy. On so solid a base is the German Empire founded that not even a revolution could destroy it. Germany is already amalgamated, and an internal crisis is all that is needed to weld every part. To Germans the Imperial power is a creation of the modern world, fitted out with modern organs, breathing out a modern breath. It satisfies at once their patriotism and their philosophy. Do not let us be deceived by superficial aspects. Those who speak otherwise, and who dream of a realm undone, and brought back to be a chain of confederate states, understand neither Germany nor Prussia, neither the place of the Emperor in the Empire, nor that of the family of the Hohenzollerns in Prussia.'

M. Benoist's article is interesting, as well as painstaking in its analysis of parties. He concludes by saying that united Germany is the achievement of Prussia, and Prussia of its victorious army, and the army of the royal house of Hohenzollern, which "sits upon the summits of the mountains, and governs from the plain of the sea."

HOW WAR WAS AVERTED IN 1875.

A REPLY TO M. DE BLOWITZ.

IN the June number of the *Deutsche Revue* "Senex Diplomaticus" replies briefly to M. de Blowitz's sensation published in *Harper* in May.

To begin with, "Senex Diplomaticus" asserts that M. de Blowitz is absolutely wrong in his statement that Count von Moltke and Prince Bismarck were not of one mind with regard to the question of immediate war, and that Prince Bismarck was totally ignorant of the plan of the military party, and was only actually informed of it by M. de Radowitz, the French Ambassador at Berlin, and so was able to assure the Tzar later on that he was quite innocent in the matter of the scare.

Count von Moltke and the Chancellor held different views about many things, but, says "Senex Diplomaticus," they were most certainly in accord on the question of a war with France in 1875. It was, of course, easier for the Count than the Chancellor to decide in favour of war. France had recovered so quickly from the war of 1870-1 that the Count may naturally have thought it dangerous to let her complete her military reorganisation in peace, in case she was also thirsting for revenge on Germany. The Chancellor, on the other hand, could not favour war, unless he had first invented a plausible pretext for it, and could then also convince the other nations of its plausibility, so that when war was declared France might find herself without allies. It was with the practical purpose of securing Russia's neutrality, and not on a kind of academic mission, as M. de Blowitz puts it, that M. de Radowitz was despatched to St. Petersburg. Prince Bismarck's mistake lay in believing that Russia's consent was obtainable, seeing that she was interested rather in the annihilation of France, and he was further mistaken in still believing—M. de Radowitz's failure notwithstanding—that a case against France could be got up by revelations to the press.

No one can ever be persuaded that for weeks the whole world, without any real cause, was quaking lest war should break out, and remember at the same time that Lord Derby, on May 30th, when rejecting the proposal because it was not in the interests of peace, declared that not only the press but persons of the highest authority and standing had said it was inevitable that Germany must prevent France from maintaining an army beyond a certain minimum strength. It is conceivable that this should have excited M. de Radowitz, and that he should have written to Paris in that strain, and it is also true that M. de Radowitz made a remark casually about war being inevitable; but it is highly improbable that he should have supplied the Marquis de Gontaut-Biron with such data of Count von Moltke's intentions against France as M. de Blowitz reports.

However, as soon as the Emperor William, who was at Wiesbaden, heard of the unrest, he put his foot down so firmly that the Chancellor saw the game was lost; but M. de Blowitz's idea of the warlike plans of Moltke being crossed and shattered by the bold but indirect tactics of Prince Bismarck, and of the eternal debt of gratitude which the French owe the Chancellor in consequence, is so grotesque that it could only have arisen in the imaginative brain of the *Paris Times* correspondent.

"Senex Diplomaticus" seems to think that he is doing Bismarck a service in thus proving that he was willing and ready to begin war again in 1875, solely for the purpose of annihilating France. On this point opinions will differ. The fallen Chancellor may well cry, save me from my friends!

THE ENGLISH IN MOROCCO.

THE FEARS OF A FIDGETY FRENCHMAN.

In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the 15th of June M. E. Plauchut writes, from the French point of view, an alarmist article entitled "The English in Morocco." It is instructive to discover what our neighbours think of us, and how they regard England's practical possession of the Suez Canal, "by which the commercial interests of Spain, Holland, Italy and France might be," remarks the writer, "ruined by the turning of a key." M. Plauchut considers that Gibraltar, "an ancient Spanish fortress," being now "English for ever," and Malta and Cyprus having been taken from their legitimate possessors by force or cajolery prove that his apprehensions are more than justified. His feelings are also hurt at seeing on our Admiralty charts the sea between the French and English coasts marked as the *English Channel*, and evidently fears that if the Anglo-Saxons acquire predominance in Morocco, and shake hands from some African promontory with their own Gibraltar, the blue Mediterranean which bathes the shores of French Provence will become an English lake. "Did not England bombard Alexandria," he asks, "and might she not quite as causelessly attack Tangiers?" When Spanish troops were marching on Tetuan in 1859, the English ambassador of Madrid is affirmed to have caused their recall by an effectual remonstrance, and demand for payment of an old debt. The Sultans of Morocco are the last remaining potentates (old style) existing on the north coast of Africa, and it is a sore regret with them that they can no longer be Corsairs in the Mediterranean waters.

M. Plauchut quotes a characteristic letter written in 1684 by Muley Ishmael to Sir Cloudesley Shovel (a British worthy whose monument may be seen in Westminster Abbey, clad in a peculiarly grotesque costume), in which Muley, who was very angry with James II., observes, "I have written letters to the King of England which ought to satisfy him, but I have had, as yet, no answer; you have taken several of our vessels and have sunk others; you have cruised along our coasts, and that is not the way to establish a good peace, neither is it the way an honest man sets to work. Thank God you have left Tangiers, for it belongs to us. We are going to cultivate the surrounding country; it is the best of our territories. As for the slaves you have taken, you can do what you like with them; you are welcome to throw them into the sea, and whatever else pleases you. But be sure that when the English merchants have paid their debts I shall turn them all out." Sir Cloudesley Shovel replies that as a Christian he did not think that he could throw the slaves into the sea, and he tries to obtain an exchange of English prisoners of war.

Finally, M. Plauchut gives a vivid picture of "Moghreb," the ancient Moorish town, boasting of an immense seraglio that would have made Solomon's look small; a Jewish Ghetto, sordid in aspect, but full of wealth acquired by usury; and the city which only wakes at night, when the narrow streets are filled with mystery and violence, and along which the inhabitants steal torch in hand.

Except that the Christian captive no longer perishes of gaol fever like the three unfortunate Capuchin fathers whom Cardinal Richelieu sent on an embassy with an escort of thirty men in the seventeenth century, Morocco is much what it was three hundred years ago. That it is not cleared out and brought into the light of Western civilisation is, M. Plauchut assures us, the fault of that greedy nation of shopkeepers, who are only waiting their opportunity to include this important African territory in their plan of universal domination by land and sea.

WITCH BURNING IN FRANCE.

A CHAPTER IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME.

In his second article on the "Witchcraft Trials of the Seventeenth Century" in the *Nouvelle Revue*, M. Delacroix, although writing from a sceptical point of view, and with apparently no belief in the marvels he himself admits to have been widely believed and vouched for by credible witnesses, gives an interesting addition to the history of mediæval spiritualism. Not only the credulous and the ignorant, but some of the most noted scientific and medical authorities of the seventeenth century evidently took the spirits *au grand sérieux*; notably Felix Blater, who for more than fifty years was known as a Swiss Prince of Science, made an exhaustive inquiry into the subject, and finally acknowledged that there was no doubt that evil and other spirits might take possession of a human being. Daniel Senart, a medical professor of Wittenburg, also recognised that those possessed by spirits acquired the power of taking aerial excursions, in what spiritualists of to-day would call their astral bodies. As for the magistrates, they never doubted at all the power of spirits or the existence of sorcery. De Thou, the well-known mediæval historian, was a firm believer in astrology. Nicolas, who seems to have been the first writer to utter a protest against torture, declared that to deny the existence of sorcerers was a sure mark of ignorance. Many judges were afraid of condemning witches for fear of the result to themselves; but a councillor reassured them by observing that "nothing can happen without the will of God; against His justice the sorcerer can do nothing; neither can the little devils who are their masters."

M. Delacroix gives a striking account of Pierre de Lanert, a councillor of the Bordeaux parliament, who was sent by the authorities to judge a number of demoniacs in the Labourd district; by his order five hundred of these poor creatures were burned to death, and he wrote on the subject of demoniac possession two important works, which gave him quite a reputation in the literary world of that day. And yet this Lanert, points out the writer in the *Nouvelle Revue*, who evidently believed the extraordinary confessions made him by his victims; was "a man of the world, a laborious lawyer, a distinguished writer, whose eloquent and easy style often rose to grandeur, and who was so far in advance of his century that in one of his works, the '*Livre des Princes*,' he was not afraid to say that the Law was greater than the King."

It is clear that, from the highest to the lowest, all took the most passionate interest in witchcraft and sorcery, and literally hundreds of works were written anent the subject, while the great barristers of the day were often asked for counsel's opinion on difficult or complicated sorcery cases! In 1635, a long and solemn discussion took place between Bonamy and Bosville "touching the spirits" before a Grand Chambre of Rouen, and it is curious to note that there seems to have been a general impression that "the feebleness, the curiosity, the sensibility"—in a word, every feminine instinct—made a woman more accessible than a man to the enterprises of demons, and there were at all times more witches than sorcerers. The Reformation, which made such vast changes, overthrew so many barriers, and caused so many differences of opinion, did not modify in the least popular belief in spiritualism. Indeed, the only object of both Protestants and Catholics was to prove that the other side suffered most from the domination of Satan.

M. Delacroix, who is making an exhaustive research into the subject, promises in his next article much curious additional matter which he has found in old German manuscripts.

A PLEA FOR MISSIONARY JUDAISM.

BY OSWALD JOHN SIMON.

IN the *Jewish Quarterly Review* for July Mr. Oswald Simon addresses to deaf ears his plea for establishing a missionary propaganda on Jewish lines. Mr. Simon believes in Judaism as a message for the world, and not only for those who are lineal descendants of Abraham. He is, however, very anxious that Judaism should fulfil its mission, and by way of making a beginning, he puts forth the following suggestion:

A SYNAGOGUE UP TO DATE.

At the present time, amid the multitude of different movements for the promotion of the moral and intellectual progress of our species, conducted as they may be in England and America with perfect freedom, a place of worship might be opened in London by Jews with the avowed object of setting forth to those who might desire to come of their own free will, the conception of God, of worship, and of moral responsibility, which the people of Israel have maintained during a period of three thousand years. Is it nothing to tell men what has been the faith even of a single group of their fellows during so vast a period? A faith which has sustained itself through the deepest human experiences of adversity, of sorrow, and of persecution—has not that faith something to testify? Is experience nothing? And what shall we say of the long, tragic, human story of love, of death, and of tribulation? Are these not the common property of mankind? What problem more catholic in its human interest than these?

IN LONDON AND NEW YORK.

Congregations could assemble in London and New York, composed of persons of Christian birth who are unattached to any one of the Christian communions. The time seems to have arrived when there might be an independent Theistic movement—independent in the sense that it would be neither bound by the ritual of Judaism nor be identical with Christian Unitarianism.

It may be that there are few in number among Jewish congregations who are so constituted as to render them qualified to undertake this mission. One of the most essential conditions of such a Jewish reformer must be a very high development of wide human sympathy. Such a qualification would stand only next to that of intense and all-absorbing faith in the religion he has to teach. In the first instance such a movement would depend primarily on the personality of those who initiated it.

WANTED, A JEWISH WESLEY.

Nothing less than the fire and the spiritual genius of a Wesley, a Baxter, or a Mendelssohn would assure the success of the first steps to the foundation of a Jewish, English, Theistic Church. On the other hand, men of less scholarship than any of these might lay the seeds of such a movement, but they must be men of no less strength of conviction and purity of purpose. Whilst the mention of such a movement may awaken the sneers of a pessimist, it is not impossible that it may be more practicable in the near future than any far-reaching reform within the Jewish body itself. And if Jewish reform were to take this direction during the present generation, it may after all be the strongest act possible to justify the claims of Higher Judaism.

There might be some hope of Mr. Simon's suggestion being adopted if the claims of Higher Judaism were not continually thwarted by the existence of so many of the lower Judaists. With Mr. Simon no religious man can fail to be in hearty sympathy, no matter how much he may dissent from his creed; but the last place in the world where Mr. Simon will find support and encouragement is among the well-fed, cynical Sadducees who base upon the most spiritual of creeds a life that is from first to last consecrated to the attainment of material ideals of comfort. Mr. Simon is a *vox in solitudine clamantis*, but possibly his plaintive plea may wake echoes in unlikely quarters.

How Men make Women Unwomanly.

MRS. FAWCETT writing in the *Humanitarian* for July upon "Politics in the Home," turns the tables upon those adversaries of woman's emancipation who maintain that voting once in six years in an election would destroy the womanliness of the woman, by calling attention to the way in which that fell result is brought about by those who repudiate with scorn any sympathy with woman's rights. She says:—

Let me give an example from the present attitude of many women of fashion to field sports, to show how much the true womanliness of woman is marred by their too much deferring to the masculine taste for these things instead of being swayed by their own feminine instincts. What can be more repulsive to the mercy, pity, peace, and love of true womanhood, than to take part in the slaughter of gentle and beautiful creatures, or to stand by as spectators and take pleasure in seeing other people slaughtering them? Yet in the society of many country houses the whole interest and occupation of the men is entirely concentrated in killing deer, or game, or fish; they occupy themselves with it all day, and talk about it all night; the women in the same society have not the courage to resist the force of the stream of public opinion, as it were, on these subjects. A lady in such a house who dared to say she didn't care how many stags had been shot, and would have preferred it if none had been shot at all, would be looked upon not merely as eccentric but extremely disagreeable. She would have to endure a good deal of mild martyrdom. Accordingly we find in too many instances that the women yield their womanly instinct of preservation to the manly instinct of destruction; they go in parties to places where they can see the deer drive, or the partridges and pheasants shot. Most horrible of all, they go, or used to go, in troops to Hurlingham to see tame pigeons shot as they were let out of a trap. This is the sort of un-womanliness which the present system produces. Let us all work with a will for the strengthening of everything that will make such conduct disreputable, that will lift up and sustain the true womanliness that loves to soothe and heal, not to destroy.

Lady Jeune as a Prophetess.

WRITING in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for July, on English Society, Lady Jeune concludes her article with a prophecy of things to come:—

Taxation is increasing, rents are falling, and the foreigner has robbed the English inventor of his earnings; on every hand the demands of the working classes for higher wages and shorter hours are louder, and among the masses, in whose hands is the government of the country, the feeling is fast gaining ground, that of what the rich have they should get their share. These are the facts we have to face, and the crisis has to be tided over; and it can only be overcome in one way, and that is, by a reduction in individual expenditure and a general lowering of the standard of luxury and style of living which now prevails. It will not alter our lives or make them less pleasant in reality; but we shall live much more simply, and our expenditure will probably be half what it is now. London will be as full, and society as pleasant, and there will always be a certain number of wealthy people, who will continue to enjoy the luxury and splendour we now see all around us. But the majority of people in society, having made up their minds that the universal competition which formerly existed is no longer possible, and that they must cut their coat according to their cloth, will return to the simple habits of former days, which need not, however, deprive their lives of all the refinements and beauty of to-day; and in the new state of things, the simplicity and self-restraint they must exercise will restore some of the characteristics of our race, which for a time we have laid aside, the resumption of which will make us more worthy of the traditions which we have inherited from our predecessors.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY AMONG THE PROPHETS.

MRS. BESANT ON THIS "DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT."

In *Lucifer* for June 15 Mrs. Besant indulges in a very natural pean of exultation over Professor Huxley's lecture on "Evolution and Ethics." She says:—

One of the clearest and most emphatic pronouncements that I have ever read against the application of the principle of the Survival of the Fittest to the evolution of man comes from Dr. Huxley. One of the most mischievous of modern science to ethics has been the argument that, as evolution has proceeded by the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest, therefore society should remain fiercely competitive, and the conditions of struggle should not be relaxed lest the race should degenerate instead of advancing.

DAWIN'S THEORY.

Charles Darwin wrote me in 1877 that he took that view of life-conditions as affecting man, and that he was regretfully compelled to disapprove all efforts to diminish the struggle for life, since that struggle was the condition of future progress. By it progress in the past had been made; on it progress in the future must depend; and he regarded as shortsighted every attempt to lessen the severity of the struggle, as such attempts preserved the unfit, who would otherwise be killed out. Despite my admiration in those days for scientific theory, I always strenuously combated this conclusion, maintaining that the "fittest" for survival under such a struggle were not the "fittest" for human society; that they were strong unscrupulous fighters, not helpful, conscientious, compassionate human beings. Dr. Huxley, whose position in the scientific world makes his words on such a matter as this of unique importance, has spoken very definitely in this sense.

PROGRESS CONDITIONS FOR MEN AND ANIMALS.

His words sound as an echo of those of a master, who declared that the struggle for existence was the law of progress for the brute, but the practice of self-sacrifice was the law of progress for the man.

If this reversal of progress-conditions be true, there must be some essential factor in man's progress other than those which enter into that of the brute. And since the struggle for existence is the law of progress for all non-human things, and since it is by struggle that all physical qualities are brought to their highest perfection, the element in man which improves and develops by the very opposite course cannot be physical in its nature, nor under the law of physical evolution. Thus we are led to the conclusion that there must be a non-physical—i.e., spiritual—element actively present in man; and that it is the evolution of this which differentiates him from the brute, and makes necessary for his evolution as man the reversal of the animal conditions of progress. The student of the Esoteric Philosophy will see how this teaching of Dr. Huxley's is but another presentment—perhaps an unconscious one—of the two curves, descending and ascending, of the great arc of evolution. What wonder that the method of evolution should change when the midmost point is passed, and when spirit, beginning its upward climb, impressing the law of its own life on its most evolved products, teaches man that, for the growth of the spiritual side of his nature, he must associate himself voluntarily with that law of sacrifice which had been forced on the less-evolved as the condition of their material growth. From the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, sacrifice is extorted; from man it is asked as a free gift. And his glory lies in the giving, the perfecting of his life in its surrender.

THE FUTURE OF THE UNIVERSE.

Then, turning to the dreary prospect of Professor Huxley as to the possible downward route of the race, Mrs. Besant says:—

This is the spectre that stares at man with glassy eyes from out the far-off future. This the grin of mockery that the cosmic death's head shows. O man! child of the dust, evolved through plant and brute into sage and hero, look forth and see thy doom. By sons of persistent effort, by pain and grief, tear-stained and blood-stained, thou hast won thy way.

Thou hast toiled and wrought—for this. Thou hast agonised and died—for this. Thou hast poured out thy blood as water—for this. Thou hast fought, hast endured, hast been martyred, hast triumphed finally—for this. Out of the mud, into the mud. Why ascend so high at cost of bitter pain, only to sink again to the point from which we rose?

Not such the evolution of the Esoteric Wisdom—not such, for us, the message of the radiant future. Flames, sprung from the Eternal Light, and soaring upward to our source, encased in matter, as the starry diamond in the mine, but working through it, penetrating it with our subtle essence, from stone to plant, from plant to animal, from animal to man. And then? climbing upward, with toil and effort, from stage to stage in man, gathering experience, accumulating knowledge, till the infant soul has reached the stature of the perfect man. And then? resting awhile on the platform gained, and then forward again, builder of new worlds, architect of a new cosmos, all the experience of the past wrought into the power of the future. A world frozen or burned? Let it go! there are other worlds. Man lives by spirit, not by a world of matter; let a universe breathe away its life—it lived but for the evolution of the soul.

A Biographer's Advice to Biographers.

LETTERS from Mr. James Parton are published in *McClure's Magazine* for June. Writing to a friend who had undertaken to write the life of Roscoe Conkling, Mr. Parton says:—

The great charm of all biography is the truth, told simply, directly, boldly, charitably. But this is also the great difficulty. A human life is long. A human character is complicated. It is often inconsistent with itself, and it requires nice judgment to proportion it in such a way as to make the book really correspond with the man, and make the same impression upon the reader that the man did upon those who knew him best. Your difficulty will be to present fairly his less favourable side; but upon this depends all the value, and much of the interest of the work. My great rules are: (1) To know the subject thoroughly myself; (2) To index fully all the knowledge in existence relating to it; (3) To determine beforehand where I will be brief, where expand, and how much space I can afford to each part; (4) To work slowly and finish as I go; (5) To avoid eulogy and apology and let the facts have their natural weight; (6) To hold back nothing which the reader has a right to know. I have generally had the great advantage of loving my subjects warmly, and I do not believe we can do justice to any human creature unless we love him.

Why not Kill Consumptives at Once?

In the *Medical Magazine* for June, Dr. Goodhart replies vigorously to the latest proposal for the notation and torture of the consumptives, brought forward by Dr. Arnold Chaplin in the May number. This advocate of State control insisted on—

1. Notification of every case of phthisis.
2. Prevention of patients with actual phthisis, or, indeed, with strong hereditary predisposition, from marrying.
3. Prohibition of patients with actual phthisis from frequenting churches, theatres, railway-carriages, tramcars, or any public places.
4. Disinfection of sputa, habitations, and all things coming in contact with phthical patients.
5. Isolation of the consumptive.

Dr. Goodhart says:—

The writer I am quoting sees very clearly what this means, for further on he proceeds to say that "if all these rules are faithfully carried out, it will entail social exile from friends, home, and all that he holds most dear, etc.

But would it not be more merciful to poleaxe the consumptive *sans phrase*?

EMPERESS EUGENIE AND PROSPER MERIMEE.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE HISTORY OF THE THIRD EMPIRE.

IN both the June numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Filon continues and concludes his interesting account of "Prosper Mérimée," which will prove chiefly attractive to English readers from the side light it throws on many, hitherto little known corners of modern history. Thus, the picture given of the Empress Eugénie is delightful, and was evidently written without any thought of publicity, for almost every day M. Mérimée wrote to his friend Madame de Montijo giving her news of her daughter, much as might any other old gentleman of a young bride who had always remained to him the little girl whom he had scolded and amused, and to whom he had taught her letters in the long ago; for it was he who actually first instilled into the Empress Eugénie the rudiments of the language of the people over whom she was later called to reign. "And now," he says, "I also have to call her Your Majesty!" "I cannot help telling you," he remarks in another of his letters, "how well and thoroughly she understands her duties." Once when he went in to see her during the short Regency which occurred while Napoleon III. was contributing to the making of a free Italy, he found her learning the Constitution by heart. On another occasion, immediately after the Imperial couple had had a bomb thrown at them, Mérimée records that the Empress said to those who ran to her assistance, "Do not trouble about us; this is part of our work; rather look after the injured." And yet Mérimée was anything but a courtier, and did not hesitate to blame and criticise what he thought objectionable in the Imperial Court when writing to Madame de Montijo, and many times he refused official positions pressed upon him by the Empress because he wished to keep his entire liberty of thought and action.

MÉRIMÉE'S ENGLISH FRIENDS.

M. Filon touches, but with considerable discretion, on the Don Juanesque side of Mérimée's life and character, and it is easy to see that the great author's friendships were far more to him than his loves, although like most men he was not sorry to have it thought that he was much favoured by the fair sex. He was one of the few Frenchmen who thoroughly appreciated and admired Englishwomen, and his greatest delight was to come and occasionally spend a few weeks in London, where he was a welcome guest at Holland House, and where among others he could boast of the friendship of the beautiful Mrs. Senior, Carlyle's Lady Ashburton, and of Panizzi's, who had then made his home in England; indeed, most of the literary lights of the London world of that day were fond of Mérimée. In the August of 1865 we learn he spent three days with the Gladstones, and the Frenchman's criticism of the G.O.M. cannot but be read to-day with interest: "Mr. Gladstone seemed to me under some aspects to be a man of genius, under others a child"; then he continues, "there is something in him of the child, of the statesman and of the madman."

ON THE EVE OF SEDAN.

But when the Franco-German war broke out Mérimée's happy days were over. Long before 1870 he had seen the cloud coming on the horizon; his letters to Madame de Montijo became sad and discontented, and he complained that at the Tuileries everything seemed to him changed save the Empress. He observed that too many banquets took place; that there were too many Germans about; and too little dignity. "If you had a pack of hounds," he writes to his old friend, "would you care to see the dogs fighting among themselves instead of pursuing the game? If you discovered in the pack certain animals who had

neither scent nor courage, would you keep them? If you sent away those who served you faithfully and replaced them by others that had bitten you, do you think it would encourage the best among them to serve you honestly?" A terrible comment on Napoleon III. and his familiars!

As early as the year 1865 Mérimée had taken Bismarck's measure, for he was at Biarritz when the latter came there to see the Emperor; and years later when he heard of the German candidature to the Spanish throne, he wrote to Panizzi, "If there is war it will be because M. de Bismarck has made up his mind to it."

AFTER THE CRASH.

Although his friends urged him to leave Paris after the battle of Weissenburg he would not do so. On the ninth of the August of that year, although very ill he managed to crawl to the Tuileries and saw the Empress. "She is as firm as a rock," he wrote to Panizzi, "although she is fully aware of the horror of her situation. She tells me that she never feels fatigue; if all the world had her courage the country would be saved." But on the last occasion that he saw his Imperial mistress he records that she said to him, "I hope that my son will have no ambition, and that he will live happily in obscurity." On September 8th Mérimée was at last persuaded to leave Paris for Cannes, and from there he wrote with infinite difficulty, for he was even then dying, a pathetic letter to Panizzi begging him to seek out and care for the Empress, who had at last reached the hospitable shores of England; and so his life ended at its saddest, for Prosper Mérimée died on September 27th, 1870, and is buried in the cemetery at Cannes, where his grave is unmarked by slab or cross.

Politicians and their Caricaturists.

In the *Strand* there is an illustrated interview with Mr. Furniss, in which the famous caricaturist gossips pleasantly as to his experiences. He says Mr. Morley is the most difficult of all statesmen to caricature; he will look a boy, a young man, and an old man, all in the course of an hour. Mr. Asquith is also difficult, and Sir Richard Temple the easiest. Mr. Gladstone, however, is the most wonderful man for the caricaturist, and one of the finest:—

I have sat and watched the rose in his coat droop and fade, his hair become dishevelled with excitement, and his tie get round to the back of his neck.

The interviewer at this point asked Mr. Furniss what the wives of his subjects thought of him. He replied:—

"Oh! I get most abusive letters from both sides. Wives of members write and ask me not to caricature their husbands. One lady wrote to me the other day, and said if I would persist in caricaturing her husband, would I put him in a more fashionable coat? Now, this particular member is noted for the old-fashioned cut of the coats he wears. Another asked me to make the sharer of her joys and sorrows better looking; whilst only last week a lady—the wife of a particularly well-known M.P.—addressed a most plaintive letter to me, saying that since some of the younger members of her family had contrived to see my pictures they had become quite rude to their papa!

"Why members often ask me to caricature them. One member was very kindly disposed to me, and suggested that I should keep my eye on him. I did. Yet he cut me dead when he saw his picture! It's so discouraging, don't you know, when you are so anxious to oblige."

I asked Mr. Furniss if he thought there was anything suggestive of cruelty in caricature.

"Not in this country," he replied; "in Spain, Italy, and France—yes. Caricaturists there score off their cruelty."

HOW TO MAKE SCHOOL INTERESTING.

HINTS FROM AN AMERICAN TEACHER.

In the *Forum* for May Dr. J. Rice publishes a paper, written by Miss Arnold, describing how she has succeeded in making education popular among the children of Minneapolis. As her paper contains hints that may be useful to teachers in the old country, I gladly quote it:—

"My purpose in introducing the Science and Literature lessons was to lead the children to observe, to bring them into closer touch with nature, to add to their enjoyment in and out of school (an 'inalienable right') and to fill their minds with beautiful pictures and inspiring ideals so that there might be less room for the mean and low. Material for language lessons, knowledge of facts, and greater power of expression were ends obtained through the lessons, but they were not the most important aims.

OBSERVATION LESSONS.

"The observation lessons are actual observations from specimens. The work has thus far been confined to observation of plants and animals, because the teachers themselves still feel the need of instruction in these branches, so that we have not as yet been able to cover a broader field. The time given to the work covers eight weeks of plant lessons and six for animal lessons in the spring, with equal periods in the fall.

"These lessons occur at the first morning period, and the other work of the day is related to them. If the Indian corn is studied, the story of Hiawatha's wrestling with Mondamin may be read, Whittier's 'Corn Song' committed to memory, or the history of the plant as related to agriculture may be noted. The golden-rod and aster suggest Helen Jackson's 'September,' or 'October's Bright Blue Weather.' The animal lessons follow the plant lessons in the fall and precede them in the spring. Living specimens are observed as far as possible. It is not uncommon to find in the schoolroom doves, gophers, squirrels, rabbits, kittens or mice in cages, fed and cared for by the children. I said to some primary children in a room where I had found a basket of white rabbits, 'Wouldn't it be better to have a picture of a rabbit for your lesson?' 'Oh, no! you couldn't see it run, or eat, or breathe, or drink, or feel its soft hair, or see its teeth.' 'And we couldn't take care of it,' added another.

WINDOWS INTO THE INFINITE.

"My hope in introducing the lessons was that the children from homes where poverty or heredity had made their lives barren might have a taste of the beautiful and learn to love nature. I have been delighted with the results. Bootblacks stop me in the street to tell me what beautiful flowers they had studied in the school that day. A little lad followed for several blocks the car in which he saw me to speak to me when I left the car, and show me some lilac buds that he was cherishing. A ragged newsboy accosted me on the street with, 'Did you get that letter I wrote you about the Bloodroot? We had some in our school. They were awful pretty, so white, but their petals all fell off and their roots are like blood. Say, I know where they grow.' I have seen the ill-kept children from tenement houses crowding around the table on which the flowers stood, writing their entry in their notebooks as to petals, stamens, or leaf. One little class of Russians and Bohemians learned to read through science lessons alone. They were alive with enthusiasm. Who can tell what this glimpse of the beautiful will be in their lives—a window into the Infinite?

THE USES OF POETRY.

"The same results in enthusiasm and inspiration were reached through the Literature lessons. The time not spent in observation lessons in the winter has been given to poems, fables, and stories. Little children become friends with the 'Village Blacksmith,' with 'Paul Revere,' with 'Hiawatha.' In one school where the children from the flats by the riverbank meet the children from comfortable homes, the little seven-year-olds recited whole pages of 'Hiawatha,' and at the teacher's request played the part of Hiawatha, Nokomis, or the 'Deer with Antlers.' I shall never forget how those

children forgot themselves and their visitors in living Hiawatha's life with him, listening to the 'whispering of the pine trees,' to the 'lapping of the water, sounds of music, words of wonder.' One little Norwegian, who had just come to our shores with no knowledge of English, enacted the 'Deer with Antlers,' stamped with all his hoofs together and fell limp and lifeless at the touch of little Hiawatha's arrow. In another room where the children hear no English at home the teacher read stanzas from Longfellow with the refrain,

"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

'Those are all you will understand,' she said, closing the book. 'Oh, please read us the rest even if we don't understand,' they pleaded, delighted with the rhythm and the beauty which they felt even if they could not interpret.

A DOOR INTO A NEW LIFE.

"The third grade boys from a school in the centre of the city where the immigrants of several nationalities seem to drift wrote to me to beg longer time to read what Mr. Whittier had written. Their teacher said they begged over and over again for 'Snow Bound,' and she found phrases from the poem drifting into their language lessons. These children live in dismal homes at the best. Their doors open on the street. Beautiful to hear them, with grimy hands clasped and dark eyes luminous, repeat Lowell's 'First Snow-Fall,' or Wordsworth's 'We Are Seven.' The poet within them responds to the soul of the poem and o'erleaps their barren environment. These lessons open the door to new life."

Women as Gardeners.

MISS MAGGIE BRAINARD, in the *Californian* for May, has an interesting little article concerning "Women in Commercial Horticulture." Miss Brainard has a large orchard in the fruit belt of the central Mississippi. She does a good business by shipping violets, daffodils, and jessamine to the northern states. Another Mississippi lady makes a good thing by shipping rosebuds in water, so that they are as beautiful and fresh on arrival as when first picked. A third southern lady makes a speciality of camelias; some of her flowers bring as much as 1s. and 1s. 3d. apiece. One Californian lady, left a widow with four little boys, from eight years to two, has found a competence in a fruit farm of thirty-six acres, on which she raises prunes, cherries and apricots; she does all her own pruning, and has never had a foreman. Another lady has two orchards, one of ten, and another of twelve acres, from which she sells apricots and cherries to the value of £1,000 a year; her cucumbers bring 4s. a dozen. Another widow in California, once a reigning belle of the town, is the head of a cut flower industry. She has seven acres of chrysanthemums, and twenty of violets; this year she has 18,000 chrysanthemums in bloom.

Mind Measurements.

THERE is an article in the *Philosophic Review* of Boston for May on "Mental Measurements," by Prof. Cotell. There are many good points in the paper that are interesting, especially those in which he deals with the measurement of the time required for perception, movement, and thought. Colour is not seen unless it is at least one-hundredth of a second on the retina; one-tenth of a second gives the maximum impression with which the intensity declines; it takes about one-tenth of a second for the pain of burning to be communicated from the hand to the brain, and for the hand to be withdrawn; it takes about a quarter of a second to translate words into a familiar foreign language; half a second to multiply the numbers of the multiplication table; three-quarters of a second is the interval of time which can be most accurately conceived.

ICE LAID ON LIKE GAS!

THE LATEST AMERICAN NOTION.

THE *Engineering Magazine* for April has an interesting article describing the latest development that has been made by the citizens of the United States in the associated supply of the luxuries of life. In even the most backward community, water is laid on in pipes to every house. Gas was the next thing to be supplied from a common centre; then came hot air, hot-water, electricity, and oxygen; all of which are supplied to the household by companies which deliver all these commodities, as they are wanted, to the individual householder, by a service under his control. The latest advance in this direction is the supply of ice.

HOW IT IS DONE.

Of course ice is not delivered in bulk. What is done is that a central refrigerating system is established, by which, instead of delivering cold, the company abstract heat. A pipe is laid into every house, which is supplied with anhydrous ammonia from central reservoirs, and by its means anything can be frozen, and ice manufactured in every kitchen.

The following account of the applications of this latest appliance of civilisation will be read with interest, although in this country we do not suffer so much from heat as to render it a necessity of life as it is in Denver and St. Louis:—

The pipe-line system is elastic and admits of a wide number of applications. The bulk of the work so far performed by it is to take care of the regular storage-box for hotels, restaurants, saloons, butchers, butter, and commission houses, etc.

ICE MADE WHEN WANTED.

The principal hotels and restaurants and down-town butcher-shops in St. Louis and Denver are using this system in their storage-boxes. But the applications of the system do not end here. In many hotels, cafés, and saloons, ice is required for water-pitchers and to crack up for mixing beverages. In such cases a miniature brine-tank is provided, through which the expansion coils connecting with the pipe-line are run. Moulds of suitable size are placed in the brine, and the operation of ice-making is carried on just as at the large ice-factory. Where small amounts of ice are needed for cracking-up, a small insulated reservoir is provided, and the expansion pipes are placed close to the sides. Water is then poured into the reservoir, and ice forms on the expansion coils and extends towards the centre of the reservoir until a solid mass is frozen. This is chipped out as desired, and new water added from time to time.

WATER ALWAYS COLD.

Another important branch of the business is supplying cold-water for large stores, factories, and offices. The installation for this service consists of a water-tight insulated tank, having at the bottom a coil through which the hydrant water is passed on its way to the taps. About a foot of water is poured in on top of this coil, and just underneath the surface of this water the expansion pipes are placed. A sheet of ice five or six inches thick is formed by the action of the expansion coil, thus keeping the water coils constantly surrounded with ice-water of low temperature. The city water so cooled may be then carried by insulated piping to taps in any portion of the building. The cooling of soda-water fountains is effected in the same way. The manufacture of ice-cream is also more easily accomplished by the aid of this system. Other branches of business are also supplied, as the manufacture of perfumes and chocolate confections.

COOLING ROOMS.

Among the luxuries furnished by this system may be mentioned the cooling of living-rooms, which, in such a climate as that of St. Louis, proves a great luxury. The refrigerating company there started in with contracts to reduce the tempera-

ture of cafés and dining-rooms twenty degrees below the outside temperature. No difficulty was found in cheaply reducing the temperature even to a lower point than this, but sanitary considerations, and the comfort of the frequenters of such places, determined that a difference of from ten to fifteen degrees between the inside and the outside temperature was the most satisfactory. It is interesting to note that the same piping used for the ammonia cooling service in the summer is used for steam heating purposes in the winter.

Americans consume so much more ice than Englishmen, it is doubtful whether a refrigeration system would pay in London. In St. Louis they maintain that each line of mains yields £1,400 per annum, but an inquiry conducted in these cities shows that the annual demand for ice at £1 per ton amounts from £1,600 to £2,400 per mile of street.

What Australia Wants.

THE Secretary of the Pastoralists' Society liberates his mind in the April number of the *Engineering Magazine* of New York as to the needs of Australia. The article gives a vivid and illustrated description of the disputes between Labour and Capital which have convulsed the Colonies at the Antipodes, and concludes as follows:—

What these colonies want are population and capital; yet we find an utterly selfish growth of trade-unionism doing its utmost to check the inflow of both. "Australia for the Australians!" shout the men who are deliberately allowing harvests of untold wealth at their doors to lie ungarnered. If only the colonial governments would throw aside the last vestige of fear of the Trades' Halls; if only politicians could be found who would think more of the country's development than of the voters in their particular metropolitan constituencies; if only a race of statesmen were to arise who would resolutely burst up the city populations and take measures to pour a steady stream of immigration upon the soil,—then the progress of the Australias would amaze the whole civilized world. Perhaps the sovereign remedy will be found in Federation, which may give us, instead of half a dozen insignificant and time-serving legislatures, one thoroughly disinterested and representative Parliament, to whose service men of honour, education, and enlightenment, who too often shrink from contact with present parliamentary methods, will devote their lives.

Have Men more Brains than Women?

IN the *Young Woman* for April there is an interview with Mrs. Fenwick Miller, who discourses concerning marriage and public work, the condition of modern society, the progress of woman movement, and woman's suffrage. In the course of the conversation, Mrs. Fenwick Miller, describing the Woman's Congress, held three years ago, tells the story of how an old-time and honoured fallacy was exploded:—

A very clever address was read on the weight of women's brains. We are always told in anatomical books that the weight of a woman's brain is four ounces less than a man's, and the inference drawn is that a woman is four ounces less capable of thinking than a man. This lady, in preparing her paper for the last Congress, endeavoured to hunt that statement to its lair. She went to one professor after another to discover who had originated it, without success. All the leading anatomists told her that it was so; but when asked how they knew it, not one had any reference to give her. Finally, she prepared twenty brains, ten men's, ten women's, and offered a large reward to any anatomist who, after testing those brains anyhow he liked, could tell her which were the women's and which the men's. The brains were so much alike that it was perfectly impossible to tell to which sex they had belonged. No doubt the entire brain of an average woman is lighter than that of a man, because she has less muscular surface to move.

SOME SOCIALIST LEADERS.

PEN PICTURES BY M. DE WYZEWA.

The following accounts of some of the leading Socialists who were conspicuous on Labour Day will not be without interest. They are taken by the *London Quarterly Review* from M. de Wyzewa's book:—

WILLIAM MORRIS, POET AND SOCIALIST.

Among the English Socialists, the best account is given of Mr. William Morris. He says:—

On the pavement, with his head uncovered, I saw a solid little man vociferating and gesticulating in the wildest way. He seemed to be a man of fifty, with a crimson countenance, from which there shone the light of two large steel-blue eyes. Incapable of standing still, he marched about incessantly. The abundance of his gestures shook his frame from top to toe; his black hair, like a mane, flowed to and fro; and all the time he brandished in the air, or ground between his teeth, a deeply-coloured little wooden pipe. With all the force of his strong lungs, and in the affected tone which Englishmen assume when speaking in the open air, this improvised apostle was demonstrating, not, as might have been expected, the advantage of coming to Christ and the inconveniences of damnation, but the necessity of a class struggle, and the certainty of social revolution. "O, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!" The energetic orator to whom we have been listening is the author of "The Earthly Paradise," and the self-rejected poet laureate to the English crown. Poet or no poet, the little man was causing an obstruction, and, refusing to desist, off he was marched to the station-house, still vociferating and still brandishing his pipe. Mr. Morris shows no signs of recantation. His zeal in writing, lecturing, agitating knows no bounds. No means are too laborious or humiliating for diffusing his ideas. Now you see him spending weeks together in the wilds of Scotland, stirring up the people to revolt against the owners of the soil; now you see him standing at the corners of the streets in London trying to convert the passers-by; now handing leaflets and prospectuses to the crowds of passengers at railway stations or inside the cars. In his home at Hammersmith he holds meetings for the workmen of the district.

A GERMAN SOCIALIST LOYOLA.

Of the German leaders, the most interesting account is of Von Vollmar. M. de Wyzewa says:—

Vollmar—for the moment we may drop the "Von"—is, as this prefix indicates, an aristocrat. He was born at Munich in 1850, and belongs to one of the oldest families in Bavaria. Until his fifteenth year he was in the hands of the Augsburg Benedictine Fathers, who gave him an education suited to his station. In 1865 he entered a cavalry regiment, and the year following went through the Austrian campaign. Not content with the life of an officer in time of peace he gave up his commission and offered his sword to the Pope, who was at that time recruiting volunteers. It was not until 1870 that he rejoined the Bavarian army to take part in the Franco-German war. While passing through the region of the Loire, at the head of a telegraph corps, the young man was severely wounded. In his efforts to complete his task he fell and broke both legs. The fracture, complicated with a lesion of the spine, left him a cripple for life. He was then but twenty-one, and never since that time has he been able to move without crutches. The least step still costs a painful effort to his crooked limbs. With indomitable energy, however, Vollmar set himself, through the long years of his convalescence, to complete his early education. There is not a science or an art he has not approached. There is not a language in Europe he cannot speak. The most important result of his studies, however, was his conversion from Catholicism to Socialism. When Vollmar left the military hospital he was an ardent follower of Marx.

THE FOUNDER OF LABOUR DAY.

M. Guesde, the Frenchman, is the originator of the May-Day Labour Demonstration.

When M. de Wyzewa saw him first, about ten years ago, M. Guesde was addressing an audience in a small provincial theatre.

"On entering, I saw upon the stage a great big devil, black-bearded, hairy, vociferating without modulation, grinding out his words with teeth and arms as if he were a mere machine. No fine phrases, no high-sounding talk about ideal justice or the rights of labour, no appeal to sentiment; the only appeal was to the needs, the instincts, and the appetites of the audience."

More recently M. Wyzewa has had the opportunity of seeing the great agitator in his home in Paris. He is still in his prime, and his thick black beard retains its raven gloss. In his own house you see him to advantage, and find out almost immediately the secret of his power. He is a "magnetic" man, and "one of the most extraordinary chamber orators of the time. He is not a man; he is a machine, an intellectual machine, an automatic dialectician, a sort of animated marionette wound up once for all." He is also one of the most disinterested of men. "He knows neither ambition nor jealousy, nor passion for gain. He is not even an *exalté*. And yet in spite of poverty and calumny and sickness and imprisonment, he has pursued his propaganda, and for twenty years has acted as a chief of French Collectivism."

THE EDITOR OF THE "REVUE SOCIALISTE."

M. Guesde is for revolution and violent overturn, but the other eminent Socialist leader in France advocates more of the Fabian policy:—

M. Malon, after many fluctuations, preaches patience, and, in place of revolution, advocates reform. He was born of peasant parents at Prétient in 1841. At first he was a shepherd, but he afterwards obtained employment in Paris as a dyer. There he studied science, got up strikes, and made his mark among the Socialists. His leisure was devoted to poetry. During the closing years of the Empire he became one of the chiefs of Socialism, took a prominent part in the agitations of the famous "International," was often sent to prison, became successively a deputy and a member of the Commune, and, on his banishment from Paris, spent some time with Bakounine in Switzerland and Italy. After the amnesty he returned to Paris, founded the *Revue Socialiste*, became the editor of more than one French newspaper, and constituted himself the historian, the expounder, and the populariser of Collectivism.

A Methodist Tribute to a Jesuit.

DR. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference, contributed a glowing description of the Jesuit father, Père Jogues, to the *Sunday Magazine*:—

There glowed in the breasts of the early Jesuits a sincere and absorbing passion for Christ, and for what they believed to be the salvation of souls. Without such a mainspring of action within, a life like that of Isaac Jogues would have been impossible. But the Jesuit, amid the cruel and debased savages of the wilderness, living amongst them, trying to love them, eager to help and uplift them, willing to live for them or to die by their hands, is a heroic figure. To him we should no more refuse our tribute of admiration than to the Patessons, and Moffatts, and Calverts of our Protestant legion of honour. We revolt against the Jesuit's methods; we abjure his superstitions; we marvel at and we condemn the elasticity of his conscience on ethical questions; but we admire his devotion, his courage, his endurance, his love for his religion and his Saviour, for the sake of which he "counted not his life dear unto him." A just judgment will confess that pure and lofty spirits have been found amidst abounding errors of creed and system; that the saints of God are not confined to one Church, but may be discovered in all; and that in the long roll of Christian martyrs none more courageous, more unselfish, more heroic can be named than Isaac Jogues, the Jesuit.

"IMITATE THE ENGLISH, OH YE FRENCH!"

A FRENCH AMBASSADOR'S EXHORTATION.

IN the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the 1st of May, M. René Millet, who is, by the way, French Minister Plenipotentiary at Stockholm, publishes a noteworthy article on the foreign extension of France. He laments that France should waste her strength in internal strife between political parties, and useless jealousy about the results of the last war, instead of taking her full share in the colonisation of the world. M. Millet is an accomplished scholar, as well as a practical diplomatist, and he rises into eloquence when he analyses the historic elements of France, the old provinces, so different in race and in genius from Brittany to Provence, and also when describing the place occupied in the Roman Empire by the Mediterranean Sea. The great lovely lake, dominated by the mountains of Spain and the Italian Riviera, by fabled Olympus and Atlas, besprent with islands, and partially closed in by the Gates of Hercules, was to the peoples of antiquity a common possession, "and in disputing among themselves for portions of the domain, its integrity remained unbroken. For them the words Europe, Africa, and Asia, meant not so much distinct continents as the opposite shores of the great central lake. At one epoch Rome based a great political system on this natural conformation, and soldered together all the parts of a vast circle of which every ray converged upon the Mediterranean Sea. To a Roman citizen of the age of Augustus the African coast was as familiar as a suburb of the city. For a contemporary of Constantine, Asia Minor, the granary of men, was a portion of Europe prolonging towards the East. Our 'heavy ancestors' changed all that. They kept up their little Courts in splendour, while the Arab overran the shores of the inland sea, and Europe practically ended at Roncesvalles." Even the Crusaders perished miserably across its waters; St. Louis died at Carthage, where France preserved from age to age the sacred ground on which he lay; while all the noble shores of the suburb of Rome became the heritage of the Mussulman, and Algiers was a nest of pirates in the hands of the Unspeakable Turk. At the very time when Columbus was discovering America, the nations of Europe were unable to secure order on their own great lake, and Genoa and Venice had to sustain constant warfare between the Crescent and the Cross.

In modern politics M. René Millet laments the incessant and bloody quarrels concerning artificial frontiers. Why regard Belgium as a theft from France, he argues, or bleed to death upon the banks of the Rhine? The nations of Continental Europe are still, he says, encased in their "feudal armour." Look at England, who when once she had renounced any pretensions to "France and Navarre" plunged across the seas, planting in new lands her children, her commerce, her laws, her ideas. In the crisis of her fate, when the Continental blockade had destroyed her commerce, England remembered that she was still the Queen of the Seas. Painfully victorious at Waterloo, her treasury was empty, but she possessed Malta, and was established at the Cape; she fortified her Indian possessions, and found in Australia a compensation for the American colonies which she had failed to keep. Of the present state and future chances of France, M. Millet draws a very hopeful picture. Far from her being a country ruined by the breakdown of an older form of civilisation, he describes the railways as gradually penetrating into every corner of the old provinces. "On every side on which I look," says this trained servant of the State, "I see a country

full of sap in full movement, and consequently a still young nation, if I date its virility from the day on which it arrived at the knowledge of its own powers. Even in the faults of France, which show more of inexperience than of discouragement, I find it impossible to perceive those symptoms of decrepitude which melancholy minds seem almost pleased to discover. This is the primary quarrel between the past and the present, which must be settled before we can get further in our argument. The political pessimists are wise to remain at home and admire their own wisdom. Simple souls with less book-learning and more faith will always pass across their bodies to the future goal."

HOW FRENCH CONVICTS LIVE.

IN the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the 15th of May M. Mimande gives a most interesting account of the French convict settlement in New Caledonia, the result of a five years' sojourn at La Nouvelle.

M. Mimande is firmly persuaded that even an habitual criminal can be regenerated by hard work and decent family life, and he compares favourably the English convict system with that pursued by the French authorities. Indeed, he declares that before the ordinary criminal passes from the third class, or incorrigibles, to the first class, in which the conditions of life are made fairly tolerable, he must have been capable of more heroic virtue than that attained to by most honest men during the whole course of their lives.

The picture drawn of the convict settlement is gruesome in the extreme, and it is evidently meant to be so. The association of the criminals together results in a moral leprosy of the worst kind, and several instances are given of the decadence of individual men. For example, some years ago a gentleman of good family and excellent position was sent to New Caledonia for arson. At the end of his term he had become a dirty drunkard, passing his life among men addicted to every vice. The Abbé K., an unfortunate priest convicted of having embezzled a charitable fund, took to "tafia," some drug analogous to opium, and with deadened eyes, loose grey hair framing a ghastly face, and a mien both sly and piteous, he now shows no trace of the ecclesiastic once eligible for a bishopric; while a Parisian lawyer, well known in the circles of the drama and finance, may be seen half naked under the torrid sun, pushing a barrow, a double chain riveted about his foot and classed among the incorrigible reprobates, while twice a day he is roughly examined, and his mouth pulled open to be sure that he has concealed no murderous weapon. Such, at least, was Cluquet's state last year.

Alas! what agonies are inflicted and what agonies endured in the name of human justice.

Painful indeed is the recital of an execution in New Caledonia, when one man is picked out among the inhabitants of the condemned cells, and the others are marched out to see him die. The priest is always present, and while the sad company kneel, nay, almost grovel on the ground, the man about to die nearly always finds at the last moment words of resignation, encouragement, and good advice. This strange moral phenomenon has been constantly observed. It seems as if the near approach of death elevated the natural man, and that in the midst of mortal tragedy the criminal becomes wiser and more human than those who have condemned him to a violent death.

Something in the state of the penal colony is surely in woeful need of amendment when the spectator sympathises with the criminal rather than with the judge.

THE GOD OF SCIENCE.

THE LATEST ATTEMPT TO DEFINE DEITY.

THE *Monist*, a quarterly magazine published in Chicago, in the April number has two very interesting and important articles entitled "Religion and Modern Science," by Professor F. Jodl, and a criticism upon the same entitled "The Religion of Science," by Dr. Paul Carus. These two eminent philosophical speculators, both of whom have discarded absolutely the conception of a Divine Father, are not yet able to agree among themselves as to what science should put in the place of the Deity. Professor Jodl is very strong in his repudiation of Nature worship. Man, he maintains, is superior to Nature—looks down upon Nature; and it is essential to the idea of a god that he must be something to which men can look up to. He discusses at length the attempts of the various rationalising Christian schools to reconcile science and religion, and rejects their conclusions as inadequate. Nature, "red in tooth and claw," finishes the question for him. The iron laws and the immeasurable cruelty of Nature seem to him quite irreconcilable with any theistic theory.

PROFESSOR JODL'S DISCOVERIES.

But Professor Jodl, while maintaining that it is impossible to reconcile the historic forms of religion with science, believes that he has discovered the God in whom science must believe, and he sets forth his conclusions in an article of considerable power and unquestionable earnestness. Professor Jodl declares that—

the stumbling-block of the old theological idea of God has become the corner-stone upon which the new scientific conception is built. This strict anthropological conception of God as the ideal which is always newly creating itself in the struggles of humanity, which is no Being but a Becoming, solves the innumerable difficulties which the idea of God has hitherto placed in the way of rigorous scientific knowledge and the construction of a unitary conception of the world.

He says that he cannot find God in Nature, but that he does find God in man, or rather in the Divine Spirit, or that which is highest and best in man, which the Russian peasants call "the spark of God."

THE DAY WHEN GOD WAS BORN.

Nature did not whisper in our ears that in us which is best and highest. That did not come to us from heaven; *we ourselves* won it by hard struggles, by terribly severe, self-imposed discipline. It is not of Nature; it is *above* Nature. Through *us* something has come into the world that before us did not exist—something that the most exuberant creative magic, or Nature's grandest mechanical dreams could never replace. The day on which first a human being pressed his weaker fellow-man to his breast and said, "Brother, not mine, but thy will, be done; I will give up my desires that thou also mayest be glad;" the day on which man first lifted up his head and said, "Let us make the world *good* in the likeness of the picture that has become living in us, just as it should be;" this is the great and sanctified day in the history of our race on earth, the Christmas-day on which God was born. But not as the religious fancy has expressed it, the day on which God became man, but the day on which man began to become God—that is, the day on which he began to feel spiritual powers in his breast that transcended his animal impulses—powers to which the majority of humanity was still as remote as heaven from earth.

IS THIS THE TRUE POINT OF UNION?

Here is the true point of union for Christian dogma and science. Here is the God in which science also may, nay, must believe. Not humanity in its empirical reality, but the ideal world developed within the human realm of things—the spirit of humanity. This is the only true object of worship. Before it we are humiliated, and by it we feel ourselves exalted. From it we receive all the good that life bestows upon

us; it gives us light and peace and lucid thought. And what higher, nobler thing can a life produce than the feeling that it has not been unworthy of this great ancestry, that it has helped to keep alive this holy fire, that it has helped, perhaps to fan by its own life this living flame to greater heights?

Here is the true source of the ideas of accountability and of salvation. We are not responsible to a being outside and above us, but to our own selves and humanity, from which we have received the best that it had to give, and for which we must return what we ourselves have produced.

DR. CARUS'S CRITICISMS.

Dr. Carus criticising this article objects to Professor Jodl's recognition of what may be called the God in Humanity, as if it implied that the same God was not in Nature. Referring to the passage quoted above as to the time when man became divine, he asks whether this evolution of humanity into Deity was not due to a purpose or law working in Nature by which man was evolved. He says:—

Man's reason and also man's morality are not original inventions of his, but the result of many experiences which he had to learn. And the world in which he lives is such that he can acquire reason and morality, and if a being should acquire a wrong kind of reason or a wrong kind of morality, it will by-and-by be blotted out of existence. Accordingly there is a prototype of reason and of morality, and this prototype of the humanity of man is exactly that which in the language of the old religions has received the name "God."

THE REALITY OF GOD.

While admitting that, if Theism means the belief in a personal God, he, the editor, is an atheist indeed, nevertheless he maintains that he rejects atheism because he sees a great and potent truth in the idea of God. He says:—

With Professor Haeckel and Professor Jodl we reject the conception of an anthropomorphic Deity. The anthropomorphic idol is doomed before the tribunal of science. But we see a deeper meaning in the idea of God which has formed through millenniums the very centre of the greatest religions on earth. Science has to recognise the reality of an all-presence in existence which is analogous to that which in a religious language is called God.

GOD THE PROTOTYPE OF THE SOUL.

How then would he define the God in whom science must believe? Dr. Carus sums up his conclusions as follows:—

We agree with Professor Haeckel in his rejection of anthropotheism: God is no supernatural being nor is He a huge world-ego. But we cannot accept his view of God as being only matter and energy. The idea of God is and always has been a moral idea. Thus we have come to regard all those features of nature as divine which condition the origin and existence of morality, and we define God as the authority of moral conduct. This authority is not a person, not a sentient being, let alone a sentimental philanthropist; but it is, nevertheless, a reality, and, indeed, a stern reality.

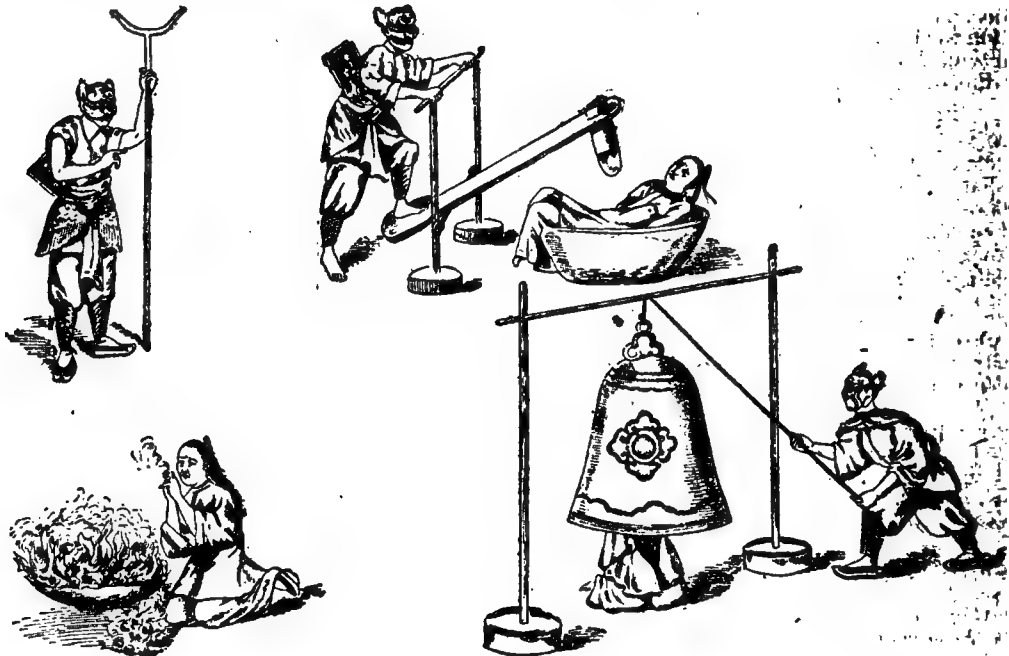
Such is the God of science. God is that quality of existence through which we originated as feeling, thinking, and aspiring beings. He is the prototype of the human soul, and the condition under which develop man's reason and morality. Obedience to Him is indispensable for a continued existence, for further progress and a higher evolution of the human soul.

It is easy to say that Dr. Carus is a Pantheist and that Professor Jodl is a Positivist, but there is more in their conclusions than is usually asserted in those systems of thought, for both maintain, Dr. Carus even more strongly than Professor Jodl, that moral conception of the Invisible not ourselves which makes for righteousness that long ago found its most comprehensible religious expression in the Bible.

THE BUDDHISTS' HELL.

In the *Californian Magazine* for March Mr. Frederick J. Masters has an illustrated article upon this subject. He gives a description of the Buddhist purgatory, based upon the drawings and models found in the temple of Shing Wong, and especially in the detailed account given in the religious book published at Canton, called "Yuk lik chi po pin." There are ten purgatories, according to the Buddhists, the first of which is the purgatory of suicides, although it also contains wicked priests and nuns who pocketed fees for masses that they never said. They are shut up in dark cells, and compelled to read small type, with only a very little light, those prayers which they have neglected to say during their lives. The second kingdom has sixteen sub-hells, and contains an immense variety of evildoers, including ignorant physicians and quacks, whose malpractices

body. In the fifth kingdom unbelievers in the doctrines of Buddha, and those who stop watercourses and wells, are taken to the top of a pagoda, where they are allowed to see all the happiness which they ever enjoyed, so that they may be able to appreciate the torments to which they are afterwards subjected. Some are sawn asunder, others are roasted in the fire, and others, again, are forced to swallow red-hot pills of iron. In the sixth purgatorial kingdom are to be found men who grumbled against the weather, who are tortured together with dealers and traders in obscene literature, and those who have eaten the flesh of the ox or wasted vegetable food. The neglectful schoolmasters and the disobedient scholars are crushed together under huge rocks. The rewards of the blessed are also given in this paper. The chief reward for an extremely virtuous woman is that she may be born again as a man.



killed their patients, fraudulent trustees, and marriage brokers who made alliances between healthy persons and those who were suffering from an incurable disease. It is interesting to know that extortionate officials are thrust into cages, in which they have not room to move their limbs or to stand upright. After being wheeled through hell in this condition for centuries, they are at last allowed to return to earth in the form of loathsome serpents. The third kingdom has also sixteen compartments, in which are confined saucy wives, busybodies, and others. They endure a variety of torments. The fourth kingdom is devoted to those who use light weights, adulterators of food, niggards who hoarded up specifics which might have saved their neighbours, as well as men who cast refuse, dead animals, and broken glass into the public highways. Thieves, it appears, when their term of punishment has expired, return to earth in the form of beasts, reptiles, and insects. Traders who use light weights and false measures are hung in mid-air with a large hook, which is thrust into the fleshy parts of their

Blackwood's Magazine.

The first paper in *Blackwood's Magazine* is rather an odd one, being devoted to what is called "The Religion of Letters" from 1750 to 1850. It deals with the allusions to religion in the correspondence of Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Coleridge, Lamb, Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Miss Austin. There are plenty of literary articles, including an interesting account of a novel by a Jesuit Father, and a notice of "Evenings with Madame Mohl." The paper on the financial conditions and mutual relations of Australia and India, although short, is full of helpful suggestion to those who believe in the importance of maintaining the unity of the empire. One of the most interesting articles is a review of Baron Hyde de Neuville's memoirs. "A Son of the Marshes" has another of his excellent natural history papers. Two papers deal with episodes relating to the romance of history. The political articles are devoted to the Irish constabulary and magistracy of Home Rule. Mrs. Oliphant gashes a little over the Royal marriage.

"BORDERLAND."

CONTENTS OF THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE NEW QUARTERLY.

THE first number of *Borderland*, a Quarterly Review and Index, devoted to the study of the phenomena vulgarly called supernatural, appears simultaneously with this issue of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. *Borderland*, as its name implies, deals with subjects which lie on the borderland between science and superstition. Emile Zola, who is one of the severest of the Realist-Positivist school, in his address to the Students' Association, deplored that he had made one mistake in too severely limiting the field of literature. He said that between the facts which were indubitably ascertained by science and those which were yet to be affirmed, there existed a borderland—a field of doubt and inquiry which it seems to me is as much within the province of literature as within that of science. Thither may we go forward as pioneers, accomplishing the work of precursors, interpreting, according to the bent of our talents, the action of those forces of which we as yet know little or nothing.

It is to the study and observation of that field that *Borderland* invites its readers, with what result time alone will show.

IS IT EXPEDIENT AND RIGHT?

The first number of the new quarterly opens with a mass of correspondence received from men and women of eminence in all departments of thought. Before publishing *Borderland* I solicited the opinion of those who, from their position in the world of science, of letters, and of affairs, might be supposed to have more or less definite convictions as to the expediency of prosecuting an inquiry along what many are still inclined to regard as forbidden paths.

Of the many who have written to express an opinion as to the lawfulness and expediency of the inquiry, the Bishop of Durham is the most eminent of those who affirm the unlawfulness of the investigation. Among the other ministers of religion who express more or less decided opinions on one side or the other are the Bishop of London, Bishop of Rochester, Bishop of Bath and Wells, Archdeacon Farrar, Rev. H. R. Haweis, Principal Reynolds, etc. As might have been expected, the new venture meets with a cordial "send-off" from the leading members of the S. P. R. Mr. Balfour, the President, Professor Oliver Lodge, Mr. Myers, and other leading investigators express more or less fully their opinions as to the new venture and the lines on which it should be conducted.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

Professor Ray Lankester, on the other hand, takes, as a matter of course, the familiar attitude of the scientist who is quite sure there is nothing in it but fraud and imposture; his letter, which is printed in full, is interesting as the frank expression of the attitude of the materialist school. Dr. Alfred Wallace, on the other hand, Professor Janet, and others, express themselves in favour of the inquiry. Of men of affairs, a couple of ambassadors deprecate the investigation of a region which lies beyond the sphere of diplomacy; but Mr. Curzon, on the other hand, who may be regarded as a rising diplomat at large, expresses himself very clearly on the opposite side.

Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard both favour the attempt to penetrate the mysteries of *Borderland* by applying to them the ordinary scientific method of experimental research. This chapter, although very in-

complete, reflects with accuracy the prevailing chaos of opinion upon the subject in hand. Take it as a whole, those who say that they know nothing at all about the subject, advise me to have nothing to do with it; on the other hand, those who, in their personal experiences or by study and research, have familiarised themselves with the question, advocate the prosecution of the inquiry.

JEANNE D'ARC'S CLAIRVOYANTS.

Instead of beginning the stories of eminent psychics with an account of Swedenborg, I publish the story of Jeanne d'Arc, who is certainly the most eminent clairvoyant and clair-audiant of the last thousand years. The story of her Voices and of her adventures down to the triumphant raising of the siege of Orleans is told with chapter and verse in the only form in which the ordinary Englishman will receive a narrative of the supernatural without mocking. The department of Book Reviews occupies considerable space, the book that is dealt with at greatest length being Mr. Hudson's "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," in which the author claims to have discovered the principle by which you can eliminate the ghostly factor from all the phenomena of *Borderland*. His theory of the duality of the human mind is ingenious and undoubtedly supplies a key to many phenomena which have hitherto been regarded as insoluble.

THE STORY OF "JULIA."

What will probably attract the most attention in the first number is the account which I give for the first time of how I began to write automatically. I have received so many inquiries from far and near on this subject as to convince me of a very widespread interest on the subject. The story of Julia, from whatever point of view it is to be regarded, is interesting, and presents features which are certainly inexplicable by Mr. Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena," or any other hypothesis that has yet been put forward, excepting of course that of communication from an intelligence not myself, which is capable of controlling my hand. The Review and Index of the periodical literature of the preceding six months is little more than an apology for what it should have been, but excuses may be made for a first number.

OTHER FEATURES.

Among the other articles in *Borderland* are Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy's paper upon Astrology, while other writers deal with the question of psychical nomenclature, and the best method of classifying the phenomena which are under consideration. Considerable interest is likely to be excited by the chapter on psychic healing, and an attempt to explain the theory by which it is sought to account for the miracles of Lourdes, and the cures wrought by the Christian scientists in the United States. Special prominence is given to the experiences of persons under anæsthetics, it being held that the phenomena of anæsthesia correspond very closely to those which accompany death, so far as the liberation of the consciousness of the patient from the body with which it is usually bound up. *Borderland* is published at 1s. 6d. Whether or not this new venture will enable us to push the frontier of *Borderland* a little further into the unexplored ocean of Truth, remains to be seen.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

I HAVE noticed elsewhere Mr. Smalley's interesting paper on "A Visit to Prince Bismarck."

THE EVOLUTION OF OUR RACE.

Mr. Frederic Harrison reviews Dr. Pearson's "National Life and Character." As might be expected, he differs from Dr. Pearson:—

Where we differ is this. Dr. Pearson assumes that *civilisation will remain as it is*—and accept the inevitable. I believe that Humanity will rise to the occasion, and will make successful efforts to triumph over the dangers which beset it.

Mr. Harrison accepts without demur Dr. Pearson's estimate as to the fate of white men outside the temperate zone. He says:—

I have long been satisfied, from the convergence of independent witnesses, that the white man never can form the permanent and efficient population of any but the temperate lands; that in many of the vast areas which he has overrun in his greediness he will have most miserably to die down. But this prospect, though sad, does not overwhelm me as much as it may dishearten the wilder partisans of Greater Britain. The wages of sin is death; and the wages of national buccaneering is disaster in the end. Why should we wish to see the white man settled in any but in the temperate zones, where he best thrives?

Mr. Harrison says many things that are worth repeating, and a few that are worth forgetting. Among the latter, his Liberal friends will give a high place to his assertion that Home Rule is the death of the Empire. If the British elector could be got to believe that, Home Rule would be as dead as Queen Anne.

THE SQUALID VILLAGE OF LONDON.

Mr. Grant Allen, having been scolded for speaking of London as "a squalid village," retorts by printing several pages of elaborate sarcasm in the form of an apology to London for suggesting that it was less beautiful than Venice, less artistic than Florence, and less majestic than Rome. He attributes what he calls the exceptional and extraordinary development of artistic taste in London to two causes—

First, the Great Fire; second, the abundance of suitable building material in the aptly-chosen form of brick and stucco; third, the enlightened and expansive spirit of the Corporation of the City of London, which has watched with fostering care the development of the suburbs, and so insured the general acceptance of a comprehensive system, whereby the map of the town as a whole, instead of being disfigured by broad open spaces or large and unpicturesque thoroughfares, has been closely modelled upon the picturesque pattern of the Cretan labyrinth, so as to present at last an agreeable variety of underlying ground-plan, counterbalanced and heightened by a charming uniformity of detail and a universal fidelity to the Ascalonian stucco style of architecture.

THE RECENT SOLAR ECLIPSE.

Professor Thorpe, who was one of the party of astronomers who went to Africa to photograph the sun from the West Coast, gives a rather pleasantly written narrative of his adventures. In the four minutes during which the eclipse lasted, Sergeant Kearney secured ten out of twelve corona pictures that he had been instructed to make. Mr. Fowler obtained thirty photographs, while Mr. Gray and Prof. Thorpe made twenty photometric measurements of the light from different parts of the corona. The best results, however, appear to have been obtained by Professor Schaeberle, at the Lick

Observatory, who obtained fifty photographs, one of which shows the image of the sun four inches in diameter, the corona covering a plate eighteen by twenty-two inches, THE MAUSOLEUM OF IBSEN.

Mr. William Archer has a pleasant revenge in his paper, which reminds us of the door of a gamekeeper's cottage, which is covered thick with the vermin nailed up as a warning to evil-doers. For Mr. Archer fills several pages with extracts from what I suppose may be called by courtesy "Dramatic Criticism," but which is little more than the atrabiliary outpouring of prejudice and ill-temper on the part of certain persons who are paid to notice things theatrical on the London press. The net result of all their vituperation, according to Mr. Archer, is that in the course of the last four years 100,000 copies of prose dramas by Ibsen have been bought by the English-speaking public. In the English publishing world such a sale is absolutely unprecedented. The receipts of theatres at which Ibsen plays have been produced amount to over £5,000, the net profit of the ten matinées of "Hedda Gabler" amounting to £28 per performance. From which it would seem that, if you want a thoughtful public to take any interest in any play, you cannot adopt a better expedient than by getting Mr. Clement Scott and the others to abuse it up hill and down dale.

WOMEN TRADE UNIONISTS.

Miss E. March Phillipps writes on this subject from knowledge acquired by personal experiences, for she went down to Lancashire, and lived for weeks with the operatives when the cotton strike was at its highest. The strongest impression she bore away was of the force and colour given to the lives of both men and women by their trade unions. Miss Phillipps gives many illustrations of the extent to which competition of unorganised women's labour is dragging down the rate of wages to starving point, and she deplores the apathy which leads so many female workers to remain outside the fold of trade unions. This apathy she attributes first, to the fear of employers; second, to the home employment; and third, to the character of the employed. Miss Phillipps says that more often than not women workers are timid, indifferent, frivolous, and excitable; and, for a new Sunday hat, or a walk with Tom or Dick, would sacrifice the best interests of all the women in the world without a pang. Miss Phillipps hopes most from the influence of male trade unionists on women. As for dressmakers, it is hopeless doing any good for them excepting by an efficient staff of female inspectors.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN PROGRESS.

The article by Dr. Brock contributed to the Review under this heading, is not an article, but an abstract of the statistical abstracts of a hundred years. Mr. Carnegie would revel in the figures, but the ordinary reader will find them about as readable as an arithmetic or a dictionary. Dr. Brock thinks that the statistics which he parades indicate a great advance on right lines to a higher, better, and purer civilization than has ever before existed in the world's history.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The other articles describe Augustine Brohan, the famous actress of the Comédie-Française, and Mr. C. B. Roynance-Kent's paper, from the extreme anti-Russian point of view, the late Russian intrigues in south-eastern Europe.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

I NOTICE elsewhere the two articles upon Home Rule.

THE NEW SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

The Hon. John Fortescue discusses under this head the financial crisis in Australia. Mr. Fortescue has long been a pessimist of the pessimists in this matter, and may be regarded as a kind of twin to Mr. Wilson of the *Investors' Review*. The following passages give Mr. Fortescue's conclusions:—

The pauper Government, having neither bullion nor gold, of course promises to redeem everything and "guarantees" everything. Never was there a more hopeless welter—result of ignorance, incompetence, and worse. It is the story of Argentina slightly altered—*moratorium*, *Cedulas* (*alias* Treasury notes), and all. Such is the pass at which the Australians have arrived. I have dealt mainly with Victoria and New South Wales; but Queensland (which has a paper currency scheme also) is no better, and South Australia alone seems to be in a more or less sound condition. Who is responsible for this collapse? First and foremost the various Colonial Governments. . . . Victoria and New South Wales must, in my belief, fall back on the British lender once more, or make default. Will the British lender support them? If he does, he will do well to stipulate that he shall have a voice in administering the estate which has so often been flaunted before him as his security. Otherwise he will simply throw good money after bad.

IS DISENDOWMENT ROBBING GOD?

Dr. Jessopp has a very interesting little article in which he expresses his distress on hearing his brother clerics declare that to disendow the Welsh Church is robbing God. He points out that from time to time, long before the Reformation, whenever the nation thought that any kind of good work could better be done by others than the clergy, they never hesitated to alienate Church lands, benefices, and tithes on their behalf. This was done for the Monasteries, the Templars, and for the Colleges at the Universities. Dr. Jessopp's principle is that of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whose idea of a National Church is that which comprehends the learned of all denominations; in short, all the so-called liberal arts and sciences. Dr. Jessopp points out—

The leaders in thought and culture, in mathematical and physical science, in history, economics, linguistics, even in classical learning—the leaders in literature in its widest acceptance—are no longer to be found among the ordained clergy of the Church of England, but outside their ranks. One fact alone may serve as a most startling confirmation of these assertions. In 1843 there were ninety Fellows of the Royal Society who were in Holy Orders; in 1893 the names of no more than sixteen.

It would be worse than madness, Dr. Jessopp thinks, to shut our eyes to the significance of that fact.

THE PAN-BRITANNIC GATHERING.

Mr. Astley Cooper writes cheerily concerning the progress that has been made in carrying out his proposed "Pan-Britannic Gathering" with its scholarships, athletic competitions, etc. A strong representative committee has been formed in Great Britain and the Colonies in support of the Athletic Organisation; this scheme has found friends among many public men. Interest has already been quickened in many games by the mere proposal, which, if it was carried out on the scale and with the magnificence which he has in his mind's eye, Mr. Cooper thinks would be an agent and incentive to friendliness and manliness for many generations to come. In the course of his article Mr. Cooper discusses the possibility of finding a name that would be a substitute for the cumbersome English-

speaking man. He favours all Anglians, but the Irish, Welsh, and Scotch would alike object to either Anglian or Angle; so far the English-speaking race holds the field.

HOW TO CATALOGUE BOOKS.

Mr. J. Taylor Kay discusses the cataloguing of books from the point of view of one who has paid a great deal of attention to his subject. The Americans and Germans are ahead of us in this subject, and Mr. Kay, although well enough informed about what is being done in indexing in America, does not seem to be aware of the existence of the "Annual Index to the Periodicals of the World," which is published at this office. He mentions that there has been no difficulty in arranging all British and American Literature in "Ellibone's Critical Dictionary of English Literature" under 40 heads and 273 sub-heads. This book contains 83,000 authors, and more than 220,000 subjects. Mr. Kay points out:—

An advantage likely to accrue from the more persistent study of bibliography is the greater attention that would be given to our periodical literature, and the utilisation of much of it. Times have changed, and some of the best literature is now contributed to periodical publications.

As a practical suggestion, he says:—

The possibility of utilising the practical position of the Stationers' Company in the formation of a powerful body, under Government supervision, to take in hand the publication of a General Catalogue of English Literature, is worthy the highest consideration.

COOKERY AS A BUSINESS.

Mary Harrison renews her plea for the establishment of Cookery Schools. She maintains that no one ought to consider that they can even do plain cookery until they have had three years' definite and systematic instruction. Teachers should be thoroughly trained French and English cooks, and the increase in the wages of the trained cook would be saved in the avoidance of waste in the kitchen caused by bad cooking and spoiled food.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Esmé Stuart describes a strange affinity and resemblance between Charles Bandelaire and Edgar Allan Poe. The Hon. T. A. Brassey briefly applies the principles laid down in Captain Mahan's book upon "Sea Power in History" to Great Britain as a Sea Power. Mrs. King describes some of the eccentricities of "Mediæval Medicines." Mrs. Ward translates Professor Harnack's examination into the origin of the Apostles' creed. Professor Goldwin Smith writes a survey of the position in the United States.

PRIZE CALENDAR FOR MAY.

THE two best Calendars this month run each other very close. The Prize is won by—

1. W. RICHARDS, Ardbeg Villa, Oban, Scotland.

The next best eleven follow in order of merit:—

2. Miss M. A. Holloway, Lochbuie House, Isle of Mull, Scotland.
3. Miss Rachel F. Thompson, Castle Hill House, Settle, Yorkshire.
4. W. Culling Gaze, Fengate, Peterborough.
5. Miss Jessie Hay, 33, Abbey Street, Elgin, Scotland.
6. "Kate Halero," 28, Nassington Road, Hampstead Heath, N.
7. Miss E. Le Huquet, Greencliff, St. Martin, Jersey.
8. A. Brooking, Regent's Park, Heavitree, Exeter.
9. Miss Cecile Lambert, 27, Blenheim Crescent, W.
10. "Veritas," 3, Avoca Terrace, Blackrock, Dublin.
11. Miss Sarah Lukes, Clifton House, Par, Cornwall.
12. Miss N. Edwards, Park Farm House, Eitham, Kent.

THE NEW REVIEW.

THE *New Review* is a very interesting number. I notice elsewhere the two studies in character of the Princess May, and M. Zola's "Life and Labour."

A PLEA FOR CARLYLE'S HOUSE.

Mr. Strachey's "Reminiscences of Carlyle, with some Unpublished Letters" do not add very much to our knowledge of the veteran. It concludes, however, with a practical suggestion which many people will be very glad to see carried out:—

In countries whose wealth is not that of Peru, the liberality of individuals, or of municipalities, or of the State, has permitted the purchase and maintenance, for the public credit and advantage, of the houses and relics of some of the heroes of the nation. Cologne, Dresden, Weimar, Marbach, Salzburg, have thus paid respect to the *manes* of Beethoven, Körner, Goethe, Schiller, Mozart. Is it hoping beyond hope to wish that, by a similar application of "the cash nexus," rich England and America might do like honour to the memory of Thomas Carlyle, so that the sanctuary in which he wrote, smoking his long clay, and patting at intervals Nero or Tib, may no longer be described in the daily press as the haunt of astral spirits and of starving cats and dogs?

THE POISON OF THE FUTURE.

Dr. Sprigge discusses the question whether or not the poisoners of the future will be able to poison by the communication of germs of disease. His conclusion is reassuring:—

We need not fear any general employment of bacteriology by the criminal. First, only a very small number of people would be able to commit murder by germ-inoculation. This means in itself that the crimes must remain few, unless some enterprising pathologist of modern days should emulate Ruggieri and prepare to sell deadly cultivations wholesale. Second, only a very small number of germs could be so utilised. The poisoner of the future will not be a very dreadful person, at any rate will not be a more dreadful person than the poisoner of the present; unless we credit in the future all the scientific acumen to the villain, and none to those engaged upon the side of justice.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS AS THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

An anonymous writer, in an article on "Our Public Schools: their Methods and Morals," makes the following sensible observations concerning a great and crying evil:—

The whole matter lies in a nutshell. Boys at a public school arrive at an age when new and unthought of physical powers overcome the moral judgment of which their age is capable. Transgressions on which a few years later they will look with horror seem to them at least venial. There is little or no sense of moral wrong—there is no restraining influence but a fear of the consequences. Occasionally some glaring iniquities reach the ears of authority, and a wholesale expulsion takes place, which fails altogether to impress those remaining with any sense of the moral enormity of the offence, while it blasts young lives with a sometimes ineffaceable stigma. One party is almost always innocent, and yet he has to undergo the penalty meted out to the tempter. To such a pitch has this evil reached that some of our public schools almost provoke the punishment of the Cities of the Plain.

Surely the matter is not beyond wise treatment. A year or two later those who have sinned the most, in the clearer light of a wider experience, look back on their deeds with horror and shame. Cannot our masters put these things before those whose lives are committed to them as a sacred charge in a manly and sensible way—point out to them that the young men of Sodom are in a more perilous plight than those who yield to the blandishments of Delilah? But they will not, until the occasion arises: until the mischief is done their lips are sealed. The subject is too horrible and must be avoided. I am convinced that it only requires the opinion of the world

to be properly impressed on boys who are just coming to the most critical time of their lives to ensure the horror-struck avoidance of nameless vice.

CANADIAN WOMEN.

Lady Jephson, writing upon "Canadian Society, Past and Present," pays a high tribute to the moral character of Canadian society. She says:—

Certainly no more modest and pure-minded women are to be found anywhere than in Canada, and this in spite of more latitude given as regards the intercourse of men and women. With none of the prudery which exists in France and Italy, there is an absolute propriety, and divorces and undignified conduct in married life are almost unknown. Before marriage the Canadian girl is allowed her fling, and she dances, skates, flirts, and enjoys life to the full.

Between the Church of England and Dissenters there is much amity and marked friendliness all over Canada. Sabbath observance among English-Canadians is carried to such excess that a game of tennis or "halma" on Sunday is enough, if discovered, to socially ostracise its perpetrators. A servile respect and ridiculous obedience to the dictates of Mrs. Grundy is everywhere most marked. With much priggishness, however, there is undoubtedly a high code of morals outside of political doings. Perhaps no country can show a more Puritan spirit in family life.

CRIMINALS AND THEIR DETECTION.

Mr. E. R. Spearman describes at length the method adopted in France of making anthropological examination of criminals. It seems that Mr. Spearman took Sir Charles Russell and Sir Richard Webster to see the Bertillon system in practice at the dépôt where all the prisoners of Paris are pooled daily.

The National Review.

THE *National Review*, if it were not for Mrs. W. K. Clifford's "A Grey Romance," would hardly be up to the mark. Mr. Hodgson's modern conversation is very like Mr. Hodgson, and when that is said, all is said. "One who knows" takes up the cudgels for the Post Office, and attacks Mr. Henniker Heaton in an article which Mr. Heaton will have, no doubt, a great deal of pleasure in answering. It is a great thing to get your adversary to condescend to reply in print. Mr. Bompas gives us what may be regarded as the popular Q.C.'s case for believing in Christianity. The Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache gives us some reminiscences of Sir R. Owen. Mr. Mallock, in his paper on the "Future Income of Labour," gives us another instalment of his book; the gist of his observations is that the proper way to benefit the labourer is not to seek to reorganise and revolutionise society, but to start from the basis of national stability.

GLACIERS AND VALLEYS.—In the June number of the *Geographical Magazine* Professor Bonney's paper, maintaining that glaciers do not excavate, is published, with a report of the discussion it provoked. Professor Bonney maintains that "the excavatory power of glaciers has been much exaggerated; the European glaciers generally have not been very potent agents of erosion or even of abrasion, probably because the glacial epoch was comparatively of short duration."

THE *Humanitarian* publishes its July number of the new cover, and gives the first place to Mrs. Woodhull Martin's paper on the "Alchemy of Maternity." There is a useful paper on "Anthropometrical Descriptions," by Monsieur A. Bertillon, describing the ways and means by which a man can be measured from the top of his head to the sole of his feet in such a way as to render it impossible for him to evade identification."

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE most important article in the *North American Review*, Mr. Carnegie's "A Look Ahead," is noticed elsewhere, as also is Professor Biles's paper on "Thirty Knots an Hour to Europe."

"THE LESSON OF THE NAVAL REVIEW."

Mr. Hilary A. Herbert, as secretary for the navy, writes upon the lesson of the Naval Review. The article is somewhat slight, but it points in the right direction; he is all for peace and national arbitration, but he believes in utilising force in the service of international peace, as it has already been utilised in the suppression of civil broils.

The real Quaker who will submit to insult rather than resent it by violence is not a successful peacemaker among men. Neither can a nation which adopts a Quaker policy, however great it may be in natural resources, expect in this age of the world that its international disputes shall be arbitrated by international tribunals, or hope to keep the lead in the great work of bringing about the "brotherhood of nations." If America would keep her own peace with all the nations of the earth, and maintain her place in the vanguard of civilisation, she must be at all times prepared for war. This is the lesson of history emphasised by the *Rendezvous* and the *Review*.

MR. MALLOCK'S THEORY OF WEALTH.

In a paper entitled "Who are our Chief Wealth Producers?" Mr. Mallock repeats the conclusion at which he has arrived in English reviews as to the origin of wealth. The ordinary doctrine is that wealth is produced by the many and enjoyed by the few: Mr. Mallock's theory is that it is produced by the few and enjoyed by the many. He sums up his thesis as follows:—

It can in the long run be to the interest of nobody to disguise the truth; and an accurate study of economics will teach us this, that the few, however inferior morally, produce the larger part of the wealth of the modern world; that wealth is not, as is commonly said, the result of social labour, but the result of social labour multiplied by ability; and that whatever claims the public may have on the wealth of the minority, that claim cannot be sustained on the ground that the public has produced this wealth; for the minority as a body have not only produced the whole of it, but a vast amount besides, which the public has already appropriated.

WOMEN AS EXECUTORS.

The Hon. R. S. Ramson, Surrogate of New York county, contributes a paper entitled "How to Check Testamentary Litigation," which need not concern us in England, but one observation which he makes is of general interest—it is that in which he maintains that women are incompetent to administer wealth. He says:—

Many women are named as executrices of wills, and it is my experience that they know little or nothing of business, rely largely upon their emotions and intuitions, and fall an easy prey to the ever ready, and always convenient, confidence man and sharper. My own judgment is that women should never be compelled or permitted to undergo the labour and responsibilities of these positions. I am of opinion that good safe trust companies are the best executors, etc., and by far the best guardians of the estates of infants.

"VANISHING DICKENSLAND."

Mr. Charles Dickens has an interesting and well-informed paper concerning the disappearance of the London that is immortalised in his father's writings. He says there is really little or nothing left of Dickensland in the London of to-day, but guides constantly take Americans round to various places and point them out as if they were the same places which Charles Dickens

described. One of these frauds is the "Old Curiosity Shop" in Portsmouth Street. Mr. Dickens says:—

Just round the corner, as it were, where Portsmouth Street joins Lincoln's Inn Fields, is the choicest and most generally believed in of all the bogus Dickens' sights. This is a mean little building, now used as a waste-paper store, which describes itself as the veritable Old Curiosity Shop "immortalised by Charles Dickens," and which has about as much to do with the genuine building—if Nell's home had any actual brick and mortar original—as the Capitol in Washington itself.

As it is with the "Old Curiosity Shop," so it is with almost everything else that seems to be associated, even in name, with the localities mentioned in "Pickwick":—

It is not only individual houses belonging to Dickensland which have been lost to us in process of time. Whole neighbourhoods have changed their nature; new and handsome quarters of the town have arisen, not only since the days of Mr. Pickwick, but since the death, only twenty-two years ago, of his creator himself.

WANTED—A REFORMED PUBLIC-HOUSE.

Dr. Rainsford, in a paper on "The Reform of the Drink Traffic," maintains that the Prohibitionists are on the wrong tack, and the proper thing to do is to start reformed public-houses on sound principles. He says:—

For many a day to come we must depend chiefly on personal effort. Earnest men who will not readily be discouraged and who command universal respect, men of moderation and of means, are wanted. They can establish decent restaurants, where music is provided; decent places where people will be ashamed to get drunk; where all things make for moderation, not excess; where the laws could be obeyed absolutely, no blackmail paid to any one, and all business done on a cash basis.

These, when wisely placed, would pay a reasonable interest on money invested in them—and they would be a perpetual object-lesson of great value. They would draw the attention of the capitalist as a safe investment; and soon, when his prejudices were overcome, the sober and temperate portion of the working population would discover in them the very thing it needs so sorely—an innocent place of rest and recuperation, where families as well as individuals may escape from the narrowness of home.

The other articles deal with police protection at the World's Fair, and the financial outlook.

In the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, besides Mr. Oswald John Simon's article on Judaism, noticed elsewhere, there are two very interesting and important essays, one by Mr. Montefiore upon "Hebrew and Greek Ideals of Providence and Divine Retribution"; the other by the Rev. Michael Adler upon "The Emperor Julian and the Jews." In the course of the latter article Mr. Adler discusses at length the nature of the evidence as to the miraculous attempt to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem. Mrs. Henry Lucas gives us a metrical translation of some of Jehudah Halevi's poems.

In the *Newbery House Magazine* there is a remarkable portrait of Canon Liddon, the value of which is, however, minimised, as no mention is made as to the year in which it was taken. The portrait seems to have been taken when he was not yet thirty years of age. A story is commenced entitled "A Real Repentance," by Austin Clare, and the scene is laid in Oberammergau. Mrs. Hernaman has an interesting paper on "Early Primary Education," and Mrs. Buckeley-Owen writes of "The Non-Jurors." Lady Laura Ridding has a valuable paper dealing with "Women and Children: their Needs and Helpers."

THE FORUM.

THE *Forum* for June is a good number. I notice elsewhere Mr. Frederic Harrison's article on the decadence of art, Mr. Finck's account of the Paderewski mania in America, and Dr. Billing's paper on the diminishing birth-rate of the United States. The rest of the papers deal almost exclusively with political and financial topics.

WHAT AFFECTS THE SALE OF BOOKS.

Mr. Boyesen discusses the value of American literary criticism, and quotes from a conversation he had with Mr. E. P. Roe, an American novelist whose books had the largest circulation of any writer of fiction in the United States, but he was almost entirely ignored by the newspaper critics. Being asked how this was, Mr. Roe replied:—

"The fact is I can't discover that the newspapers affect the sale of a book one way or another. The people whom I reach read very few newspapers; and I think they are more influenced by their neighbours' opinions than by anything they read." "What then, in your judgment, determines the success of a book?" I asked. "Well, I should say its nearness to the life and thought of average men and women," Mr. Roe replied. "How do you mean?" "I mean that what the critics call art removes the book from the intelligence of ordinary people. I have been blamed because there is not art enough in my novels. Well, to be frank, there is as much art in them as there is in me. No more and no less. I never try to write down to any one's intelligence; but I write as well as I am able to write, and then let the art take care of itself."

AMERICAN COLLEGES AND AMERICAN LIFE.

President Thwing has an interesting paper as to the extent to which Americans who have had a collegiate education have taken a leading part in American life. Taking as the basis Appleton's "Cyclopædia of Biography," he says:—

Of the 15,142 men named in the book, 5,326 are college men, or slightly more than one-third. Of them also 941 are what may be called academy but not college men. It is to me exceedingly significant that so large a proportion are college-bred.

One man in forty who has been through an American college achieves sufficient distinction to be mentioned in "Appleton;" of those who do not go to college, only one man in 10,000 succeeds in achieving such a position. Dr. Thwing, speaking of the American university, says:—

It therefore does not seem too much to say that the American college has profoundly influenced American life. It has not been the mother of great movements, like Oxford, but it has been the mother of great men, like Cambridge. It has not made great soldiers or sailors, great artists or inventors; but it has contributed vastly toward the worth of the more considerable elements of thought and character.

THE OBJECTION TO AMERICAN ANNEXATIONS.

The Hon. T. M. Cooley sets forth in a paper entitled "Grave Obstacles to Hawaiian Annexation," the traditional American objection to possessions over sea. It is an objection which, before many years are over, will be overruled, but at present it still exerts a certain influence upon the mind of American citizens. Mr. Cooley states their view fairly well in the following sentence:—

The Constitution was made for the government of the United States of America, and not of countries in different parts of the world. It was not made and shaped for the establishment of any colonial system. It was expected by its founders that there would be extension of the United States; that territory would be held by them which would require government under the authority of Congress, but only while in that condition of immaturity which would naturally precede a state of fitness for admission with complete powers into the family of

states then composing the Union; and that family of states was expected always to be one American country, held by one people, with institutions harmonious throughout, and as free as possible from all alliances with nations abroad except such as should be in the nature of friendly intercourse between independent countries.

CHINA'S VIEW OF CHINESE EXCLUSION.

The Rev. Gilbert Reid sets forth clearly the view which the Chinese in China take of the exclusion of their countrymen from the United States. The story of Chinese exclusion is not a chapter of which Americans have any reason to feel proud. Mr. Reid says:—

If it is right for the United States to pass laws which will abrogate our treaty-stipulations, then the Emperor of China can issue decrees or edicts which will also abrogate her treaty-stipulations with America and all other Western powers. Would it not be better to seek for harmony between the laws of our country and her contracts with another country? Why is it necessary to bring about a collision between these two forms of legal obligation?

OTHER ARTICLES.

Dr. J. M. Rice sums up the result of his recent examination of the public school system of the United States. The general educational spirit of the country is progressive, but there are many schools which are a disgrace to an enlightened nation, and among the thirty-six cities which he visited, he only found four whose schools were conducted upon the principle of unification. The other articles deal with the pension scandal, office-seeking, and the causes of the financial excitement. Mr. Gibson is inclined to take a hopeful view of the silver question. Two years ago there were thirty mines at Aspen in Colorado making a profit; to-day only three pay dividends.

The Secret of Youth in Age.

THERE is a very remarkable old gentleman living at Florence, of the name of Sebastiano Fenzi, who is the president of the Italian Gymnastic Society. He maintains he has discovered the secret of preserving physical vitality far beyond the limits held to be possible by ordinary mortals. He has embodied his secret in a small poem, which is published at 6d. As Signor Fenzi challenges the world to produce any old gentleman of seventy-five who will compete with him on equal terms—and he is quite plaintive in his appeal to me to make this great discovery known to my readers—I am willing to receive any orders for his tiny brochure—sevenpence post-free—but I can say nothing about the value of his system. One of the leading features seems to be that of going to bed for an hour after you have had your cold tub in the morning!

Vicomte de Vogue.

In an article in *Blackwood's* there is a very interesting and curious account of this writer, whose contributions are amongst the most brilliant in the French press:—

No one is better suited to his incontestably historical work than M. de Vogüé, for he is of every time, of every school, and of essentially mixed race. Scottish by his Scottish mother, of typically Scottish origin, his father is a Provençal gentleman of indisputable character. He himself stands near to the head of the new "psychic" group; prolonging the traditions of Chateaubriand through Lamartine; philosopher, poet, and political seer; historian through Lavisse; matured by the tragic events of the war of 1870, in which he played a sadly active part, teaching him the painful tolerance of adversity, wisely applied,—there is no sense, literary, political, social, or human, in which M. de Vogüé does not prove his right to pronounce judgment on the deeds and motives of modern Frenchmen, and to be listened to, for the reason that he is exceptionally qualified by nature, circumstance, and individual character, to speak the truth.

THE ECONOMIC JOURNAL.

THE June number of the *Economic Journal* is rather above the average. It contains several articles of considerable interest. One by Mr. Schloss deals with the subject of arbitration in trade disputes. He says:—

The fact that the Government has brought in a Bill intended to promote the settlement of industrial disputes by conciliation and arbitration may lend interest to a brief review of the legislative measures which have been adopted with a similar object in this and other countries.

And therefore he gives us a very valuable survey of what might be called Industrial Arbitration Legislation in various countries and colonies of the world.

Mr. C. Edwards describes the formation of Labour Federations, and points out that in this movement the workmen followed the employers.

Nearly every Labour Federation has followed the formation of an Employers' Federation as a means of defence, and not preceded it as a means of aggression. This is true not only of the earlier federations, but also of nearly all the existing federations.

Mr. C. F. Bastable writes upon the taxation of ground rents, and comes to the same conclusion at which Lord Hobhouse arrived long ago, namely, that there is not much fleece to be got off that particular sheep. He says:—

No matter what special measures may be thought advisable, it should never be forgotten that no very large relief can be expected from them. The supposed store of wealth due to no one's exertion and ready for public use is to a great extent an illusion. Most of it is being gradually distributed amongst the members of the community; a great deal of it is due to foresight and energy on the part of its present holders. To urge that occupiers will not permit municipal improvements unless they are satisfied that other people are to bear the expense is not a plea that can be accepted. Adjustments that meet popular feeling without violating the rule of fair distribution should be adopted, but there is no valid ground for a sweeping alteration of the real incidence of local taxation.

The article on the Danish Poor Law is noticed elsewhere. The shorter notices are very carefully done; amongst them you will find Mr. Edwards's account of the Hull Strike—"The History of the Seven Weeks' War"—written from the point of view of one who believes that everything turned from first to last upon the question whether or not non-Unionists ought to have preference of employment over Unionists.

THE ARENA.

THE *Arena* for June contains one good article by Mr. Arthur McDonald on "Insanity and Genius," which maintains that they both are the result of excessive nervous or psychic power, and are both abnormal developments that partake of the nature of disease; and another by Mr. Flower on the Civic Church, which I notice elsewhere.

HOW TO CURE CHOLERA.

Dr. R. B. Leach has a remarkable article entitled "Arsenic versus Cholera." He maintains that 90 per cent. of all cholera patients can be cured by dosing them with arsenic. The originator of the theory is very anxious to be sent at once to a hotbed of infection, in order to satisfactorily demonstrate that where any person is under the physiological effect of arsenic he cannot take cholera. Arsenical poisoning is a disease which occupies the same place and space as cholera. If you occupy the body with arsenic, there is not room for cholera; all that is necessary is a small appreciation to secure the trial of the method on an adequate scale.

FREEDOM IN DRESS FOR WOMEN.

Mrs. Frances E. Russell pleads that the American women should take the opportunity afforded by the "World's Fair" to wear the reformed dress when going over the show. To walk through the aisles of the Exhibition would require seven days, walking twenty miles a day. The reformed dress varies from the almost invisibly divided skirt to the gymnasium suit. Unfortunately the question is, when can you get a sufficient number of women to begin wearing the new dress? One woman, who has been trying to wear a dress six inches from the ground, has almost broken down under the trying ordeal. Women are now, however, planning to wear a reformed dress at summer resorts and colleges, when the chivalry and patriotism of the men will be put to the test. Mr. Flower, by way of helping on the good work, gives a series of illustrations of his wife and friends in various reformed dresses, some of which can hardly be commended for beauty, although the worst of them are better than the hideous samples of prevailing fashions in Paris. He says that Rational Dress Clubs are about to be formed in various American cities, and the time has come for true American women to assert their independence.

Eight brief papers are published as a symposium advocating the adoption of the maize as the American national flower. The other articles deal with "Free Coinage of Silver," and "Liberal Churches and Scepticism."

ASIATIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THIS review is much above the average this month. The editor, Dr. Leitner, discusses the question of Indian and London Civil Services at much length. But the most important articles are those in which Lord Chelmsford and Sir Lepel Griffin discuss the advance of India against the possible Russian attack, extracts from which appear elsewhere.

CAN ANGLO-INDIANS LIVE IN INDIA?

Another article that is of some considerable interest discusses the possibility of colonising the hill countries of India with retired Anglo-Indians.

The writer sums up by saying that Simla, if he does not mind the rigours of the winter, or Ootacamund for all the year round enjoyment, would give the retired Anglo-Indian more for his money than Bayswater or Bath; but if he have a little energy left for a new life in a new country, and especially if he have a little capital, and does not mind risking it, let him go to Australasia.

Major-General Tyrrell discusses the proposed changes in the Indian army. Mr. J. C. Hopkins, writing from Toronto upon the position of Canada, thinks that the majority of the people are united in favour of a Canadian as against an American policy. There is a review of M. Paul Gault's great work upon Russian Turkistan.

WHERE IS MOUNT SINAI?

Professor Sayce publishes a paper discussing "Where is Mount Sinai?" He thinks we cannot locate the mountain peak of Sinai. Of one thing we may be certain, and that is, it was not the mountain now called by that name. Mount Sinai, indeed, he says, was not in the peninsula which is now called Sinaitic, it was nearer Mount Scir and Kadsh-Barnea; and if you want to find Sinai, you would be more likely to find it in Midian and Edom than in the Sinaitic peninsula.

The longest article in the *Review* is the first part of Com-mandant Aymonier's history of Tchampa, which is now known as Annam or Cochin China. There are other good articles on British East Africa and the Siamese question.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

McClure's Magazine.

McClure's Magazine is a new sixpenny of the same general style as the *Strand* and *Idler*, but it is better than either of them in some respects. It differs from the *Idler* in being more serious, and from the *Strand* in being more up-to-date. It embodies the features of both and has others of its own. It is much more up-to-date than any of its competitors, and it ought to achieve a very considerable success. It is copiously illustrated, well printed, and there is any amount of good reading matter in it. The frontispiece is a portrait of Professor Drummond, who contributes one of his scientific articles, "Where Man got his Ears." I notice elsewhere the first of their "Real Conversations," which is a report of a

The Century.

The Century has as its frontispiece an engraving of the Gainsborough portrait of Mrs. Siddons. The first article is devoted to a description of colour at the World's Fair, and is illustrated by a view of the domes of the great palaces in the White City. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell describe "The Most Picturesque Place in the World," which they abstain from naming. "Would that mine enemy had written a book," is a prayer which is often answered in this world, and the idiotic article which Mr. Bodkine wrote in defence of Russia gives Mr. Joseph Jacobs and Mr. George Kennan an opportunity of replying of which they take full advantage. The "Autobiography of



From "Hartmann the Anarchist."

[English Illustrated Magazine.

THE DESTRUCTION OF LONDON.

dialogue between Mr. Howells and Mr. Boyesen; also Mr. Raymond Blathwayt's paper on "Wild Animals," the interviews with Mr. Edison and Graham Bell on the "Edge of the Future," M. de Blowitz's "Europe at the Present Moment," and Mr. Sherard's "Count de Lesseps To-day." In addition to those articles there is an excellent paper by Mr. Massingham entitled "A Day with Gladstone," a short story by Mr. Gilbert Parker, and another by Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. The only weak thing about the publication is the arrangement of the articles; the best articles are stowed away at the tail end of the magazine, while the dialogue with Mr. Howells and the somewhat meagre story by Mr. Parker are thrust into the front. The magazine, however, is edited with brains, and the editor announces that they have made arrangements for publishing Professor Garner's reports as to the progress which he had made in mastering the language of monkeys.

Salvini" is continued. This month's instalment contains a very interesting account of an hour's conversation the author had with Victor Emmanuel when the King presented him with the Cross of the Crown of Italy. Mr. Gosse writes briefly but sympathetically about Mrs. Siddons. The most carefully written article in the number is Mrs. Oliphant's paper on Dean Swift; it is not only written in Mrs. Oliphant's well-known style, but it is copiously illustrated with portraits of the Dean and his contemporaries. A very remarkable paper is that entitled "Famous Indians," which is illustrated with portraits which give us a more favourable impression of the appearance of the Indians than any that we have hitherto seen. These men instead of being Redskins might have been philosophers and sages of Ancient Greece. There is also a paper on "Mental Medicine" by a writer who calls it psychopathy.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE *Pall Mall Magazine* is improving, and the summer number is a very portly shillingworth. The contents are mostly fiction. Mr. W. W. Astor writes upon "Queen Marie Louise of Prussia," and "A Son of the Marshes" gossips pleasantly about "Old Hedgerows" and their occupants. Mrs. Parr illustrates her paper on "The Follies of Fashion" with specimens of ladies' head-dress which fill the modern mind with marvel; first of all that any creature with anything that could be regarded as a receptacle for brains could ever have consented to wear such head-dresses, and secondly, how that when they had come to that resolution it was possible for the human frame to support so much top-hammer. Karl Blind quotes from Goethe and Heine in order to prove that Mr. Gladstone was wrong in declaring that foreign opinion was universally hostile to English rule in Ireland. The article on the "Armies of France" is not up to the level of a similar article that appeared recently in an American magazine. "The Last of the Flying Dutchman," by Mr. W. L. Aldon, is an interesting story.

English Illustrated Magazine.

THE *English Illustrated* continues to maintain its improved position. "Hartmann the Anarchist" describes the invention by which he intends to destroy London. It is an ingenious combination of a balloon and a sailing machine, and the illustrations are very effective. The series of "Historic Homes of England" is begun with Bagshot Park; next month the subject will be Belvoir Castle, by the Duchess of Rutland. Mr. Quilter's paper on "Art" is noticed elsewhere. "The Romance of Modern London" is devoted to pictures of the early morning in London.

The Idler.

THE best paper in the *Idler*—"Alphonse Daudet at Home"—is noticed elsewhere, and also Mr. Zangwill's account of his first book. "The Memoirs of a Female Nihilist" contains a very interesting and vivid account of the prisoners in Russian gaols going into revolt; it is full of the actuality of truth. Mr. Robert Buchanan has an illustrated poem entitled "The Dismal Throng," written after reading the last study in literary distemper. Mr. Buchanan thus explains in prose what he endeavours to sing in verse:—

These verses refer to a literary phenomenon that will in time become historical, that phenomenon being the sudden growth, in all parts of Europe, of a fungus-literature bred of foulness and decay; and contemporaneously, yet the intrusion into all parts of human life of a Calvinistic yet materialistic morality. This literature of a sunless decadence has spread widely, by virtue of its own uncleanness, and its leading

characteristics are gloom, ugliness, prurience, preachiness, and weedy flabbiness of style.

The Cosmopolitan.

THE illustrations in the *Cosmopolitan* maintain their high standard of excellence. The contents of the June number are very varied. M. Flammarion's story of "The Last Days of the World" is noticed elsewhere, and also Mr. Baxter's account of "The First Woman of Spain," Signora Bazan. "The Deserted Homes of New England" is a remarkable article, with an interesting account of the social life in the abandoned farms in the hill region of Massachusetts. The account of "Sorosis," the mother of women's clubs in the United States, is illustrated by portraits of many of the leading women. It is claimed that Sorosis is the representative woman's club of the world. It might be well to see if anything could be done to establish an English Sorosis. An illustrated article, "The City of Brooklyn," contains, among other pictures, a portrait of Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in her parlour.

The old story of the fight, "The Merrimac and the Cumberland," is told by Captain Selfridge, who was one of the few officers on board the *Cumberland* who survived.

The Californian Illustrated Monthly.

THE *Californian Illustrated Monthly* gives us pictures of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado; another paper is devoted to China by Dr. Masters. Of more general interest is the account given by a bicyclist of a rapid run through the Great Lick Observatory. Among the other papers are "Picturesque Utah," and an account of the "Icebergs of the South

Pole." A paper on the "Life Savers of the Pacific Coast" is chiefly notable for the clearness of its illustrations, but it will be read with interest by members of our fire brigade and life-boat crews.

Belford's Monthly.

Belford's Monthly is developing a much higher style of illustration than it has had for some time. It publishes as frontispiece this month Luke Fildes's "Venetian Life." The paper on "The Evolution of the Library" is also very copiously illustrated. The article on "The International Base Ball Tournament" describes the arrangements that are being made to have the base ball championship decided at Chicago. The stands will have sitting capacity for 13,000 people, and 8,000 feet of lumber has been used in its construction. Hester Higbee has rather a remarkable article entitled "The Apotheosis of 'Madame,'" the point of which is that women are just strutting a little bit too much around the World's Fair and America generally, and that the inflated balloon of their self-esteem might be pin-pricked with advantage.



A SUFFOLK MOATED HOME.

[From Good Words.]

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

BOTH the June numbers of the *Nouvelle Revue* contain much interesting matter. We notice elsewhere M. Delacroix's concluding article on "The Witchcraft Trials of the Seventeenth Century." Apart from it, the most notable contribution to the *Nouvelle Revue* of June 1, is by M. Guillot, a member of the French Institute, on

"THE WAIF AND THE REFORMATORY."

When Napoleon I. drew up his famous Code of Laws he fixed the legal age at sixteen of personal responsibility for criminal acts committed by the individual; yet in Paris alone, during the course of last year, 888 children not yet having attained that age were arrested in the streets. "Vagabondage," according to its French sense, is, we are told by M. Guillot, "habitual, and constant desertion of the paternal homestead, of the school, or of the workshop is generally found to be the first or preparatory stage to the child's becoming a regular criminal." The writer of the article, who has evidently a great deal of sympathy with young folks, points out that most strong and well-grown children delight in the unknown—witness St. Theresa's childish escapade in search of the Moors; but he remarks significantly that the runaways of to-day rarely end by becoming great saints or founders of religious orders: the contrary is more frequently the case. M. Guillot, who cites many authorities to bear out his point of view, does not approve of the reformatory system as understood to-day. He is a great believer in home life, and, if circumstances make this impossible, he would have the youthful delinquent placed in a kind of home-reformatory, which should be styled a preservation house rather than a prison; for in a reformatory it is impossible to prevent the comparatively innocent little waif of eight or ten from becoming the habitual companion and friend of the accomplished criminal who is yet within two months of his sixteenth birthday.

"A DISCIPLE OF M. ZOLA."

M. J. Moog, under this title, gives an exhaustive account of J. H. Rosny, the author of "Nell Horn," and one of the most brilliant writers of the new French school of fiction. But although a disciple of the great realist, M. Rosny was one of those who signed a protest against his master's "La Terre," and his latest work has become more ideal than realistic, for in it he attempts an ambitious reconstruction of prehistoric times, in which his hero, Vamareh, fights Homeric battles with huge mammoths, the denizens of forests, now known as extinct monsters. M. Moog concludes his interesting literary appreciation of Rosny's work by pointing out that that author has a great future before him if he does not fall under the temptation of being willfully obscure and tortuous in expression and language.

"THE ONLY MODERN POET."

In the same number M. Jeannine describes at length another writer and his work: Gerhart Hauptmann, the author of "The Weavers." Hauptmann, according to M. Jeannine, is Germany's great coming dramatist. Born just thirty years ago in Silesia, his childhood was spent in a manufacturing centre, and close to a great world of mines and miners. He began life by wishing to be an artist, and worked hard at sculpture for some years, but finally abandoned the studio for the study. His first play, "Before the Dawn," was acted only three years ago in Berlin, at the German Independent Theatre; this drama, which was strongly socialistic and realistic in tone, was much discussed, and shortly after the best Berlin theatre accepted from him a play entitled "The

Isolated"; but it is as the author of "The Weavers" that his name finally became widely known all over Europe, for the German Government forbade its production on the boards of a State theatre, as its performance might have led to public disturbances. As was but natural, this action on the part of the authorities made Hauptmann at once an apostle and martyr in the eyes of the Socialist party. Everything that he now chooses to write will be acted at once, always supposing that the censor does not place an interdiction upon it. He is now working on an historical drama from which great things are expected. "Hauptmann's great merit," says the writer in the *Nouvelle Revue*, "is one rare in Germany, namely, that of having the power to create living personalities who speak in a natural manner according to their character and their conditions . . . We shall be curious to see if in France people will appreciate as he deserves the writer whom the Germans do not hesitate to proclaim their only modern poet."

SOME OTHER ARTICLES.

M. de Béhagle contributes a somewhat interesting account of his travels in Senegal and Equatorial Africa. His party, which was engaged on a semi-political mission, was away seventeen months, and claims to have assured the supremacy of France on at least a portion of the interior of Africa, and confirmed the treaties of Mison and de Brazza. M. de Béhagle also declares that he has proved beyond a doubt that the great rivers of Equatorial Africa are navigable the whole year round.

M. Durand Fardel has tried to give a vivid picture of Dante as he was, rather than as the ideal author of the "Divine Comedy," but he does not succeed in presenting a very pleasant picture of his hero, who, he says, if we are to believe Boccaccio, possessed "a long face, an aquiline nose, eyes rather large than small, strong jaws, with underlip always thrust out, a brown complexion, while his beard and hair were black and woolly." "Dante," continues his latter-day apologist, "was, according to his own confession, of an amorous complexion; this destroys the picture of the sombre personage from whom, as he walked down the street, the women are said to have edged away, saying one to another, 'Here is he who returneth from the Inferno.'"

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

WITH the exception of the interesting articles on "Prosper Mérimée," "The German Empire," and "The English in Morocco," noticed elsewhere, the two June numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* have but few articles worthy of special mention.

THE HISTORY OF THE CONDÉS.

The place of honour is given to an unpublished chapter of the Duc d'Aumale's "History of the Condés," entitled "The Dunes," which may be said in this case to signify the Netherlands. In a few pages the royal historian gives an interesting account of Turenne and Vauban, and quotes "A true and just relation of Major-General Sir Thomas Morgan's progress in France and Flanders, with the 6,000 English in the years 1657 and 1658, at the taking of Dunkirk and other important places, as it was delivered by the General himself (London, 1659)," although he declares it to be singularly untrustworthy. There is little doubt that when completed "The History of the Condés" will form one of the most valuable additions to the military history of the world ever written, for the Duc d'Aumale has the advantage of having been a soldier before he became an author, and in undertaking to write the lives of those

who were his predecessors at Chantilly, he not only pays a debt of gratitude to the great Condés, but will have rendered a real service to French literature.

A DUTCH STATESMAN.

In the same number M. E. Michel draws a curious picture of Constantin Huygens, a Dutch statesman of the seventeenth century, who seems to have been a man of whom Holland may well be proud, for besides being an active patron of both letters and art, he played a certain part in the diplomatic history of his country. He was twenty-four when his father, one of the best known citizens of the Hague, made interest with the English ambassador, Dudley Carleton, in order that his son might visit England under the happiest conditions. Among the other places he visited in Great Britain were the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and after having thoroughly learnt English he returned to Holland, visiting later Italy, Germany, and once again England, where he went as secretary to the Dutch ambassador, Van Aerssen; this time he became so popular at Court that King James actually knighted him. After his father's death, Huygens returned to Holland and settled down, marrying his own first cousin, to whom he had been long devoted, and to whom he had actually written English verse. The couple were blessed with five children, when suddenly the wife died, and he became as excellent a widower as he had been a good husband, for he always refused to marry again, and died still mourning for his wife at the ripe old age of ninety-one.

BOOKS OF CIVILITY.

M. Bonnafé, in his studies on the Renaissance, describes the old "Books of Civility," or as we should call them, "Manuals of Etiquette," and in this article those interested in mediæval social customs and usages will find numberless quaint and instructive details of how our well-bred ancestors behaved.

The same number contains an article on "Aerial Navigation," by M. Fleury, but he has not much new to say on the subject, rather recapitulating what has already been done in that direction, than attempting to foretell what the future will bring us.

OTHER ARTICLES.

As always, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* makes a great feature of personal memoirs. Thus we have in addition to Prosper Mérimée, extracts from the journal kept by François Ogier during the Munster Congress, a most curious manuscript recently discovered in the French National Library by M. Boppe, and some extracts from the Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier, which will soon be published by the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier.

The *Revue* of June 15th contains a history of chess and famous chess players, which cannot fail to be interesting to those who are proficient or wish to become proficient in the game, by M. Binet, who, it seems, has taken the trouble to obtain a kind of consensus of opinion on certain disputed points from the most noted players of the world.

In the same number the Vicomte de Vogüé describes in a few pages, written in exquisite French, and full of picturesque descriptions, a journey he took to Ravenna in May, which make the reader long to see the somewhat forgotten town where, as he says, the shadow of a great man still lingers, for it was here that Dante composed his "Paradiso," in a street which is still called Via Beatrice Alighiera.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE ORIGINAL POEM OF JOB.

Dr. E. J. Dillon, who is now showing himself to be one of the most versatile of modern journalists, publishes a new translation of the original poem of Job, from which he has removed the prose prologue and epilogue, and cast out all the eliminations, including the speeches of Elihu, which have been introduced in later years. Dr. Dillon says:—

Competent critics are at one in affirming that the poem of Job is one of the noblest creations of mature and conscious art, not the sweet babbling of simple nature, recorded when the human race was young; that it belongs to the golden age of Hebrew literature, which coincides with the latter half of the eighth century B.C., and was written by a Jew, who, in order to deaden the force of the shock which his bold views, and still bolder language, were calculated to inflict upon his co-religionists, selected his hero outside the people of Israel.

Dr. Dillon holds that his translation is the restoration of the poem of Job to its primitive form. Dr. Dillon's article is based upon the results of the studies of his friend Professor Bickell. As Dr. Dillon incidentally remarks that the teaching of the old book is distinctly hostile to the doctrine of the future existence, it is likely to provoke some controversy.

THE RÔLE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL IN ENGLAND.

Writing upon the 500th Anniversary of the Founding of Winchester College, Mr. A. F. Leach calls attention to the influences which public schools have had in the course of political evolution. It is, thanks to them, that our progress has been by reform and not by revolution. He says:—

Wykeham's foundation has been successful enough in its primary object of turning out scholars to be bishops and chancellors. But its crowning glory is that it was the model for Eton and for Westminster, and in later days for Rugby and Harrow, and the rest. Winchester, Eton, Westminster, as being the earliest, have also had the greatest effect upon the politicians and politics of England. Their democratisation of the aristocracy, and aristocratisation of the middle class, mingled together from all parts of England, and meeting as equals in the most impressionable years of life, have had, we may conceive, no little influence in making progress smooth and continuous instead of catastrophic.

THE SPENCER-WEISMANN CONTROVERSY.

Mr. G. J. Romanes defends Weismann, and Professor Marcus Hartog condemns him. The subject is much too abstruse for summarising here, but Dr. Hartog, at least, expresses his conclusions in intelligible language—

We see that his theories have been shifted as often as a house in a Western city; that their positive objective basis is still as weak as ever; that they are condemned by the canon under which their author condemns Lamarck's doctrine; and yet that they involve a truly Lamarckian view of variation under one set of causes. During his ten years' campaign Weismann has, it is true, won brilliant successes in the field, which have invested him with rare prestige; but he has been forced from one set of outworks after another; and now his main camp is pitched on ground commanded in part by the enemy. Is not this full justification for those biologists who refused to surrender the position occupied by the older evolutionists, and fortified with consummate skill by Herbert Spencer and Charles Darwin, at the first summons of the hostile general?

The best paper in *Scribner's* is Mr. Clark Russell's account of "The Life of a Merchant Sailor." All that Mr. Russell writes on the sea is worth reading, and this paper is an excellent contribution to the series of which it forms a part. There are two articles upon the World's Fair and "Aspects of Nature in the West Indies."



JEANNE D'ARC AT DOMREMY.

THE MIRACLE OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS; OR, THE EVIDENCE OF THE SUPERNATURAL IN HISTORY.*

I ARRIVED at Orleans on Saturday evening, June 3rd, 1893. At midday I had read the inscription on the wreath affixed to the well-known statue of Jeanne d'Arc in Paris, proclaiming that Jeanne had been burnt as a heretic by the Bishop of Beauvais, on May 30th, 1429. The motive of the reference was obvious. To honour the Maid of Orleans was well; but to have a fling at the Church was better. I was destined, however, to have at Orleans a still more remarkable illustration of the tendency in modern France to make the career of the Maid of Orleans the battle-ground of contending factions.

Sunday, the 4th of June, was one of the glorious days which have been so numerous this summer. The great Cathedral was crowded in the morning with a congregation of which about one-sixth were men. The service, choral throughout, was exquisitely beautiful. How marvellous, that with such melody in the "poor man's opera-house," the poor man for the most part seemed to prefer the brazen clangour of the machine-ground music of the great fair, with its switchbacks, circuses, theatres, and merry-go-rounds!

THE FÊTE DIEU AT ORLEANS.

In the afternoon, the procession of the Fête Dieu was to start from the Cathedral and make the tour of the city. The front of the minster was gay with bannerets and escutcheons; a great altar draped in

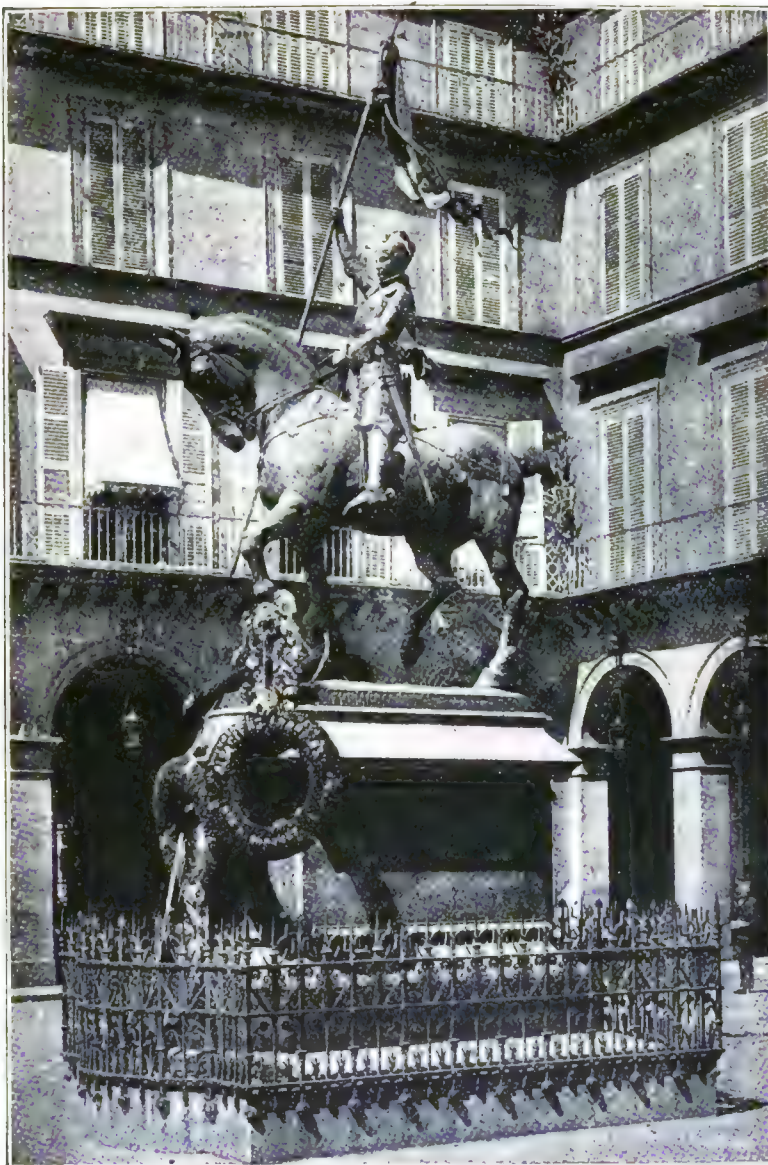
crimson was dressed in the porch, and everywhere there was a profusion of flowers and evergreens. It was one of the great fête days of the Church. The residents along the line of route of the procession decorated

their houses, festooning the streets with evergreens, covering the walls with carpets and tapestries, and where those failed, stretching white sheets, to which they pinned rosebuds. A devout baroness had set up a shrine in her garden, and at the foot of the main street leading down to the river an altar was erected, its scarlet canopy looking very bright and pretty beneath the green trees, with the blue waters and yellow sands of the Loire stretching far behind. From all the parishes of the city children, flower-garlanded, in their Sunday finery, preceded by the young girls who had celebrated their first communion, in long gauzy veils of muslin, were hurrying to the afternoon service in the Cathedral, where they filled the nave with a billowy expanse of lawn-like purity.

THE ANTI-CLERICAL PROCESSION.

While watching the preparations for the procession my attention was suddenly arrested by a line of

processionists crossing the great bridge that unites Orleans with the southern bank of the Loire. There seemed to be about 200 or 300, with banners and band, and we judged that they were a belated contingent from one of the smaller parishes making their way to the Cathedral. It was not till next day that we discovered, from the local papers, that this was a rival procession, got up



STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC AT PARIS.

* "Joan of Arc." By Lord Ronald Gower. London: J. C. Nimmo. 21s. net.



STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC BEFORE ORLEANS.

nominally in honour of Jeanne d'Arc, but really as a protest against the Catholic Church. It was a very small affair. The clerical organ disdainfully declares that only eighty-three persons took part in the demonstration, which was reported to the length of three columns in the Republican organ; a fact which perhaps explains how it was the same journal could not even find room for a paragraph describing the procession of the Fête Dieu, in which some 5,000 persons took part.

A CATHOLIC PAGEANT.

This latter procession was, to the unaccustomed eye of the English visitor, worth coming to Orleans to see. There was such brilliance, such harmonious yet vividly contrasted colour, such poetry of motion, such melody of song. The flower-garlanded white-surpliced boys who, walking backwards, sprinkled with red rose-leaves the path of the advancing procession; the gorgeously-habited ecclesiastics pacing slowly before the Bishop, holding reverently the sacred pyx under the scarlet catafalque with its nodding plumes; and the long lines of white-veiled maidens, broken here and there by the sombre black of the motherly-faced nuns, made the tree-shaded quay of the Loire a scene of beauty that recalled far-away memories of the pageants of pagan Rome. There were emblazoned banners from all the parishes, heavy gilt crosses, gorgeous Swiss beadles resplendent in gold epaulets and facings, lines of young schoolboys in

scarlet petticoats with lawn sleeves, and everywhere lovely girls whose bronzed features and flower-decked hair gleamed through clouds of tulle. Here and there, at long intervals, bands were playing, but for the most part nothing was heard but the singing of the children. "Je suis chrétien" was the refrain of one hymn constantly repeated. It was a dream of artistic beauty; eye and ear alike were at once rested and inspired. When the host passed by every head was uncovered and every knee was bowed. After the Bishop came about 500 or 1,000 men singing reverently, singing all the time until the long procession wound its way back to the Cathedral door, where the crowd massed in the great square was very imposing and beautiful to look upon. Whatever else the Old Church knows or does not know, the experience of centuries has at least given it an unrivalled instinct for stage management.

JEANNE D'ARC AND THE FACTIONS.

Next day, looking over the *Républicain Orléanais*, I found the report of the proceedings at the rival demonstration, and learned then for the first time how fiercely the battle promises to rage over the memory of the famous Maid of Orleans. Republican committees have been formed in Paris, Orleans, and Rouen for the purpose of celebrating by a civic fête the martyrdom of the Maid. These civic fêtes are set on foot with the avowed object of pushing the anti-clerical propaganda, that is to say an anti-Christian propaganda. It must be admitted that as a weapon against the priests and the Church which is organised under the Pope, they could not have made a better choice than Jeanne d'Arc; but as a weapon against Christianity they could not have made a worse; for while the Church burnt her, her faith in Christ sustained her in spite of the Church. Jeanne was before everything a Christian, not in word only, but in deed; nor was Dumas blaspheming when he styled her "the Christ of France." She would have shrunk in horror from Dumas; but he expressed bluntly what all must feel who study her life. She was not the second person of the Trinity, but she was a Christ if ever woman was. She had all the distinctive notes of Jesus of Nazareth—regarding the carpenter's Son, of course, merely from His human side. Not merely was her life a sacrifice and her death a martyrdom, but her story is saturated through and through with the same miraculous element which leads so many critics to distrust the narratives of the four Evangelists. She lived and died in the constant presence of the invisible world, hearing the voices of angels and of just men and women long deceased. She had the gift of prophecy, and she worked miracles—not the less miraculous because she never shrunk from the use of human means to accomplish her end.

THE THESIS OF THE RATIONALISERS.

It is this element of the so-called supernatural about the Maid of Orleans which makes her story at this moment, even more than formerly, so supremely fascinating. Here we have the question raised by the rationalists brought to the test of science, and history, and the human conscience. If we may have Christianity without the miracles, we may have Jeanne d'Arc without her Voices. Those who claim, as did the orators of the Civic fête, that science and the democratic spirit have dissipated the Christian legend, naturally apply the same process to the story of their national heroine. But many of those who hold zealously to the miraculous element in the Gospel yet do not see that there is much more legal and unimpeachable evidence in favour of the miraculous element in Jeanne d'Arc's story, are inclined to rationalise

Jeanne all the more ruthlessly because of their reluctance to rationalise Christ.

M. Emile Corra, speaking at the base of Jeanne's statue, proclaimed that "in our time, when the theological spirit disappears before reason and the democratic spirit, scientific criticism has banished the marvellous from history as well as from all other domains of thought." The other orators denied the supernatural mission of Jeanne. They denied that she was inspired by Providence or by any intelligence outside her own heart, and they protested against her being converted into a personage of the "cold Catholic mythology." So far as they are concerned they do not intend to leave to the representatives of those who butchered Jeanne the exclusive right to exploit her glories for the benefit of the Church. With the last sentiment every one must sympathise. But it is another matter when we are asked to believe that Jeanne, the peasant girl of Domremy, enjoyed no inspiration from on high, had no communication with invisible beings, and, in short, had no providential or Divine mission entrusted to her care. "Jeanne," said M. Corra, "was not a mere rough peasant girl upon whom Providence had; breathed. She was a woman of a beautiful intelligence and a great heart, who devoted herself to her country, and who has a right to a place in our history like Louis XI., Henry VI., Richelieu, Danton, and Gambetta."

THE ISSUE.

There the issue is clearly defined. Was Jeanne a stone cut without hands from the mountain side for the purpose of being used in the hands of the Almighty to accomplish His chosen ends and manifest His omnipotent power by her very weakness and natural unsuitability for the task; or was she a woman of genius whose achievements were the natural result of the application of her native unaided powers to the accomplishment of a task that lay within range of mortal capacity? That is the issue which the French are debating among themselves. That is the issue to which, in the lull of polemical discussions over the authenticity of Gospels and the nature of Christian evidences, we in England may profitably devote some little thought. If the former hypothesis be correct, then Jeanne d'Arc and her mission belong rightly to the order of the so-called miraculous as much as Moses or David or Jesus Himself. Their range differs, but their action within the range in which they did operate is as inexplicable by what men regard as the ordinary laws of Nature and of life

as the firing of a cannon ball can be explained by the hurling of a stone from a sling.

WHAT IS "SUPERNATURAL"?

Here let me interpose, for fear of misunderstanding, to premise that I use the word miraculous in the popular vulgar sense which would justify the application of the term miraculous to an explosion of gunpowder by those totally ignorant of the uses of villainous saltpetre. To me there is nothing supernatural, nor is there any miracle, in the sense of an arbitrary infraction of Divine law. One is the Law and one is the Lawgiver. Nor does the best authenticated miracle in Holy Writ speak to me so forcibly of Divine wisdom and omnipotence as the silent operation of the cosmic force by which, in a few short weeks, a tiny seed blossoms out into square feet of fragrance and beauty; or a small package of albumen and yolk inside a fragile shell is converted into the iridescent plumage of the humming bird, or a living mechanism of flesh and feathers which is capable of producing the song of the nightingale. Whether Jeanne be accounted for on one hypothesis or the other, she is to me equally the instrument and handmaid of our Father. These discussions, therefore, whether of Jeanne or of Jesus, for me merely relate solely to the means He saw best to employ, and whichever conclusion is arrived at, does not affect the central fact.

THE MIRACLE AS ADVERTISEMENT.

But there are others—possibly in all ages the majority of men—to whom if you can prove that anything has happened according to natural law, familiarly functioning around them, to-day as yesterday the same, it is as if you shut out God from His universe. They will only begin to admit

the reality of His existence when startled by the occurrence of something outside the regular and unwonted sequence of events. The phenomenon of birth is more marvellous than the mere return of life to a body from which the breath has departed. But births occur so constantly under certain conditions as to enable them to be generalised into the working hypothesis which we call a law of nature. Whereas the raising of a body from the dead—although it also might, had we but sufficient data, be reduced to its proper place among phenomena naturally recurring under certain conditions at present unknown—has occurred so seldom, and is so opposed to the working hypotheses which we call laws, that it has usually been the supreme advertisement of



STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC AT ORLEANS.

the founders of new religions. The quality of advertisement which it possesses in a supreme degree is possessed more or less by all the so-called supernatural or miraculous phenomena, so hateful to the narrower scientists, who are only a shade less bigoted and ridiculous than their predecessors in dogmatism who asserted with equal vehemence that the Thirty-nine Articles were a comprehensive solution of the mystery of the universe. These advertisements of Providence startle men out of their smug complacency, and compel them to recognise the birth of the Infinite Invisible, of the nature of which we know about as much by our microscopes and spectroscopes and other meteyards of science as the dwellers on the European coastline knew in Jeanne's time of the American continent.

WHAT DOES JEANNE PROVE?

Was Jeanne such an advertisement? Was her career a proof of the existence of a higher power, of an Invisible Intelligence operating apparently from outside the material

visible universe; a power with volition apart from our own; a power not ourselves, and yet a power which makes for righteousness? These questions, if answered in the affirmative in Jeanne's case, have an obvious importance from their bearing upon the whole question of Christian evidence. There are obvious advantages in changing the venue, so to speak, of the trial of the case from Palestine to France. The events are nearer to our own time. When St. Augustine began his Christian apostolate in Canterbury, about as many years had elapsed since the Crucifixion as have passed since the deliverance of Orleans. The facts are beyond dispute. All the conditions which are insisted upon as indispensable to valid evidence by those who repudiate as insufficient the testimony of the witnesses of the Resurrection and Ascension, are supplied in the case of Jeanne. No one disputes the resurrection of France which was brought about by her mission. As little doubt exists as to her character, and as to the exact words in which she explained her own idea of the nature of her mission.

A prolonged and painstakingly malevolent inquisition into her acts and deeds and thoughts has supplied us with the most unimpeachable evidence, her enemies and executioners being both collectors of the testimony and the custodians of the records. The work was not done in a corner, it was accomplished under the eyes of the world. It gave an immediate and definite change to the whole course of the historical development of the two greatest of civilised nations. It is so living and palpable a force to this day, that the contending factions in France wrangle over her name, and celebrate the anniversaries of victories and of her martyrdom as if they were red letter days in the calendar of France.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE QUESTION.

It is therefore evident that much may be gained in the way of elimination of doubtful and non-evidenced matter if for a while we leave the well-worn arena of the Annunciation and the Resurrection, and consider seriously whether Jeanne d'Arc is not sufficient to prove the existence of a higher Power in communication with mortals whose presence is not cognisable by the ordinary senses. If Jeanne's career proves this, the demonstration will be to the general combat between the forces of Belief and Unbelief what Jeanne's capture of the Tourelles was to the relief of Orleans. The Tourelles was only an outwork, but when the Maid ejected its garrison the siege of Orleans was raised.

The story of the Maid of Orleans—which Lord Ronald Gower has just told in English in the delight-



JEANNE D'ARC AT THE CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE DE FIERBOIS.

ful volume published last month by Mr. J. C. Nimmo—has long been recognised as one of the most fascinating and enthralling of all the tragedies of history; not inferior in pathos to any narrative in any literature, sacred or profane, and the whole drama pivots upon one single point—the reality of the Voices heard by Jeanne. Deny that, and the whole narrative becomes simply incredible.

IN THE CHURCH AT JARGEAU.

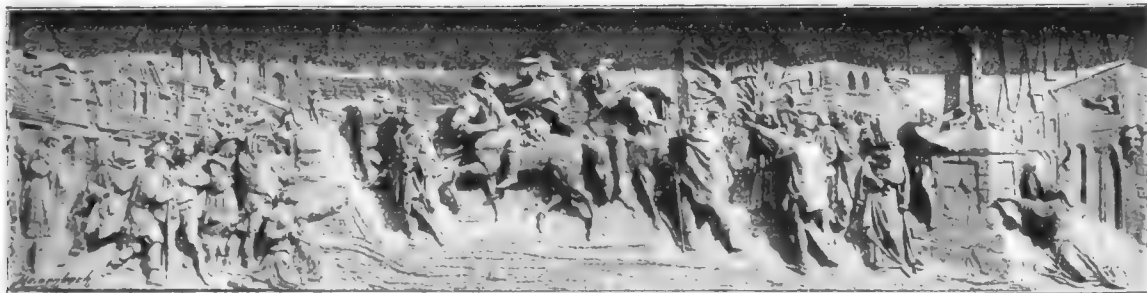
I began this article in Orleans, beneath the shadow of the Cathedral in which Jeanne rendered thanks to God. I am finishing it in the Church of Jargeau, where she achieved one of her most famous victories. Sitting in the choir of the old church, I see emblazoned before me, in windows gorgeous with colour, the great saints and warriors of the Church. There is St. Michael, with his spear transfixing the dragon; St. Eustache, with the sword and the pen; Francis Xavier, missionary of the cross; St. Veranus, chaining a dragon; St. Antanns, St. Maculfus, St. Vincentius, St. Prosper, and the Virgin proclaiming the Immaculate Conception. But none among the whole bejewelled and behelmed hierarchy appeals to me as does the window of Jeanne d'Arc, which looks down upon me as I write in one of the carved oak stalls of the spacious choir. Alone among the saints and martyrs she has no halo. St. Prosper is

But in the silence of this stately nave, silence unbroken save by the twittering of the swallows who now, as five hundred years ago, unaffected by wars and revolutions, hawk for flies around the church, I seem to hear the voices of the past, full of meaning for the present and of promise for the future.

WHAT THINK YE OF THE MAID?

And these voices issuing from the dusky expanse of the past centuries ask, "What now think ye of the Maid? Explain this miracle by your psychology and your sciences! Say how was the deliverance of Orleans effected and France freed from the English yoke by a letterless lass of eighteen years? Who gave her the fore-knowledge of things to come which enabled her to read the future as an open book? Who taught her the art of war and enabled her to transform a huddled mob of sheep into wolves of war, so that the victors of a hundred years were humbled in the dust before the standard of a peasant maid, and the leopards of England were chased before the Maid bearing the white standard of the lilies of France?"

And I can only answer to this appeal by admitting that Jeanne was the agent in the hand of invisible powers, and that her miracles were accomplished by the agency of spiritual forces, whose potency and range cannot



From a Bas-relief]

JEANNE D'ARC DEPARTS TO SEEK THE KING AND TO SAVE ORLEANS.

[at Orleans.

upon her right hand, with his mitra and his episcopal staff; St. Eustache upon her left, with his quill and his weapon of war; while in front glows with eternal youth the great St. Michael, archangel of the hosts of heaven, patron saint of the armies of France and special guide and inspirer of Jeanne d'Arc. The Maid is not unworthily placed. She clasps her sword in her left hand, while in her right she holds the standard which she loved forty times more than her sword. And the light streams in, through her patient eyes and firm set features, upon the church which, 464 years ago this very day of June, she captured for France.

THE VOICES OF THE PAST.

June 12th, 1429, was the day of the storming of Jargeau on the Loire. June 12th, 1893, I have cycled over from Orleans, and alone in the great old church am writing these concluding words. It is fair and bright outside. The Loire runs low with the endless drought; the barley is ripe in the fields; the old windmills are whirling their arms briskly in the pleasant wind, and the swallows flit around the old church tower, which stands almost the only surviving monument of that ancient time. Of Jeanne in Jargeau there seems no trace or living remembrance save this window of stained glass; nor is there any sign that man, woman, or child remembers that it was June 12th when the Maid drove out the English and freed Jargeau from the foreign yoke.

be measured by the dynamics of material science. I do not say necessarily either of God the Infinite, the Almighty, and the Omniscient, or of Satan the Anti-God, as if outside the domain surveyed by our five senses there remained but two agencies or powers—the Infinite Holy One that inhabiteth Eternity, and the almost Infinite Unholy whose abode is in the Abyss. Such a conclusion would be to the last degree unscientific. All that we can say of a certainty is that the Maid of Orleans was endued with gifts and graces and capacities which were not natural to the shepherdess of Domremy, nor, indeed, could be acquired by an unlettered peasant girl, any more than the apostles could have attained by aid of the grammar and the dictionary the gift of tongues which they received at Pentecost.

WHENCE HER CAPACITY?

Whatever else is uncertain, this at least is clear—military genius, the supreme gift of great commanders, the technical mastery of the art of directing artillery fire, of planning campaigns, and the gift of foreseeing their exact duration and result, these things can by no theory of psychology be supposed to be latent in the mind of an enthusiastic village girl, who had neither learnt to read, to ride, or to command before she was launched against the English, to their utter undoing. Mr. Myers is fond of ascribing genius to the uprush of the subliminal consciousness; but no uprush from sub-



From a Bas-relief]

JEANNE D'ARC RECOGNISES THE KING AT CHINON.

[at Orleans.

liminal regions will explain the sudden possession by a peasant girl of the technical knowledge of a master of artillery. Of the fact that Jeanne had these gifts there is no dispute. Apart from the fundamental and unmistakable fact that she brushed away the English masters of France as if they had been flies, the ablest generals on the French side formally testified on oath to the process of rehabilitation to the extraordinary genius which she displayed in war. The Duc d'Alençon made the campaign of the Loire by her side. "In everything," he said, "excepting the making of war, she was as simple as any other young girl. But in war she was very skilful, either in the bearing of the spear or in mustering an army, in appointing the order of battle, or in disposing of artillery. All were astounded to see her display the skill and foresight of a captain exercised by a practice of twenty or thirty years of war. But they admired above all her use of artillery, where she had a consummate ability." Now, a supreme capacity to use artillery is no more latent in the subliminal consciousness than a mastery of Greek or Latin or Hebrew. Neither is the ability to manœuvre thousands of troops of all arms in such fashion as to secure victory, when the ablest tacticians of the day deemed it hopeless, explicable upon any other theory than that of the direct communication to the mind of Jeanne of the superior wisdom of a higher mind. If your servant-maid were to return from marketing with her pockets stuffed with gold and jewels, it would be as reasonable to attribute their presence on her person to the spontaneous generation of some latent power of the mind, as to explain the military genius of Jeanne to the uprush of the subliminal consciousness.

WHAT IS THE EXPLANATION?

Whence then came these gifts? To say that they came from God is not to answer but to evade the question. All good gifts come from God, but they reach us usually by intermediaries, whose action can be traced with some degree of precision. How then did Jeanne receive her sudden and miraculous accession of military genius? I lay stress at present solely upon her admitted capacity to lead troops, to use artillery, to direct campaigns. I say nothing for the moment of her prophetic gifts. If a Suffolk ploughboy, fresh from the ploughtail, were to be suddenly put on board a modern ironclad on the eve

of a great battle, every one would admit that it could only be by a miracle if he should display in manœuvring and fighting that great conglomerate of complex machinery, the naval genius of Nelson or the skill of Admiral Hornby. Yet for an illiterate maiden of eighteen, who had never sat in a saddle or worn armour, to command an army of 10,000 men, with such consummate success as to destroy the established power of the English in France,

was not less extraordinary, not less demanding a miraculous or supernatural explanation. What then is that explanation?

A HOMELY ANALOGY.

I referred just now to the analogy of a servant

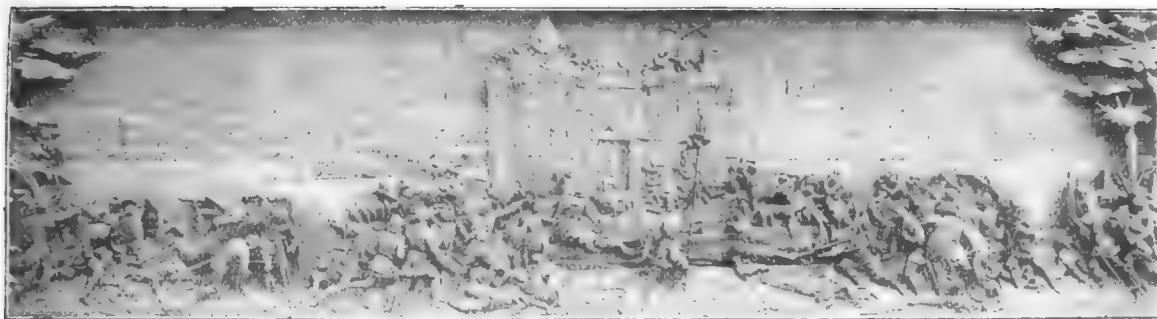


THE MAID AND HER STANDARD.

maid going a-marketing with a few pence and returning with her pockets stuffed with gold and jewels. What course would be adopted in such a case to ascertain the source of this extraordinary accession of wealth? Clearly the first and most obvious step would be to interrogate the girl herself! How came she to be in possession of such treasures? And in default of better evidence as to their source, her testimony, however incredible, would deservedly be accepted. Suppose she said that they dropped down from the skies, or that she found them growing in a cabbage, the natural conclusion would be that she had stolen them and was lying to conceal the fact. But if, after the most careful and minute examination of all the witnesses who could possibly throw any light upon her movements, it was proved incontestably that there was no other possible source from which she could have received them, except direct from the sky or from the heart of a cabbage, then, if the existence of the treasure were undisputed, we should be driven to accept the testimony not as necessarily true, but as supplying the only hypothesis by which her possession of the treasure could be accounted for. So it is with Jeanne. No one denies that she suddenly became possessed of an altogether abnormal genius for war. The proof that this was the case is overwhelming. It is supplied, in the first

WHAT IS THE RATIONALIST HYPOTHESIS?

A hundred years have elapsed since the worship of Reason was established in France on the ruins of the old religion which Jeanne loved. In our own day, as the authoress of "Robert Elsmere" glibly teaches, all belief in the miraculous has disappeared from intelligent circles. But, as I see in the stained window of the church in which I am writing, the old religion still holds its own, and exalts the heroic Maid among the saints and fathers of the Church; and, at the same time, Atheists vie with Churchmen in making processions and orations in her honour. How comes it that these factions, bitterly hostile in all things else, should agree in the culte of Jeanne d'Arc? That in itself, after the lapse of five centuries, is almost as remarkable as the deliverance of Orleans or the victory of Patay. But what explanation can the rationalists and materialists of our time give of Jeanne's suddenly-acquired military genius—a thing as inexplicable, surely, as the gift of tongues? There is no explanation. Natural genius may account for much, religious enthusiasm for more; but as neither natural genius nor religious enthusiasm will teach the unlearned how to conjugate irregular verbs, so these great qualities are as incapable of imparting to a village lass the art and mystery of the profession of arms.



From a Bas-relief

[at Orleans.]

RAISING THE SIEGE OF ORLEANS AND THE CAPTURE OF THE TOURELLES.

place, by the fact that, at the outset of her career, she was uniformly opposed by all the experts and veterans who commanded the King's troops, and that she as uniformly succeeded, by dint of a series of almost unprecedented victories, in convincing all these experts that they had been mistaken. And it is attested, in the second place, by the fact that the English, the bravest and most victorious fighters of the century, were so absolutely convinced that Jeanne wielded supernatural power, that not all the authority of the King, expressed by repeated ordinances, could induce their soldiery to take the field against the Maid. It may be said that these were superstitious days, and that a reputation for sorcery was easily established. But Jeanne's reputation was established, not by magical incantations or any occult pretensions, but by the matter-of-fact method of driving conviction into the national heart—the simple but effective method of chasing the English armies in headlong rout, whether they fought in the open or sheltered themselves behind all but impregnable ramparts. Two nations, her own and the enemy's, agreed five hundred years ago in believing that Jeanne's capacity and Jeanne's achievements could not possibly be due to any but a supernatural source. France held that they came from God, England from the Devil. Both agreed in believing that they were not and could not be the natural endowment of a Domremy shepherdess.

WHAT JEANNE DID.

Remember that the English in France at the beginning of 1429 were to the French what the Germans were at the beginning of 1871, only more so. Talbot, the English Achilles, was as great a military authority as Moltke, and the victories of Verneuil and Poitiers and Agincourt and the Herrings were as decisive as those of Sedan and of Metz. After a war of a hundred years the dominance of England had been accepted almost as a decree of destiny. Only eight years before a solemn treaty made over the crown of France to the English king. English garrisons were in Paris and Rouen and Bordeaux. English authority was supreme over more territory than the Germans covered even in their most venturesome marches. The French had neither money nor men nor sovereign nor prestige. Their nominal king was a vacillating incapable. His councillors dreaded success even more than defeat. Yet out of the midst of this hopeless prostration Jeanne arose, and in the course of a single year she had transformed everything. She delivered Orleans, crowned the king, broke the prestige of English victory, and in short re-created and regenerated France. How can we account for this incredible series of achievements wrought by the hand of this peasant girl, who in her own phrase did not know A from B, but who accomplished the salvation of France?

HOW JEANNE EXPLAINED IT.

Ask Jeanne, and hear what she says! Jeanne has no doubt, no indecision. Jeanne knows. She knows that it was not in her own strength she did her great marvel; she shrinks from the assertion as a blasphemy. She was enabled to do it by an invisible intelligence whom she called My Lord the King of Heaven, who communicated His will to her by the direct word of St. Michael the Archangel, St. Catherine of Alexandria, and St. Margaret of Scotland. Jeanne may have been mad, but she delivered Orleans. She may have been a mystic, a visionary, and a superstitious fanatic, but she rid France of the English conqueror. And Jeanne, the Maid of Orleans, the victor of Jargeau and Patay, never ceased to affirm that she received all her knowledge and all her capacity direct from St. Michael and the other saints. And as no one to this day has ventured to suggest any other possible hypothesis to account for this incredible phenomenon, is it unreasonable to ask that in this matter we should believe Jeanne?

HER VOICES.

I do not say that it is necessary that we should believe that Jeanne was correctly informed as to the identity of the invisible Guides who gave her the counsel which enabled her to baffle the sagest of the English captains. All that I ask is that it is evident, seeing Jeanne had not the knowledge in herself, she must have received it from some one else, and as there was no visible being who could communicate it, are we not of necessity driven by a strictly scientific process of induction to believe that she must have received the information from invisible beings? Jeanne believed that she could identify them, and named them with the utmost confidence. They were not, she declared, either invisible or intangible to her. She heard them at first as voices, but then she saw them as persons, and afterwards embraced them as friends. But I am not concerned to demonstrate the accuracy of her nomenclature. All that I ask is that it should be admitted that some power not her own, and not discoverable by the five senses of mortal man, did communicate to her the capacity by which she astonished the world.

HER PROPHECIES.

The argument in favour of this conclusion is much strengthened when we come to consider, not merely the capacity of Jeanne to do, but the ability of Jeanne to foresee. Here we are on firm ground. It is admitted by no one more than the most confirmed materialist that the gift of prophecy is not innate in the human mind. But Jeanne undoubtedly had the gift of prophecy. She prophesied not after, but long before the event, and her prophecies came true—with one or two exceptions. The evidence in her case is certainly quite as irresistible, to say the very least, as that of any of the prophecies which figure so largely in evidences of Christianity, down to quite recent times. Nor does she prophesy probable things. To state the fact in vulgar parlance, no one



JEANNE D'ARC AT THE TAKING OF THE TOURELLES, MAY 8TH, 1429.

would have been so mad as to risk a bet on the chance of their fulfilment even at a hundred to one. When she was a child by the spinning-wheel she foretold her journey to the king, and her mission to deliver France. When she was not eighteen she foretold that she would deliver Orleans and conduct the king to Rheims to be crowned. Before she went to Orleans she predicted that she would be wounded, and on the evening before she specified that the wound would be above her breast. When the operations began for raising the siege, she predicted that she would clear out the English in five days, which was fulfilled to the letter. When the most experienced captains declared that the Tourelles could not be reduced in less than a month, she foretold its capture next day, and it took place. She foresaw the death of a horseman of the guard at Chinon a few hours before it happened; of Lord Scales, two days before he fell, and she foretold her own decease at the end of a year. She warned the Duke d'Alençon to avoid a cannon ball, which slew the gentleman who took his place, and she predicted with the utmost confidence the result of the battle of Patay before a shot had been fired. For a similar series of prophecies so well attested, so precise, and so incredible at the time they were delivered, we may search in vain in sacred or profane history.

HER LIMITATIONS.

Nor is her claim to forevision at all vitiated by the fact that she declared she would enter Paris and drive the English from France, whereas it was not until seven years after her death that the spirit which she had evoked in France secured the expulsion of the English. Nothing is more notorious in all prophetic writings than the difficulty of fixing time. Clairvoyants in every age, and in our own time, see things of the past, the present, and the future as it were inextricably intermingled. Time, in our sense, does not exist on the other side. Only very rarely, and more frequently in Jeanne's case than in any other, the gift is added of discerning times and seasons. I need not allude to the absurd objection that Jeanne was not a prophetess because she did not foresee that she would be burned to death, for such a cavil is only possible to those who have not grasped the fundamental difference between a person to whose gaze all future things lie exposed, and one to whom from time to time certain specific events still in futurity are revealed. No one has ever claimed, and Jeanne least of all, that she had drawn aside the veil of the future. All that she asserted was that her Voices, or her Guide (*conseil*), did from time to time make definite communications as to what was about to happen, and that the event proved that she was right.

IF TO SAMUEL, WHY NOT TO JEANNE?

Was she wrong? I do not care to argue this question with those who say that they believe not on authority, but as a matter of reason, that communications from the invisible world were made to the prophets and apostles and saints and seers of whom we read in Holy Writ. I am not now arguing the question of the quality or the importance of these communications. I am only concerned with the fact of their occurrence, and it seems to me that the evidence that voices out of the invisible spoke to Jeanne d'Arc, and that she saw angels and the forms of holy women long since dead is, to say the very least, quite as well evidenced as the fact that Moses heard the voice of God from out the burning bush, that Samuel, as a child, heard the voice that foretold the destruction of Eli's sons, or that Peter and John saw the sainted forms of Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration.

EXPLAIN THIS MIRACLE.

But I am concerned to press this matter home to those

who reject all miracle and all inspiration, and who deny that there is any world other than this material sphere of which we take cognisance by our five senses; and who affirm that there are no intelligences with which man can communicate other than those he can see with his eye, hear with his ears, and touch with his hands. To them I would say, Account for Jeanne d'Arc! Explain the miracle of the Maid of Orleans! On



TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF JEANNE D'ARC INTO ORLEANS.

her own hypothesis, which assumes the existence of a world which you deny, and of intelligences which you ignore, it is not difficult to account for what occurred. Some spirit, or spirits, of higher than mortal intelligence, with a capacity more than human of seeing into the future, were in constant communication with her. She spoke their words and acted upon their counsel. We have, in short, not to deal with Jeanne d'Arc as a single personality, but Jeanne d'Arc inspired, directed, and controlled by a higher mind, or minds, of whose existence and whose influence upon her she was constantly conscious. On that assumption, her hypothesis explains everything. But deny that assumption, and what remains? A manifest miracle, an inexplicable incredibility, in which, nevertheless, with the facts of history before us, we must believe.

JEANNE.

From such a conclusion human reason recoils. Better a thousand times accept any working hypothesis provisionally that will account for the facts, than give up the whole problem as insoluble, merely because we have an inveterate prejudice against admitting the existence

of another world than that whose inhabitants, though invisible to mortal eye, nevertheless exercise a constant and sometimes dominant influence upon the affairs of men. It is this which gives the story of Jeanne d'Arc its incomparable fascination to modern times. In itself it is a history of unequalled pathos. No myth of Greece or Rome, no fairy tale of the Christian hagiology can vie with the tragic horror and transcendent beauty of the story of the Maid of Orleans. Jeanne incarnates all that is loveliest in womanhood with all that is most admirable in man; she unites the virtues of the cloister with the romance of the camp. She was as tender and true as our own Douglas, but as brave as Deborah. She bore herself with equal charm in the cottage by her spinning-wheel and in the Court of the King. Misfortune did not disturb the serenity, nor victory spoil the humility of this superb soul. To have given birth to such a woman was an atonement in advance even for the crime of producing the author of *La Pucelle*, or Napoleon the devastator of Europe. As long as the human heart endures, the narrative of her captivity and her burning will rouse feelings that lie too deep for tears, and compel the English people and the Roman Church to admit that they have shared in the greatest crime in history since that which stands to the account of the Jewish Sanhedrim and the Roman proconsul for the Crucifixion. But all that is as a tale that is told, interesting, mournful, tragic enough, but it is a thing of the past.

THE LESSON OF IT ALL.

What is not of the past but of the ever-living present is the light which Jeanne's story throws upon the absorbing problem of life in this world and the next. For if Jeanne was correct, we who live, and move, and have our being in the midst of these temporal things, which are but for a day, are all the while in the con-

stant presence and within possible communication of spiritual Intelligences infinitely higher than ourselves. With these Intelligences it is permitted and even commanded that we should enter into close relations, as it is through them that our Lord the King of Heaven may deign to give us those directions necessary for our well-being and for the deliverance of those about us. Nor must we be deterred by the fact that those who said of Our Lord that He cast out devils by Beelzebub the Prince of the Devils, and who burnt alive as a sorceress the purest and noblest and most pious of women, will also invoke against those who keep their soul's eye open on the Godward side, the familiar cry of Sanhedrim and of council, that it is all of the devil or that they are mad. For if there be a God, Lord not only of all the Earth but of the Heaven and of the Heaven of Heavens, who is encompassed about by an infinite multitude of pure and lofty Intelligences, who are all ministering spirits to those who are called to be sons of God and heirs of heaven, what unfaith is there not latent in the shallow and empty cry that everything that is manifestly inexplicable on material grounds is of the Evil One! Is He who inhabiteth Eternity limited solely to the governance of material things, or is He not rather the Lord of all the spirits of all the worlds? Evil spirits there are no doubt, as there are evil men on this earth; and for those who dare not face the influence of their fellow-men the Roman Church has prepared the cloister, in order that they live retired and apart from the world. But why should we carry this cowardice of the cloister into the region from which, in the future as in the past, it may please the Almighty to reveal His will to the children of men? As for those who cry *cui bono?* it is enough to ask, What would have become of France if Jeanne d'Arc had closed her ears to her Voices, and rejected their counsel as temptations from hell?

PRIZES FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1893.

THE following Prizes are offered for competition to the Readers of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. For conditions see last month's issue.

AUGUST 15. SUBJECT—THE LANTERN MISSION.

- £5 5 0 for the best lantern lecture, occupying about forty-five minutes in delivery, suitable for popular Sunday service, with list of at least twenty-five pictures illustrating the lecture. If pictures, photographs, or slides are sent in for this competition, they will be returned when adjudicated upon.
- £1 1 0 for the best list of pictures illustrating Heroism and Self-sacrifice; references to place where they can be found, and brief descriptions of their subject, in all cases to be given.
- £1 1 0 for the best three slides illustrating any familiar hymns.
- £1 1 0 for the best half-a-dozen photographs, by amateurs, suitable for reproduction as lantern slides; any subject.
- £1 1 0 for the best short story for children, original or selected, with twelve illustrations suitable for slides.
- £1 1 0 for the best half-a-dozen humorous slides, original or selected.

SEPTEMBER 15. SUBJECT—HOW TO IMPROVE OUR TOWNS.

- £5 5 0 for the best and most practical paper setting forth a realisable ideal standard for an average town of about 50,000 ordinary inhabitants, dealing with government, sanitation, education, recreation, etc. Nothing to be proposed that has not been actually realised somewhere under somewhat similar conditions.
- £1 1 0 for the best list of the most useful publications dealing with the improvement of town life, specifying price and nature of their contents.
- £1 1 0 for the best short story, not exceeding 2,000 words, taking the contrast between real and ideal town life as subject.
- £1 1 0 for best narrative of the personal experience of the writers, setting forth what conditions or institutions in the town in which they lived have most helped or most hindered them in their life.
- £1 1 0 for the best half-a-dozen photographs by amateurs of what they are proudest of in their own town.
- £1 1 0 for the best answer to the question, What gives me most hope for the improvement of my town, and what am I doing to help it on?

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CIVIC CHURCH.

HOW TO TEACH CIVIC DUTY.

By MR. BRYCE.

In December, 1892, Mr. Bryce delivered an admirable address to the London Association of the Head Masters of Public Schools, upon the duty of inculcating patriotism in schools. I am very glad to see this address re-published in the *Contemporary Review* for July.

DIFFICULTIES.

The sober, quiet sense of what a man owes to the community in which he is born, and which he hopes to govern, has been found specially hard, says Mr. Bryce, to maintain in modern times and in large countries. It is comparatively easy in small republics or in cities, but with a vast population the individual is lost in the multitude. Then, again, the piping times of peace are not productive of such heroic incidents as times of war, and, in the third place, party spirit overlays, if it does not supersede, national spirit. But Mr. Bryce exhorts us to remember that civic virtue is not the less a virtue because she appears to-day in sober grey. How then can civic virtue in sober grey, or otherwise, best be inculcated by schoolmasters? Mr. Bryce answers this question as follows:—

METHODS.

We must cultivate three habits. To strive to know what is best for one's country as a whole. To place one's country's interest, when one knows it, above party feeling, or class feeling, or any other sectional passion or motive. To be willing to take trouble, personal and even tedious trouble, for the well-governing of every public community one belongs to, be it a township or parish, a ward or a city, or the nation as a whole. And the methods of forming these habits are two, methods which of course cannot in practice be distinguished but must go hand in hand—the giving of knowledge regarding the institutions of the country—knowledge sufficient to enable the young citizen to comprehend their working—elements which still dazzle imagination from the conflicts of fleets and armies of the past.

SUGGESTIONS.

Mr. Bryce then condescends upon details, and makes some practical suggestions as to the way in which patriotism should be taught in schools.

The pupil should be made to begin from the policeman and the soldier whom he sees, from the workhouse and the school inspector, from the election of the town councillor and the member of the Legislature which, if he be an American boy, he will see pretty often, and about which, if he be an English boy, he is likely to have heard some talk. The old maxim of Horace about eyes and ears ought never to be forgotten by the teacher either of geography or of history, or of elementary politics. An ounce of personal observation is worth a pound of facts gathered from books; but the observation profits little till the teacher has laid hold of it and made it the basis of his instruction. I must therefore qualify the warning against details by adding that wherever a detail in the system of government gives some foothold of actual personal knowledge to the pupil, that detail must be used by the teacher and made the starting-point from which general facts are to be illustrated and explained.

Current history, or elementary politics, Mr. Bryce thinks, would be easier to teach than history in the usual sense of the term.

HISTORY AND POETRY.

So much for giving instruction. A much more important side is that of stimulating interest in public affairs and inspiring a sense of civic duty.

If well-written historical narratives, fresh, simple, dramatic, were put into the hands of boys from ten years onwards, given to them not as task books but as books to read for their own pleasure, not only would a good deal of historical knowledge be acquired, but a taste would often be formed which would last on into manhood.

After good historical reading comes poetry, but, unfortunately, comparatively little of our best poetry runs in the historical and patriotic channel. In an eloquent passage, Mr. Bryce expounds and expands the principle upon which our proposed historical pilgrimage is based. When a man sees the spot where some great deed was done, he is roused to emulate the spirit of those who did it; but in England interest in national history is less than in most of the other countries.

THE WASTED WEALTH OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

England is much worse in this respect than either Ireland or Scotland. Mr. Bryce says:—

In England intelligent patriotism and historical curiosity are almost confined to the small well-educated class. Among the Nonconformists there still lingers a warm though (as it would seem) steadily cooling feeling for the Puritan heroes and divines of the Commonwealth. But with this exception, the middle class, scarcely less than the agricultural peasantry and the city artisan, care for none of these things. This is less true of the smaller nationalities within the British Isles. In Ireland the misfortunes of the country have endeared to the people names like those of Sarsfield, Wolfe Tone, Emmett, and O'Connell. Wallace and Bruce, Bothwell Bridge and Culloden, are more vividly present even to the peasant of Scotland than Harold (son of Godwin) or Hampden and Blake, than Agincourt or Fontenoy, or perhaps even Salamanca and the Nile, are to the average Englishman.

FAITH IN THE FUTURE.

But it is not only as to the past that our people need to be educated. We need to be instructed still more as to the immense possibilities of the future:—

The masses of the British people in these isles, and probably to a large extent also the masses of the people in our colonies, are still imperfectly familiar with the idea of a great English-speaking race over the world, and of all which the existence of that race imports. Till we have created more of an imperial spirit—by which I do not mean a spirit of vain glory or aggression or defiance—far from it—but a spirit of pride and joy in the extension of our language, our literature, our laws, our commerce over the vast spaces of the earth and the furthest islands of the sea, with a sense of the splendid opportunities and solemn responsibilities which that extension carries with it—till we and our colonies have more of such an imperial spirit, hardly shall we be able to create the institutions that will ere long be needed if all these scattered segments of the British people are to be held together in one enduring fabric. But if sentiment ripens quickly, and we find ourselves able to create those institutions, they will themselves develop and foster and strengthen the imperial spirit whereof I have spoken, and make it, as we trust, since it will rest even more upon moral than upon material bonds, a guarantee as well of peace as of freedom among the English-speaking races of the world.

THE BEST LIBRARIES FOR STUDENTS.—In the *Educational Review* for June, an American writer, describing the facilities offered a student in European libraries, says that the student will find they should be ranged in the following order of merit—from that point of view:—“Bodleian, British Museum, Munich, Brussels, Stockholm, Berlin, Stuttgart, the university collections, Paris. Of those at St. Petersburg and Rome I am not prepared to speak.”

THE SOCIAL QUESTIONS UNION, MANCHESTER. QUARTERLY REPORT.

THE quarterly meeting of the Council of the Social Questions Union for Manchester, Salford, and District, was held at the Y.M.C.A., Peter Street, Manchester, on Tuesday evening, June 27th, and was well attended. The Rev. Dr. Goodrich presided. The following report of the hon. secretaries of the Union was presented by the Rev. W. M. Westerby:—

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE.

Since the last meeting of the Council, on March 27th, the General Purposes Committee has met monthly. On April 11th twelve new members of the Union were elected. A sub-committee was appointed to deal with the question of forming ward committees for Manchester and Salford in connection with the Union. The hon. secretaries were instructed to put upon the agenda paper for the next meeting of the General Purposes Committee a resolution defining the attitude of the Union in respect to the drink traffic; and a sub-committee was appointed to make inquiries and arrangements for the appointment of a vigilance officer, subject to the approval of the General Purposes Committee.

On May 9th eight new members of the Union were elected. A resolution defining the attitude of the Union towards the drink traffic was adopted in the following terms:—"Upon questions of imperial policy affecting the drink traffic, this Union declares itself in favour of giving absolute power to the people in a given area to control the number of licences within that area." The appointment of a vigilance officer was made, and the date and place of the next Council Meeting were fixed.

On June 13th one new member of the Union was elected. The Temperance Committee was authorised to engage legal assistance in matters requiring to be brought forward at the next Brewster Sessions. The officers of the Union were instructed to oppose any application which the Palace Theatre of Varieties might make for a drink licence at the expiration of its present engagement with the City Watch Committee. The hon. secretaries were instructed to take steps with the view of drawing up a list of questions to be submitted to municipal candidates; and the reprinting of the pamphlet containing the constitution, officers, committees, and members of the Union, was authorised, the issue of it to be deferred until after the Council Meeting on June 27th.

The Rev. Canon Hicks then submitted reports from the departmental Committees of the Union.

TEMPERANCE.

The Temperance Committee has taken steps to procure returns from the Watch Committees of Manchester and Salford relative to the number of licensed houses which provide board and lodging, and the Salford Watch Committee has placed the particulars asked for at the service of the Union, but the consent of the Manchester Watch Committee has not yet been received. The co-operation of the Chief Constables of Manchester and Salford in matters affecting licensed premises has been sought, and, in the case of the Chief Constable of Manchester, has been promised. The report further dealt with work for which preparations are being made.

MORALITY.

The report of the Social Purity Committee showed that its strength had been much increased, and attendance at its meetings had been large. It referred to the appointment and work of the vigilance officer. Since April 1st seventeen brothels have been discovered, watched, and reported against. Five persons have been proceeded against by the police, two of whom were sent to prison for six months, two fined £20 and costs, one fined £2 and costs. Two children have been removed from dangerous surroundings. Two persons have been re-

moved from brothels and sent to their homes. Shops to which young people of both sexes resorted for gambling and other purposes have been watched. Two have been warned, and their objectionable practices have been suppressed. The vigilance officer is doing all that is possible for him to accomplish the purposes of the Committee. Manchester and Salford have been divided into districts, and each district placed in the charge of two vigilants for observation. At the request of the Social Purity Committee the Rev. R. A. Armstrong, B.A., of Liverpool, has visited Manchester, and had a conference with them, from which much advantage is hoped. Lady members of the Union are taking active interest in this department of its work.

GAMBLING.

The Report of the Committee on Gambling referred to the use of shops, etc., for betting, to raffles at bazaars, to foreign lotteries, and to the convictions lately secured by the police in the first-mentioned matter, and stated that methods and plans for dealing with these and kindred matters are being matured.

In the absence of official reports, statements were made by members of the other Committees of the Union, which showed that active steps are being taken to deal with the problems confronting each.

OTHER BUSINESS.

The Treasurer, Mr. John F. Haworth, reported that since January last the total receipts to date amounted to £68 9s. 6d., and the total payments to £64 6s. 0½d. Accounts delivered but not yet paid amounted to £3 9s. Eight new members of the Union were elected. As an instruction to the Committees of the Union, it was proposed by Mr. Gilbert Kirlaw, seconded by Mr. Buss, and resolved—"That the Committees be requested to collect, as far as possible, information as to how far the work they have in hand is already undertaken by other organisations in Manchester and Salford, and to report to the General Purposes Committee or Council."

THE HELPERS AT LIVERPOOL.

MR. JOSEPH EDWARDS, 64, Carter Street, Liverpool, Secretary for the Liverpool Association, asks for more helpers. A plan of campaign for the winter months is in course of preparation, and a directory is being compiled of all the social centres at present at work. It is to be hoped that social workers in Liverpool will communicate with Mr. Edwards.

OLD SWAN.—The "Social Scheme," which was initiated in February, 1892, is doing good work, and deserves success. In addition to the building of a "People's Hall," now in progress, there are several branches of social work actively carried on. The "Scheme" is divided into sections, viz.:—(a) Vigilance, devoted to suppression of gambling saloons, temperance matters, and general social work; (b) Entertainment, for supplying penny concerts and lectures; (c) Buildings, a company formed for acquiring a "People's Hall." The last-named has bought the old police buildings in Prescot Road and structural alterations are being proceeded with. So far all the money required has not been raised, but it is hoped that this difficulty will soon be surmounted. At present the entertainments are being held in a room over a stable belonging to a public house. Already the police say that the improvement in the neighbourhood on "concert nights" is very marked. The hon. secretaries are Messrs. J. Houlst, junr., and I. E. Atkinson, and the secretary for the "People's Hall Co.," Mr. Clough.

THE BRIGHTON CIVIC CENTRE.

THE HOUSING OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

THE Brighton Civic Centre, as I stated last month, has taken action on the subject of the Housing of the Working Classes. It has issued the following circular to the ministers of religion, medical men, and trades unionists, which may be useful to Civic Centres elsewhere:—

The Brighton Civic Centre wishes to place before you and their fellow townsmen generally the desirability of the municipality of this town undertaking the erection of artisans' dwellings.

Brighton largely depends on its reputation as a health resort, and it is of importance to all interested in the town that a low death rate should be maintained. Unfortunately, the overcrowded state of the artisans' dwellings, and in many cases their unhealthy character, run up the death rate far beyond its normal level.

Thus, whilst the greater part of Preston had a death rate under 10 per 1,000, a portion of the poorer parts of the town has shown a mortality of over 36 per 1,000.

The same state of things, produced by the same causes, existed in Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Birmingham.

The municipalities of these towns have, by the removal of unhealthy buildings and the erection of improved dwellings, greatly reduced their death rate. In Liverpool in the crowded districts the death rate was 40 to 44 per 1,000, but now, in the Corporation buildings, the death rate is about 20 per 1,000, less than one-half of the former rate.

At Edinburgh, by the removal of unhealthy dwellings, the death rate has been reduced from 26·26 to 19·94 per 1,000.

At Birmingham the death rate in some of the worst streets was from 40 to 97 per 1,000, and that for the whole town nearly 24 per 1,000; but this has been reduced to 19 per 1,000 by the same means.

The report of the Medical Officer of Health shows how very needful it is for immediate steps to be taken in the same direction in Brighton.

One of the Brighton Town Councillors writes under the date of February, 1893:—"We must have more houses. The overcrowding in our poorer districts is disgraceful. I know one instance (and there are many nearly as bad) of a man and his wife and six children all living in one low room 8 feet by 10 feet."

The enclosed report on the dwellings of the poor in the Pier Ward supports the views of this town councillor.

Whilst the need of better dwellings is admitted, all are not agreed that it is absolutely necessary that the municipality should take upon itself the duty of providing a certain proportion of wholesome dwellings at a reasonable rate for artisans and labourers. The feeling amongst some has been that this might be left to private enterprise. It has been so left, and has resulted in such high rents and consequent overcrowding as to call for an immediate change, not in the interest of the workers only, but for the advantage of the whole town. It will be seen, from the summary sent herewith, that other towns are taking action in this direction. It has been urged that if the town owned houses of this character, the rents would be difficult to collect. The experience of Liverpool and Birmingham show that this is not the case. The Liverpool Corporation surveyor, in a letter dated 1st February, 1893, says, "With regard to the point raised, that the rents would not be paid, I think the best answer is, that since Victoria Square has been opened—1885—and Invenal Buildings—1888—to the present time, the weekly rents collected amounted to £22,779 8s. 9d., while the bad debts amounted only to £67 3s. 0d. Of course," he adds, "this is, to my mind, simply a question of management, as no doubt if the tenants were not sharply looked after, bad debts would accrue."

The Manager of the Improvement department of the Corporation of Birmingham, writing January 21st, 1893, says:—"The Corporation are owners of a large number of artisans' dwellings, and we experience no difficulty in obtaining payment of the rents."

It is obvious that if buildings are erected by the town, they

can be let at a lower rent than if erected by private individuals, as the town are able to obtain money at three and a quarter per cent., whereas a private individual would expect much larger interest.

There appears no valid reason why the poorer inhabitants should not share the advantage of the good credit enjoyed by the town.

At the present time the rents are unduly high in proportion to the income of the artisan, and much higher than in many other towns where the average rate of wages is greater.

Not only could a smaller rent be charged, but a greater amount of comfort afforded in the town dwellings.

The statement that accompanies this letter of what other towns have done, shows that with judicious management artisans' dwellings will repay a fair interest on the outlay, and involve no extra burden on the ratepayer.

Beyond this, the diminution of sickness has a direct tendency to reduce the poor rates.

Apart from all questions of humanity and good feeling, and from the standpoint of self-interest only, it would be to the advantage of all classes that the town should at once provide improved dwellings for its workers, who so materially contribute to its prosperity.

The Civic Centre trust, therefore, you may see your way to assist them by obtaining as many signatures as possible to the enclosed memorial.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE ELSEWHERE.

The Corporation has held for some twenty years a property known as St. Martin's Cottages.

Expenditure on these cottages was:—£17,929, which included cost of site.

The net average return on the capital for twenty years has been £3,179.

More recently they have erected artisans' dwellings in Victoria Square, at a cost of £68,000, the net return on which has been 3 per cent.

These dwellings consist of:—86 three-room tenements let at 5s. 6d. to 5s. per week, 164 two-room tenements let at 4s. 3d. to 3s. 6d. per week, 21 one-room tenements let at 2s. per week.

They have also erected:—Labourers' dwellings at a cost of £7,056. The weekly rents are 4s. to 3s. 9d. Net return, 4 per cent.

Speculative builders have built on land sold by the Corporation inferior four-room cottages charging 6s. 6d. a week, and thus obtaining a return of 10 per cent. on their outlay.

They have further erected several buildings containing 100 tenements and one shop; expenditure, £16,145. Net return on the average of the last two years, £3,126.

A higher return of interest would be shown if the Corporation charged the same rents as those paid to private owners.

The authorities have preferred to give the tenants the benefit of a low rent, and the rentals are 20 per cent. below those usually charged.

The moral effect produced by these improved dwellings (says the Corporation Surveyor) has been excellent, whilst the death rate, which in the crowded districts was 40 to 44 per 1,000, has, in the Corporation buildings, averaged about 21 per 1,000.

Glasgow.

The Corporation of Glasgow has spent £87,212 on seven lodging-houses, and £20,000 on model tenements. The model dwellings are of a superior class, and are chiefly occupied by artisans, and are never empty. The rent of a single room is £8 per year; of two rooms, £9 18s. per year; of three rooms, £13 per year, the tenant paying in addition rates and taxes. The cost of the seven lodging-houses has been £85,000. The net return from 1881 to 1890 has averaged £4 16s. 8d. per cent. on the capital invested.

The gross revenue for 1889-1890 was £10,886 16s. 2d.; expenditure, £6,248 4s. 11d.; net revenue, £4,638 11s. 3d.; equal to nearly 5½ per cent. on the cost.

Cardiff.

The Corporation have formally adopted Part 3 of the Artisans' Dwellings Act, and the whole matter is under consideration at the present time.

Halifax.

The Corporation has closed a large number of houses unfit for habitation, and have bought up and removed considerable areas of such property. They are now applying for powers to borrow and expend money in the erection of artisans' dwellings. The Mayor remarks: "Opinions differ very much as to the desirability of the Corporation doing this work. In this town the weight appears to be on the side of erecting buildings, and in all probability we shall do so."

Birmingham.

The Corporation, under their improvement scheme, acquired 1,867 houses; of these 886 were taken down, and the remainder repaired and put into a sanitary condition by removing buildings when too crowded, rebuilding out-offices, paving the yards, and providing a proper system of drainage and water supply. The Corporation has also built upwards of one hundred model artisans' dwellings, which are let at rents varying from 5s. to 6s. per week. Before the improvements in question the average death rate for three years 1873, 1874, 1875, in one area of the town, ranged from 40 to 97 per 1,000. For the whole town, from 1875 to 1879 the rate was 23·91 per 1,000, but 1880 to 1884, 20·83, and 1885 to 1889, 19·19.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

The Corporation have decided to build a lodging-house for 300 men, a lodging-house for 100 women, and a building to contain fifty single tenements.

THE PROPOSED MEMORIAL.

To the Corporation of Brighton.

The memorial of the undersigned ratepayers of the Borough of Brighton respectfully sheweth:—

1. That in the opinion of your memorialists it is desirable that immediate steps be taken to improve the dwellings of the artisans of this town.
2. That this can only be efficiently done by the town erecting and holding, as owners, not less than 300 dwellings, to be erected from time to time as suitable sites can be obtained.
3. That the experience of other large towns has shown that this can be done without increasing the rates, and that the rents of such houses are punctually paid, and yield a fair return to the town.
4. That experience has also shown that in Brighton, as well as in other large towns, private enterprise has generally failed to provide wholesome dwellings at moderate rents. That the high rent of artisans' dwellings in Brighton produces overcrowding, and that such overcrowding frequently results in disease and death.
6. That the prosperity of Brighton largely depends on its character as a health resort, and that, in the interest of all classes, it is desirable that a low death rate should prevail.
7. That the report of the Brighton Medical Officer of Health conclusively proves that if better dwellings were provided for the artisan class the death rate could be considerably decreased for the whole town.

Your memorialists therefore pray that you will instruct your officials to make inquiries for suitable sites for artisans' dwellings, to obtain all legal powers, and that you will, at the earliest possible period, take all needful steps to provide and hold as landlords wholesome dwellings at moderate rents for the artisan class of this town.

NAME.	ADDRESS.	OCCUPATION.
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AN APPEAL FOR LITERARY LUMBER.

I VENTURE to make a special appeal to my friends to overhaul their bookshelves and their cupboards to see whether they could not spare with advantage to themselves some portion of their accumulated mass of literary lumber. When at the beginning of the year the "Free Literature Society" was established for the purpose of supplying the inmates of our workhouses and public institutions with a regular monthly supply of reading matter, we succeeded in obtaining contributions from various publishers who were good enough to place every month a certain number of their returns at the disposal of the society; but as we have to supply parcels to nearly two hundred workhouses in various parts of the country, and as you cannot send many duplicates to the same institution, we stand in need of fresh supplies of magazines and illustrated newspapers. The Free Literature Society at Bouverie House, Salisbury Square, will send to any part of London to collect any store of literary lumber of which the owner may wish to dispose. I especially press this subject upon those persons who are about to travel or to leave the country for a term of years. Persons who are giving up housekeeping, or who are ridding themselves of any unnecessary impedimenta, cannot do better than send a postcard to the Free Literature Society, or if they forget that address, to me at this office, and we will undertake to have their surplus books and magazines and illustrated miscellanies carted down to the distributing centre, and re-made up into parcels for the workhouses in our list. It is only a question of giving an order, or of spending a little time to put together printed matter, which but for some such agency as this would never be looked at by human eye.

OUR LANTERN DEPARTMENT.

FOR some time past I have been much troubled in my mind as to the difficulty of carrying out the ideal upon which the National Lantern Society was originally invented. That society continues to perform a certain function, but in the opinion of the present secretary it does not supply the basis upon which we could hope to realise the larger scheme that first led me to take the subject up. What people want—especially those who are just beginning lantern work—is to be able to lay their hands upon the slides and lectures which they require. So long as these slides are provided by the ordinary channels of trade, there is no necessity for troubling ourselves in the matter. But everyone who has ever undertaken to conduct a series of lantern services will testify with me as to the difficulty of obtaining suitable slides for the purpose. I have therefore decided to set on foot the production of a series of Sunday evening lectures with suitable slides, which will be available for the coming winter. Further particulars will be announced next month; meantime it is sufficient to say that the office of the Lantern Department of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS is established at 18, Pall Mall East, where Mr. Eaton, late of Liverpool, will be very glad to see any reader of the REVIEW who may wish for information on the subject, or to have hints as to the best method of conducting lantern services. The series of lectures will be so arranged as to be available for the regular Sunday services; they will deal largely with questions of social Christianity; they will also include themes of general interest, handled by leading representatives of various branches of the Christian Church.

THE WASTED WEALTH OF KING DEMOS.

THE REVIVAL OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

NEW proposals ever submitted to the public have been received with such unanimous acclaim as the suggestion that the pilgrimage should be revived and brought up to date as a means of reviving popular interest in the historical associations which cluster so thickly around the southern coast of our island. The press has enthusiastically hailed the scheme as one deserving of all support, while many correspondents have written urging that similar pilgrimages should be organised on a smaller scale and in other localities.

LINCOLN AS A PILGRIM CENTRE.

Here, for instance, is a letter from Precentor Venables:—
“May I be permitted to say that the idea you have broached has my hearty sympathy. It has long been a grief to me that our people generally know so little of, and therefore care so little for, the grand past of their country, and that individualism seems taking the place of patriotism among us. Your idea of rendering history more living by visits to historic cities appears to me an excellent one, and I hope I may live to see it carried into effect.

Should this be so, may I suggest that Lincoln would be an admirable centre for such a pilgrimage, or series of pilgrimages? The city itself, with its glorious cathedral and historic memories linking England of the present day with the darkest ages of our country's history, would be full of instruction, while from it might be made excursions to Gainsborough, where Alfred was married, and Sweyn died. Sleaford, Newark, the scene of John's last days. Southwell, with its Cathedral and memories of Charles I.'s last night as a free man. Worlthorpe, the birthplace of Sir Isaac Newton. Epworth, the birthplace of John Wesley. Bosworth, the cradle of New England Puritanism; the Tennyson land, and many other places too numerous to mention, that would make receptive minds all the richer and teach them lessons of value. Of course to render such visits profitable there must be precedent preparation and accompanying descriptions by duly qualified persons. Each pilgrimage should have its own handbook, which I think ought to contain passages from well-known historic writers, such as Macaulay, Carlyle, Freeman, Frode, etc., etc., descriptive of the events illustrating the places visited, and care must be taken to have really good exponents on the spot, otherwise the whole thing might degenerate into a mere picnic excursion. May I say that should Lincoln be made the centre of the pilgrimage, I shall have the greatest pleasure in doing what I can to make it successful?

OR, BETTER STILL, OXFORD.

Another, and even more practical, correspondent writes to me from Southport as follows:—

May I suggest a cheaper alternative pilgrimage? Take £7 as a sum within the reach of an average man. Oxford to London, about 5s. Meet, say, at Oxford three days.

First Day.—Address on Early Oxford, by Parker; visit St. Martin's (Saxon); St. Alban's Hall (a specimen of institution older than colleges); oldest buildings (in Merton); Port Meadow Castle.

Second Day.—Mediæval Oxford. Address: “The Friars in Oxford,” by editor of that volume in Oxford Historical Society, or the beginnings of a University; visit New College, as perfect specimen of mediæval college. Friars Garden, Magdalen. Address—“The Great Strike of 1381, and Oxford's Share in It.”

Third Day.—The Civil War in Oxford. Address by Gardiner; visit Merton, Royal lodgings, new Town Hall, the then Mint, Bodleian for Parliament sitting; excursion to Edgehill or to Milton's cottage; Oxford to Worcester about 4s.

Fourth Day.—Worcester and Tewkesbury. Cromwell and Charles II. at Worcester; John Halifax's country. Address:

“Wars of Roses”; visit battlefield, abbey and memorials, Abel Fletcher's house; paper in garden of same on “John Halifax.”

Fifth Day.—To Warwick, fare about 3s. See castle of Kingmaker, Leicester hospital, Beauchamp chapel, scene of execution of Gaveston. Address: “Edward II.”

Sixth Day.—To Stratford, fare 1s. Address: The inevitable William, of course.

Seventh Day.—Coventry, fare 2s.; George Eliot's country. Address: City Life Six Hundred Years Ago. Visit Guildhall, St. Mary's Churches, hospitals, etc., Combe Hall.

Eighth Day.—Kenilworth, fare 6d. Address on Scientific Growth of a Castle.

Ninth Day.—Drive to Rugby, if possible, say 2s. 6d. “Tom Brown's School-days.” Visit Naseby field.

Tenth Day.—Say put in at Worcester between 3 and 4. Ten days' lodging and food at 10s., £5; fares for fifty or more, almost certainly less than 30s.; tips, say 10s.

This, of course, is very rough; done in my office without books to guide me; but I feel sure that something of this sort could be done at much less cost than I have named; 10s. a day each for board, etc., is needlessly high if the pilgrims will consent to live simply.

OR COLCHESTER.

The Mayor of Colchester suggests that the Eastern Counties are as well worth a visit as the South, while various correspondents suggest historic pilgrimages in Scotland and Ireland. The Scotch last month have been celebrating the anniversary of the battle of Bannockburn on the battlefield, and their example may be followed with advantage elsewhere. The Mayor writes:—

If you should choose to include Colchester in your pilgrimage, I should be only too delighted to entertain your party, and to provide them with a well-qualified guide to this ancient town. Colchester, as you may be aware, is the great repository of Roman-British remains. We have more treasure of this kind than any other part of the country. Two fine museums, a grand Norman castle, a large and architecturally unique Norman Priory, a Saxon Church, a mediæval abbey gate, and about a dozen ancient churches are among the many objects of interest within the old Roman walls of Colchester. Within a few miles is the beautiful village of Dedham (Constable's Country) various castles, and by the sea (at Walton-on-Naze) the finest piece of “Red Crag” in the kingdom. Our oyster fisheries might also be worth seeing. This is the first Capital of England, and you would do well, I think, to introduce it to your Pilgrims.

Of the projected pilgrimage round the South Coast to Bristol, I have only to repeat what I said last month—that if two hundred persons are willing to pay twenty guineas each for the trip, I will undertake to organise it. But at present I have not received two hundred applications for berths on board the *Mayflower*, and unless I do, the realisation of the proposal will have to stand over, and I shall return the deposits paid for berths already booked.

Whether the great pilgrimage does or does not take place next year, I sincerely trust that all those engaged in teaching will avail themselves of every opportunity to take their pupils to scenes of historic interest in their own locality.

This winter might be profitably utilised by drawing up schemes of cheap popular pilgrimages in the various counties of our land. I invite suggestions from my readers, and I shall be glad if our amateur photographers would be so good as to send me specimens of their art illustrative of the relics of our national past in their own locality.

THE PATROLS OF KING DEMOS.

MORE LETTERS FROM CHIEF CONSTABLES.

THIS month I publish a fresh batch of letters from the Chief Constables of large towns on the subject of the utilisation of the police force for other than punitive operations. These letters, taken together with the communications published in the two previous numbers of the REVIEW, are very significant, and I respectfully commend them to the attention of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Fowler, as well as to their predecessors, Mr. Matthews and Mr. Ritchie. They show that, if the police are not "spoiling for something to do," they are by no means averse to accept new duties, and are even disposed to welcome the recognition by the State and the local authorities of their importance as agents for superintending the distribution of charitable relief. This is a sign of the times well worthy of being studied by all observers of social and administrative evolution. It will be very interesting to see what Mr. Herbert Spencer and his school have to say of this new and significant development of government by police. The example of Edinburgh is being followed elsewhere. I read the following paragraph in the *Westminster Gazette* :—

The Editor of the REVIEW of REVIEWS will be delighted to hear that the Glasgow police, acting in conjunction with the Charity Organisation Society, are about to carry out a scheme for clothing all the destitute children of the city free. A register of the city arabs is being made by the policemen on each beat, and cast-off clothing is to be collected, re-made under the superintendence of the Charity Organisation Society, and distributed to the children. Every article of clothing will be stamped, and pawnbrokers will not be permitted to take it in pledge. Similar steps are being taken at Cardiff.

Without further preface I print the letters from the Chief Constables.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE. J. SNELL.

I have read the article with much pleasure, and I think the Edinburgh scheme a good one; but I do not agree with Capt. Henderson in some of his remarks. Should a similar association as that in existence in Edinburgh be started in this borough, I am sure the police will with pleasure render every assistance.

BLACKPOOL. J. C. DERHAM.

I am of opinion that the police in many places could, without in any way interfering with their ordinary duties, help any society whose object is to find out and relieve destitute or neglected children in the manner now done in Edinburgh. In the winter of 1890 there was a considerable amount of distress amongst the outdoor workers living in this police district; soup-kitchens were organised by a committee of ladies and gentlemen, and the aid of the police was sought. I instructed the police while working their beats to find out and report upon all cases where need of help was apparent; these were inquired into by the superior officers of the force, and their reports summarised and forwarded to the Soup Kitchen Committee; tickets for soup, bread, tea, bacon, coal, clothing, etc., were sent to me for distribution, and all applicants for help came to the police-station, when their cases were inquired into and reported upon by the constable on the beat. This system worked to the perfect satisfaction of the committee, and certainly prevented the money, etc., of the charitable being expended upon many persons who were not in need of it. A little extra work was thrown upon the police, but it was done most willingly, and would be again if required; but I am happy to say that at present there is no need of this or any organisation to deal with the class of children referred to in your articles. I might also add that the good feeling engendered at that time between the police

and the poorer class of population here is still evident, and I have no doubt has appreciably tended to a reduction of offences and the preservation of better order. I am also of opinion if the services of the police in large towns and cities could be obtained by the charity organisations, their funds would be expended with greater economy and to better purpose. The police also would gain, inasmuch as they would obtain a better knowledge of many who are, through want, often tempted to commit crime; thus the police by bringing timely aid would prevent crime.

BIRMINGHAM. T. FARNDALE.

In reply to your letter of the 12th inst.—Upon my return from a short holiday, Mr. W. J. Clarke, a local gentleman from the Hurst Street Domestic Mission and People's Hall, had an interview with my superintendents and self in reference to the subject, "The Wasted Wealth of King Demos." As he was the representative of a local committee, we discussed the subject-matter with him in its entirety, and expressed our complete sympathy with the principle of the scheme, and



CHIEF CONSTABLE FARNDALE.

promised that we would render the local society all the assistance we possibly could towards carrying out its object successfully, but not to the extent sketched out by Mr. Henderson. I do not think that I can add anything further in way of observations to those you have already received. What is true as regards the necessity of such a scheme, notwithstanding the various charitable institutions we have already in this city, cannot be gainsaid; but there may arise a conflict of opinion as to whether the said committee or the police should be the executive. Here, evidently, through the publicity you have given to the scheme in the REVIEW of REVIEWS, that difficulty had been cleared away, as you have evoked the enthusiasm of local gentlemen to form a kindred society which can vie with the other charitable organisations in looking after the neglected poor in this city, and which you may rest assured will receive our cordial support and assistance.

BRISTOL. EDWIN COATHUPE.

Mr. Henderson's scheme for looking after and providing for destitute children is one in which I think we must all take an interest, and I am sure that the police authority of this city will offer no objections whatever to the police being employed in such a good work.

CARLISLE. GEORGE MACKAY.

About five years ago a number of benevolent ladies and gentlemen in this city formed a "Children's Aid Society," for the purpose of providing poor and neglected children with free dinners and clothing during the winter months. Last winter they supplied 29,404 dinners, a daily average of 450, at a cost of £99 9s. 9d., and, in addition to this, poor children were supplied with such cast-off garments and new shirts as were at the disposal of the ladies' committee, the members of which visited many of the homes of the children, and were thus enabled to find out where distress was most pressing, and distribute such articles of clothing as were most required. In this work they were ably assisted by the teachers in the

various schools and by the school attendance officers. This society has done much good. Beside the "Children's Aid Society," the school attendance officers have what is known as a "Clog Fund," formed from contributions of clothing and money supplied by the citizens. Last winter 500 pairs of clogs were given to poor children and many articles of clothing. There is now an energetic inspector from the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children stationed here who is doing some good work. The police of this city assist all who are engaged in any way for the benefit of poor or neglected children, by giving such information as comes under their observation calculated to forward such work. Last year I suggested that all articles of clothing issued to the children should be marked in such a manner as to prevent these articles being pawned or otherwise disposed of. It is very gratifying to learn that Captain Henderson, Chief Constable of Edinburgh, has so thoroughly taken up the cause of destitute children in that city, and has so perfected the scheme which has been in operation in several towns, in various forms, for years. The members of the police force of this city, however, are not "spoiling for something to do," but are always willing to give assistance in any scheme having for its object the alleviation of suffering children, but the work has been so well carried out here in the past that I consider it could not possibly be in better hands than it is now.

GATESHEAD. JAMES TROTTER.

I agree with a great deal of what has been put forward by Captain Henderson. However, this being practically a working class borough, it is consequently a very poor borough, with a very large number of very poor, ill-clad and ill-cared for children, and I am afraid would compare very badly with a wealthy city like Edinburgh. I may say that I have now been upwards of twenty-two years a member of this force, and during these years several temporary movements, supported by the police, have been set on foot during severe winters, when trade was bad, with a view of relieving those in distress by feeding and clothing their children; and although I believe, like Captain Henderson, that the police machinery is the safest and best machinery which can be employed in work of this kind, and by which deserving cases can be reached, I must admit that my own personal experience of this work is not of a flattering nature. Nevertheless, I would heartily approve of any scheme which would assist in elevating from their present distressed condition the large number of ragged children who can be too easily seen in the streets of this borough and who are practically foreigners to the comforts of this life. With that object in view, I shall see that your article is brought under the notice of some of our philanthropic ladies and gentlemen. What can be done by the police in Edinburgh can be done by the police of this and every other town, if their numbers are in proportion to the duties required of them; but the old saying that "if a person has too many irons in the fire he is sure to burn some of them," can be as practically applied to the police, in the discharge of their duties, as to any other calling that I know of. I have no doubt that the more the police are brought into civil contact with the public in charitable work of this kind, the more will the public realise the value of the police, and the more efficient will the police become in the discharge of their very numerous and difficult duties.

GREAT YARMOUTH. W. BROGDEN.

I have read with interest not only Mr. Henderson's scheme, but the letters from the different chief constables. I may state that in this town we have had for years homes for friendless girls and boys, such homes having every assistance from myself and the men under me, and we have both ladies and gentlemen, who, every winter appeal to the public for boots and clothing for the poor children, and I must say their appeals are not in vain. We have also an officer belonging to the R. S. P. C. C. stationed here, and both the officer and his wife are doing a large amount of good. I have also eighty boys, from ten to fourteen years of age, as market porters, and we have under consideration a scheme for licensing shoeblacks, so I think you will agree with me the youngsters of both sexes

are pretty well looked after. I have shown your REVIEW to one of the lady workers, and she is of the same opinion as myself, that great credit is due to Mr. Henderson for the good work he is carrying out.

HANLEY. H. WINDLE.

I do not think the surroundings of the Potteries are at all to be compared with Edinburgh. We have in Hanley alone, with a population of 55,000, something like forty churches and chapels. We have also three armies, or missions, viz., the Salvation Army, the Salvation Mission, and the Christian Mission, the two latter being offshoots of the former. The leaders of these missions, together with the police-court missionary, and the officer of the Charity Organisation Society, devote their whole time to the amelioration of the condition of the working classes. Great credit is due to Mr. Henderson and his lady for the good work they have embarked in, and I trust that still further success will attend their efforts; but I do not think the time has yet arrived when the police can be used with such advantage in this district.

LEEDS. F. T. WEIB.

I shall be very brief, because in reviewing the opinions expressed by the different chiefs of police of cities and boroughs, I select and follow those of Capt. Bower of Liverpool, and Chief Constable Wood of Manchester. So far as Capt. Henderson's idea goes, it is highly commendable; but the opinion of his men as to there being too little to do will certainly not bear out here. Leeds, with its population of nearly 400,000 resident persons, certainly occupies the whole of the attention of the police with their actual duties, which are not, as Mr. Wood states, simply catching thieves and attending police and other courts. I undertake to say that when men have beats to work such as in this city, they have quite sufficient to do to occupy their attention, if they do their work properly, without taking the initiative in such a matter as Mr. Henderson suggests, although they might assist a society such as you describe. If I take the matter home to myself, I would say, that in the borough I left to take up office in this city, I inaugurated a soup-kitchen for "waifs" and "strays," and fed, through the winter, two or three hundred children, two, three, or four days a week, according to the severity of the weather, and I met with every possible support from the public, and it was the greatest pleasure of my life to witness these poor, half-starved, and almost nude children enjoying their basin of soup and a piece of bread. This led up to clogs and different things being given out; so that whilst warming the inner body, the outer was kept warm; but I regret much to say the parents of many of such children disposed of the clogs, etc., given to the children. As to the clothing, unfortunately in the majority of instances, so far as my experience serves, you may issue to this class good clothing, and it is allowed to go to shreds, without the slightest attempt on the part of the mother (so-called) to put a stitch in. Regarding "shoeblacks" and "Industrial brigades," there, again, I am sorry to say, lads have been started with complete equipments, but have given it up in a very short time, in order to take to selling matches, etc., which must either be more profitable, or easier work. In conclusion, allow me to say that my seventeen years' police experience has taught me that the members of the force are most kind to children, whether "lost" ones taken to the police-station, or "waifs" and "strays" in the street; for any person must know that if men on duty were to lock-up, or summon all children for breaches of the law, where we have ten cases now, we should have tens of hundreds. Again, let me add, should such a society be formed in this city, the men of the Leeds City Police Force will not shirk a little extra work in the cause of humanity.

NOTTINGHAM. PHILIP CLAY.

The Edinburgh scheme is good, and undoubtedly the best that has come under my notice for the purpose of "dealing with the shivering children of the street," and I am quite of your opinion "that the Chief Constable corresponds more nearly to the ideal of a secular bishop than any of the functionaries in the Modern City." It must of necessity be so. For "the chief" is in reality a father-confessor and

general adviser to the great mass of poor persons of both sexes, who, unable to pay for legal advice, seek his assistance daily on matters ranging from broken windows to broken heads, from broken vows to broken hearts, and so on over the whole sad circumstances that go to make up human life under certain conditions. However, to the point. I am afraid it would be impossible to obtain a census of *all* the neglected children in our streets. But the great majority could, I have no doubt, be got hold of. I should say that if such a scheme were started here, the police would be able to (1) make inquiries into the cases; (2) secure the co-operation of pawnbrokers and second-hand clothes dealers (perhaps the most vital point in the whole scheme); and (3) to a certain extent keep observation on the children clothed. As security that the children's clothes shall not be sold for drink, Mr. Henderson says that it is the duty of the constable who reports deserving cases on his beat to see that the children wear the clothes, and if they appear without them he is to inquire and report. This plan may be workable in Edinburgh, but here, where constables change their beats every fortnight, some other plan of supervision would have to be devised. I am afraid I must disagree with Mr. Henderson when he states that the police "are spoiling for something to do." I can assure you such is not the case. If a constable perform the many things required of him *properly*, he is much more likely to wear out both mentally and physically than to rust out. Having served a term of seven years as constable, I can also claim to speak with some little authority on this point. Although I cannot forget that we are necessarily policemen first and philanthropists afterward, I consider, speaking personally, that it would be putting my experience to very poor uses and be failing in my duty to the neglected little ones if I did not support such a scheme as this if it were started within my jurisdiction, and feeling quite sure of obtaining the willing consent of my Local Authority to do so. While dealing with this matter, I may say that I have under my care a Bootblack Brigade of a dozen lads, who are supplied with a suitable uniform, for which they pay ninepence per week. They start about eight a.m. in the summer, rather later in winter, and finish about noon. Their average earnings are about seven shillings per week. As they grow up they are helped to better situations, their places being filled by other lads, who would otherwise be loitering about the street corners. A police inspector continually looks after them, and once a year they are formally inspected by the Chief Constable, who afterwards entertains them to a "high tea" and a little good advice. The boys become quite attached to their posts, and salute the principal police officials with the exactitude of veterans. This little brigade has been in existence for some years, and is handed over as a legacy from one Chief Constable to another. While I was Chief Constable of Southampton I had the pleasure of inaugurating, in conjunction with every member of my force, an annual meat tea and musical evening to poor and needy old people, both men and women, who usually numbered about a hundred. For some weeks before the event sergeants and constables made private and careful inquiries into the condition of the old and poor persons living in their districts, and sent a report to headquarters, when the most deserving were selected. On many occasions it was found that they never had fresh meat but on Sunday, and then often of the poorest quality and very little of it. I think it right to add that "The Cruelty to Children Act" is very actively enforced by the police in Nottingham, the Watch Committee and the Town Clerk taking a very earnest interest in its provisions.

OLDHAM. R. PEACOCK.

I see nothing to prevent such a noble work being carried out in other large towns, providing the necessary funds were forthcoming. Personally I should render all the assistance that lay in my power, and I feel certain that the police under my command would do the same, although I cannot agree with the remark that the police "are spoiling for something to do"; it is quite the reverse in most Lancashire towns. I quite agree with Mr. Henderson that the better the relationship between the police and public the more efficient the police will become. A number of new duties have been added to the police during the last twenty years, but I am sure this is one they would

accept and carry out with the utmost pleasure. I have always had the greatest sympathy with poor children, and am at present a member of the Executive Committee for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which society has done and is doing a grand work in Oldham for the many suffering and helpless children; and the police here work in perfect harmony with that society, although their labours are



CHIEF CONSTABLE PEACOCK.

somewhat impeded in consequence of not having a home where the rescued children can be removed. I should like to see permanent homes established in every large town, where neglected children could be properly cared for without having to be taken to the workhouse. There are several agencies at work for assisting the poor in this town, but I feel certain one on the lines suggested in your number would not be subject to the same abuses. I should also like to see homes in different centres for the rescue of fallen girls, and I think the Social Purity Association might extend their labours in this direction, for I have tried several times during the last twelve months to get a home for girls who were desirous of leading better lives, but have failed; the consequence has been that the justices have had no alternative but to send them to prison or allow them to go amongst their old companions. When I was Chief Constable of Canterbury there was no difficulty in getting homes for such girls, for there were ladies who undertook to receive them into a home fitted up for that purpose, where a matron was engaged, and after remaining there a short time they were removed to a larger home and afterwards sent out to service, and I have known some remarkable cases where girls have been reclaimed in this way. The amount of quiet and truly Christian work Mrs. Scott Huxley and Mrs. Payne Smith have done for fallen girls (never mentioning the expense) is known to very few persons besides those concerned, and I have often thought they would receive their reward in that well known passage of Scripture where it says "by their works ye shall know them."

PERTH. J. WELSH.

One cannot but sympathise with any and every attempt to relieve distress, whether it take the form of feeding the hungry or clothing the almost naked, more particularly when those who are fed and clothed are suffering from no fault of their own. Every town, according to its population, has its number of ill-fed and sparsely clothed children, and it is the greater pity that the largest number of these children need neither be hungry nor in want of clothing. It is well known to the police of every grade in all populous places that nine-tenths of all the wretchedness and misery they see and come in contact with is actually caused by intemperance, and cases of ill-fed and poorly clothed children are rare when such is not the case. In August, 1889, an Act was passed "For the Prevention of Cruelty to and Better Protection of Children;" but the cases brought before the courts, as far as I have observed or had to do with, all showed a continuance of ill-treatment of the children for weeks and often for months. By the Borough Police (Scotland) Act, 1892, which came into force on the 15th instant, a person found drunk in the street and incapable of taking care of himself, and not under the care of some suitable person, may be fined in the sum of 40s., or be sent to prison for a period of thirty days if the fine be not paid. Since it is a police offence to get helplessly drunk, and be in any street in that condition, and entailing as it now does a heavy penalty or a long imprisonment, surely it is a much more serious offence for any one to keep his children

hungry and cold and almost naked, while the money spent for drink would be sufficient to feed and clothe all less or more decently and comfortably. If it was made a police offence for a man or a woman to spend their money in drink and leave their children destitute of food and clothing even for a very limited time, one could for see, not far in the distance, a time when ill-fed and ragged children would be scarce upon our streets; but till the root of the evil is attacked I cannot but look on all such movements as Mr. Henderson is engaged in, which no doubt are laudable under present circumstances, as merely temporary relief. I cannot at present give an opinion as to the employment of the police in the manner Mr. Henderson is doing. It is a new experiment, and after a time, if it is a success, I have no doubt but the police authorities everywhere would be glad to follow his example, as far as they have opportunity.

WALSALL. C. TAYLOR.

I have delayed answering, as I wished to give the matter very careful consideration before writing you, and I have come to the conclusion that much good might be done if the matter were taken up by the police of the country generally. The class of people in a town like Walsall, who would need to be assisted, are migratory in their habits, and unless a system could be devised in the black country towns to follow those who were recipients of the clothing, etc., I am afraid there would be a deal of imposition. The opinion of Mr. Henderson, that it is the duty of the police to assist in any movement of the kind, I unhesitatingly agree with. I have always looked upon the police force as possessing within its ranks, men who are specially qualified to deal with the class of persons who require attention when they have been the recipients of charity, whatever form that charity might take. There is, however, in my opinion, one objection to the scheme, viz., that a number of dissolute and improvident parents would hail with delight any society or organisation that would relieve them of the responsibility of clothing their children, because it would mean so much additional money for them to spend in drink and debauchery, and my experience in a large town in the north of England (with which I know you are well acquainted) proves to my mind beyond doubt that amongst a certain class of people who have been the recipients of charity, during times of exceptional distress, there is always a tendency to let things run on in as easy a manner as is consistent with their obtaining food to eat, and money to spend in drink. I shall be pleased to co-operate with any society, or number of persons that might be induced to take up this very important matter; although in Walsall there is not that amount of acute distress such as you will find in large towns like Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, etc. It is very gratifying to chief constables, who have been in the service for any number of years, to find how much closer is the bond of citizenship between the police and inhabitants than was the case in years gone by, and this, I think, is due to the fact that the public generally, and more especially the poorer class have for some time recognised the fact that the police are their protectors, and not their persecutors. I am certain that in speaking for myself I am only expressing the opinion of other chief constables, that anything that will reduce the number of offences which we are compelled to report annually, will reflect greater credit upon the police service than any smart capture or acts of zeal on the part of any particular department of the service. I am not a literary man, and have expressed my opinions somewhat crudely, but I think you will be able to gather from these few remarks that you would have the assistance of myself and the men under my command in any crusade or movement that might be undertaken for the benefit of our fellow workers.

WOCESTER. T. W. BYRNE.

I consider the scheme an admirable one. The police have undoubtedly better facilities than any other existing body for knowing of and reporting cases of children in need of clothing, and also keeping them under supervision after clothing has been supplied. They also have another advantage in being in constant touch with pawnbrokers and second-hand clothes dealers, to whom clothing may be offered for pledge or sale. They would, therefore, be a splendid auxiliary to any society formed to carry on such a work as described in your article.

While the police may—and no doubt in many instances with very good reason do—feel that they have at present plenty to do, I venture to say that they will be prepared to perform with pleasure the extra duties which would be entailed upon them in carrying out a scheme like the Edinburgh one, dealing as it does with the “helpless” section of the destitute. I fully concur in the opinion of Captain Henderson, that help of this kind would improve the police themselves, and tend to establish friendly relations between the police and the public—a result which would be of great assistance to the police in the performance of their manifold duties. There are several societies in this city having for their object the relief of the destitute, but none dealing directly with the welfare of children, except a branch of that excellent Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. I see no reason why a scheme similar to the Edinburgh one could not, in a great measure, be carried out in the city. If a society were formed here for that purpose, it would have my hearty support.

By an error in making up, which I much regret, the portraits of the Chief Constables of Manchester and Preston were transposed in a portion of the May number, Major Little's portrait appearing over Mr. Malcolm Wood's name, and *vice versa*.

MR. WAUGH'S PROTEST.

In the *Child's Guardian*, Mr. Waugh raises a word of caution, to which I am very glad to call attention, although I cannot accept Mr. Waugh's somewhat characteristic, exaggerated statement that he cannot conceive a more pernicious undertaking, or one more calculated to aggravate the evils in which the destitution of children has its origin, than giving boots, clothing, and food to them. Mr. Waugh says:—

That charity of this kind creates destitution is beyond doubt. If the man who spends all his wage on himself can get his children rigged out by other people, that man's neighbour is seduced into spending all his wages on himself. If the idle have their children provided for, why should the prone-to-be-idle work? With very few exceptions, clothes providing for the destitute child is not a cure for the evil, it is an aggravation of it. The cure is to provide treadmills for those who make it destitute. In either way the naked are clothed; but in the latter they are clothed under conditions which are consistent with parental duty and self-respect and with national policy.

Mr. Waugh is the most benevolent enthusiast for the beneficent treadmill that ever trod shoe-leather, and every one must heartily approve of his zeal in the good cause; but while serving out his treadmill prescription galore, it can hardly be such a bad thing to take the best possible security that charity is not abused—that is the gist of the Edinburgh Scheme, which distinguishes it from other schemes. It will be a bad thing to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, but it is a less bad thing to do so under the supervision of authorities who are able to minimise the evils which fly from charitable relief.

Mr. Waugh has a particular bone to pick with Captain Henderson, inasmuch as he says the Edinburgh police do not enforce his Children's Charter:—

We are not surprised that Captain Henderson finds so much to do in Edinburgh, for, sitting upon the Bench with an Edinburgh magistrate some time ago, we discovered that some of the provisions of the Children's Charter were a dead letter in Edinburgh.

The London police put the law in motion, and, says Mr. Waugh, with this result:—

That a city, once a scandal to Europe for the numbers of miserable children visible in its streets, especially in periods of cold and rain, is now a city of which its inhabitants may, at least in this respect, begin to be proud. All the graver child-sufferings have disappeared from it; their parents have fed and clothed them, and by the new parental sentiment the rest are going.

THE CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAY.

A FORTNIGHT'S FRESH AIR FOR TEN SHILLINGS.

At Walworth it is the rule not to take more than three children from one family to the country.

JANE'S STORY.

W E did it by pence in our family. When the Committee of the Children's Country Holidays Fund told mother that three of us might go into the county ef she paid two and sixpence for each on us—then she chose us by pence.

There were ten on us at 'ome, so you see she 'ad to make some sort of choice, and that wor the way we liked best. It seemed fair enough. Heads went to the country, and tails stayed at 'ome. Ef there were too many 'eads, we tossed agen. I wor always tails, always, until larst year, and then I come up 'eads.

I wor glad, I can tell yer. I'm Jane—I'll soon be gone fourteen, and I ha' never been in the country. We live in Walworth, and there ain't much country 'bout that 'ere part. There ain't no flowers to speak on, and no trees worth looking at. The year before, three on us went to a place where there wor trees as big as 'ouses and flowers so as you could pick 'em up like dirt, and sheep, and 'orses, and donkeys and cows, and—but there, I can't tell yer the 'arf.

You see, too, I worn't there, so I can only tell wot t'others told to me.

Well, larst year I come up 'eads.

They were all s'prised when I did, for I'm called unlucky Jane at 'ome.

Mother said—

"Yer luck's a turnin', my gal, only I'll say one thing—I wish as it 'ad been Bess."

I thought that bitter 'ard of mother, for Bess 'ad been to the country, and knew hall about the trees and flowers hand heverythink, and I 'ad never been—never in the 'ole course o' my life.

They don't take yer when you're gone fourteen, so you see this wor, so to speak, my werry larst chance.

I run out of the 'ouse when mother said, "I wish it 'ad been Bess," and went orf to tell a pal o' mine as I 'ad turned up lucky Jane and wor gwine to the country in a fortnight's time.

My word! I danced and skipped as I went down the street, and I hollered like anythink when I seed my pal a-comin' to meet me. 'E sells matches, and 'e 'adn't been in any luck, but I give 'im a 'apenny instead of playing pitch and toss with it, for I wor so glad, you mind, that I felt quite good-like.

I ain't good most times, and I don't know as I want to be. I like larks, and I don't see 'ow poor folks like us can be too partic'ler. Ef it weren't that I'd be nipped by one o' they p'licemen, I wouldn't see no 'arm in pick-pocketin' now and then. I go to school in course, and I larn my lessons right smart, but I never listen to lectures on goodness and that sort, and I wouldn't go inside a church, nor a meeting 'ouse, nor go near that Salvation Harmacy to save my life.

You see that's me—that's Jane. I ain't a good sort, but I wor so right-down glad to think as I'd 'ave my lark in the country, and get away from the 'ot street, and the 'ot hattie, and the ot, 'ot, 'ot bed where I lie o' nights with Bess at one side o' me and baby Joe at t'other, that I felt good-like, and I give the 'alpeny to my pal Dick.

Well, it wor all settled, and the Committee 'ad passed

me, and I wor s'pected by the Medical Hoffer, and a lady wot called herself a doctor pulled me about, and looked into my ears and at my teeth, and seed ef my 'air wor all right, and Mother set to washing up my bits o' duds. The label had come too to be sewed on me when I went to the country. Heverythink wor a getting ready, and I can tell yer I wor pleased at the fuss. Lor! it wor prime, and I felt 'appier and more larky day by day.

Course there's allers some drawback, and mother did fret me the way she 'arped about Bess.

Willie and Bob were the other-two in our fam'ly as 'ad tossed 'eads—Willie wor ten, and Bob eight and a 'arf.

They worn't to go with me at all, they were gwine to a place sixty mile North o' Lunnon; but I—Lucky Jane as I called myself then—I wor to go over a 'undred mile south o' Lunnon hall away, away, down to a place somewhere in 'Ampshire. A place nothink but trees as big as 'ouses, and grass greener nor you ever see, under yer feet, and flowers and birds heverywhere.

Bess 'ad gorn to that place the year afore, and she 'ad telled me all about it—so yer see I knew.

I wor glad, and ef mother 'ad asked me to go to meeting with her, why I'd ha' gorn, for I felt real down-right good.

Well, you'll say that I'm Lucky Jane—but wait till you 'ear.

Willie and Bob were to go orf to the country with a big party two days afore me.

Well, Mother she stowed up their duds inter a paste-board box, and tied it with string, and pasted their names on it, and then a big wan come and fetched 'em, and there wor a lot of other children in the wan, and they all went orf singin' and 'ollerin' like anythink, and I stood in the street and watched 'em, and I sang and 'ollered to.

It 'ud be my turn to go in two days, and I can tell yer I wor 'appy.

Bess come with me to see the boys start orf.

Bess wor the quietest child you ever see. Real purty you mind, with a thin, gentel kind o' face, and heyes that looked at you werry pleading. I don't know what their colour wor, but I allers said as Bess's eyes 'ud plead anythink out o' anybody.

"I'm so glad you're gwine to the country, Janey," she said.

"Right you air, Bess," said I. "It's my turn now, ain't it?"

"Yes, Janey, to be sure," said Bess, and then she went back to the 'ot hattie and sot on her little stool wid baby on her knee.

"Dear, dear, dear," said mother, as she wrung out one o' my duds with all her might and main. "I do wish as it wor Bess as wor gwine. She wants it, Bess do. She's that peaky, and I jest 'ates the sound o' 'er cough. It's 'ack, 'ack; not much to listen to, but jest the kind as cuts you in the 'eart, for you know what it means."

"It means nothing at all," I said quite hangry, for I knew that mother wor 'inting at me to give up my bit o' pleasure to Bess, and I didn't mean to do it.

Not I! I worn't sech a fool as that. I meant to go to the country and 'ave my fill o' larks. You see I didn't never 'ave luck, and it worn't to be 'spected as I'd give up my werry larst chance, for I couldn't go to the country at all next year, mind.

So when Mother began to grumble on, I jest clapped my 'ands to my ears and run downstairs and out into the street, for I worn't gwine to listen to any more o' that kind o' stuff.

"Let me come with you, Jane," sings out Bess.

Oh dear, oh dear, I didn't want her a bit. She's sech a peaky sort, you mind. I thought I'd 'av a lark with my pal Dick, and that maybe we'd go shares in some torf or other; but when Bess looked at me with her pleading sort o' eyes, I couldn't say no, though I wor right down cross, I can tell yer, at 'avin' 'er then, and I says, "Come along, kid, ef yer must," and I took 'er 'and, and we walked down the 'ot street.

Some'ow I worn't 'appy. The minit I 'eld Bess's 'ot little 'and, what wor thinner nor anythink you ever gripped 'old on, I felt pricks in my 'eart.

"Stay at 'ome, Jane," says a voice in my 'eart.

"Not I, you shut up!" cries I back at it, and I ground my teeth and set orf runnin'.

Bess ran too, and panted and puffed, and then I stopped, and we sot down on a doorstep and wiped our fore'eads.

The run made Bess cough, and there was my 'eart a-pricking at me again and saying again so ugly and loud—

"You stay at 'ome, Jane, and let Bess go to the country."

"Shut up," I says, and then I turns and begins to talk to Bess about the fun I'd be 'avin' in two days' time.

"Tell me what 'll 'appen when I gets there," I says.

"Oh, I know," says Bess. "There'll be a donkey cart. There wor when I went last year; a donkey cart, and an old 'ooman to drive it, and you'll set in the cart, and the donkey 'll go jest when he pleases, and he'll stop jest when he pleases. Ef he sees something green in the 'edge as 'e likes to nibble, why 'e'll nibble it, and you can't stop 'm, nor Mother Beech—that's the old 'ooman as keeps the donkey, and where we lodges—she can't stop 'im neither.

"Oh, I know all about that donkey," I said; "you ha' told me about that donkey and his misbehaving of hisself hover and hover and hover."

Bess stopped torking, and looked at me with her pleading eyes.

"I think I ha' told you heverythink hover and hover," she said; "but praps I didn't say what I liked best of hall the things in the country."

"Wot's that?" says I.

"To wake in the morning and feel cool," says Bess. "They'd leave the winder open, and the hair 'ud come in cool and soft, and there'd be the doves cooing. I liked that the best. I'd listen to 'em doves and shut my eyes, and think o' heaven. I'd do it every morning, all the time I wor in the country."

"What a little stupid you ere," says I, "as ef I'd bother myself listening to 'em doves! you wouldn't catch me lying awake."

"No," says Bess, looking at me with her pleading heyes and her little thin mouth a-quivering, "but ef you do wake some morning quite early, Jane, and ef you hear the doves, you'll think o' me, won't yer; you'll 'member that's wot I likes best when I'm in the country."

"Come 'ome now," says I, quite rough-like, for you won't believe me, but that pricking in my 'eart wor a-driving me mad.

"Let Bess go to the country," says the voice.

"SHUT UP, OR I'LL KILL YER," says I.

But the voice kep' talking, and the pain kep' pricking, for Bess did look that pale you could 'most see through her cheeks, and her eyes wor all shiny, and the blue veins come out on her fore'ead like the streaks on marble.

"Come 'ome," says I. "I can't be bothered 'avin' yer out with me no more; I told my pal Dick as I'd meet him this afternoon, and we'd 'ave a spree together."

"I can go 'ome by myself," says Bess, "ef you'd like to go to your pal now, Janey."

"All right," said I, "run along then, do."

I watched 'er a turning the corner; she wor a shrimp o' a little thing; she looked as ef a puff 'ud blow her clean out o' the world.

"Now what right 'ave a poor weak thing like that to come a worritin' me?" I mutters. "There's that voice again at me to let 'er go to the country, but you won't find me doin' that kind o' thing. No, no, *that's not Jane*. Jane ain't the good sort, and she's gwine to 'ave her own spree, I can tell yer."

I stayed out all day. I met Dick an we 'ad a bit o' fun together. I wor in a twitting sort o' mood, and I twitted Dick with 'avin' no luck, and me 'avin' it all, and Dick turned sulky at last and we 'ad a bit o' a quarrel. It wor dark night when I went 'ome.

Bess wor in bed and I 'eard that sickenin' little 'ack o' 'ers as I went up the stairs.

The minit I 'eard it that voice begun again.

"You let Bess go to the country, Jane."

"No," I says back at it, "and ef you tork any more like that at me, I'll strandlé yer—so there!"

Then I come inter the room where mother were ironing the last o' my duds.

My word! 'ow nice they looked. I never knew I wor so 'spectable afore.

"I'm going to wash yer 'air the werry fust thing in the morning, Jane," says mother.

"Hall right," says I; "but I think I'm going to bed now, for I'm real tired out."

"My sakes!" said mother, "wot tired yer? It ain't the 'elp you 'as been giving me. Look at the muck I'm in."

I might ha' offered to 'elp mother, ef I 'ad been good, but then you see I worn't. I wor the mean, selfish sort, and I lay down by Bess's side and went orf inter a jolly, deep sleep.

Well, well, when I woke it wor pitch dark. I 'eard mother and father snoring in their bed t'other side o' room, and there were Bess 'ackin' away. I thought Bess wor asleep. The minit I 'eard 'er, up starts the voice.

"That's a churchyard cough," says the voice, "and you'd better let 'er go to the country—you'll be real sorry ef yer don't."

"Shut up," says I.

"No, I won't," says the voice back again; "I won't never shut up till you listens to me. You may go to the country if yer like, but hall the time yer're there I'll be torking to yer about Bess and her cough, and you won't 'joy it a bit—no, not a bit. Bess may die from that cough, and then 'ow'll you feel? You tell me that—'ow'll you feel when Bess goes and dies and the worms is a heating of her up?"

You may believe me or not as yer like, but to 'ear that voice going on in the middle of the night, and Bess lying by my side 'ack 'acking, wor enough to turn a gal's brain.

"Dear, dear, dear," I said to the voice, "wot a fret and worrit you is! Well, s'pose I pertend ter oblige yer. It'll be only pretence, you mind, but jest to obleege yer—jest to see 'ow it feels."

"Bess; I say, Bess."

"Yes, Janey," says Bess at once.

"I thought you wor asleep," says I.

"No, but I thought you wor," says she back.

"Well now, Bess," I says; "s'pose you wor to go to the country."

"Oh, don't," says Bess with a little shiver.

"No; but s'pose you wor."

"But I'm not," she says, "and I ha' my eyes shut up tight so that I needn't see nothink."

"See what?" says I.

"The green grass," she said, "and the little donkey, and Mother Beech, and the little bedroom wid the winder wide open all night. I ha' my eyes shut tight so as a mayn't see 'em, and I ha' my ears shut so as I mayn't 'ear the doves a cooin'. Let's talk er somethink else, Jane."

"You're glad I'm goin', I s'pose?" says I—"you 'low as it's fair as I should go?"

"Oh yes, Janey, I 'low as it's werry fair."

"But you'd like ter go yerself, wouldn't yer now, Bess?"

Wid them words the pore little kid put her head under the bed-clothes and begun to sob werry faint and weak-like.

When I 'eard 'er sob I growled and gnashed my teeth, and tossed over to t'other side o' the bed.

Presently I 'eard Bess sleeping and breathin' reg'lar, but there wor no sleep fer me.

Well, you'll guess what 'appened. You'll know fer yerselves what 'ad ter come. You'll see now why I'm allers and allers Onlucky Jane.

I didn't say a word to mother nor to Bess, but I went orf to the ladies of the Committee, and I telled 'em somehow, I don't know 'ow, that I wished Bess to go 'stead o' me.

I dunnow whether they were s'prised or not—I don't 'spects they cared, and I don't mind a rap whether they cared or not. Hall I know is, they give in, and they give me a label to take 'ome to Mother to put on Bess's things 'stead o' mine.

I didn't much care—hall my nice clean duds wor ready, and Bess might 'ave em—they'd be a bit big for 'er, but she could manage some'ow.

I took the label 'ome to mother and telled her what I 'ad done, and then I went straight out.

The voice was quiet as quiet could be.

But now do yer think I felt 'appy? not a bit o' it—I never felt sorer, nor crosser, nor meaner in my whole life—I quarreled with Dick, and I palmed off withered flowers on some ladies wot thought they wor fresh, and I stayed out late and I didn't 'elp mother a bit.

I had obeyed the voice, but I felt real 'orrid.

Well, Bess went to the country and I stayed at 'ome.

That wor a year ago.

I s'pose it did 'er good going, and I s'pose I'm real glad now as I let her go. She wor there for a fortnight, and she 'eard the doves cooin', and she rode in the donkey cart, and she come 'ome wid a little tint of pink in 'er cheeks, and a little glint o' sun in her eyes, and her mouth war soft-like, and her face wor like satin when I kissed it. Bess 'ad a 'appy fortnight, and course I'm glad to think on it now.

It did 'er good o' course, but, bless yer, it didn't save 'er—her cough got worse agen when the cold weather come, and she died in the winter.

She put her arms round me larst thing o' all and she says—

"Janey, I love yer, and I 'ear the white doves a-cooin'."

And she smiled wonderful then and looked hup as ef she wor staring straight through the ceilin'.

I'm glad I let her go, o' course, now.

Well, wot do yer think?

Country 'Oliday time is comin' round agen, and I'm to go this year.

Mother ha' jest come in and told me. She says the Committee ladies 'eard about me and Bess, and some'ow or t'other they managed as I should 'ave my lark this year, though I thought I wor too old.

I'm ter go! I'm ter go! I'm real *Lucky Jane* this time, and no mistake.

It's 'arf an hour sence mother come in and told me, and I ha' run out cause I'm so real glad I jest can't stay stified up in the 'ot hattie.

Dear, dear, I am 'appy. Why look you 'ere, I'm so down right 'appy, that ef mother said to me: "You come along to meetin' with me, Jane," why I think I'd jest up and go. I feel so 'appy I wouldn't mind turning good for a bit. Seems to me that bein' 'appy 'grees with me, and takes the fierceness out o' me, and makes me sort o' gentle.

I wonder ef I'll be sent to Mother Beech's, and ef I'll sleep in Bess's bedroom, and ef I'll 'ear the doves a-cooin'. Bess is hall right you see this year—she's in 'Eaven, and I can listop to the doves, and think on her and 'ave my own lark, and that voice won't keep a worritin'.

It's real wonderful 'ow good I feel, and all cause I'm gwine to 'ave my bit o' pleasure at larst.

But that's me, you see—that's Jane.

Wanted: A Reformed Pawnbroker!

IN the *Charities Review* of New York there is a brief paper describing the movement to establish people's banks in America, which, being examined, really comes to the establishment of a philanthropic pawnbroker. Mr. Tournier, who writes the paper, thus gives the following explanation of what is aimed at:—

The scheme of the proposed Provident Loan Company is to open offices, where the poor can borrow money at a low rate of interest. It is hoped that within a year the first of these offices can be opened. The scheme has the endorsement of the Charity Organisation Society, but the movement is not a charitable one, and is not part of the work of the Society. One hundred thousand dollars is being raised by persons interested in the movement, to put the scheme into operation. Shares will be issued with the distinct understanding that at no time will more than a limited dividend be paid. Any surplus of profits, after paying necessary expenses, will be used to extend the usefulness of the benefaction. Only one per cent. interest per month will be charged, and every opportunity will be given to borrowers to redeem their goods. Instalments of one dollar will be received until the full amount loaned is paid, and if necessary an extension of the time allowed by law wherein to release articles will also be given. No charges will be made for "hanging up" articles. There is no doubt in the minds of the promoters of the Provident Loan Company that from a moral and a financial point of view the scheme will be a success.

A Steam Man.

IN *Cassell's Family Magazine* it is mentioned that Professor George Moore, an American inventor, has devised a mechanical man actuated by steam, which is described and illustrated in an American scientific journal. The figure is six feet high, and made of steel in likeness of a mediæval knight in armour, with the top of the funnel concealed by the plumes of his helmet, and an escape-pipe from his visor resembling a cigar. The trunk of the body contains the furnace, boiler, and engine, the limbs the mechanism for walking. The figure is intended to pull a cart, and walks briskly at a pace of five miles an hour.

THE CIVIC CHURCH AND ITS WORK.

A VOICE FROM AMERICA.

MR. B. O. FLOWER in the *Arena* for June has a very singular and useful paper entitled "Union for Practical Progress." It is in substance a plea for the establishment of an association that would promote good work on lines broader than that of any of the Churches. Mr. Flower maintains, rightly enough, that the name of such an organisation should be broader than that of any sect, and therefore he rules out the Brotherhood of Christian Unity as being too narrow. One of his correspondents suggests that they should be called the order of "Servants of Humanity," while another proposes "Sons and Daughters of Columbia"; Mr. Flower prefers the "League of Love," or the "Federation of Justice," and he has drawn up the following pledge which he proposes all members of the League should take:—

A SUGGESTED PLEDGE.

Believing that the progress and the happiness of the race depend on the supremacy of that lofty love which comprehends the highest expression of justice, and stands for soul-developing freedom, I hereby agree, in so far as lies within my power, to express by my every thought, word, and action a deep, pure, and abiding love for every child of humanity; especially will I seek to brighten the lives and strengthen and develop the characters of those who, through unfortunate environment, through weakness or adversity, most need my assistance.

I promise at all times to demand the same ample and impartial justice for the most unfortunate of my fellow-men as, under similar circumstances, I should demand for myself. I promise to demand that each individual be accorded the same fair and candid consideration in the expression of his honest convictions which I should demand for myself.

Furthermore, appreciating the value of a broad or comprehensive education in developing an ideal manhood or womanhood, I promise to improve every opportunity to cultivate all that is best and noblest in my own life, while seeking incessantly to stimulate the intellect and develop the character of all coming within the scope of my influence who may need my aid.

Something like this might be adopted as a general pledge, while associations could organize and adopt such bye-laws as might seem most desirable.

THE TEACHING OF STARVELINGS.

One of the most important objects of the League would be to seek and save poor little starving children whose brains and souls are being shrivelled up both in country and in town. He would organise these children into clubs, with some members of the League as elder brothers and sisters, whose duty it would be to guide and direct the young into paths of rectitude, and create the hunger for knowledge; others would teach the children to sing, others again would tell them stories once or twice every week, emphasizing some of the great lessons prominent in noble lives. Once a month members might give a picnic supper to the children and their fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters.

OTHER FORMS OF HELPFULNESS.

Now, through orders or leagues such as we are discussing, the members would be brought into *rapport* with these unfortunates, while the various beneficent measures inaugurated would have a tendency to divorce them from the worst influences in our social life, as a part of the regular work would be to provide concerts and various forms of healthful amusement, and establish circulating libraries, coffee houses, reading rooms, free lectures, kindergarten and sewing schools for Saturday afternoons.

Mr. Flower describes Dr. Coit's Neighbourhood Guilds, and Dr. Adler's Society for Ethical Culture, and then adds:—

THE CIVIC CENTRES.

Since writing this paper, I have read with great interest, in the English edition of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* for March, Mr. Stead's account of a movement along these general lines which is already gaining a strong foothold in England. I refer to the establishment of Civic Centres in the various cities. These are organizations which are formed to aid the best and discourage the worst in city life. The progress being made in England is glorious, and confirms my impression that the heart-hunger of the age calls for a new crusade—a great world union for the betterment of men.

THE REFORM OF THE POOR LAW.

A HINT FROM DENMARK.

WHILE the Royal Commission on the Relief of the Aged Poor continues to hold its meetings in England in secrecy, evidence is accumulating which shows that instead of leading the world in the treatment of her aged poor, England has much to learn from some of her neighbours. We published in a recent number of the *REVIEW* some account of the Austrian poor law. The *Economic Journal* for June contains an interesting account of the conditions of state relief in Denmark by C. H. Leppington, from which it would seem that only two years ago Denmark remodelled its system of poor law relief.

The new Poor Law Act of the 9th of April, 1891, came into operation in Denmark the following January. Its framers appear to have shared the view that the repugnance felt by the decent poor towards the workhouse, and their readiness to endure considerable privation rather than enter it, is reasonable, and entitled to consideration. It is therefore provided that only such persons as cannot be assisted in their own homes may be removed to a poorhouse. Even if they have to go in, they must not be compelled to herd with persons of bad character, but must be accommodated in separate establishments, or at least in separate wards. The same rule applies to children. To make such a separation easier, the Act directs that a workhouse (*Arbejdsanstalt*), as distinguished from a poorhouse, must be set up in every county. The practice, familiar in the history of our own poor law, of refusing house-accommodation to workpeople newly arrived in a neighbourhood, lest they should obtain a settlement in a commune of which they are not natives, is indirectly prohibited by a clause which imposes on the authorities of such a commune the duty of providing new-comers with rooms at the ordinary rent of the locality, if they cannot otherwise obtain them. A member of a sick-club who continues to be unable to work after his club-allowance has ceased, is to receive relief from his commune to the amount of his club-allowance until he can return to his work, and this assistance is not to be counted as poor-law relief. Nor does the receipt of medical relief bring with it medical disqualification. And although relief given to any person for whom another is responsible (e.g. as parents for their children) is to be reckoned as relief given to the latter, this rule does not refer to the case of blind or deaf and dumb children, nor to the insane. By other Acts passed within the past few years, it has been provided that, when the authorities have made an order on the father of an illegitimate child to make the mother an allowance in respect of it, the mother can demand payment of the allowance from the Guardians of the commune in which the man resides, who have, of course, their remedy against him. In 1889 there were 1,181 such cases. And the conditions imposed by the Act of 1891 upon the nature of the relief to be granted to the better class of aged poor have been supplemented by another Act, which prescribes that the communes are to receive a subsidy from the State towards the support of the poor of this class. This relief, too, which usually takes the form of money, is not to entail the disadvantages incident to ordinary poor-law relief, nor are the recipients regarded as paupers. The resulting effect of these two Acts is to create something very like a system of State pensions.

TEMPERANCE SOCIALISM IN SWITZERLAND.

MONOPOLY AS A SHORT CUT TO REFORM.

MR. JOSEPH KING, in a recent number of the *Economic Review*, has an interesting paper upon "The Alcoholic Monopoly in Switzerland." Mr. King is much enamoured of the attempt which has been made by the Swiss to grapple with the drink problem as a socialistic basis. The consumption of spirituous liquors per head has fallen from 8 litres to a little more than 6 litres per head. He points out, however, that this is only one phase of a general movement in Switzerland towards the establishment of State monopolies:—

The financial and administrative success of the alcohol monopoly has given a strong impulse to the idea of the Swiss Government acquiring further monopolies. Of course, the Swiss Post Office is a Government monopoly, and in a larger sense than our British Post Office is, since it owns the whole telephone system of Switzerland, with ten thousand subscribers, and over six million conversations annually, and it owns the network of diligences which carry passengers over hundreds of miles of road and over a score of mountain passes. The manufacture of gunpowder has long been a Government monopoly. The privilege of the banks, which now issue the paper currency of the country, has long been the subject of criticism; it has been proposed that the issue of bank-notes should be a Government monopoly. In 1880, the proposal was submitted to the popular referendum, but rejected by a majority of 139,027; only a year ago it was again submitted to the referendum, and carried by a majority of 72,963. The subject will certainly form the matter of early legislation. A step has already been made towards the State ownership of the Swiss railways, and there is a growing feeling in its favour. The system of national insurance against sickness and accident, which was demanded two years ago by the referendum, and a majority of nearly 200,000, and which will soon be in working, is admittedly the beginning only of a policy by which the State will undertake more and more in the interests of the citizen. The leaders of this policy frankly say that other State monopolies must follow to provide the necessary funds for this policy of State beneficence. The various objects which have been seriously suggested as the subject of fresh monopolies are very varied; besides bank-notes, railways, and insurance, which have been just mentioned, there are proposals in the air for State monopolies of petroleum, water-power, sugar, condiments (viz. salt, pepper, etc.), public advertisements (the French *annonces*, German *annoncen*), and, lastly, tobacco. Tobacco is already a State monopoly in other countries, e.g. Austria and Italy; and it is easy to create a monopoly of an article which, like tobacco, cannot be produced without every one in the district seeing it grow. But before all these monopolies comes one which is at the present time one of the most pressing questions before the Swiss people, viz. whether or not the manufacture and importation of matches shall become a Government monopoly, as it has already been for some years in France. The Swiss Council of State (or Senate), the more conservative of the two Chambers, has already passed a law for creating a monopoly of matches; and if the Lower Chamber and the popular vote of the referendum go in its favour, this will be another Government monopoly. The reasons in favour of this monopoly are almost entirely philanthropic: it would not bring in any appreciable income, but it would enable the Government to stop that awful disease of the match-maker known as necrosis, which factory inspection has hitherto been unable to do.

It is remarkable, and a good omen for the future, that the greatest step which the Swiss have yet taken in Socialism was taken to cope with the greatest moral evil besetting Europe to-day—the evil of excessive alcohol drinking. The Swiss nation has shown, what all Europe should be glad to learn, that legislation may lessen the evils of drink without interfering with individual freedom; that a policy of State Socialism may be one of higher morality and of economical and efficient administration, and that moral regeneration and progressive statesmanship cannot afford to part company.

THE SCANDINAVIAN SYSTEM.

There was an interesting and elaborate article in the *Scottish Review* on "The Regulation of the Drink Traffic," by John Mann, jun. He, like most people who are not wedded to the doctrines of the United Kingdom Alliance, is a strong Gothenburger. He sums up his conclusions at which he has arrived after a study of the subject, as follows:—

The Scandinavian people as a whole are richer by some millions of pounds, which would otherwise have gone into the pockets of private traders.

Broadly, the whole record may be said to prove that the system of eliminating private profit from the sale of drink is not only possible, but expedient; that the traffic may be undertaken successfully and efficiently by companies or corporations which supplement their negative policy of control and restriction by the equally important constructive policy of directly ministering to the welfare, comfort, and happiness of the people.

It is understood that a large section of American politicians regard the system as the solution of many of the difficulties of the drink traffic. Further, a very important Commission in New South Wales has also investigated and reported in favour of the system. In 1887, Switzerland, after careful inquiry, adopted the principle in regard to the wholesale trade, and the reports received at our Foreign Office bear testimony to the satisfactory results of the policy, for it has been attended by financial success, great care and precaution against adulteration, and a remarkable reduction in the amount of spirits consumed. One tenth of the profits are devoted to combating the evils of alcoholism, a provision worth incorporating in any future legislation.

Drink Bills in America and Australia.

MR. FITCHETT, writing in the *Australian Review of Reviews* on the Drink Bills of New South Wales, says:—

Tectotalism, somehow, with all its eloquence and all its "triumphs," never seems to affect the huge flood of intoxicating drinks poured annually down the national throat. The figures prove that the Drink Bill of New South Wales for the last ten years amounts to nearly £50,000,000 sterling; and the colony has thus accomplished the astonishing feat of pouring down its own throat during that period more than the sum total of all its loans, or the cost of all its railways! The value of all the minerals produced in the colony since the first white man landed on its shores is barely £100,000,000 sterling; but all the gold and coal and iron which this richest of colonies produces in fifty years it drinks in ten! The financial difficulties of New South Wales are plainly only skin deep. The sacrifice of every fourth glass of beer would bring them to an abrupt end.

An advocate of prohibition, writing on the "Annals of Alcohol," makes a very startling statement as to the enormous increase of drink in the United States. Considering all the Temperance agitation that has been going on there for so many years, it is rather disheartening to be told that the drink is increasing to £20,000,000 sterling per annum. The writer says:—

Mr. Brown states that there is annually spent for liquor in this country \$900,000,000. This was a true statement three or four years ago. But this amount is increasing at the alarming rate of almost \$100,000,000 per annum. In 1891 it had increased to \$1,200,000,000. This is to say, that the amount of money uselessly spent for liquors in the United States simply to satisfy the appetite (leaving off the revenue derived from the traffic, and the good results from the use for industrial, artistic, mechanical, and medicinal purposes) would, each year, pay all the expenses of the United States Government, and all the collections made on account of tariff, and for all property destroyed by fire in the United States, and leave the nice little sum of \$77,811,525 for "pin money."

THE CIVIC LIFE OF CHICAGO.

AN IMPRESSION LEFT ON A GUEST AFTER A VISIT OF A DOZEN DAYS.

THE science of cities promises to become one of the most fascinating branches of the new sociology.

At present but slightly developed, its rudiments stir even an amateur to enthusiasm. The civic sense has been re-born amongst us, and as we pass, though hurriedly, from city to city, we look on them with "other, larger eyes" than those of the mere sightseer. We see no longer mere shows of the builder's skill or of the landscape gardener's art. We look for embodiments of the civic soul. Even where there is a magnificent display of ancient architecture and a rich store of historical associations—as, for example, in Oxford—the absence or meagreness of the civic spirit affects us painfully. It is perhaps in the New World that we become most conscious of the new attitude. Being there undistracted by the glamour of antiquity, we are able to view the city simply as a corporate expression of the existing local life. We see the civic idea of modern humanity taking shape before us, unfettered by the petrified conceptions of the past. Few things, I may confess, have given me keener pleasure than to watch the fresh forms assumed by the English town as it springs up on totally new soil. My opportunities were limited. They rarely went beyond a day or two of sympathetic observation, and sometimes amounted to only a few well-filled hours between trains. But the local individuality is not slow to reveal itself, and one soon comes to discern the peculiar flavour of the local life. Memories of glimpses of Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, and, among other lesser towns, the Ontarian namesake of our imperial capital, are as precious to me as any specimens gathered by naturalists in a newly-discovered land. But these Canadian impressions, pleasing and striking as they are, may not compare with the impact made on the mind by the gigantic Queen of the West, the chief warden and chief wonder of the World's Fair—the city of Chicago.

THE FIRST IMPRESSION OF CHICAGO.

Perhaps one of the first ideas suggested to the stranger by Chicago is that of vastness. This is due not merely to the great extent of the actual area, it is possibly as much caused by the flatness of the surface, the length of the streets, and the wide intervals of houseless land. It is an impression dear to the Chicagoan heart. "This is certainly a city of magnificent distances," I remarked somewhat impatiently, on reaching a friend's house, after pacing several miles of one of the seemingly interminable avenues. "It is very good of you to say so," rejoined my host, graciously, "after coming from London." I may be mistaken, but I rather imagine that already Chicago has begun to eye the British capital as the only serious rival to the civic immensity which she counts on as her certain future. To remind a Chicagoan that after all the Old Country possesses the very biggest city in the world is felt by him to be something of an affront. He has one retort, which is unailing. "Look at the time you've had. You have taken nearly two thousand years to get together just about four times as many people as we have gotten here in fifty years. Give us as good a start, and then see!" The words may vary, but the point remains the same. Even a small boy of some ten years, whom I came across one day in the streets, had it all ready to fire off at the Britisher.

THE CAPITAL OF BROODINGNAG.

The variety of things that Chicago possesses which are truly described as of their kind "the greatest in the world," naturally induces in her citizens a certain superlative self-consciousness. The stranger grows somewhat weary of this comparison with the achievements of the rest of the planet, and is tempted to be a trifle-malicious. "We have in Chicago the longest street in the world," said a friend to me one day. "Ah, and how long is that?" "Halstead Street, sir," was the reply, "is eighteen miles long." "We can beat that in the Old Country," I could not resist saying. "Impossible!" "Yes; we have a street over three hundred miles long. It is called Watling Street." Yet, I must admit, that until I was in Chicago I never saw so vividly the reasonableness, not to say necessity, of the "tall talk" which we have remarked in our American cousins. The scale of language which applies to the Old World does not come up to the requirements of the New. I had not been twenty-four hours in the Lake City before I found my lips becoming perilously familiar with "enormous," "tremendous," "colossal," and other such grenadiers of speech. I began to admire the diction of my American friends as something quite moderate.

BUT ONLY HALF BAKED.

Next to its vastness, the unfinished and unequal appearance of the city must strike the European visitor. Beside it even our sprawling leviathans of towns seem compact and trim. It is in many respects a huge cluster of incongruities. The rectangular regularity which so severely rules the lines of the streets is balanced by the most startling irregularity of architecture. The "skyscraper" and the shanty stand side by side. The slight wooden or frame house alternates with buildings of granite put together in the most massive style. Where stone is used, whether for places of business or dwelling-houses, I noticed that the architecture generally bore a very ponderous and somewhat sombre appearance. Villas on the boulevards seem to have been constructed on the model of a feudal keep. One might be tempted to fancy "They dreamt not of a perishable home Who thus could build," did not a neighbouring villa, obtrusively wooden and fragile, suggest precisely the opposite conclusion.

A CITY OF CONTRASTS.

Even the sidewalks know no mean between extremes. These are either of solid, impervious, perfectly level concrete, or a flooring of deal irregularly laid, dropping now a foot or six inches without notice, now rising equally suddenly, and by even more treacherous depressions and elevations of an inch or so, playing havoc with the toes and the temper of the unwary pedestrian. "Ponder the path of thy feet" is a precept the stranger learns to value in Chicago streets. The same genius for contrast presents you with great patches of raw prairie within a few yards of some of the finest boulevards in the world. Nay, in the very heart of the city, at the corner of one of the busiest blocks, where the whirl of traffic is at its fiercest, and all the appliances of the latest modern civilisation are in full swing, close to sky-soaring "temples," elevators, telephones, electric light, almost grazed by the cable-cars, I found a veritable unmistakable tree-stump. It was, of

course, cut down to the level of the road, but there it stood, an eloquent reminder of the wilds which reigned around it sixty years ago. What a place for some Chicago laureate to meditate—O stump what changes hast thou seen! There where the long street roars hath been The stillness—of the dismal swamp.

THE MOUNTAIN SCENERY OF THE CITY.

The enormously tall buildings for which Chicago is famed did not impress me quite so unfavourably as I had anticipated. Seen from the Auditorium tower, they serve agreeably to diversify the civic scenery, a service which the flatness of the situation and the monotonous straightness of the streets renders peculiarly acceptable. What other cities possess in the natural undulation of the ground, Chicago creates for herself by her irregular mountains of masonry. The Woman's Temple is an imposing erection, though in its architecture scarcely suggestive of feminine grace; and the meagre dimensions of its assembly hall struck me as hardly in keeping, either with the rest of the edifice or with the colossal projects of "the World's Women." Yet would that London boasted an equally splendid monument to the progress of the woman's movement!

A WORLD CITY.

The heterogeneousness which I observed in the appearance of the place was not less marked in the people. "Chicago is a foreign city," is a frequent remark of the American resident. She would be better called a world-city. So great is the crowd of nationalities present and so swiftly has the population gathered that the distinction of "native" and "foreign" is out of place. Chicago is one vast crucible, wherein is being poured ingredients from all races, and one looks with wonder to see what strange amalgam promises to result. There is here a sort of civic epitome of mankind, and if Brother Jonathan can succeed in thoroughly Americanising Chicago, he need not despair of Americanising the world. From the faces I met in the streets I judged that the preponderant type is the German, slightly sharpened towards the American. On looking up my guide-book I was glad to find statistical corroboration of this opinion; for Germans form one-third of the population. Native Americans make less than one-fourth. If the national ingredients should become more fairly proportioned, will the Chicagoan of the future prove to be, as it were, the composite photograph of man? It is the possibility involved in this question which invests the civic life of Chicago with such interest for the student of humanity.

CORRUPTION IN THE MUNICIPALITY.

At present, however, disproportion reigns not merely in the composition, but also in the character of the corporate life. In some respects Chicago is a model of civic unity. The *Christian Union* quotes from "a thinker and observer of rare philosophic mind" the proposition that "Chicago represents better than any other American community the true principle of civic life. It stands for the civic spirit; it is an organic community." This is high praise, which, in presence of the World's Fair alone, a stranger cannot declare to be undeserved. A colossal city which has sprung into being in less than sixty years, and has twice risen again from a tomb of fire, must, he is bound to argue, possess a tenacious unity of will. And yet he finds her best citizens groaning under the sway of the saloon-keepers. After Mammon, the most potent demons in Chicago are confessedly those of drink, debauchery, and gambling; and when these three vile

powers combine to corrupt municipal politics, the result may be imagined.

THE WORST SLUMS IN THE WORLD.

A few days after my arrival I was fortunate enough to meet a group of earnest social reformers, who were discussing the condition of the lower strata of Chicago life. One of them, a friend of mine connected with a University settlement in East London, and well acquainted with the darkest districts in the metropolis, startled me by saying that he had found worse slums in Chicago than he had ever seen in London. "Our rookeries," he said, "are bad enough, but they are at least built of brick or stone. Here, however, the low tenements are mostly of wood, and when the wood decays or breaks away the consequences are more deplorable than anything we have in London."

This was the testimony of a visitor. It was confirmed by the testimony of resident sociological experts. One of these was a lady, at present engaged by the National Government in investigating and reporting on the life and homes of the poor in Chicago. The awful state of things she described greatly surprised me, and I suggested that it was due to the presence of the large foreign element.

NOT FOREIGN, BUT AMERICAN.

"On the contrary," she replied, "the very worst places in the city are inhabited by native Americans." And she showed me the official chart of one of the lowest streets, on which the tenements were marked white when occupied by native Americans, black when occupied by foreigners. The rooms to the front which possess the worst character were white.

These carefully ascertained facts knock the bottom out of the complacent assurance which I have since so often heard expressed, that foreigners were responsible for the darkest shades of Chicago life.

"Is this state of things allowed by law to exist?" I asked.

"Certainly not," replied the lady; "it exists in flat contravention of every municipal ordinance."

"Can nothing be done to enforce the law?"

"The very men whose duty it is to enforce the law are the nominees of the classes interested in violating it."

"Can you not rouse the churches to combine and put a stop to this municipal corruption?"

"The churches!"—the lady spoke with infinite scorn—"the proprietors of the worst class of property in Chicago are leading men in the churches. I have more hope of arousing the poor Polish Jews to a sense of their civic duty and opportunity than the churches. The Poles, poor as they are, and ignorant, do want to lead a decent life."

A TIMOROUS PRESS.

"Is there no one who will stir the public conscience on these questions? Have you no pressman who will dare to do it—no journalist of the heroic type—no knight-errant of the pen?"

"We tried hard to induce the proprietor of one of our leading newspapers to take up the matter on his own account, and to compel the municipality to do its duty. But he absolutely declined. He said he would publish signed communications from us, but he could on no account commit the paper to the crusade. The reason he gave for his refusal was that the persons most concerned in the maintenance of these abuses were among the principal men of the city, and, though he fully admitted the justice of our complaint, he dared not alienate them. It would ruin his paper."

These statements, I need hardly say, I heard, and I repeat with great regret. Any city has come to a serious pass in which those who make their fortune out of the squalor, disease, and shame of their fellow-citizens are powerful enough not only to control the municipal authorities, but also to check the Church and awe the Press into silence. I was not, of course, in a position by personal research to corroborate or qualify what I was told. But the responsible official position of my informant more than justifies me in making it public.

THE DOMINATION OF BUNG.

I rather fancy, however, that the people who are in earnest about civic righteousness were in a somewhat desponding mood. They had rallied for a great fight over the last mayoral election, and had felt themselves badly beaten. The nominee of the party—civic laxity, let us say—had been swept into office by a majority of some score thousand votes, and during the World's Fair he represents Chicago to mankind. This was naturally dispiriting. Yet, if a judgment formed on knowledge as meagre as mine necessarily is possess any value, I should regard that mayoral contest as the beginning of better days for municipal integrity. Much was achieved when the forces of religion and morality were organised into something like electoral unity, and fought a pitched battle on great issues independent of party. It is possible that the discipline of defeat may do more than the elation of any easy victory to make the civic conscience permanently and compactly effective. Time will show.

A HEROIC CHIEF OF POLICE.

In the meantime, Chicago is fortunate in possessing and retaining at the head of her police a man who thoroughly believes in the supremacy of conscience. Major McLaughrey was appointed Chief of Police by the late mayor in 1891, but he happily regards himself as responsible to a higher than vote-made authority. He is an avowed Christian man, and a Presbyterian to boot. He has not shrunk from doing what he conceived to be his duty in the very teeth of municipal opposition. He has dared the wrath of the worst elements in Chicago, and so far he has come off victorious.

Let me tell the story of the struggle as it was told to me. The fight for civic reform is after all not less interesting than the exploits of our military heroes, and, alas! is not without its sanguinary episodes. Towards the fall of last year a combination of persons, which obtained the expressive sobriquet of "the Gamblers' Syndicate," made evident their intention of organising a deliberate revolt against the law. Their "hells" were kept open in defiance of statute and police order. But the head and front of their offending, as well as the point around which the battle raged, was the carrying on of races without a license in a certain park. This was described to me as the most notorious race-track in America, thousands of people being there regularly robbed and fleeced.

HOW HE CLOSED THE RACE-TRACK.

At last the crime against public decency, as well as public order, evoked a great outcry. Major McLaughrey



MAJOR E. W. McLAUGHREY.

ordered the track to be closed. Then came the hornets' nest about his ears. The powers behind Slum Saloon and Gambling Hell marked him out for their prey. The City Council was against him. The mayor also wavered. Here was a spectacle for brave men to admire: a chief of police heroically maintaining the claims of law and probity against a vast conspiracy of evil, and refusing

the displeasure of his municipal masters. It was expected that the chief would be deposed. Suits for heavy damages, said to have been caused by his closure order, were brought against him, in the hope of intimidating him, or, in the event of some distortion of justice, ruining him financially. For the municipality declared it "one of the privileges" of the chief's office that he should be left to defend himself for his official acts at his own cost and own risk. This was "facing fearful odds." The spirit in which he stood his ground is shown in a letter to a friend, Mr. H. H. Van Meter, in which he wrote, "I trust they will not be able to pile up damages high enough against me to frighten me from my line of duty. If they take my all, it will not help them much. If I can come out of this ordeal with my good name unimpaired, and the interests of the city at least uninjured, if not

advanced, and the cause of general morality and decency somewhat promoted, I shall feel rewarded for the labour and annoyance of this very trying and vexatious position."

Happily for the credit of the city, the brave man was not sacrificed to his foes. An appeal was issued by a zealous apostle of civic reform, and distributed broadcast, calling on all "reputable citizens" to unite in defence of their chivalrous officer. Such a vigorous expression of public opinion was evoked as dispelled all fears of the chief's dismissal, and strengthened by the support thus afforded, he proceeded to yet more decisive measures. His order for closing the race-track he rigorously enforced. He had to deal with desperadoes who "did not hesitate to shoot." Several of his officers were killed in the struggle. But the Major was finally triumphant. The race-track was permanently closed.

THE SUNDAY CLOSING OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

When the municipal elections came round this spring, and the representative of civic laxity was elected mayor by an enormous majority, the fear was general that here was a notice to Major McLaughrey to quit. While the matter was still in uncertainty, the World's Fair was opened. And now emerged an incident which throws a strange light on the Sabbatarian sentiment of Christian Chicago. During the first week of the Fair there was a general apprehension that in defiance of what then appeared to be the law the gates of the Fair would be coolly opened on the Sunday. Now it so happens that while the Columbian Guards have police powers inside the Fair grounds, Major McLaughrey's jurisdiction extends at least up to the very gates of the Fair. If to enter the Fair on Sunday were an infraction of the law, then the city police would be within their duty in preventing any persons from entering. But the City Council had voted unanimously in favour of allowing the park gates to be opened on Sundays. Here was the

material for a fine complication of authorities which might result in something more serious at the gates were they actually opened. Yet religious people confidently looked to Major McLaughrey—with his position hanging in the wind at the mercy of a mayor elected by his foes, with the City Council unanimously approving Sunday opening—to bar the way to the crowds on Sunday, even were the entrance open. This expectancy shows the stuff the Major must be made of.

WANTED: "MEN WHO CAN FIGHT."

The eager advocate of civic reform, to whom I have already alluded, was prepared for the emergency, should it arise. "See here," he said to me, producing a sheet of signatures. "These are names belonging to some of the best families in Chicago. They are names of men who hereby pledge themselves to stand by Major McLaughrey should the Fair gates be opened on Sunday. He will have a difficult task, and he needs to have his hands strengthened."

I naturally thought of moral support only being thus tendered. My friend seemed to perceive this, and so he proceeded, "These are the names of young men, strong men," and lowering his voice to a whisper, he added, "*men who can fight!*"

I understood it now. This is the way the Christian conscience enrolls its special constables in Chicago. It seems rather strange to British minds, this possible spectacle of stalwart Christian young men, armed with Derringers, going down on a Sunday to "stand by" the Chief of Police, as he endeavours to uphold the law of the Sabbath against a mob of pleasure-seekers who are eager to enter the open gates of the Fair.

Fortunately, the sanguinary possibilities were not realised. The directors did not venture to open the gates on Sunday until they had legal warrant for doing so. And our valiant Chief of Police has not been dismissed. His retention in office was signified by the mayor pleasantly replying to his request for instructions with the bidding to mind his own business. Visitors to the World's Fair may go the more securely in that they know the city is in charge of an officer who represents the best elements of Chicago life.

THE LADIES OF HULL HOUSE.

There are many other signs of the growth of civic religion. Of these, not the least promising is the work carried on at Hull House. This is a woman's university settlement, which has been planted right in the midst of the darkest district of the city. It is the centre of many-sided social amelioration. Its Ward Improvement Committee especially is doing splendid service in educating the local municipal conscience. My friend from East London, to whom I have before alluded, tells me that he has visited all the principal university settlements in England and the United States, but nowhere has he seen such excellent work as is done by the ladies at Hull House. To compare this outpost of civic reform with the dream of Tennyson's "Princess" is to learn afresh how much more poetry may be found in real life than in romance. The Lady Ida of this Academy combines the broad and healthy culture and the brilliant charm of the modern American woman with the unobtrusive devotion of a mediæval nun. Among the civic saviours of Chicago I should judge that few will rank higher than Miss Jane Addams.

SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY.

The churches also seem to be waking up in earnest to the need of what Mr. Hugh Price Hughes calls "social

Christianity." I spent some delightful hours in the Armour Institute, a glorified polytechnic or scientific academy, which the millionaire whose well-known name it bears has just built in one of the poorer districts. To this noble agency, with its threefold aim of imparting "knowledge, skill, and culture," Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus, one of the leading preachers of the city, devotes no small amount of his multifarious energy. The Chicago Congregational College has taken an important step towards socialising the ministry of the future by founding a Chair of Christian Sociology, and by drilling its two hundred students in actual social work. Mr. Moody complains, indeed, that between the churches of Chicago, with their luxuriously carpeted and cushioned places of worship, and the working classes, the gulf of separation grows every day deeper and broader. The sociologising of theology will, however, prove one of the best means of counteracting this baneful tendency.

A WORLD CENTRE.

For there is something in the very air of Chicago life which it is an exhilaration, almost an inspiration, to breathe. It is hard precisely to hit off, but it may perhaps be described as the blending of an imperial outlook with a world-conquering energy. Possibly owing to her cosmopolitan population Chicago possesses what may be called a sort of omni-national consciousness. Her plans and projects have no mere local or continental range. She has an eye ever to the whole world. Even in her religious arrangements this wide vision is apparent. Dr. Goodwin, pastor of the First Congregational Church, in talking to me about the work which Chicago Congregationalism has to accomplish, spoke of the entire North-West and even of remote Alaska as though they were but an annexe to the Lake City. Mr. Moody, in arranging evangelistic operations during the Fair, brings Dr. Pindor from Poland, Dr. Stöcker from Berlin, Dr. Monod from Paris, besides a host of noted evangelists from Great Britain. It is quite in keeping with the general ecumenical temper of the city that it is the home of the first Parliament of the world's religions. In ideas, as in breadstuffs, it aspires to be the market of mankind. And behind this ambition lies a will of feverish speed and iron peremptoriness. The indomitable enterprise of Chicago has imprinted itself on the universal consciousness. The city itself is a monument of mastery over circumstance. It has reared the greatest buildings in the world on a foundation of treacherous swamp, and has risen twice in twenty-five years from a fiery ruin to be the second city in the hemisphere. As a venerable missionary from Zululand accompanied me from one spectacle to another of Chicago's colossal activity he repeated with deep feeling a saying of the Zulus: "O white men, nothing ever conquers you but death." One feels as though nothing short of the annexation of a new planet will furnish outlet sufficient for the exuberant energy everywhere manifest.

Born of the most masterful decades of the nineteenth century, the child of steam, electricity, and world-wide exchange, reared in the simultaneity of world-consciousness which the daily newspaper creates, with no traditions to hamper or internal *vis inertiae* to overcome, Chicago stands out as the very embodiment of the world-conquering spirit of the age. If she only succeeds in subduing the vices of her youthful blood, and in rounding out the finer capacities of her intellect, her destiny may yet prove to be not less imperial than is her present temper.

F. HERBERT STEAD.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

NOTICE.—For the convenience of such of our readers as may live at a distance from a bookseller, any Book they may require, mentioned in the following List, will be forwarded post free to any part of the United Kingdom, from the Publishing Office of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, 125, Fleet Street, on receipt of Postal Order for the published price of the Book ordered.

Index to Periodicals for 1893. (Horace Marshall and Son, 125, Fleet Street.) 4to. Cloth. Pp. 192. 5s. net. Illustrated.

I publish this month the third annual "Index and Guide to the Periodicals of the World." The new volume, although it has been carefully weeded of all bibliographical matter which appeared in the previous numbers, shows an increase in size upon its predecessors. Seventy-one pages are devoted to a brief description, with the addresses, of all the periodical publications of the world, containing a mass of information that is not to be found in any other publication issued from the press. This first section of the Index constitutes, in fact, a *Gazetteer and Guide* to the magazines of the world.

The second part, which occupies 120 pages, is an index to the contents of the leading English and American periodicals of 1892. For any one studying any subject, which compels him to refer to the articles published in periodicals, this Index is simply invaluable. There is no similar publication issued in this country; and in America, Pool's "Index" and the "Co-operative Index of Periodicals" are neither so handy nor so up-to-date.

The best illustration that can be given of the value of such an Index is to quote the entries under any one head. The entries under "Art" occupy over three columns of the Index; "Armies" more than two; and "Africa" more than a couple of columns. Here, for instance, are the entries under "Mashonaland," which is one of the sub-heads of the African division:—

- Mashonaland:
Bent, J. T., on, *New R.* VI. May, 580
Boggie, A., on, *G B*, IV. July, 185
Golden Mashonaland, by F. Mandy (*map and ill.*), *Scrib.* XI. Apr. 455 (V. Apr. 394)
Mashonaland and its Development, by E. A. Maund, *J R C I*, XXIII. May, 363
With Mr. Rhodes through Mashonaland (*ill. and map*), *R R*, V. Feb. 189
The Road from Mashonaland, by J. T. Bent, *F R*, LI. Feb. 182 (V. Feb. 182)
The Geography and Meteorology of Mashonaland, by R. M. W. Swan (*map*), *P R G S*, XIV. May, 299
The Tribes of Mashonaland and Their Origin, by J. T. Bent, *Scot G M*, VIII. Oct. 534
The Ruins of Mashonaland, J. Theodore Bent on (*ill.*), *P R G S*, XIV. May, 273
Some Features of the Ruined Temples of Mashonaland, by R. M. W. Swan (*ill.*), *Scot G M*, VIII. Oct. 539
The Ruins at Zimbabwe, H. A. Bryden on, *G B*, IV. Jan. 14
The Orientation of the Buildings at Zimbabwe, R. M. W. Swan on (*ill.*), *P R G S*, XIV. May, 306

The following notice prefixed to the Index explains the principle upon which the Index is constructed:—

In addition to the abbreviations of the titles of magazines, the date the number of the volume, the month, and the page of the magazine in which each article will be found are given, while the figures in parentheses refer to the volume, month, and page of *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS* (London edition) where the article is summarised or otherwise noticed. In case of a series of articles on one subject in one magazine, the name of the magazine is not repeated with each reference, only the month and the page, and the number of the volume where necessary.

Thus *N. C.* XXXI. Mar. 391 (V. Mar. 283) would read *Nineteenth Century*, Vol. XXXI, March, page 391, with a notice in *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS* (London edition), Vol. V., March, page 283. Similarly, *J. R. A. S.* III. June, 205 (VI. July, 153), Sept., 463, would mean *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, Vol. III., June, page 205, with a notice in *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS* (London edition), Vol. VI., July, page 153; *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society* again, same Volume, September, page 463.

(*Map*) means that the article is accompanied by a map, and (*ill.*) that it is illustrated.

The magazines are indexed from January to December, 1892, irrespective of volumes.

Articles are classified as much as possible, and authors' names, when available, are added. Where the title of an article affords no clue to the subject-matter, the title is given in parentheses. Poems are indexed under the authors' names; the same holds good with novelists and most other writers whose books are reviewed in the periodicals. A notable exception is Theology, which will be found under "Bible and Biblical Criticism," "Church and Christianity," etc. Critical and biographical notices of artists are given under the names of the artists, and new musical works under the composers' names. A list of artists noticed will be found under the heading "Artists"; musicians and composers under "Musicians"; dramatists, playwrights, and actors, under "Theatres and the Drama"; novelists under "Fiction," etc., etc.

A brief introduction chronicles the births and deaths of the year, and I reprint the excellent article which Miss Hetherington contributed to the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* on the "Indexing of Periodicals," in the hope that it may induce those who index our magazines to bestow a little more pains upon the production of these useful finger-posts to their annual volumes. The Index, as a whole, is indispensable to librarians, and reflects the greatest credit upon Miss Hetherington and her staff of assistants.

HAWEIS, REV. H. R., M.A. **Sir Morell Mackenzie: Physician and Orator.** (W. H. Allen.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 376. 12s. 6d.

This is a brightly-written volume, giving a pleasant picture of one of the most familiar figures in English society, who during one memorable year figured so conspicuously on the stage of European politics. It is to be regretted that so genial a tribute to so remarkable a man should have been the occasion for a miserable dispute between the family, the publisher, and the author. Mr. Haweis, who undertook to write this book at the suggestion of the family, by whom he was furnished with most of the material which he required, no sooner found the work finished than for some mysterious reasons, which may be guessed at rather than asserted, the family desired the life of Sir Morell Mackenzie to be suppressed. To this Mr. Haweis agreed, on the understanding that the publisher was recouped for his expenditure on the work. For some reason or other this part of the bargain was not kept, and the publisher, being left to his own resources, appears to have cut the Gordian knot by publishing the book. Therein he has deserved well, both of the family and Mr. Haweis. It is easy to understand the desire of some eminent personages to prevent any revival of the dispute that raged round the deathbed of the Emperor Frederick.

KIPLING, RUDYARD. *Many Inventions*. (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 365. 6s.

Mr. Kipling's budget of short stories grows apace, and there is no sign of failing invention or weakening power. Here are Indian tales as fine as anything in "Soldiers Three" or "Plain Tales from the Hills"; and we have, too, as a proof of his marvellous versatility and adaptability, the East End tragedy, "The Record of Badalia Herodesfoot," which on its first appearance a year or two ago did so much for the reputation of its author; the imaginative fantasy, "The Finest Story in the World"; the terror of "A Disturber of Traffic," a study of madness weird and moving in the extreme; and the rich farcical humour of "Brugglesmith." And through all these stories, widely different though they are, is to be seen Mr. Kipling's almost uncanny gift of observation, his faculty of remembering the most minute and technical details. In our opinion the cleverest stories are "A Disturber of Traffic" and "Love-o'-Women," an almost too powerful and relentless picture of remorse and disease, narrated by Private Mulvaney, who, with Learoyd and Ortheris, plays no inconsiderable part in more than one of the Indian tales. "One View of the Question" is not a story but a letter descriptive of London, and of British rule and policy, written by a native in England to a friend in India. It is a keen criticism of our social life, our state and, more particularly, of our policy in relation to India, and it is difficult to believe that it is not what it professes to be—the work of an Oriental. Mr. Kipling commences and ends his volume with a poem: the first, "To the True Romance," is rather high-falutin; the second is naval and exceedingly technical in subject, and suggests the hope that he may yet do for sailors what he has done for soldiers in his "Barrack-Room Ballads."

GOSSE, EDMUND. *Questions at Issue*. (Heinemann.) Crown 8vo. Buckram. Pp. 333. 7s. 6d.

Of all the writers of literary criticism who make a practice from time to time of collecting and republishing their critical essays from the magazines in which they first appeared, Mr. Edmund Gosse is perhaps the most interesting and the most generally readable. A wide knowledge of all literature, unequalled by but few of his contemporaries, a pleasant style, a catholic taste: these are Mr. Gosse's qualities, and they have made his new volume of essays very excellent reading. His "questions at issue" are contemporary problems. He deals with present-day reputations and controversies, not with the literature of the past. The difficulty, as Mr. Gosse suggests, of mapping the ground around one's feet is proverbial, but we have only to turn to the admirable appreciations of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson as a poet, and of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, to see that he has come as near success as is possible. Perhaps the most notable article is that upon "The Tyranny of the Novel," in which Mr. Gosse prophesies a sudden crash in fiction unless novelists enlarge their borders and cultivate more of life than the little plot which deals with the sentiment of love. Other articles are: "The Influence of Democracy on Literature," an encouraging survey; "Has America Produced a Poet?" "What is a Great Poet?" "Making a Name in Literature;" "The Limits of Realism in Fiction;" "Is Verse in Danger?" "Tennyson—and After;" "M. Mallarmé and Symbolism;" and the "Election at the English Academy," a fantasy of extreme brilliancy, which, on its first anonymous appearance in 1891, excited much curiosity as to its authorship. In appendices, Mr. Gosse prints a lengthy letter from Mr. George Gissing, supporting his views of the poor

appreciation that poetry receives at the hands of the poorer classes; and a letter of thanks from M. Mallarmé, in which he speaks of the essay upon himself as "un miracle de divination."

BIOGRAPHY.

BISHOP, M. C. *The Prison Life of Marie Antoinette and Her Children, the Dauphin and the Duchesse D'Angouleme*. (Kegan Paul.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 6s. New Edition. With Portrait.

DU CAMP, MAXIME. *Théophile Gautier*. (T. Fisher Unwin.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xviii., 231. 3s. 6d. With Portrait.

A volume of the Great French Writers series, translated by Mr. J. E. Gordon, and with a preface by Mr. Andrew Lang.

LEGOUVÉ, ERNEST. *Sixty Years of Recollections*. (Eden, Remington and Co.) Two volumes. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 325, 330. 18s.

Translated from the French by Mr. Albert D. Vandam, the editor of "An Englishman in Paris," with which book it has a somewhat similar interest, being full of amusing and entertaining stories and anecdotes of French celebrities of the last sixty years. It is scandalous, however, that a work of this sort should be allowed to appear without an index.

TOUT, PROFESSOR T. F. *Edward the First*. (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 238. 2s. 6d.

A volume of the English Statesmen Series.

ESSAYS, CRITICISMS AND BELLES-LETTRES.

DENNIS, JOHN. (Editor.) *Jeremy Taylor's Golden Sayings*. (A. D. Innes and Co.) Crown 8vo. Buckram. Pp. 181. 3s. 6d.

An admirable selection of short passages from Jeremy Taylor's works, thoroughly calculated to inspire the reader with the desire of further study. Mr. Dennis's introduction is an excellent piece of work.

DOWDEN, EDWARD. *Introduction to Shakespeare*. (Blackie.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 136. 2s. 6d.

A revised reprint of the general introduction contributed by Professor Dowden to the "Henry Irving Shakespeare." Some paragraphs on the great tragedies and a brief notice of the interpretations of Shakespeare by great actors from Burbage to Macready have been added.

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD (Editor). *Haslitt's "Liber Amoris; or, The New Pygmalion"*. (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.) Fcap. 8vo. Boards. Pp. xciii., 182. 5s. net.

A very beautiful reprint of a little book of Haslitt's which has long been unobtainable, but which, from the singular and curious light which it throws upon the essayist's nature, has a very real historical and literary value. But it is not as literature, Mr. Le Gallienne tells us in his charming introduction, that we must consider this narrative of the unfortunate passion for the daughter of his landlady which possessed Haslitt through so many months of his life, "but as a document, 'a document in madness' . . . and nympholepsy." In three appendices, Mr. Le Gallienne has printed all matter from Mrs. Haslitt's diary, Haslitt's own correspondence, his "Memoirs," and Mr. P. G. Patmore's "My Friends and Acquaintances," which in any way bears upon the story of the essayist's passion for Sarah Walker; and in his introduction he has striven to put the whole episode in its proper relation and proportion to the rest of his career. A facsimile of the original title-page adds to the interest of the reprint.

PATMORE, COVENTRY. *Religio Poetae, Etc.* (George Bell and Sons.) 18mo. Cloth. Pp. 229. 5s.

Some of the twenty-three essays in this volume have appeared already in the *Fortnightly Review*: the majority deal with theological and kindred subjects; the remainder are purely literary. Among the most notable are "Christianity and 'Progress,'" "Bad Morality is Bad Art," "Emotional Art," "Simplicity," "Ancient and Modern Ideas of Purity," "Distinction," and papers upon William Barnes the Dorsetshire Poet, Madame de Hautefort, Mrs. Meynell, and Valera's "Pepeita Jiménez." Each essay is replete with the closest thought, and admirably written, for Mr. Coventry Patmore has a style singularly distinguished. A certain immoderation of phrase, however, marks more than one of his essays—as, for instance, when he speaks of "that disgusting abortion, the English religious novel," or when, in writing of "Distinction" in modern literature, he says that "Mrs. Meynell alone, in both in prose and verse, almost always thoroughly distinguished." Mrs. Meynell deserves, and has had from all quarters, the most enthusiastic praise, but surely in taking account of distinction there are at least two writers who should rank as high, if not higher, than the author of the "Rhythm of Life."

STREET, G. S. *Miniatures and Moods*. (David Nutt.) 12mo. Cloth. Pp. 111. 8s. 6d.

These "miniatures which are mainly the outcome of a mood and moods which are indicated in miniature" have been reprinted from the *National Observer*, and they have the distinguishing characteristics—the preciousness of phrase and intolerance of thought—of that paper. The "Miniatures" deal

in a sprightly and interesting fashion with various historical and literary characters: Grammont, George Villiers Duke of Buckingham, Claverhouse, Rochester, the second Lord Sunderland, Etherege, the Duchess of Cleveland, Mrs. Manley, John Lord Hervey, Selwyn; the "Moods" with such subjects as Matter and Form, Insomnia, Cruelty, the Curse of Cleverness, and the Path of Rejection. These last are the sort of short papers with which readers of the *National Observer* are well acquainted, and are neither better nor worse than their fellows; but two or three of the literary "Miniatures" are admirably suggestive and thoroughly deserved reprinting.

Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin, D.C.L., LL.D.
First Series: 1843-1860. (George Allen.) Crown 8vo.
Cloth. Pp. 524. 6s. net.

Selections from "Modern Palaces," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," "The Stones of Venice," "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," "The Elements of Drawing," "The Political Economy of Art," "The Two Paths," "Arrows of the Chase," "On the Road," etc. A steel-engraved portrait appears as frontispiece.

FICTION.

ALLEN, GRANT. Ivan Greet's Masterpiece. (Chatto and Windus.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 330. 3s. 6d.

In this volume Mr. Grant Allen has collected such of his more recent stories as seemed to him to possess the best claim to literary treatment. "They are," he says, "mostly those which have been written more or less to please myself. Others, however, are cast as a sop to Cerberus." Of the sixteen stories, with two exceptions, all have appeared in magazines already. These exceptions, by which Mr. Allen evidently sets some store, were "unanimously declined by the whole press of London."

BRONTË, CHARLOTTE. Shirley. (J. M. Dent and Co.) Two volumes. 12mo. Cloth. 4s. 6d. net.

The third and fourth volumes of the new and very pretty edition of the works of the Brontë sisters, which Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. are now issuing in a form similar to their already published editions of *Pearce* and *Jane Austen*. The two volumes contain six illustrations by Mr. H. S. Grieg.

COBBAN, J. MACLAREN. The Red Sultan. (Chatto and Windus.) Three volumes. 31s. 6d.

In this story of Western Barbary at the end of the last century, Mr. MacLaren Cobban has come very near perfect success. He has opened up new ground, and has presented with great picturesqueness a race of people and a condition of life vivid and interesting in the extreme, which, if we except Mr. Hall Caine's "Scapegoat" has escaped treatment by the English novelist. "The Red Sultan" is avowedly an "adventure-story," and in telling it Mr. Cobban has evidently been much influenced by Mr. Stevenson, whose style of title-page he copies. It tells of the journey which a young Scotch lad made to Barbary in order to discover the fate of his grandfather, who had fled to Africa after the abortive Jacobite rising. The story of the "red sultan's" revolt against his father's tyrannical rule, and of the exciting incidents which follow his success, make excellent reading, but of the treatment of the plot as a whole it is impossible to speak well: it wants pulling together, and many of the characters require more careful portrayal. The "red sultan" himself, however, with his mixed nationality, his strangely inconsistent nature, and its warring elements of good and evil, is lovingly and admirably drawn.

COPE, C. ELVEY. The Pursuit of a Chimera. (Digby and Long.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 229. 3s. 6d.

CRICHTON, MADELINE. Like a Sister. (Digby and Long.) Three volumes. 31s. 6d.

DE SAINT PIERRE, BERNARDIN. Paul and Virginia. (Gay and Bird.) Crown 8vo. Parchment. Pp. 191. 6s. net.

In view of the interest which the publication of M. Arvède Barine's biography of Saint Pierre in the Great French Writers Series has awakened, this extremely pretty translation of "Paul and Virginia" comes very opportunely. It forms a volume of the "Edition Jouaust," is illustrated with an etched portrait of Saint Pierre and five successful etchings by Laguerrière, and is in printing and binding as dainty a book as we have lately seen.

GISSING, GEORGE. The Odd Women. (Lawrence and Bullen.) Three volumes. 31s. 6d.

A few more novels such as this and Mr. Edmund Gosse will have to give something more than a passing reference to Mr. Gissing in that article in "Questions at Issue," in which he says that "the one living novelist who has striven to give a large, competent, and profound view of the movement of life is M. Zola." But Mr. Gissing is a world realist whose gloomy pessimism will have to be modified before he ever gives us first-rate work. In this book he attempts to deal with the whole question of woman's position. His "old women" are the half a million women who, one of his characters declares (incorrectly, as Mr. Grant Allen explained some time since), are destined to spinsterhood, for the reason that by that number do the men exceed the women in the England of to-day. Selecting a family of six girls, the motherless daughters of a doctor who is killed in an accident on the eve of taking out an insurance policy which shall, at least, keep them from absolute want, he traces their careers through the different stages of genteel poverty to which, by the carelessness of their parent, they are fated. Educated to no special business or profession, there is nothing open to them but to become governesses or to go into shops. The youngest marries, for the sake of a home, with tragic results; her sisters either die, or live such lives of toil and deprivation that they sink into premature old age. The lives of these women, and of the women with whom they come in contact, Mr. Gissing depicts with many way-side discussions on

burning questions. "The Odd Women" is not a little depressing; but it is likely to do much good and to provoke a deal of thought if it only drives home to its readers "the crime that middle-class parents commit when they allow their girls to go without rational training."

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER. The Vicar of Wakefield. (Gay and Bird.) Two volumes. Crown 8vo. Parchment. 12s. net.

There have lately been so many editions of this story, boasting memoirs and notes, that one is especially glad to welcome a reprint innocent of such attractions, and relying entirely upon the distinctness of its "get up" to ensure popularity. Like "Paul and Virginia" above, it is part of the "Edition Jouaust," and is illustrated with an etched portrait of Goldsmith and eight etchings by Ad. Lalauze. In its beautiful binding this edition will make an admirable present. Its text is a reprint of that of 1773, the last published in Goldsmith's life-time.

HARDY, THOMAS. Far from the Madding Crowd, and The Trumpet-Major. (Sampson Low.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 2s. 6d. each.

The first and second volumes of a new edition of the seven novels by Mr. Thomas Hardy which Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. publish. In appearance the volumes, the first of which contains a new and excellent colotype portrait of Mr. Hardy, are uniform, except in colour, with the new edition of Mr. William Black which the same publishers are now issuing.

HOWELLS, WILLIAM D. The World of Chance. (David Douglas, Edinburgh.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 375. 6s.

This story commences excellently with a description of the reflections of a young journalist who is leaving the country town in which he had made for himself a certain reputation, to seek literary fame and fortune in New York. But after the interesting account of his first attempt to induce some friendly publishers to take the novel which he had brought with him, and on which he had based his hopes of success, it begins to drag somewhat, and the reader is not likely to have his attention awakened by some tedious economic and political discussions which, for no apparent reason, Mr. Howells has imported into his story. At the end, however, it brightens up, and although one is sorry that it was not written to half its present length, one finishes it with a distinct feeling that, if not as good as the majority of its author's previous works, it is a novel above the average. Much of the characterisation is excellent, and the glimpses one gets into the working of a New York publishing house are very interesting.

PEARCE, J. H. Jaco Treloar. (Methuen.) Two volumes. 21s.

In spite of its crudeness and immaturity, Mr. Pearce's last book, "Inconsequent Lives," was the work of an artist, of an artist who had not thoroughly accustomed himself to his medium of expression. "Jaco Treloar" has all the faults of that story exaggerated, all the immature tricks of style, the angularities of presentment. A disciple of Mr. Hardy, Mr. Pearce has caught all his master's least pleasant characteristics without showing one tithe of his power. An occasional consciousness of feeling, if not of expression, a habit of using scientific and obscure words: these are peculiarities which we can forgive in the master, but not the pupil. Like "Inconsequent Lives," "Jaco Treloar" deals with the peasantry of the extreme west of Cornwall, and like that story again it is unrelievedly grey in tone. Mr. Pearce calls it "a study of a woman": it is rather a study of two animal natures; and it is not treated with sufficient skill or art to excuse its sordid character. In one thing, however, Mr. Pearce is successful: his Cornish peasantry and peasant scenes are faithful and lifelike. But his style is awkward and tautological; and the note of sex is dwelt upon with quite unnecessary persistence.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER. The Bride of Lammermoor, and Ivanhoe. (A. and C. Black.) 8vo. Cloth. 5s. each.

The latest volumes of the new Dryburgh edition of the Waverley Novels which Messrs. A. and C. Black are publishing at monthly intervals. The illustrations to "The Bride of Lammermoor" are by Mr. John Williamson; those in "Ivanhoe" by Mr. Gordon Browne.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER. Ivanhoe. (J. C. Nimmo.) Two volumes. Crown 8vo. Cloth. 12s.

One naturally turns with special interest to "Ivanhoe" in following the fortunes of the "Border" edition of Scott's novels, and there is by no means any falling away in the interest of the editor's critical introductions or in the excellence of the artistic element in the get-up. The twelve illustrations for "Ivanhoe" were entrusted to one hand; all are both etched and engraved by M. Ad. Lalauze, discriminating care having been taken in the selection of the most dramatic situations in the story for such treatment. The student of Scott is familiar with the circumstances under which "Ivanhoe" made its appearance in 1819—the success with which it was received by the general public, and the family troubles which, to the author, spoiled the effect of the reception of his work. Mr. Andrew Lang enters fully into the severe criticisms of the novel by Mr. Freeman and others, and his appended notes are, as in the case of previous volumes in the same edition, very useful to the reader.

TWAIN, MARK. The \$1,000,000 Bank-Note and Other New Stories. (Chatto and Windus.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 310. 3s. 6d.

A collection of nine short stories.

WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS. The Story of Patsy. (Gay and Bird.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 2s. 6d.

A slight story running only to 68 pp., but full of the pathos of slum life in a Western city. The author is at her best when describing the child life of the poor, and "Patsy" is a characteristic creation which is, alas! only too true to life, although so touchingly sad. It was written and sold some years ago for the benefit of a free Kindergarten in San Francisco.

YONGE, CHARLOTTE M. **Grisell Grissell; or, The Lairdly Lady of Whitburn.** (Macmillan.) Two volumes. 21s.

This story, dealing with the Wars of the Roses, is written in Miss Yonge's well-known style, and is admirably suited for young girls and boys. The accident by which little Grisell Dacre has her face incurably scarred and disfigured makes a good starting-point to the tale; and her adventures in different parts of England, where she is everywhere shunned because of her misfortune, prove excellent reading. How she wins over her relations to love her, how she is accused of witchcraft, how she escapes from her persecutors, how she is married against her will to a knight, who afterwards comes to love her, are all very well told.

ZANGWILL, I. **Children of the Ghetto: A Story of a Peculiar People.** (Heinemann.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 410. 6s.

The appearance of the third, and popular, edition of his wonderful study of the London Jewry has given Mr. Zangwill an opportunity of restoring its original sub-title and of adding—reluctantly, it seems—a glossary of the "Yiddish" words and phrases which occur throughout the book. Mr. Zangwill is evidently anxious that his work should not be considered as a novel. "It is intended," he says, "as a study through typical figures of a race whose persistence is the most remarkable fact in the history of the world, the faith and morals of which it has so largely moulded."

HISTORY.

CLARKE, H. BUTLER, M.A. **Spanish Literature.** (Swan Sonnenschein.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 288. 6s.

Mr. Clarke, the Taylorian Teacher of Spanish at Oxford, intends this elementary handbook as an answer to the question he is so often asked as to what there is to read in Spanish literature besides Cervantes and Calderón. Occasional translated extracts are given from the works of writers mentioned, a list of the cheap and easily obtainable editions of the books best suited for a preliminary course of Spanish reading, and a list of some of the principal writers on Spanish literature for those who wish to continue the study of the subject. The volume is provided with an index.

DUTT, RAMESH CHUNDER. **Ancient India: 2000 B.C.—800 A.D.** (Longmans.) 18mo. Cloth. Pp. 196. 2s. 6d. With two maps.

This volume is the first of a series of Epochs of Indian History.

PRIDEAUX, S. T. **An Historical Sketch of Bookbinding.** (Lawrence and Bullen.) Small 4to. Cloth. Pp. 303. 6s.

An extended reprint of the introduction contributed to the catalogue of the Exhibition of Binders, held at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1891. Miss Prideaux does not intend her book as an exhaustive historical treatise, but simply as a help to those interested in the subject, as such information as it contains is only to be found scattered up and down expensive illustrated works. The volume also contains a chapter on "Early Stamped Bindings," by Mr. E. Gordon Duff, an exhaustive bibliography, an index, and, as frontispiece, a colotype reproduction of a binding of St. Cuthbert's Gospel. The beautiful "end-paper" used in the volume is a copy of one made at Nuremberg at the end of the last century.

SNELL, F. J., M.A. **Primer of Italian Literature.** (Clarendon Press, Oxford.) 12mo. Cloth. Pp. 184. 3s. 6d.

A short elementary handbook to the history of Italian literature, forming one of the Clarendon Press Series.

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MINTO, WILLIAM, M.A. **Logic Inductive and Deductive.** (John Murray.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 373. 4s. 6d.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

School Libraries. (The Schoolmaster, 14, Red Lion Court.) 6d.

This pamphlet, reprinted from the *Schoolmaster*, contains some useful hints upon the formation of a school library—both for boys and girls—and a lengthy, and apparently very complete, list of suitable books.

BROWN, JAMES D. **A Handbook of Library Appliances.** (David Stutt.) Paper covers. Pp. 56. 1s.

A handbook dealing with the technical equipment of libraries from fittings and furniture to recipes for paste, etc.

THOYTS, E. E. **How to Decipher and Study Old Documents: being a Guide to the Reading of Ancient Manuscripts.** (Elliot Stock.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 143. 4s. 6d.

With an Introduction by Mr. C. Trice Martin, Assistant-Keeper of Her Majesty's Records.

The Amateur Photographer's Annual, 1893. (Hazell, Watson and Viney.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 216. 2s.

Contains a complete guide to carbon printing, practical articles, and a holiday guide to the leading photographic haunts in the Empire. It is illustrated with one carbon print and thirteen collotypes.

What to Read: Fabian Tract, No. 29. (Fabian Society, 276, Strand.) Pp. 32. 3d.

A valuable list of books on economic problems for all interested in the study of social questions.

WILSON, EDWARD L. (Editor.) **Photographic Mosaics: an Annual Record of Photographic Progress.** (Gay and Bird.) Paper covers. Pp. 282. 2s. 6d. net. Illustrated.

This is an American work, and it is interesting to note from its illustrations that the best American "half-tone" reproductions are much inferior to the best English. The articles upon different technical subjects contributed by the editor and various specialists will be of the greatest value to photographers.

POETRY, MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

BEATTY, PAKENHAM. **Sprete Carmina Musæ.** (George Bell and Sons.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 140. 4s. 6d. net.

There are many pieces among these "songs of a despoiled muse" above the average of minor verse, but Mr. Beatty is unable to remain at the high level that he occasionally reaches. It is not so much that his verses are facile, as that they are laboured and unequal, and sometimes rough and unmusical. One or two of the sonnets are successful, and some of the dramatic fragments are dramatic; but Mr. Beatty is at his best in his dedication to Robert Browning, and in the section entitled "Pilgrimage." "The Wreck of the *Birkenhead*," too, is a striking piece of verse which might well be applied to a more recent calamity—the loss of the *Victoria*.

DE GRUCHY, AUGUSTA. **Under the Hawthorn.** (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 85. 5s. net.

A very pleasing collection of minor verse. The title-page is from a design by Mr. Walter Crane.

ELLIS, HAVELOCK (Editor). **The Best Plays of Christopher Marlowe.** (T. Fisher Unwin.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xlvii, 430. 2s. 6d. New Edition.

A volume of the Mermad Series of the Old Dramatists, containing, in addition to Mr. Havelock Ellis's critical essay upon Marlowe, a general introduction to the series by the late Mr. J. Addington Symonds in the shape of an essay on "The English Drama during the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I.," and an etched portrait of Edward Alleyn from the picture in Dulwich College. The plays printed are "Tamburlaine the Great," "Dr. Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," and "Edward the Second."

EYRE-TODD, GEORGE. **Scottish Ballad Poetry.** (William Hodge and Co., Glasgow.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 323. 5s.

A volume of the Abbotsford Series of the Scottish Poets, which attempts to furnish, in authentic form, a collection of what is finest in the ballad poetry of Scotland. There is no index of authors, but the chronological order has been retained as far as possible, and the editor, besides contributing a lengthy introduction, writes a brief bibliographical note to each ballad.

Golden Treasury Psalter. (Macmillan.) 2s. 6d. net. Pp. 266.

The first edition appeared in 1870; it was re-issued in 1871, and now a third edition is called for. It still bears on its title-page the information that it is an abridgment of "the Psalms chronologically arranged" by "Four Friends." The identity of the "Four Friends" has only within the last few weeks been disclosed. The gentlemen who thus concealed their identity were Mr. F. E. Kitchener, formerly headmaster of Newcastle-under-Lyme School, now of Stone, Staffordshire; Dr. A. W. Potts, of Edinburgh, now deceased; Mr. J. S. Philpotts, of Bedford School; and Mr. M. Arnold (not Matthew) also deceased.

HOUSMAN, LAURENCE (Editor). **Selections from the Writings of William Blake.** (Kegan Paul.) 12mo. Parchment. Pp. xxxi, 259. 6s.

A volume of the well-known Parchment Library, whose beautiful format, even in these days of dainty books, no publisher has been able to excel. Mr. Housman is an illustrator thoroughly steeped in the traditions of Blake's art, and is by sympathy and knowledge admirably qualified to prepare this selection from the writings, both in prose and verse, of the poet whose work formed the subject of an article in a recent number of this Review. His introductory essay is an excellent piece of work. A reproduction of one of Blake's most characteristic designs forms the frontispiece of the volume.

IBSEN, HENRIK. *The Master Builder.* (Heinemann.) Paper covers. 1s.

This is more than a popular edition of Ibsen's latest drama, for it contains a biographical and theatrical note by Mr. Edmund Gosse, and "An Appendix for Critics" in the shape of an open letter by Mr. William Archer to his friend, Mr. A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the *Speaker* and of the *Star*. In his criticisms upon the play, and in an article in the *Fortnightly*, Mr. Walkley had protested his inability to conquer the "true inwardness," the symbolic intention, of the play; and in his letter—extending over nearly thirty pages—Mr. Archer endeavours to make clear the fact that "the melody, the plot" of the play, apart from its symbolism, is in no way obscure, and that Mr. Walkley's objections and criticisms are rather the result of an undue desire to find out an inner meaning, when, after all, an inner meaning is not altogether necessary to its enjoyment, than to any inherent defect in Ibsen's treatment of his theme.

NICHOLSON, BRINSLEY, M.D. (Editor). *The Best Plays of Ben Jonson.* Volume I. (T. Fisher Unwin.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. lxxii., 382. 2s. 6d.

A volume of the Mermaid Series of the Old Dramatists. For some time this series has been out of print, but Mr. Fisher Unwin has now arranged for its publication, and the present is the first of three volumes which are to be devoted to Ben Jonson. It contains three plays: "Every Man in his Humour," "Every Man out of his Humour," and "The Poetaster." The critical introduction is by Mr. C. H. Herford, and a portrait of the poet appears as frontispiece.

Selections from the Poems of Walter C. Smith. (Maclehose, Glasgow.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 175. 3s. 6d.

The author of "Olrig Grange" has, in this country at least, never achieved his due popularity; and it is to be hoped that this selection from books that he has already published will help to make his work more widely known. He is a poet of unusual versatility: his songs have the true lyric grace, his "character sketches" and "dramatic fragments" are admirably conceived and executed, and in every poem that he has written there is a depth of thought, combined with a fitness and picturesqueness of phrase, which make this collection unusually interesting. Among modern minor poets Mr. Smith has certainly no mean place.

SHEEDLOCK, J. S. (Editor). *The Beethoven-Cramer Studies.* (Augener.) 2s. 6d.

Forty-one studies for the pianoforte, by J. B. Cramer, with comments by Beethoven, and preface, explanatory notes, etc., by Mr. Sheedlock. It is a volume for which students and teachers will be grateful, Beethoven's terse comments on each study having been translated into English, while all other marks by Beethoven are carefully reproduced.

STATHAM, H. HEATHCOTE. *Form and Design in Music.* (Chapman and Hall.) Cloth. Pp. 114. 2s. 6d.

This outline of the æsthetic conditions of music and musical composition formed originally the first chapter of the author's "My Thoughts on Music and Musicians." In its present form it has been revised, and some additional information has been added.

SHAW, G. BERNARD. *Widowers' Houses.* (Henry and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xxiv., 126. 2s. 6d. net.

The first of the Independent Theatre Series of Plays which Mr. J. T. Grein, the president of the Independent Theatre Society, proposes to edit. No recent English play has excited so much attention as "Widowers' Houses," and however it may have been acted, it at least makes amusing reading. Mr. Shaw's preface, in which he criticises his critics, and his appendices, in which he reprints various letters which he wrote to the papers after the appearance of the play, are very interesting, and go to prove in what a perilous state is the average dramatic criticism of the present day. Mr. Grein's short general introduction to the series is somewhat fatuous and ill-written.

SCIENCE.

BURNETT, J. COMPTON, M.D. *Curability of Tumours by Medicines.* (Homœopathic Publishing Co.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 332. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Burnett is a consistent opponent of the practice of removing tumours by operation, believing that in the majority of cases it may be avoided by medical treatment. He includes cancer under the heading of tumours, but he intends treating of that malady in a separate work.

Fournet, 1892. (Fournet, 18, Bentinck Street.) Folio. 42s.

M. Fournet is a French oculist who has settled in London. His original ideas upon his science have led him to publish this volume, in which, in a manner hardly to be understood of laymen, he makes some astonishing attacks upon the methods of treatment prescribed by well-known eye specialists: Mr. Critchett, Mr. Brudenell-Carter, Mr. Nettleship, Mr. Comper, Dr. Quarry Silcock and Mr. Lawson. The size of the volume is explained by the fact that M. Fournet has reproduced in facsimile a number of letters, prescriptions, and other documents.

GALTON, FRANCIS, F.R.S. *Decipherment of Blurred Finger Prints.* (Macmillan.) 8vo. Cloth. 2s. 6d. net.

A supplementary chapter to Mr. Galton's "Finger Prints" in which he discusses the objections that have been raised to this method of criminal registration, on the ground that ordinary officials would fail to take the prints with sufficient sharpness, and that no jury would convict on finger-print evidence. A number of plates are given, showing examples of different prints enlarged by photography.

THEOLOGICAL.

GARNIER, JOHN. *Sin and Redemption; or, The Spirit and Principle of the Cross of Christ.* (Elliot Stock.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 508. 9s.

This work is written from a Christian standpoint, and is addressed principally to believers in Christianity. Some, however, of the arguments recently taken by opponents of Christianity are discussed.

GLADDEN, WASHINGTON. *Tools and the Man: Property and Industry under the Christian Law.* (James Clarke and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 308.

The substance of a course of lectures delivered to the students of the New Haven Theological Seminary, and portions of which have also been delivered at Cornell University and at Mansfield College, Oxford. Mr. Gladden believes that the Christian law, when rightly interpreted, contains the solution of the social problem, and that Christianity not only holds up a beautiful ideal, but that it presents the only theory of industrial and social order that can be made to work.

Meditations and Devotions of the late Cardinal Newman. (Longmans.) Long Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 611. 5s. net.

These papers were likely, most of them, to have formed part of a "Year-Book of Devotion" for reading and meditation according to the seasons and feasts of the year, which Cardinal Newman had for many years intended to compile, but which many circumstances prevented his finishing.

VOYSEY, REV. CHARLES, B.A. *The Sling and the Stone.* Volume X. (Williams and Norgate.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 440. 10s. 6d.

This volume is divided into four sections: (a) Revelation Tested on Moral Grounds; (b) The Bible and Modern Criticism; (c) On the Book entitled "Lux Mundi"; (d) The Voice of God.

TRAVEL, GEOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY.

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BARRETT, C. R. B. *Illustrated Guides to the Eastern Counties.* (Lawrence and Bullen.) Paper covers. 6d. each.

The third, fourth, and fifth volumes of this excellent series. No. 3 deals with St. Oysth, Wivenhoe, Fingringhoe, and Brightlingsea; No. 4 with Southend and its surroundings; No. 5 with Ipswich, and the routes from Ipswich to Harwich and Felixstowe.

BELL, NANCY. *The Tourist's Art Guide to Europe.* (George Philip and Son.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 328. 5s.

A handbook, very excellently illustrated, to the art treasures of every important town on the Continent. Good indices add greatly to the volume's usefulness.

HOWARD, B. DOUGLAS, M.A. *Life with Trans-Siberian Savages.* (Longmans.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 209. 6s.

This is a result of an intimate study made by Mr. Howard of the natives of the Island of Saghalien, the ultimate penal colony to which are now sent all the most dangerous of the Russian exiles. He considers these natives to be "the most ancient, distant and least known savages surviving in Asia," and the value of his researches can be understood when it is said that for nearly three hundred years no other observer has written upon the subject. Mr. Howard was specially lucky in the conditions under which he worked, for he lived in Saghalien as the guest of the governor, who gave him every opportunity and facility for observation.

INGLIS, H. R. G. *The Great North Road Map.* (Gall and Inglis.) 18mo. Cloth. 2s.

A very handy and distinct map of the road between London and Edinburgh, arranged in an ingenious manner which allows of an unusual amount of detail. When opened to its full length, the map is some yards in length.

MILES, E. J., M.D. *Byways in the Southern Alps.* (H. K. Lewis.) 8vo. Boards. Pp. 120.

Illustrated sketches of spring and summer resorts in Italy and Switzerland.

WHARTON, CAPTAIN W. J. L., R.N., F.R.S. (Editor). *Captain Cook's Journal during his First Voyage Round the World made in H.M. Bark "Endeavour," 1768-1771.* (Elliot Stock.) 4to. Cloth. Pp. lvi., 400. 21s.

Oddly enough this is the first volume to contain, entire and untouched, the original journal kept by Captain Cook upon the earliest of his voyages; for Dr. Hawkesworth, in whose hands, upon the return of the bark, was placed the task of preparing the account of the voyage, decided that it would be better to compile it from the journals of Captain Cook, Mr. Banks, Dr. Solander and others; the result being a jumble of facts somewhat unsatisfactory to the modern reader, anxious, not unnaturally, to get as clear an idea as possible not only of the voyage itself but also of the great mariner who made it. Now the Journal has been literally transcribed from the original manuscript, its interest and value being enhanced by the addition by Captain Wharton of a memoir of Captain Cook's life, and a number of notes. A portrait appears as frontispiece.

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American Journal of Politics.—114, Nassau Street, New York. June. 35 cents.

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Chance Shots and Odd Fish. "A Son of the Marshes."

The Sforza Book of Hours.

The Death of Sir Anthony d'Arce de la Bastie.

The Irish Magistracy and Constabulary under Home Rule.

Board of Trade Journal.—Eyre and Spottiswoode. June 15. 6d.

The Importation and Consumption of Mutton in France.

The Settlement of Labour Disputes in Italy.

The Foreign Trade of China in 1892.

Bohemian.—32, New Inn Chambers. July. 3d.

T. H. Hall Caine. With Portrait.

Cabinet Portrait Gallery.—Cassell. July. 1s.

Portraits and Biographies of Sir Edwin Arnold, Lady Colin Campbell, and Mr. Sidney Webb.

Californian Illustrated Magazine.—Brentano. June. 1s. 6d.

The Grand Canon of the Colorado. Illustrated. Chas. F. Sumniss.

Dynamical Geology of the Grand Canon. Illustrated. Richard Hay Drayton.

Our Treaties with China. Fred. J. Masters.

The Land of the Shah: Persia. Illustrated. Theodore Copeland.

The Danger to the Republic. Richard H. McDonald.

Some Spanish Authors. Illustrated. Arthur B. Simonds.

A Wheelman's Look through the "Lick." Illustrated. J. G. Bliss.

Hypnotism—A Normal Faculty. Wm. A. Spalding.

Titles won by the Pen. Arthur Inkersley.

Picturesque Utah. Illustrated. Genevieve L. Browne.

Around the South Pole. J. J. Peatfield.

Canadian Magazine.—Ontario Publishing Co., Toronto. June. 25 cents.

Bacteria and their Role in Nature. Illustrated. John J. Mackenzie.

The Aorta of North American Commerce: The Great Lakes. Chauncey N. Dutton.

The Women of the United States. Illustrated. Cecil Logsdail.

Dak to Penhawur. Illustrated. A. H. Morrison.

The Behring Sea Question. Z. A. Lash.

The Nickel Region of Canada. Illustrated. H. A. Hilyard.

Cape Magazine.—Dennis Edwards, Cape Town. May. 9d.

In a Cape Prison. Charles A. Goode.

Cassell's Family Magazine.—Cassell. July. 7d.

Royal Princes and Their Brides. Illustrated.

Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, M.P. Illustrated. R. Blathwayt.

In Parliament Assembled. IV. Illustrated. A. F. Robins.

In the Isle of Purbeck. Illustrated. Edith E. Cuthell.

Cassell's Saturday Journal.—Cassell. July. 6d.

The Caricature in Politics: A Chat with Mr. F. Carruthers Gould.

A Peep at the National Bird-Room: A Chat with Dr. R. Bowdler Sharpe.

Underwriters and the Risks They Run.

Cassier's Magazine.—27, King William Street, Strand. May 30. 25 cents.

Fast Trails of England and America. Illustrated. Gov. Lodian.

Power-Transmission from Central Stations. Dr. Louis Bell.

Modern Gas and Oil Engines. III. Albert Spies.

Steam Engines at the World's Fair. I. Illustrated. George L. Clark.

The Life and Inventions of Edison. VII. Illustrated. A. and W. K. I. Dickson.

Catholic Fireside.—92, Fleet Street. July. 6d.

Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. With Portrait.

The Catholic Church in the Pacific: The Mission of Hawaii.

Catholic World.—Burns and Oates, 28, Orchard Street. June. 35 cents.

The Human Soul of Jesus Christ. Very Rev. A. F. Hewitt.

The Latest Phase of the Drink Question, and the Keeley Cure. 11 us tral

Rev. A. B. O'Neill.

What are We Doing for Non-Catholics? Rev. Arthur M. Clark.

Where the Spirit of St. Vincent Lives: Mt. St. Vincent School f. g. d

Illustrated. Marlon J. Brunowe.

Institute for Woman's Professions. F. M. Eiseleas.
The Proper Attitude of Catholics towards Modern Biblical Criticism. Very Rev. H. I. D. Ryder.
The Prospects of Home Rule. John F. O'Shea.

Celtic Monthly.—Sinclair, Glasgow. July. 2d.
Scottish Superstitions. Nora Hopper.

Century Magazine.—Fisher Unwin. July. 1s. 4d.
The Most Picturesque Place in the World. Illustrated. J. and E. R. Pennell.
Thomas Hardy. With Portrait. Harriet W. Preston.
The Official Defence of Russian Persecution. Joseph Jacobs.
Leaves from the Autobiography of Salvini. With Portrait. Tommaso Salvini.
Sarah Siddons. With Portrait. Edmund Gosse.
Old Portsmouth Profiles. Illustrated. Thomas Bailey Aldrich.
The Author of "Gulliver": Jonathan Swift. Illustrated. M. O. W. Oliphant.
An Artist's Letters from Japan. Illustrated. John La Farge.
The Treatment of Disease by Suggestion. Illustrated. A. Mc. L. Hamilton.
Famous Indians. Illustrated. C. E. S. Wood.
A Voice for the People of Russia. George Kennan.

Chambers's Journal.—47, Paternoster Row. July. 7d.

Some Facts about Marine Surveying.
Flowers and their Peculiarities. H. A. Bryden.
The First Steamer to Cross the Atlantic.
The Sense of Sight in Animals.

Charities Review.—43, East 10th Street, New York. June. 20 cents.
The Bureau of Charities and Correction at the World's Columbian Exposition. Nathan S. Rosenau.
Would Personal Influence Diminish Panperism? Mrs. E. C. Bolles.
"Felix Qui Causam Cognovit." Josephine Shaw Lowe.
The Movement to Establish People's Banks. Wilton Tournier.
General Rodolf Brinkerhoff. With Portrait. Joseph P. Byers.
George B. Bruzelle: His Life and Work.
The International Congress on Africa. Frederick Perry Noble.

Chums.—Casell. July. 6d.
How to Form a Collection of British Birds' Eggs. Illustrated. R. Kearton.
The 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys) and the Rifle Brigade. Illustrated.

Classical Review.—David Nutt, 270, Strand. June. 1s. 6d.
Oreher and the Codex Bezae. J. Rendel Harris.
Justin Martyr and the Gospel of Peter. C. Taylor.
Critical Notes on the Republic of Plato. H. Richards.
Pater's Plato and Platonism. L. Campbell.

Clergyman's Magazine.—27, Paternoster Row. July. 6d.
Eastern Customs in Bible Lands. Rev. H. B. Tristram.
The Rapture of the Saints. Rev. J. Stuart Russell.
Ezekiel, the Apocalypse of the Old Testament. Rev. H. H. Gowen.

Contemporary Review.—Labster. July. 2s. 6d.
The Future of Islam. Henry Norman.
The Teaching of Civic Duty. James Bryce.
Uster: Facts and Figures. A Reply. Thomas Sinclair.
My Testament. Père Hyacinthe Loysen.
The Spencer-Weismann Controversy. G. J. Romanes, with a note by Herbert Spencer and Professor Marcus Hartog.
Undoing the Work of the Reformation. Archdeacon Farrar.
Winchester College, 1393-1893. A. F. Leach.
A May-Day Dialogue. II. Vernon Lee.
The Original Poem of Job. Dr. E. J. Dillon.

Cornhill Magazine.—15, Waterloo Place. July. 6d.
Nile Notes.
Texts and Mottoes.
Tournaments and Matches.
"With Edged Tools." New Serial.
"A Widow's Tale." New Serial. Mrs. Oliphant.

Cosmopolitan.—International News Company, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane. June. 2s. 6d.

The City of Brooklyn. Illustrated. Murat Halstead.
The Chase of the Chongo. Illustrated. Chas. F. Summis.
Socosis. Illustrated. Margaret M. Merrill.
The Rise and Decline of the Hawaiian Monarchy. Illustrated. Herbert H. Gowen.
The Merrimac and the Cumberland. Illustrated. T. O. Selfridge, Junior.
Omega: The Last Days of the World. Illustrated. Camille Flammarion.
Mahammed Baber, Emperor of Hindustan, 1482-1530. Illustrated. Edward S. Holden.
The Deserted Homes of New England. Illustrated. Clifton Johnson.
What Society offers Mary Grew. Clara S. Davidge.
The First Woman of Spain: Emilia Pardo Bazan. Illustrated. Sylvester Baxter.
Notes of the Brussels Monetary Conference. Illustrated. E. Benj. Andrews.

Dial.—24, Adams Street, Chicago. 10 cents.
June 1.

A Russian Evangelist: Malame de Krudener.

June 16.

Democracy and Education.

Economic Journal.—Macmillan and Co. June. 5s.

Statistics of some Midland Villages. Joseph Ashby and Bolton King.
Labour Federations. Clem Edwards.
State Promotion of Industrial Peace. D. F. Schloss.
Patriarchal versus Socialistic Remedies. John Graham Brooks.
Adam Smith and His Relations to Recent Economics. L. L. Price.
The Taxation of Ground Rents. Professor C. F. Bastable.
The Australian Banking Crisis. Arthur Ellis.
Australia under Protection. Matthew Macfie.
The Home-Steal Strike. Professor F. W. Taussig.
The Conditions of State Relief in Denmark. C. H. Leppington.
The Study of Political Economy in Japan. Jinchi Soyeda.
The Hull Shipping Dispute. Clem Edwards.

Educational Review.—2, Creed Lane, Ludgate Hill. July. 6d.

English Literature: Its Teaching in Schools. J. Wells.
The Need for Educational Reprints. Foster Watson.
The Educational Aspects of Hungary. Miss Margaret Fletcher.
Technical Education for London: Mr. Llewellyn Smith's Report to the London County Council. William Garnett.
Abraham Sharp, the Mathematician. E. M. Langley.

Educational Review. (America.)—F. Norgate and Co. June. 1s. 8d.
Plans of Organization for School Purposes in Large Cities. Andrew S. Draper.
The Newspaper and the College. Chas. F. Thwing.
Spanish-Californian Schools. Chas. H. Shinn.
University Participation—a Substitute for University Extension. Albert B. Hart.
Library Facilities for Study in Europe. J. Howard Gore.

Engineering Magazine.—George Tucker, Salisbury Court, Fleet Street. June. 2s. 6d.

What Will the Democrats Do? A Forecast of Tariff Legislation. John De Witt Warner.
Great Britain at the World's Fair. James Dredge.
The Latest and Greatest Cucumber: the *Campania*. Illustrated.
Evolution of the Iron-Founder's Art. Stephen Bolland.
The Trans-Siberian Railway. Fred. Hobart.
English and American Railways. III. Illustrated. W. M. Acworth.
The American Passenger Elevator. Illustrated. Thomas E. Brown, Junior.
Progress in Steam-Engineering. II. Professor R. H. Thurston.
Fire Risks in Electric Insulation. Prof. F. A. C. Perrine.
Modern American Country Houses. Illustrated. John Beverley Robinson.

English Illustrated Magazine.—Edward Arnold, Bedford Street. July. 6d.

The Romance of Modern London. II.—In the Small Hours. Illustrated.
In a County Prison. Illustrated. C. Rayleigh Vickers.
Bagshot Park: The Residence of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. Illustrated. Arthur H. Beavan.
The North Pole up to Date: A Sketch. Illustrated. Andrew A. W. Drew.
A Chat about Cricket. II. Illustrated. Rev. W. K. Bedford.

Expositor.—27, Paternoster Row. July. 1s.
Christianity in the Roman Empire. Prof. Mommsen.
The Church and the Empire in the First Century. Prof. W. M. Ramsay.
St. Paul's Conception of the Doctrine of Sin. Prof. A. B. Bruce.
Abelard's Doctrine of the Atonement. Rev. H. Rashdall.
The Chronology of Ezra IV. 6-23. Bishop Hervey.

Expository Times.—Simpkin, Marshall. July. 6d.
The Babylonian Story of the Fall. W. St. Chad Boswell.
Frederick Godet. Prof. A. Grellat.
The Teaching of Our Lord as to the Authority of the Old Testament. Bishop Elliott.
The Kingdom of God. Rev. J. H. Bernard and Others.

Fireside Magazine.—7, Paternoster Square. July. 6d.

Ins and Outs. Illustrated. H. Somerset Bullock.
The Chief Mountains of the Oberland, Switzerland. Illustrated. Rev. W. Senior.

Folk-Lore.—(Quarterly.) David Nutt, 270, Strand. June. 3s. 6d.

Cinderella and Britain. Alfred Nutt.
The False Bride. Gertrude M. Godden.
English Folk-Drama. II. T. Fairman Ordish.
Folk-Lore Gleanings from County Leitrim. Leland L. Duncan.
Balochi Tales. M. Longworth Dames.
Obeah Worship in East and West Indies. Illustrated. May Robinson and M. J. Walhouse.
The Oldest Icelandic Folk-Lore. W. A. Craigie.
The Folk. Joseph Jacobs.

Fortnightly Review.—Chapman and Hall. July. 2s. 6d.

A Visit to Prince Bismarck. G. W. Smalley.
The Evolution of Our Race. Frederic Harrison.
Beautiful London. Grant Allen.
The Recent Solar Eclipse. Prof. Thorpe.
The Dynasty of the Brohans. Ange Galdemar.
The Mausoleum of Ibeu. William Archer.
The Progress of Women's Trade-Unions. Miss E. March-Phillips.
The Russian Intrigues in South-Eastern Europe. C. B. Roylance-Kent.
Advance of the United States during One Hundred Years. Dr. Brock.
French Movements in Eastern Slav. Sir Richard Temple.

Forum.—37, Belford Street, Strand. April. 2s. 6d.
 Grave Obstacles to Hawaiian Annexation. Thomas M. Cooley.
 China's View of Chinese Exclusion. Rev. Gilbert Reid.
 Half a Million Dollars a Day for Pensions. J. De W. Warner.
 The Decisive Breach in the Grand Army. Allen R. Foote.
 American Literary Criticism and its Value. H. H. Boyesen.
 The Diminishing Birth-rate in the United States. Dr. J. S. Billings.
 Office-Seekers and the President's Manifesto. Louis Windmiller.
 The Financial Excitement and its Causes. George Rutledge Gibson.
 College Men first among Successful Citizens. Dr. Chas. F. Thwing.
 Our Public School System: A Summary. Dr. J. M. Rice.

Franco-English Review.—22, Rue de la Banque, Paris. June 15.
 75 cents.

Technical Education in English Villages. S. Willis.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.—110, Fifth Avenue, New York.
 July. 25 cents.

Metropolitan Life in Summer. Illustrated. L. J. Vance.
Greenland and its Mysteries. Illustrated. Mary Titcomb.
Dalmatia and Albania. Illustrated. T. G. Bonney.
The News World of London. Illustrated. Edward Porritt.
The Sailors of the Czar. Illustrated. Valerien Gribayevoff.

Gentleman's Magazine.—Chatto and Windus. July. 1s.
 The Roman Carnival. P. Morgan Watkins.
 The National Anthem: A Jacobite Hymn and Rebel Song. Stricker Bateman.
 Limited Liability. B. D. MacKenzie.
 Her Majesty's Servants: Actors. G. B. Lancaster Woodburne.
 Prospecting in British Guiana. J. E. Playfair.
 Saint Paul du Var Re-discovered. Rev. H. R. Haweis.

Geographical Journal.—1, Savile Row. June. 2s.
 Do Glaciers Excavate? With Maps. Prof. T. G. Bonney.
 Pythias, the Discoverer of Britain. With Maps. Clements R. Markham.
 A Journey from the Shire River to Lake Mweru and the Upper Luapula.
 Alfred Sharpe.

Girl's Own Paper.—56, Paternoster Row. July. 6d.
 Caroline of Anspach. Sarah Tytler.
 The Wealth of a Wood in July. Maude Morrison.

Godey's Magazine.—376, Strand. June. 1s.
 A Modern Orpheus: Francis Saltus. Illustrated. Mel. R. Colquhitt.
 The Women of Arctic Alaska. Illustrated. Herbert L. Aldrich.

Good Words.—Isbister. July. 6d.
 Empty Shells. Rev. Harry Jones.
 Suffolk Moated Halls. Illustrated. Dr. J. E. Taylor.
 James Thomson: a Poet of the Woods. Illustrated. Hugh Haliburton.
 Mr. Ruskin's Titles. With Portrait. Mrs. E. T. Cook.
 A Midsummer Day in Glen Nevis. Nether Lochaber.

Great Thoughts.—28, Hutton Street, Fleet Street. July. 6d.
 Ven. Archdeacon Sinclair and Rev. Dr. Pentecost. With Portraits. Raynham Blathwayt.
 The Saturday Review and Mr. W. H. Pollock. With Portrait.
 John Ruskin on Education. William Jolly.
 Socialism and its Leaders. Rev. S. E. Keeble.

Harper's Magazine.—45, Albemarle Street. July. 1s.
 Italian Gardens. Illustrated. Charles A. Platt.
 French Canadians in New England. Illustrated. H. Loomis Nelson.
 Side Light on the German Soldier. Illustrated. Poutney Bigelow.
 Three English Race Meetings. Illustrated. R. Harling Davis.
 Algerian Riders. Illustrated. Colonel T. A. Dodge.
 Chicago's Gentle Side. Julian Ralph.
 The Function of Slang. Prof. Brander Matthews.

Hertfordshire Illustrated Review.—Elliot Stock. June 15. 1s.
 "The Tribe Accurst": Snakes. Illustrated. Dr. A. Stradling.
 Bees and Bee-Farming. Illustrated. Arthur Smith.

Humanitarian.—Swan Sonnenschein and Co., London. July. 6d.
 The Alchemy of Maternity. Victoria Woodhull Martin.
 Medieval Medicine. Rev. Alfred Momerie.
 Anthropometrical Descriptions. Dr. A. Bertillon.
 Politics in the Home. Mrs. Henry Fawcett.
 "To the Third and Fourth Generation." New Serial, by Walter Besant.

Hygienic Review.—Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. July. 6d.
 The Berlin-Vienna Walk. Kenneth Romanes.
 An Interview with Mrs. Mona Caird. Illustrated. S. A. Tooley.
 Drift Children. Illustrated. J. C. D. Power.

Idler.—Chatto and Windus. July. 6d.
 Alphonse Dauid at Home. Illustrated. Marie Adelaide Belloc.
 My First Book. Illustrated. I. Zangwill.
 Memoirs of a Female Nihilist. Illustrated. Sophie Wassilieff.
 The Idler's Club: "Tipping." Joseph Hatton and others.

Illustrated Carpenter and Builder.—John Hicks, 313, Strand.
 July. 6d.
 The Building Mechanics of the United States. Arthur Seymour Jennings.
 Dover Harbour Works.

Imperial Federation.—Cassell. June. 4s. per annum.
 The Imperial Institute.
 Imperial Communications.

Index Library.—124, Chancery Lane. June.
 Calendar of Prerogative Court of Canterbury Wills, 1383-1558.
 Calendar of Gloucester Wills, 1541-1650.
 Calendar of Lichfield Peculiar Wills and Index.
 Abstracts of Gloucestershire Inquisitions post mortem.
 Abstracts of London Inquisitions post mortem.

Irish Monthly.—Gill, Dublin. July. 6d.
 Dr. Russell of Maynooth. XV.

Jewish Quarterly Review.—270, Strand. July. 3s.
 Hebrew and Greek Ideas of Providence and Divine Retribution. C. G. Montefiore.
 The Emperor Julian and the Jews. Rev. Michael Adler.
 Specimens of a Metrical English Version of Poems by Jehudah Halevi. Mrs. Henry Lucas.
 Missionary Judaism. Oswald John Simon.

Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society.—
 Guy, Cork. June. 6d.

The Berehaven Challice of 1597. Illustrated. Robert Day.
 Some Unpublished Records of Cork. C. G. Doran.
 The Private Bankers of Cork and the South of Ireland. C. M. Tenison.

Journal of Education.—86, Fleet Street. July. 6d.
 The Use of the Optical Lantern in Class Instruction (Prize Essay). Marie J. Mason.

New Code for Evening Continuation Schools.
 A New Book on Infant Psychology. Professor Sully.
Vivendo Discimus! Notes on the Edinburgh Summer Meeting.
 Health in French Schools. Rev. W. Burnet.

Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute.—Northumberland Avenue.
 June. 6d.

The Influence of Commerce on the Development of the Colonial Empire. H. Boyd-Carpenter.

Kindergarten Magazine.—Woman's Temple, Chicago. June. 25 cents.
 Home Reading for the Child. Helena C. Sterling.
 Kindergarten and Public School. A. H. Heinemann.

King's Own.—48, Paternoster Row. July. 6d.

Ancient MSS. of the New Testament. Rev. J. Cniross.
 The Apostle of the South Seas: John Williams. Rev. A. T. Pierson.
 The Armed Cruiser *Tesonic*. Illustrated. Rev. R. Shindler.

Ladies' Home Journal.—53, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus.
 July. 10 cents.

A Flower of the Air: The Orchid. Illustrated. Nancy Mann Waddle.
 Rosa Nonchette Carey. With Portrait. Ruth Ashmore.
 Charles Dickens's Daughter: Mary Dickens. With Portrait. Fred. Dolman.

Ladies' Treasury.—23, Old Bailey. July. 7d.
 England in Egypt. Illustrated.
 Every Day Life of Indian Women. Captain R. C. Temple.

Leisure Hour.—56, Paternoster Row. July. 6d.
 Story of the "Eighteenth Royal Irish." Surgeon-Major Alcock.
 Among the Tibetans. Illustrated. Isabella L. Bishop.
 The Way of the World at Sea: Board and Lodging. Illustrated. W. J. Gordon.
 Delinquent Animals. Helen Zimmern.
 The Only Likeness of Shakespeare: The Bust in the Church of Stratford-on-Avon. Dr. Macaulay.
 The World as Known Forty Years after Columbus's Great Discovery. With Map.
 Microscopic Sea Life. II. Illustrated. Henry Scherren.

Light on the Way.—16, New Brown Street, Manchester. July. 2d.
 The Labour Church. Hugh V. Herford.
 Disestablishment up to Date. Hector Morison.

Lippincott's.—Ward, Lock, Salisbury Square. July. 1s.
 Fanny Kemble at Lenox. C. B. Todd.
 On the Way: Washington City. Illustrated. Julian Hawthorne.
 Chicago Architecture. Illustrated. Barr Ferree.
 What the United States Owe to Italy. Giovanni P. Morosini.
 The New Poetry and Mr. W. E. Henley. Gilbert Parker.

Literary Northwest.—Merrill, New York. June. 20 cents.
 The Last Sioux of Minnesota. Illustrated. Rev. John Gmeluer.
 Cliff Dwellers. Illustrated. Palmer Henderson.
 Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Illustrated. Mrs. Mary J. Reid.
 A Study of Ibsen's "Master-Builder." Lily A. Long.
 Minnesota State Conference of Charities and Correction. Illustrated.

Little Folks.—Cassell. July. 6d.
 "Fluffy and Jack," New Serial. H. Atteridge.
 "Wolf Ear the Indian," New Serial. Edward S. Ellis.

Longman's Magazine.—39, Paternoster Row. July. 6d.
 English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century. Prof. J. A. Froude.
 The Size of the Sea. William Schoellgen.

Lucifer.—7, Duke Street, Adelphi. June 15. 1s. 6d.
 The Necessity for the Study of Metaphysics. Bertram Keightley.
 Free Will and Karma. W. Kingland.
 The Foundation of Christian Mysticism. Continued. Frau Hartmann.
 Theosophy or Psychological Religion: Prof. Max Müller's Gifford Lecture.

Theosophy and its Practical Application. Annie Besant.
 Karma and Astrology. Rai B. K. Laheri.
 The Fourth Dimension. Herbert Coryn.

Ludgate Monthly.—53, Fleet Street. July. 6d.

Across Siberia. Illustrated. Arthur H. Lawrence.
 The Queen's Westminsters. Illustrated.
 The River Thames—Oxford to Goring. Illustrated.
 Albert Chevalier and His Songs. Illustrated. E. Alfieri.
 Wellington College. Illustrated.

Lyceum.—Burns and Oates. June 15. 4d.

Local Option.
 Religion in the Home Rule Controversy.
 Irish Dramatists.
 Grammar's Claim to Canonization.
 A Literary Ter-Centenary: Marlowe.

Macmillan's Magazine.—Macmillan. July. 1s.

Gilbert White of Selborne. W. Warde Fowler.
 Mrs. Kemble. Anne Ritchie.
 Arimbalchio's Feast.
 The Fetish-Mountain in Krobo, Africa. Hesketh J. Bell.

Medical Magazine.—4, King Street, Cheapside. June. 2s. 6d.

The Necessity for Placing Tubercular Phthisis under Control, from Another Point of View. James F. Goodhart.
 The Periods of Incubation and the Duration of Infection in Certain Acute Infectious Diseases. Dawson Williams.
 England's Duty to Egypt, as the Pioneer of Sanitation. Dr. Greene, Pasha.
 Parisian Sanitation: The Stations for Disinfection. T. M. Legge.
 The Medical Education of Women. Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake.
 "Antiseptic Inunction" in Scarlet Fever: A Criticism Answered. J. Brendon Curgiven.

Professor Huxley on Evolution and Ethics.

The Massacre of the Innocents: Infant Mortality. VII.

Missionary Review of the World.—44, Fleet Street. July. 25 cents.

The Islands of the Sea: South Sea Islands. Rev. S. McFarlane.
 The Japanese Religious Press. Rev. J. I. Sedler.
 Evangelisation of the Islands. Rev. E. Dunlap.
 The Present Aspect of Missions in India. James Kennedy.

Modern Review.—4, Bouverie Street. July. 6d.

The "Sarah Grand" Sex-Theory. Egeria and Catharine M. Whitehead.
 The Sanitation of Residential Property. B. H. Thwaite.
 The Civil Action in the Maybrick Case.
 Some Blots on the Divorce Law. A. T. Story.
 A Brief for Life's Failures—Suicides. T. March.

Month.—Burns and Oates. July. 2s.

A Pilgrimage to Holy Island and Farns. Rev. R. F. Clarke.
 The Labour Gazette. Rev. W. D. Strappini.
 Stonyhurst Memories. Percy Fitzgerald.
 The Roman Breviary. Rev. J. Morris.
 Rome's Witness against Anglican Orders. Rev. S. F. Smith.

Monthly Packet.—Innes, Bedford Street. July. 1s.

"Lot 13." New Serial, by Dorothea Gerard.
 Oliver Wendell Holmes. Oscar Fay Adams.

National Review.—13, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall. July. 2s. 6d.

France, England, and Siam. R. S. Gundry.
 A Modern Conversation. W. Earl Hodgson.
 Sir Richard Owen and Old-World Memories. Hon. L. A. Tollemache.
 The Future Income of Labour. W. H. Mallock.
 The Argument for Belief. H. M. Bompas.
 In Defence of the Post Office. "One Who Knows."
 The *Perriles* of Cervantes. James Mew.
 A Grey Romance. Story. Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

Nautical Magazine.—28, Little Queen Street. June. 1s.

Nautical Hygiene, with Special Reference to Cholera. J. R. Stocker.
 The Indian Ocean. Richard Beynon.
 Rebergs in the Southern Ocean. Wm. Allingham.
 The Ships of the Nations. II. Captain Edward Bond.

New Peterson Magazine.—112, South Third Street, Philadelphia. June. 20 cents.

In the Forest's Last Struggle. Illustrated. F. I. Vassault.
 The Garden Spot of Washington. Illustrated. Herbert Bashford.
 Some Pacific Coast Writers. Illustrated. Ella Higginson.

New Review.—Longmans, Green and Co. July. 1s.

Two Aspects of H.R.H. Princess Victoria Mary of Teck.
 Reminiscences of Carlyle, with some Unpublished Letters. G. Strachey.
 Our Public Schools: their Methods and Morals. "Vox in Solitudine Clamantis."

The Poisoning of the Future. Dr. S. Squire Sprigge.
 Life and Labour. Emile Zola.

Crimes and their Detection. E. R. Spearman.
 Canadian Society, Past and Present. Lady Jephson.
 The Tactics of the Opposition: A Defence. T. M. Healy.

New World.—Quarterly. Gay and Bird. June. 3s.

Modern Explanations of Religion. Hermann Schultz.
 Evolution: a Re-statement. C. Lloyd Morgan.
 Tempton and Browning as Spiritual Forces. C. C. Everett.

The Social Movement in French Protestantism. Ellsée Bost.
 The Triple Standard in Ethics. George Batchelor.
 The Development of the Psalter. John P. Peters.
 The Congregational Polity. J. H. Crooker.
 Andrew Preston Peabody. Philip S. Moxon.

Newbery House Magazine.—Griffith, Farran. July. 1s.

Portraits of some Leaders of the Church Movement.
 Early Primary Education. Mrs. Herniman.
 The Non-Jurors. Hon. Mrs. Buckley-Owen.
 The Church of St. Mary Overie. Illustrated. W. A. Webb.
 Eugene Bersier. G. Kingscote.
 Moths and Butterflies. Agnes Giborne.
 Women and Children: their Needs and Helpers. II. Lady Laura Ridding.

Nineteenth Century.—July.

The "Arts and Crafts" Exhibition at Westminster: The Home Rule Bill.
 Edward Dicey.
 The Ninth Clause. (To my Fellow Glasstonians.) Dr. Wallace.
 The New South Sea Bubble: Australian Finance. Hon. John Fortescue.
 The Siamese Boundary Question. With Map. Hon. George N. Curzon.
 "Robbing God;" Disestablishment. Rev. Dr. Jessopp.
 Charles Baudelaire and Edgar Poe: a Literary Affinity. Esme Stuart.
 The Pan-Britannic Gathering. J. Asley Cooper.
 Some Day Dreams and Realities. Rev. Harry Jones.
 How to Catalogue Books. J. Taylor Kay.
 Cookery as a Business. Mary Harrison.
 Great Britain as a Sea Power. Hon. T. A. Brassey.
 The Situation at Washington. Professor Goldwin Smith.
 Medieval Medicine. Mrs. King.
 The Apostles' Creed. Professor Harnack (With an Introduction by Mrs. Humphry Ward).

North American Review.—Brentano. June. 2s. 6d.

The Lessons of the Naval Review. Hilary A. Herbert.
 Who are the Greatest Wealth Producers? W. H. Mallock.
 How to Check Testamentary Litigation: Surrogate Ransom.
 Disappearing Dickensland. Charles Dickens.
 A Look Ahead: The Reunion of the English-Speaking World. Andrew Carnegie.
 Police Protection at the World's Fair. R. W. McLaughrey and John Bonie.
 Thirty Knots an Hour to Europe. Prof. J. H. Biles.
 Reform of the Drink Traffic. Rev. W. S. Rainsford.
 The Financial Outlook. W. Bourke Cockran.
 Christ as an Orator. T. Alexander Hyde.
 Inebriety from a Medical Standpoint. Dr. E. F. Arnold.

Our Day.—28, Beacon Street, Boston. June. 25 cents.

The Duty of Church Members in the Temperance Reform. Joseph Cook.
 Trusts and Monopolies as Modern Highwaymen. W. O. McDowell.
 Newspaper Apologies for Pugilism. Rev. Wayland Hoyt.
 Is the Fourth Commandment Binding upon Christians? Joseph Cook.

Outing.—170, Strand. July. 6d.

Sails and Sailor Craft. Illustrated. Charles Ledyard Norton.
 Kings and Queens of the Turf. Illustrated.
 Canadian Militia in Action. Illustrated. Capt. Henry T. Woodside.
 Lenz's World Tour Awheel. Illustrated.

Overland Monthly.—Pacific Mutual Life Building, San Francisco. June. 25 cents.

Pomo Basket Makers. Illustrated. J. H. Hudson.
 The Year 1899. William Ward Crane.
 The American Private Soldier. Illustrated. Alvin H. Sydenham.
 Frauds on Marine Underwriters. Caspar T. Hopkins.

Pall Mall Magazine.—18, Charing Cross Road. July. 1s.

The Follies of Fashion. I. Illustrated. Mrs. Parr.
 Old Hedgerows. Illustrated.
 Queen Marie Louise of Prussia. Illustrated. Wm. Waldorf Astor.
 Deal Beach. Illustrated. Sydney Gerahel.
 The Armies of France. Illustrated.
 More about Society. Lady Jeanne.
 Round about the Palais Bourbon. II. Albert D. Vandam.
 Goethe and Helne on the Irish Question. Dr. Karl Blind.

Poet-Lore.—Gay and Bird. June—July. 50 cents.

Walt Whitman. Professor Oscar L. Triggs.
 Emma Lazarus: Woman, Poet, Patriot. Mary M. Cohen.
 Early Women Poets of America. Mary Harned.
 A Talk on American Patriotic Poems. Charlotte Porter.
 Emerson as an Exponent of Beauty in Poetry. Helen A. Clarke.

Practical Photographer.—7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus. July. 1d.

Thomas Fall. Illustrated.

Primitive Methodist Quarterly.—6, Sutton Street, E. June. 2s.

Henry Ward Beecher. A. Lewis Humphries.
 Early Scottish Methodism. Robert Hind.
 The Church of the Future. James A. Cheeseman.
 Thomas Carlyle as a Social Reformer.
 Primitive Methodism and the Labour Question. John Forster.
 A Moslem Mission to Christendom. J. Hyslop Bell.
 Mark Rutherford. Joseph Ritson.
 The Higher Criticism and the Old Testament. Arthur S. Peake.
 The Parish Councils Bill.

- Psychical Review.**—(Quarterly). 19, Pierce Buildings, Copley Square, Boston. May. 1 dol.
- Psychical Science and Education. Arthur F. Ewell.
- Some Reasons why Mediums do not Aid the A. P. S. in Its Investigations. Samuel H. Terry.
- The Double Personality, and the Relation of the Submerged Personality to the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. A. N. Somers.
- A Plea for Psychical Research. Miles Menander Dawson.
- An Agnostic at a Séance. J. C. F. Grumblin.
- The Search for Facts. II. Memory as a Factor. T. E. Allen.
- Quiver.**—Cassell. July. 6d.
- "Not Beyond Remedy." New Serial Story by Mary Capes.
- Principal Reynolds of Cheshunt College. Illustrated. R. Blathwayt.
- A Buried Town in England. Silchester. Illustrated.
- How Jews are Married. Illustrated. Rev. W. Burnet.
- A Visit to the "Dossers." Illustrated. J. Hall Richardson.
- Regions Beyond.**—9, Paternoster Row. July. 3d.
- The Athens of Africa: Morocco. Illustrated.
- The Congo Balolo Mission.
- Religious Review of Reviews.**—4, Catherine Street, Strand. June 15 6d.
- The National Church. Archbishop Thomson.
- A Memorable Demonstration at the Albert Hall. G. H. F. Nye.
- The Future of the Scottish Establishment.
- Philanthropic Institutions. V.
- Review of the Churches.**—John Haddon, Salisbury Square. June 15. 6d.
- The Inner History of the Wesleyan Missionary Conference.
- The World's Parliament of Religions. Illustrated. Rev. J. H. Burrows.
- The Jubilee of the Free Church of Scotland. Illustrated. Prof. T. M. Lindsay.
- St. Nicholas.**—Fisher Unwin. July. 1s.
- Chicago. Illustrated. John F. Ballantyne.
- Festival Days at Girls' Colleges. Illustrated. Grace W. Soper.
- Scots Magazine.**—Houlston, Paternoster Square. July. 6d.
- Reminiscences of De Quincey. J. Stitt-Thomson.
- The French Revolution in England. A. M. Williams.
- Home Rule for Scotland. John Romans.
- Scottish Geographical Magazine.**—Stanford. June. 1s. 6d.
- Remarks on Malaria and Acclimatisation. H. Martyn Clark.
- Some Ancient Landmarks of Midlothian. With Map. Henry M. Cadell.
- Scribner's Magazine.**—Sampson Low. July. 1s.
- The Life of the Merchant Sailor. Illustrated. W. Clark Russell.
- Personal Recollections of Two Visits to Gettysburg. A. H. Nickerson.
- Foreground and Vista at the Fair. Illustrated. W. Hamilton Gibson.
- Leisure. Agnes Repplier.
- Trout-fishing in the Traun. Illustrated. Henry van Dyke.
- Aspects of Nature in the West Indies. Illustrated. W. K. Brooks.
- The Prevention of Pauperism. Oscar Craig.
- Shafts.**—Arundel Street, Strand. June 15. 3d.
- Reform in Domestic Life. Jane H. Clapperton.
- Strand Magazine.**—Southampton Street. June. 6d.
- Future Dictates of Fashion. Illustrated. W. Cade Gail.
- Portraits and Biographies of Harry Furniss. Sir George Reid, Colin Hunter, Sir Frederick Abel, Lord Kelvin, Cardinal Vaughan, Cardinal Vaughan's Father and Brothers.
- From Behind the Speaker's Chair. VI. Illustrated. Henry W. Lucy.
- Student.**—R. Ward and Sons, Newcastle-on-Tyne. June-July. 4d.
- Mohammed as a Reformer. Canon R. T. Talbot.
- Starnthwaite. Prin. Garnett.
- Sunday at Home.**—56, Paternoster Row. July. 6d.
- A Sisterhood of Hymn-Writers. Illustrated. Rev. S. G. Green.
- Benares, India. Illustrated. Rev. Chas. Merck.
- In the Downs. Illustrated. Rev. T. S. Treanor.
- Passages from the Life of a French Anarchist. M. Tricot.
- The Jerusalem and Damascus Railways. With Maps. Henry Walker.
- Italians in London. Mrs. Brewer.
- Sunday Magazine.**—Isbister. July. 6d.
- Under the Northern Lights. Illustrated. W. V. Taylor.
- A Model Bishop of the New World: Phillips Brooks. With Portrait. Rev. S. Linton Bell.
- The Moor and What Lives and Grows There. Canon Atkinson.
- Argosy.**—July.
- Hope. Sydney Grey.
- Atalanta.**—July.
- For the Princess May. Alexander H. Japp.
- Atlantic Monthly.**—July.
- Within the Heart. George Parsons Lathrop.
- (Ghost-Flowers.) Mary T. Higginson.
- Petrarch. Gamaliel Bradford, Jun.
- Californian Illustrated Magazine.**—June.
- A Leaf from the Devil's Jest-Book. Illustrated. Chas. E. Markham.
- The Lethe of Toll. Frank Walcott Hutt.
- Dr. Newman Hall at Home. Illustrated.
- Russian Disasters and the Russian Government.
- Jubilee Remembrances of Persons I have Met. Dr. Newman Hall.
- Sylvia's Journal.**—Ward, Lock, Salisbury Square. July. 6d.
- Eleonora Duse. With Portrait.
- Newnham College and the Life There. Illustrated.
- Temple Bar.**—8, New Burlington Street. July. 1s.
- La Fontaine. J. C. Bailey.
- A Group of Naturalists. Mrs. Andrew Crosse.
- Reminiscences of William Makepeace Thackeray. F. St. J. Thackeray.
- In the Valley of the Vézère. E. Harrison Barker.
- Emily Brontë. A. M. Williams.
- Theatre.**—78, Great Queen Street. July. 1s.
- Mr. Pinero and the Literary Drama.
- Actors of the Age. W. Davenport Adams.
- Portraits of Miss Kate Rorke and Mr. A. W. Pinero.
- Theosophist.**—7, Duke Street, Adelphi. June. 2s.
- Old Diary Leaves. XV. H. S. Olcott.
- Sorcery—Medieval and Modern. W. R. Old.
- White Lotus Day.
- Thinker.**—21, Berners Street. July. 1s.
- Daniel: In Relation to the Canon. Rev. J. E. H. Thomson.
- Economic Conditions of the Hebrew Monarchy. Professor W. H. Bennett.
- Some Aspects of the Incarnation. Rev. F. E. Pratt.
- Professor A. B. Bruce. Rev. A. Jenkinson.
- The Glacial Nightmare and the Flood. Rev. D. Gath Whitely.
- University Extension.**—Fifteenth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia. June. 15 cents.
- University Extension and the Public Schools. Nathan C. Schaeffer.
- A Common Misconception Concerning University Extension. Edward J. James.
- University Extension Journal.**—Watt, 2, Paternoster Square. June 15. 2d.
- The University Extension Class. Ellis Edwards.
- The Greek Influence on English Literature.
- Westminster Review.**—6, Bouverie Street. July. 2s. 6d.
- Canadian Finance and the Home Rule Bill. Hugh H. L. Bellot.
- The Scientific Aspect of the Temperance Question. Dr. A. E. T. Loughran.
- Italian Women of the Sixteenth Century. E. P. Jacobsen.
- The Criminal. St. John E. C. Hankin.
- Some Aspects of the Work of Pierre Loti.
- South African Labour Questions. Albert Cartwright.
- The Inter-Relation of Natural Forces. Arthur H. Ivens.
- Alaska and Its People. Chas. W. Sarel.
- The Poetry of Madame Negropoute. Rowland Thirlmere.
- Wilson's Photographic Magazine.**—853, Broadway, New York. June. 30 cents.
- Practical Processes of Photo-Engraving. A. W. Turner.
- Multiple or "Freak" Photographs. Charles Gravier.
- Graining or Matting of Printing Blocks. Carl Kampmann.
- Steinheil's Telex Lens Attachment. Illustrated.
- Wives and Daughters.**—London, Canada. June. 5 cents.
- Woman Suffrage in the Provincial Legislature of Ontario. Ebelvyn Wetherald.
- Work.**—Cassell. July. 6d.
- Practical Basket-Making. Illustrated. M. E. Malden.
- Woodwork Adapted for Technical Instruction. Illustrated. G. F. Child.
- Young Gentlewoman.**—Howard House, Arundel Street. July. 6d.
- A Few Words about Appliqué. Illustrated. Ellen T. Masters.
- Stamps and Stamp-Collecting. Illustrated.
- Young Man.**—9, Paternoster Row. July. 3d.
- My Adventures as a Journalist.
- Crick. Hon. Robert H. Lytton.
- James G. Clarke, of the *Christian World*. With Portrait.
- The Army as a Profession. Major Seton Churchill.
- Robert Louis Stevenson. With Portrait. W. J. Dawson.
- Young Woman.**—9, Paternoster Row. July. 3d.
- Princess May at Home. Illustrated. Hulda Friederichs.
- Mary Magdalene. Rev. F. B. Meyer.
- The Land of Lorna Doone. Illustrated. W. J. Dawson.
- A Chat with Miss Mary Dickens. With Portrait.

POETRY.

- Cassell's Family Magazine.**—July.
- Where's Arcady? Robert Richardson.
- Century Magazine.**—July.
- The Galaxy. Charles J. O'Malley.
- In Granada. Illustrated. Archibald Gordon.
- "Sea-Bird and Land-Bird." Illustrated. Mary H. Foote.
- Mourise from the Cliff. Dora R. Godale.
- Cosmopolitan.**—June.
- June. Illustrated. Archibald Lampman.
- Menpe Mortalium Nuptiæ. E. W. Fiske.
- As One. Elizabeth Stoddard.
- Lord Kelvin, by J. Munro (illustrated), 135**
- Walter Besant, by John Underhill (illustrated), 250**

English Illustrated Magazines.—July.
Marguerite. Rev. T. E. Brown.

Gentleman's Magazine.—July.
The King and the Countess. H. Schütz Wilson.
The Marigold. Isa J. Postgate.

Girl's Own Paper.—July.
Look on the Bright Side. Rev. S. K. Cowan.
Who Taught the Birds? Carla Brooke.
To Princess May. Lady William Lennox.

Godey's Magazine.—June.
The Death of May. Clinton Scollard.
June. Frank Dempster Sherman.

Good Words.—July.
A Placid Pastoral. Robert Richardson.

Harper's Magazine.—July.
Sleep. Alice Brown.
The Milky Way. Wallace Bruce.

Idler.—July.
The Dismal Throng. Illustrated. Robert Buchanan.

Lippincott's.—July.
Released. Mary I. Forsyth.

Longman's Magazine.—July.
A Spring Reverie. Nina F. Layard.
The Fairy Minister. Nimmo Christie.

Chambers's Journal.—July.
Mendelssohn in Scotland.

Church Musician.—11, Burleigh Street, Strand. June 15. 2d.
Mr. Sims Reeves "At Home." Richard Harrison.
Anthem: "Te Deum Laudamus," by Fred. J. Karu.

Dial.—June.
Music at the World's Fair.

Étude.—1704, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. June. 15 cents.
Collateral Reading. Thomas Tapper.
Piano Solos:—"Minnetto," by J. Kavanagh; "Mignon Minuet," by Adam Gefski; "The Miller's Song," by H. D. Hewitt.

Forum.—June.
Paderewski in America. Henry T. Flink.

Gentleman's Magazine.—July.
Music in Emergency. Frederick J. Crowest.

Girl's Own Paper.—July.
Song:—"Come to Me, O ye Children," by C. A. MacIrone.

Irish Monthly.—July.
Thomas Harris MacDermott. In Memoriam.

Keyboard.—22, Paternoster Row. July. 2d.
Infantile Musical Prodiges.
How to Practice a Song. M. E. Jowett.
Duets for Violin and Piano:—"Minuet," by Wallace Sutcliffe.

Lute.—44, Great Marlborough Street. July. 2d.
Mr. Charles Chilly. With Portrait.
Harvest Anthem: "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem," by Wm. Smallwood.

Magazine of Music.—29, Ludgate Hill. July. 6d.
Musical Criticism, Old and New. Illustrated.
Woman and Music.

Minstrel.—115, Fleet Street. July. 2s. 6d. per annum.
Mr. Henry Galsby. With Portrait. N. Croker.

Music Review.—174, Wabash Avenue, Chicago. June. 15 cents.
Polyphonic Ecclesiastica. W. Waugh Lander.
Interpretation of Beethoven's Piano-forte Works. A. B. Marx.
The Art of Figure "Non Plus Andrai." S. de la Madelaine.
Chromatics.
Hymn for Four Voices: "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," by P. A. Otis.

Music World.—Musical Art Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo. May 31.
Biography of Theodore Thomas.
Piano Solo: "Mexican Dance," by Robert Goldbeck.

Musical Herald.—8, Warwick Lane. July. 2d.
Prof. Julius Hey and Mr. Lucas Williams. With Portraits.
Part-Song (In Both Notations): "The Witches' Flight," by H. E. Nichol.

Musical Herald of the United States.—Post-Office Drawer Y, Chicago. May. 10 cents.
A Plan for Acoustical Studies. Louis C. Elson.
World's Columbian Exposition.

Magazine of Art.—July.
Carols of the Year. July. Illustrated. Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Month.—July.
Cardinal Manning. Aubrey de Vere.

New Peterson Magazine.—June.
A Song of the West Wind. Hamlin Garland.
Olive on the Heights. Joaquin Miller.
Cloudland. John Vance Cheney.

Our Day.—June.
The Prophecy of Columbus. W. A. Crofut.

Pall Mall Magazine.—July.
The Old Camp Fire. Illustrated. Bret Harte.

Poet Lore.—July.
America: A Prophecy. Reprinted from Wm. Blake.

Scribner's Magazine.—July.
Fulfilled. Anna C. Brackett.
Arabian Nights' Entertainments. W. E. Henley.
A Night. M. L. van Vorst.
A Pagan's Prayer. Bliss Carman.

St. Nicholas.—July.
The Ship's Colours. Illustrated. Helen Gray Cone.

Sunday Magazine.—July.
My Summer Land. Illustrated.
Brother is Sleeping. Illustrated. Eric Wentworth.

MUSIC.

Musical Messenger.—141, West Sixth Street, Cincinnati. June. 15 cents.
Essentials for Good Singing. Prof. T. Harrison.
The Read Organ: Extemporization. Winton J. Baltzell.
Dr. George F. Root. With Portrait.

Musical News.—130, Fleet Street. June 17. 1d.
Tuition by Correspondence. Aug. H. Walker. June 24.
Prodigies. A. Watson.

Musical Record.—Oliver Ditson, Boston. June. 10 cents.
Piano Solos:—"The Parting Song," by Franz Behr; "Ermeline," by P. Latour.

Musical Standard.—185, Fleet Street. 3d. June 10.
The Great Italian and French Composers. Continued. George T. Ferris.
June 17.
The Blending of the Registers of Boys' Voices.
The Great Italian and French Composers. Continued. George T. Ferris.
June 24.
Edward German. With Portrait. Arthur Pearson.
Folk Songs in Modern Music.

Musical Star.—Kobler, Edinburgh. July. 1d.
Part Songs: "I Love the Hills of Scotland," and others.

Musical Times.—1, Berners Street. July. 4d.
Music in a French Cathedral: Rheims.
Weber in London.
Anthem: "Seek Ye the Lord." C. Bradley.

Musical Visitor.—13, East 16th Street, New York. June.
Anthem: "The Lord is my Shepherd," by F. W. Weethoff.
Piano Solos: "Melody," and two others.

Musical World.—145, Wabash Avenue, Chicago. June. 15 cents.
Samuel Kayser. With Portrait.
Piano Solos: "Pomponette," by Aug. Durand; "Rustic Dance," by N. von Wilms.

Organ.—149A, Tremont Street, Boston. June. 25 cents.
Aristide Cavallé-Coll. Illustrated.
Organ Music: "Triumphal March," by A. M. Shuey; "Adagio," by D. W. Volkmar.

School Music Review.—1, Berners Street. July. 1d.
Anthem (In both Notations): "O Perfect Love," by Sir J. Barnby.

Scribner's Magazine.—July.
Musical Societies of the United States and their Representation at the World's Fair. Illustrated. George P. Upton.

Strad.—186, Fleet Street. July. 2d.
The Technique of Violin Playing. Carl Courvoisier.

Vocalist.—97, Fifth Avenue, New York. June. 20 cents.
Vocal Deformities. Illustrated. Dr. Whitfield Warl.
Song: "Her Eyes," by Robert Franz.

Werner's Magazine.—108, East 16th Street, New York. June. 25 cents.
The Mechanism of Breathing among Singers. Dr. Joel.
Musical Expressiveness. Benjamin J. Gilman.
James E. Murdoch. With Portrait.

ART.

Art Amateur.—Griffith, Farran. July. 1s. 6d.
 "A Cruel Dilemma." New Serial. Mary H. Tennyson.
 The National Gallery. Illustrated.
 Lessons on Trees. Illustrated.
 The World's Fair: Buildings, Decorations, Paintings, etc. Illustrated.
 An Artist's Country Home. Illustrated. F. G. S. Bryce.

Art Journal.—Virtue, Ivy Lane. July. 1s. 6d.
 "Sweethearts and Wives." Frontispiece, after S. E. Waller.
 The Henry Tate Collection. Illustrated. Walter Armstrong.
 Sir John Gilbert's Gift to the City of London. Illustrated.
 A Sea-Going Studio. Illustrated. M. W. Freeman.
 The late John Pettie, R.A. Illustrated. W. M. Gilbert.
 A Connoisseur of Oriental Art: Sir Trevor Lawrence. Illustrated. M. B. Hulsh.
 The Salons of 1893. Illustrated.
 Adolphe Goupil. With Portrait. Frédéric Masson.
 Pictures at the Chicago Exhibition. Illustrated.

Atalanta.—July.
 Paintings "In Little." Illustrated. Adela Orpen.
 Sketching from Nature. E. Toulmin-Smith.

Century Magazine.—July.
 Colour in the Court of Honour at the Fair. Illustrated. Royal Cortissoz.
Classical Portrait Gallery.—33, King Street, Covent Garden. July. 1s.
 Reproductions of "Portrait of the Infanta Isabella," by Rubens; and eleven others.

English Illustrated Magazine.—July.
 Art, Eternal and Temporary. Illustrated. Harry Quilter.

Forum.—June.
 Decadence in Modern Art. Frederic Harrison.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.—July.
 The Paris Salon. Illustrated. Henry Tyrrell.

Hertfordshire Illustrated Review.—June.
 Hertfordshire at the Royal Academy. Illustrated. F. G. Kitton.

Magazine of Art.—Casell. July. 1s.
 "Dittisham on the Dart." Etching by David Law.
 The New Gallery. Illustrated. Frederick Wedmore.
 The Royal Academy Exhibition. Illustrated. M. H. Spielmann.
 J. W. North, Painter and Poet. With Portrait. Professor Hubert Herkomer.
 Sketching from Nature. J. E. Hodgson.
 Two Famous Changers: Copenhagen and Marengo. Illustrated. M. Phipps Jackson.
 "Hendrickie Stoffels." Illustrated. J. Forbes White.
 Street Balconies in Italy. Illustrated. H. E. Tidmarsh.
 The Philographic Method of Drawing. Illustrated. J. Forbes-Robertson.
 Sir John Gilbert's Gift to the City of London. Illustrated.

Music Review.—June.
 Art and Architecture in Tennyson's Poetry.

Strand Magazine.—June.
 Mr. Harry Furniss. Illustrated. Harry How.

Studio.—16, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. June 15. 6d.
 The Naisance of Art in Photography. Illustrated. Andrew Pringle.
 Is the Camera the Friend or the Foe of Art? Sir F. Leighton and Others.
 The Nude in Photography. Illustrated.
 The Grafton Galleries. Illustrated. A. L. Baldry.
 The Royal Academy and Other Galleries. A. Benard.
 Sketching Grounds: Holland. Illustrated. Arthur G. Bell.

THE GERMAN MAGAZINES.

Alte und Neue Welt.—Benziger, Elmslehn. 50 Pf. Heft 10.
 Masterpieces of Micro-Technique in Industrial Art. Ernst Montanus.
 Emin Pasha. With Portrait. Karl Finke.
 A Holiday Tour in Switzerland. Illustrated. J. Oienthal.

Chorgesang.—Haus Licht, Leipzig. 4 Mks. per half-year.
 June 1.

Letters of Ferd. David to L. Spohr. With Portrait of David. Dr. H. M. Schletterer.
 Choruses: "Dem Könige," by R. Müller; "Abend will es werden," "Im Frühling," and "In der Nacht," by C. J. Schmidt.
 June 15.

Emil Ring, Musician. With Portrait.
 Choruses for Male Voices: "Dornröschen," by Josef Rheinberger; and "Willkommen Mai!" by C. Reinhaller.

Dahelm.—9, Poststrasse, Leipzig. 2 Mks. per quarter.
 June 3.

Chicago, the Garden-City. Paul von Szczepanski.
 June 10.
 Count von Hoensbroech's Secession from the Jesuits. Leopold Witte.
 Bees and their Ways. Illustrated. Carl Aspacher.
 June 17.

In Darkest Berlin. IV.
 In Jackson Park, Chicago. Illustrated. Paul von Szczepanski.
 June 24.
 Bismarckburg, the Station for Exploration and Research, and the Togo Hinterland. Illustrated. Dr. K. Bittner.

Deutscher Hausschatz.—Fr. Postel, Regensburg. 40 Pf.
 Heft 12.

Albrecht Dürer. Illustrated. Professor A. Weber.
 Serrawo, the Capital of Bosnia. Dr. C. Schmidt.
 Dr. Klementz, Cardinal-Archbishop of Cologne. With Portrait.
 Heft 13.

From Jerusalem, through the Wilderness, to the Dead Sea. Illustrated.
 Dr. Paul Kepper.
 Sketches from a Madhouse.

Deutsche Revue.—Tauenzienstr. 50, Breslau. 6 Mks. per quarter.
 June.

King Charles of Roumania. XVII.
 Climate and Folk-Song. Alexander Woelfkof.
 A Ride through the Pampas of Argentina. W. C. Tetley.
 Lothar Bucher. I. Heinrich von Poschinger.
 The Pernicious Influence of Woman's Bigotry on Religion and the Church.
 J. Frohschammer.

The War Scare of 1875. A Reply to M. de Blowitz. "Senex Diplomaticus."
 Shipping Interests and the Navy. Vice-Admiral Batsch.
 Herod the Great. A. Réville.
 Denmark in the Next War. Albert von Forst.
 The Royal Museum for Anthropology at Berlin. Th. Achells.
 Dr. Momerle.
 July.

King Charles of Roumania. XVII.
 Lothar Bucher. II. Heinrich von Poschinger.
 Korea. M. von Brandt.
 The Atmosphere of Mountains and Condensed Air.

The Atrium Vestae. Guido Baccelli.
 Herod the Great. Concluded. A. Réville.
 Siberia and Exile. Max Behrmann.
 Physician and Patient. H. Vieronit.
 Oriental Carpets. I. Julius Janitsch.
Deutsche Rundschau.—7, Lützowstr., Berlin. 6 Mks. per quarter. June.
 Plevna: A Study of the Militia in the War. C. Freiherr von der Goltz.
 German Art at the German Universities. Herman Grimm.
 My Friends in India. Professor F. Max Müller.
 II. Taluer: An English Diary of the Reign of Terror.
 The Literary Sources of the Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna. I. Lily von Kretschmann.

The Spitzer Collection in Paris.
 Political Correspondence:—The German Army Bill and the Elections, Germany and Italy, May Day Celebrations, the Opening of the World's Fair, etc.

Deutsche Worte.—VIII. Langgasse 15, Vienna. 50 kr. June.

The Future of the German-Austrians. Professor H. Herkner.
 Social and Economic Sketches in the Bucovina. Concluded. Marie Mischler.
 Home Industries and Austrian Industrial Law. R. Riell.
 Marx's Ethics and Philosophy of History. Dr. Paul Barth.

Freie Bühne.—Köthenerstr. 44, Berlin. 1 Mk. 50 Pf. June.
 Woman's Rights. II. Irma von Troll-Borostyan.
 "Dämmerung." A Play. Ernst Rosmer.
 "Der Kampf des Prometheus." IV. A Play. Christl. fels.
 Hertzka's "Freiland." Benedict Friedländer.
 The Salons. Herman Helfferich.

Die Gartenlaube.—Ernst Kell's Nachf., Leipzig. 50 Pf. Heft 6.
 The Granite Works of Odenwald. Illustrated. Karl Falk.
 Letters from the World's Fair. Illustrated. Rudolf Cronau.
 Some Small Attempts at Improving the World: Charles Fourier, Etienne Cahet, etc. Dr. J. O. Holtsch.
 Snabian Colonies in Palestine. Illustrated. Schmidt-Weissenfels.

Die Gesellschaft.—Wm. Friedrich, Leipzig. 1 Mk. 30 Pf.
 June.

Jesuitism and Militarism. Fritz Hamme.
 Social Conditions at the End of the Century. J. Engell-Günther.
 Poems by Ludwig Thaden, Wilhelm Arent and Others.
 Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" and Modern Realistic Opera. With Portrait.
 Hans Merian.

Tolstoi's Theory of Life. W. Berdrow.
 The Improvement of the Race. A Reply to Paulza. C. Fischer.
 July.

The Literary Movement in Germany. M. G. Conrad.
 Civilisation or Culture? Karl Heckell.
 Poems by Otto Julius Bierbaum and Others.
 Otto Julius Bierbaum. With Portrait. Edgar Steiger.
 Taine. Karl Bleibtreu.
 Strindberg in Vienna. Anton Lindner.

Gleichheit.—12, Furthbachstrasse, Stuttgart. 10 Pf. June 14.
 Social Democracy.

Internationale Revue über die gesammten Armeen und Flotten.—Max Babenzien, Rathow. 24 Mks. per annum. June.
 The Nature of Modern Warfare and the German Army Bill.
 Modern Cavalry.

The War Period between 1792 and 1815.

Erfurt under the Rule of the French, 1806-1814. Continued. Lieutenant von Scriba.

On the Development of Ships' Armour and Guns, and the Artillery Material of the Fleets of the World. Continued. F. Jeillieka.

The Attack and Defence of Fortified Positions. Continued.

The New Organisation of the Spanish Army.

A Politico-Military Glimpse of Central Asia.

Jahrbücher für die deutsche Armee und Marine.—A. Bath, Berlin. 32 Mks. per annum. June.

The Siege of Hildebrand during the Thirty Years' War, 1633-34. Continued. Colonel Baron von Bothmer.

The Horse Consumption of the Cavalry in the Campaign of 1806.

Custoza. An Example for the Battle Efficiency of Cavalry.

Reconnoitring and Outpost Service in France and Russia.

The People's War on the Loire in 1870.

Die Katholischen Missionen.—Herder, Freiburg. 4 Mk. July.

Missionary Bishops Who Have Died in 1892. With Portraits.

On Kilima Njaro. With Map and Illustrations. Mgr. Le Roy.

A Year with the Menominee Indians of Keshena, Wisconsin.

Konservative Monatsschrift.—E. Ungleich, Leipzig. 3 Mks. per quarter. June.

Peace Congresses and Conferences. Karl von Bruch.

The Marble Quarries of Carrara. W. von Braunsehweig.

Panama. Continued. E. Freiherr von Ungern-Sternberg.

The Military Situation.

Magazin für Litteratur.—Litzow Ufer, 13, Berlin. 40 Pf. June 3.

The Berlin Art Exhibition of 1893. Dr. Max Schmid.

A Victim of Individualism: Count von Hoensbroech and the Jesuits.

The Germanic National Character. V. R. M. Meyer.

Street Sketches. August Strindberg.

The Berlin Art Exhibition. II. Dr. Max Schmid.

Wilhelm von Polen. Franz Servaes.

On the Limits of the Indecent in Art. Wilhelm von Polen.

The Exhibition of "Rejected" Pictures at Berlin. Dr. Max Schmid.

Hamlet Problems. IV. Franz Servaes.

Mittheilungen aus dem Gebiete des Seewesens.—C. Gerold's Sohn, Pola. 17s. per annum. Nos. 4 & 5.

The Scientific Expedition of H.M.S. "Pola" in 1890 and 1891.

Hydraulic Gun Mounting Arrangements on Board French Ships of War.

5 plates and 14 figs. Gustave Schwanda, Naval Constructor.

The Teleobjective and Distant Photography. 4 figs. Professor F. Schiffner.

The Conduct of Modern War and its Influence on the Merchant Navy of Great Britain.

Electric Boats.

On the Uses of Steam Jackets in Double and Triple Expansion Engines.

On Gun Tubes of Inordinate Length.

Monatsschrift für Christliche Social-Reform.—Franz Chamra, St. Pölten. 4 fl. per annum. June.

Henry George's Land Theories. Dr. Schelcher.

The Protestant Social Congress at Berlin.

Musikalische Rundschau.—I. Maria Theresenstr. 10, Vienna. 25 kr. June 1.

Vod's "Falstaff" at the Court Opera House at Vienna. Max Graf.

The Wagner Museum at Bayreuth. Dr. Arthur Seidl.

Isgeborg von Bronsart.

Neue Militärische Blätter.—Dienow a. d. Ostsee. Yearly 32 Mks. June.

The Organisation and Tactics of the French Army.

Recent and Present Day Problems in Military Ballooning.

Modern Cruisers and their Employment in Naval Warfare.

Blockade Warfare in the Future.

Does Germany Possess and Does She Require an Offensive Fleet? Continued.

Die Neue Zeit.—J. H. W. Dietz, Stuttgart. 20 Pf. No. 36.

The Finances of the Empire. Max Schippel.

Landed Property Laws in Prussia. Concluded. Dr. R. Meyer.

The International Significance of the German Elections. E. Bernstein.

The Conservatives and Anti-Semitism. Max Schippel.

Afrique Explorée et Civilisée.—Georg, Geneva. 10 frs. per annum.

The Return of Dr. O. Baumann to Pangani.

The Maistre Mission from the Congo to the Niger. F. G. Clozel.

Amaranthe.—(For Girls.) 37, Bedford Street. 1 fr. 50 c. June.

The Work of Lady Dufferin in Asia. With Portrait. Florence Grey.

The Bulgarians. E. S. Lantz.

At the Champs-de-Mars Salon. A. N. d'Annexin.

The Peninsula of Alaska. Pierre André.

No. 38.

Ibsen's Philosophy of Life. R. Satschlik.

The Nationalization of Public Health.

No. 39.

The Disappearance of the Great Landed Properties of Nobles in Russia.

The Results of the Income Tax Valuations in the Kingdom of Saxony. Dr. H. Lux.

Preussische Jahrbücher.—Kleiststr. 16, Berlin. 2 Mks. 50 Pf. June.

A Review of the Theatrical Season, 1892-3. Friedrich Spielhagen.

Small Railways. L. Brefeld.

The History of German Pronunciation in the Latest Times. Prof. R. Hildebrand.

The Maximum Tariff of Diocletian in the Year 301 A.D. H. Blümner.

Schweizerische Rundschau.—A. Müller, Zürich. 2 Mks. June.

The Influence of Buddhism on Christianity. Professor R. Steck.

The First Days of the Swiss Republic. Dr. T. Im Hof.

The Public Press. J. Mähly.

Sphinx.—Kegan Paul, Charing Cross Road. 2s. 3d. June.

Places of Peace. Annie Besant.

On Spiritualist Phenomena. Dr. Anton Lampo.

Paul Heyse's Pessimism. Ludwig Deinhard.

The Value of Dreams. Margarethe Halm.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach.—Herder, Freiburg. 19 Mks. 80 Pf. per annum. Heft 5.

Societies for Ethical Culture. Concluded. H. Gruber.

Pascal's Provincial Letters. V. W. Kretten.

Mirabeau. Concluded. O. Mühl.

Literary Life in Ancient Egypt. A. Baumgartner.

The Significance of the Old Christian Orantes. St. Belsel.

Ueber Land und Meer.—Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart. 1 Mk. Heft 13.

"Varnishing Day" at the Paris Salons. Illustrated. J.

The Maid of Orleans. Karl Kiseewetter.

The German Emperor and Empress at Rome. Illustrated.

The Royal Residence in Bulgaria. C. Beyer.

A German Artist's (C. W. Allers) Home at Capri. Illustrated. Dr. A. Olinia.

Universum.—A. Henschel, Dresden. 50 Pf. Heft 21.

Père-Lachaise Cemetery. Illustrated. Clara Biller.

Dr. J. N. Prix, the First Burgomaster of Greater Vienna. With Portrait.

V. Chlavacchi.

Heft 22.

The Cantata Fest in the Booksellers' Hall at Leipzig. Illustrated.

A. Seemann.

Prince Albert of Prussia. With Portrait.

Vom Fels zum Meer.—Union Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft, Stuttgart. 1 Mk. Heft 11.

Sketches from Limousin. Illustrated. Ernst Eckstein.

Picturesque Architecture. Illustrated. F. Luthmer.

Friedrich Hölderlin, Poet. Illustrated. C. Müller-Rastatt.

The Age of the Earth. Karl Vogt.

Emmenthal. Illustrated. Th. Stafer.

The First Gold-Diggers in California. Illustrated. Max Lorking.

Westermann's Illustrierte Deutsche Monatshefte.—Brunswick. 4 Mks. per quarter. July.

Gustav Spangenberg, Artist. Illustrated. Ludwig Pietsch.

Justice and Crime, and the Art of Poetry. Hugo Heinemann.

Wanderings in the Ancient Orient. III. Illustrated. Georg Steindorff.

Plankton and the Plankton Expedition. With Map and Illustrations.

Friedrich Dahl.

The Electrical Current as a Mechanical Force. W. Biedrow.

The Marquise de Crequy. II. Georg Horn.

Wiener Literatur-Zeitung.—I. Spiegelgasse, 12, Vienna. 25 kr.

Realism in Dramatic Art. Alfred Freiherr von Berger.

Zola's Speech to the Union Générale d'Etudiants at Paris on May 18, 1893.

Carmen Sylva. Marie Herzfeld.

Zeitschau.—II. Durchschnit, 16, Hamburg. 1 Mk. 50 Pf. per quarter. June 15.

The Technique of Artistic Creation. II. Constantia Brunner.

A Causee on Russian Literature. Alphons Thieberg.

THE FRENCH MAGAZINES.

Afrique Explorée et Civilisée.—Georg, Geneva. 10 frs. per annum.

The Return of Dr. O. Baumann to Pangani.

The Maistre Mission from the Congo to the Niger. F. G. Clozel.

Amaranthe.—(For Girls.) 37, Bedford Street. 1 fr. 50 c. June.

The Work of Lady Dufferin in Asia. With Portrait. Florence Grey.

The Bulgarians. E. S. Lantz.

At the Champs-de-Mars Salon. A. N. d'Annexin.

The Peninsula of Alaska. Pierre André.

Association Catholique: Revue des Questions Sociales et Ouvrières.—262, boulevard St. Germain, Paris. 2 frs. June 15.

The Property of the People. Gabriel Ardant.

Official Statistics on the Condition of the Workers in Belgium. Henri Bissoul.

The Clock-makers of Marçay. A. Du Bourg.

Chrétien Evangélique.—G. Briel, Lausanne. 1 fr. 50 c. June 20.

The Religious Revival in the Canton of Vaud. J. Adamina.

Abbé Guéroc, an Adversary of Voltaire. Continued. A. Grettillat.

Entretiens Politiques et Littéraires.—8, rue St. Joseph, Paris. 60 c. June 10.

The First Poems of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. II. Henri Bordeaux. June 25.

The Poetic Movement in France. Francis Vielé-Griffin. June 25.

Ermitage.—28, rue de Varenne, Paris. 60 c. June.

Pro Libro: Notes on the Book "Fin des Dieux." Henri Mazel.

"Swanhilde." A Dramatic Poem. F. Vielé-Griffin.

Poems by Maurice Maeterlinck and Others.

Jeune Belgique.—31, rue des Paroissiens, Brussels. 75 c. June.

"Pelléas et Mélisande" at Paris. Iwan Gilkin.

Translations of the Russian Poems of Tutchew. Leopold Wallner.

Journal des Economistes.—14, rue Richelieu, Paris. 3 fr. 50 c. June.

The Right to Work. Yves Guyot.

Fiscal Monopolies. René Stourm.

The Balance Sheet of the Bank of England. A. Raffalovich.

The Scientific and Industrial Movement. Daniel Bilet.

Review of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. J. Lefort.

The New Labour Gazette. G. de Molinari.

Anti-Semitism and the Part Played by the Jews in Modern Societies. C. Lefort.

Ménestrel.—2 bis, rue Vivienne, Paris. 10 francs per annum.

June 4, 11, 18, and 25.

Marie Malibran. Continued. Arthur Pougin.

Monde Musical.—3, rue du 29 Juillet, Paris. 50 c.

June 1.

The Electric Organ. Continued. Illustrated. A. Peschard.

June 15.

M. Eugène Gigot, Organist, and His Works. H. Expert.

The Electric Organ. Continued. A. Peschard.

La Nouvelle Revue.—18, King William Street, Strand. 62 fr. yearly.

June 1.

The Street Waif and the Reformatory School. A. Guillet.

On the Earth and by the Earth. E. Simon.

Joseph Bonaparte in America. Conclusion. G. Bertin.

The Witchcraft Trials in the Seventeenth Century. II. F. Delacroix.

A Disciple of M. Zola: J. H. Rosny. J. Moog.

Gerhart Hauptmann. B. Jeannine.

A Letter on Foreign Politics. Madame Juliette Adam.

June 15.

In Equatorial Africa. De Behagie.

Religion and Irreligion. J. Michari.

Dante Alighieri. M. Durand-Fardel.

The Amusements of the Greeks and Romans at their Watering Places.

F. Engeland.

The Speech of Monkeys. E. Masseras.

Letter on Foreign Politics. Madame Juliette Adam.

Nouvelle Revue Internationale.—23, boulevard Poissonnière, Paris.

50 fr. per annum.

June 1.

Review of European Politics. Emilio Castelar.

The Pamir Question. S. Ximénès.

The Salon. Gustave Haller.

The Mosques of Kairwan. Léo Claretie.

June 15.

Review of European Politics. Emilio Castelar.

The Pamir Question. Continued. S. Ximénès.

Military Spain: Reforms of Gen. Lopez Dominguez. L. Savinilla.

Gustave Nadaud, Comedian. Mme. C. Berton, née Samson.

Réforme Sociale.—54, rue de Seine, Paris. 1 fr.

June 1.

The Popular Credit Schemes of MM. V. Delahaye, De Morès, and Lafargue.

E. Rostand.

The Communal Referendum. I. R. de la Sizeranne.

The Assemblies of the Pays d'États under the Ancien Régime. Conclusion.

A. Babeau.

Métayage Holdings in Italy. J. P. Assirelli.

June 15.

The Great Commercial and Colonization Companies. Comte de Bizemont.

The Work of Free Association and Popular Credit. E. Rostand.

The Communal Referendum. II. R. de la Sizeranne.

Agricultural and Popular Credit and the Banks in Scotland. M. des Essars.

Free Workmen's Accident Assurance. Albert Gigot.

Revue d'Art Dramatique.—44, rue de Reunes, Paris. 1 fr. 25 c.

June 1.

The Neo-Christian Theatre. Paul Berret.

The "Contents" of Odlet de Turnèbe. Jules Lemaitre.

June 15.

Pierre de Larivey's Play "Les Esprits." René Doumic.

The Spanish Theatre: "Folle ou Salutée," by José Echegaray.

Revue Bleue.—Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. 60 c.

June 3.

Result of the Inquiry on the Twenty-Five Best Books.

The Lyric Poetry of de Heredia, Sully Prudhomme, and Coppée. F. Brunetière.

Literary Reminiscences: The Brizeux Dinner. Ed. Grenier.

June 10.

The Vote on the German Army Bill. Emile Jamais.

J. J. Weiss. Gustave Larroumet.

June 17.
Symbolism in the Lyric Poetry of the Nineteenth Century. F. Brunetière.
A Visit to the Court of the King of Dahomey. M. Buzon.

June 24.
The Evolution of Lyric Poetry in the Nineteenth Century. Continued.
F. Brunetière.
The German Elections.

Revue des Deux Mondes.—18, King William Street, Strand.
62 frs. yearly.
June 1.

The Netherlands (1858). Duc d'Aumale.
Prosper Mérimée. III. Mérimée Courtier and Diplomat. A. Filon.
Constantin Huygens—A Dutch Statesman of the 17th Century. E. Michel.
Studies on the Renaissance. E. Bonnafe.
Aerial Navigation. J. Fleury.
François Ogier and His Diary of the Munster Congress. G. Valbert.

June 15.
Selections from the Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier.
Prosper Mérimée. IV. Last Works, Last Love Affairs. Mérimée at Cannes.
The 4th September, 1870. A. Filon.
An Enquiry on Famous Chess-Players. A. Binet.
The Reichstag, the Emperor, and the German Empire. C. Benoist.
The English in Morocco. E. Planchet.
At Ravenna. Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé.

Revue Encyclopédique.—17, rue Montparnasse, Paris. 1 fr.
June 1.

The Champs-de-Mars Salon. Illustrated. Raoul Sertat.
Gustave Nadaud. With Portrait. Georges Montorgueil.
F. de Martens and the New Collection of Russian Treaties. With Portrait.
A. Rambaud.
Switzerland in 1892. With Portraits. G. Regelsperger.
Progress of Photography in 1892-92. Illustrated. Léon Vidal.

June 15.
How to Get to Chicago. With Maps and Illustrations. Léo Claretie.
Agriculture and the Brought. A. C. Girard.
The Progress of the Woman Movement. With Portraits. G. Lejeal.
The Science of Statistics. Francis Desjardins.
The Locomotives of To-day. Illustrated. G. Dumont.

Revue de Famille.—8, rue de la Chaussée d'Antio, Paris. 2 fr. 50 c.

June 1.

The Supervision of Liberated Criminals. I. Jules Simon.

Four Stories by Björnson: "The Eagle's Nest," "The Enigma." Cont.

M. Prozer.

M. James de Rothschild's Ball on March 3, 1821. Henri Bouchot.

An Heroic Journey: Miss Marsden and the Lepers. With Portrait. Mme.

M. Dronart.

The Bad Treatment of Soldiers in the German Army.

June 15.

The Supervision of Liberated Criminals. II. Jules Simon.

Correggio and the Parma School of Art. Illustrated. Eugène Millaud.

The Fur-Seals and Fisheries of the Behring Sea. Emile Onstalet.

Four Novels by Björnson: "The Father" and "Throne."

The Eagle's Flight in 1815. Germain Bapst.

Revue Française de l'Etranger et des Colonies.—1, place d'Éto.

Paris. 1 fr. 50 c.

June 1.

The 1891-92 Campaign in the French Soudan.

The Maistre Mission from the Congo to the Niger.

Transatlantic Navigation and Steamships.

June 15.

The Reception of the Maistre Mission by the Société de Géographie. With

Map.

France and Siam at Laos. G. Demanche.

Japanese Foreign Trade.

Revue Générale.—Burns and Oates, Orchard Street. 12 frs. per annum.

June.

Workers' Councils and Social Peace. Viktor Brants.

Three Weeks with Jonathan: Travels in America. H. Ponthière.

The London County Council. Albert Joly.

The Federation of Catholic Circles and of Conservative Associations. P.

Lefebvre.

Decentralisation in the Labour Legislation of the Future. C. Morisecaux.

Revue de l'Hypnotisme.—170, Rue St. Antoine, Paris. 75 c. June.

Some Phenomena of the Hypnotic State. Illustrated. Dr. Crocq.

Hysterical Malingering. Dr. Paul Jolre.

Revue Militaire de l'Etranger.—30, rue et passage Dauphine, Paris.

15 frs. per annum. May.

The German Military Budget for 1893-4.

The Re-organisation of the Swedish Army.

The Bombardment and Investment of Fredericia, 1864. From the Danish

Official Account of the War. 2 Maps.

Revue Philosophique.—108, boulevard St. Germain, Paris. 3 fr. June.

Weismann's New Theory of Heredity. Y. Delage.

M. Diamandi, a Rapid Calculator. J. M. Charcot and A. Binet.

Musical Ear. L. Dauriac.

Social Questions. G. Tarde.

Revue des Revues.—7, rue Le Peletier, Paris. 1 fr. June.

The Literary Movement in Germany. II. M. G. Conrad.

Spiritualism and the Fourth Dimension. Henry de Varigny.

Revue Scientifique.—Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. 60 c.
June 3.

Anatomy. Georges Pouget.
The Work of France in Tunis. H. Dehérain.
June 10.
Simulation in Remembering Figures. A. Binet and V. Henri.
June 17.
Frequent Electric Vibrations. N. Tesla.
The Collection of Anthropols. Charles Brongniart.
June 24.

The Latest Progress in the Unification of Time. W. de Nordling.
The Domain of Mineralogy. A. Lacroix.

Revue Socialiste.—10, rue Chabanais, Paris. 1 fr. 50 c. June.
Communal Socialism. Adrien Veber.
The Agricultural Proletariat. E. Leverdays.
Cooperative Organisation and the Socialist Press. V. Jaxlard.
Moral Liberty and the Origin of Law. Rittinghausen.
Philanthropy in Holland. E. Failliet.

THE ITALIAN MAGAZINES.

La Civiltà Cattolica.—Via Ripetta, 246, Rome.
June 17.

European Emigration to America.
The Origin of the Roman Martyrology. Continued.

La Cultura.—Rome. 15 frs. per annum. June 7.

Costa Cavour. R. Bonghi.
The Revival of Classical Studies. G. Staderini.

La Nuova Antologia.—Via del Corso 466, Rome. 46 frs. per annum.
June 1.

Poets and Poetesses. Recent Italian Verse. E. Nencioni.
The Exchange of Bank-notes. A. J. de Johannis.
Hermann and Dorothea: a Critical Study. G. Chiarini.

June 16.

Letters and Documents of Baron Bettino Ricasoli. G. Finali.
Rome and Parisina. According to the newly-discovered documents. Part I.
A. Sclerli.
John of Procida and William Tell. A. Zardo.
The Musical Qualities of "Falstaff." T. Valetta.

THE SPANISH MAGAZINES.

L'Avenç.—Ronda de l'Universitat, Barcelona. 25 centimes. May 31.

Zola's Address to the Students of Paris.
The Antiquity of the Catalan Language.

Ciudad de Dios.—Real Monasterio del Escorial, Madrid. 16 pesetas
per annum. June 5.

Topographical Curiosities. Benigno Fernandez.
The Philosophic Aspect of the Economic Schools. José de las Cuevas.
June 20.

Isenism in Spain. M. F. Miguelez.
New Academies in Spain. F. Perez-Aguado.

THE DUTCH MAGAZINES.

Devier's Geïllustreerd Maandschrift.—Luzac and Co., 46, Great
Russell Street. 1s. 8d. June.

Reminiscences of an Artist. Illustrated. F. P. Ter Meulen.
De Lake of Geneva and its Surroundings. Illustrated. Dia Aran.
Professor J. W. R. Tilanus. With Portrait. Professor G. H. Van Der Meij.

THE SCANDINAVIAN MAGAZINES.

Dagby.—Fredrika-Bremer Society. Stockholm. 4 kr. per annum. No. 4.

The Proposed New Marriage Formulary. Esselde.
The Emigration of Swedish Girls to Denmark. Gertrud Adelborg.
The Parliament of 1893. M. C.
Swedish Women at the World's Fair.

Danskeren.—Fr. Jungersen, Fr. Nygård, and L. Schröder, Kolding. 8 kr.
per annum. June.

Childhood and First Youth of Frederik Schleiermacher. L. Schröder.
The Exploration of America in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.
S. N. Mouritsen.

Hemåt.—Y. W. C. A., Stockholm. 2 kr. per annum. June.

A Word on the Temperance Question.
Seven German Castles. Vil. Ellen Fries.
An Anecdote of Jenny Lind.

Kun.—Prithiof Hellberg, Stockholm. 5 kr. per annum. No. 25 (2+3).

Spanish Girls. C. H. E. R.—y.
Liberty. Kiln Ameen.

Revue du Vingtième Siècle.—7, Kohlenberg, Bâle. 1 fr. 25 c.
June 5.

The Colmar Club. Continue. P. Kaltenbach.
Alsatian Artists at the Salon of the Champs-Élysées. St. Jean.
June 20.

Buddhism at Paris.
Alsatian Artists: Jules Carl, Sculptor. E. Straus.
The Question of Peace and the English Occupation of Egypt.

Université Catholique.—25, rue du Plat, Lyon. 20 fr. per annum.
June 15.

The Contests of the Clergy with the Parliament and the Council of the Modern
State. A. Rivet.
Jean Bréhal and the Rehabilitation of Joan of Arc. R. P. Belon.
War Ships and Naval Warfare. C. Chabaud Arnaud.
Cardinal Newman and the Catholic Renaissance in England. Continued.
J. Grabinski.

Rassegna Nazionale.—Via della Pace, 2, Florence. 26 frs. per
annum. June 1.

St. Benedict. A. G. Tononi.
Miss Marsden amongst the Lepers. G. Dentil.
Economic Union between Capital and Labour. C. Pazzouli.
Centralisation and Decentralisation in Italy. G. Carignani.
June 16.

The Poetical Works of G. Zanella. Felele Lamperti v.
The Duc de Nivernais and the End of the XVIII. Century. Vico d'Arisbo.
The Second National Congress on Charitable Works. E. Coppi.
The Pontificate of Stephen II. A Study of the Temporal Power. G. Cassani.

Rivista Internazionale.—Via Torre Argentina 76, Rome. 25 frs. per
annum. June.

Old Age Pension Scheme. M. d'Amelio.
Frederic Ozanam and his Work. F. Meia.
The Papal Legate at Jerusalem.

Rivista Marittima.—Tipografia del Senato, Rome. Yearly, 25 lire. June.
Naval Defensive Centres and Types of War Ships. Commander G. Astuto.
The Petroleum-burning Experiments on board Torpedo-boat No. 104. 6 plates.
V. E. Umiberti, Chief Constructor.
Recent Improvements in Marine Engines. Continue. 7 figs. N. Soliani.
The Sinking of the *Howe*, with Chart of Ferrol and figs. showing Pumping
Arrangements.

THE SPANISH MAGAZINES.

España Moderna.—Cuesta de Santo Domingo, 16, Madrid. 12 reals.
June.

Judicial and Medical Applications of Criminal Anthropology. II. Cesar
Lombroso.

The Idea of Justice in the Animal Kingdom. Adolfo Posada.

Revista Contemporanea.—Calle de Pizarro, 17, Madrid. 2 pesetas.
June 15.

Moors and Jews in Madrid. Carlos Cambrouero.
The Conception of Species in the Organic Kingdom. Concluded. D. de
Cortázar.

The Social Question in Spain. Luis Vega Rey.

THE DUTCH MAGAZINES.

De Gids.—Luzac and Co. 3s. June.

J. T. Buys, Former Editor of *De Gids*. W. de Beaufort.
Convictions of a Septic. B. J. H. Ovink.
The Youth of Isaac da Costa, 1798-1803. Dr. W. G. Byvanck.
Vragen des Tijds.—Luzac and Co. 1s. 6d. June.
Instruction for Girls in France. J. L. A. Salverda de Grave.

Nordisk Tidskrift.—Letterstedt Society, Stockholm. 10 kr. per annum.
No. 4.

The Samoa Isles and their Inhabitants Fifty Years Ago. U. Sverdrup.
The Works of Camilla Collett. Chr. Brinchmann.
Finland in the 19th Century. Oscar Montellus.

Nyt Tidskrift-ny raekke.—De tusen hjem's Forlag, Christiania. Half
yearly subscr. Kr. 4. June.

Thunderclouds. Sigurd Psen.
New Art. Andreas Aubert.
Flebsicles. H. E. Berner.

Ord och Bild.—Wahlström and Widstrand, Stockholm. 10 kr. per annum.
June 6.

The Rebellion in Upper Congo. P. Möller.
Painting in the Nineteenth Century. Georg Götthe.

Samtiden.—Gerhard Gran, Bergen. 6 kr. per annum. No. 5.
Rudyard Kipling. Vilhelm Troye.
The Teaching of Natural Science in Schools. Vilhelm Bolsche.

Tilskuere.—M. Galschiot, Copenhagen. 12 kr. per annum. No. 5.
Agriculture in the United States. N. C. Fredriksen.
The State of the Future. A. Cantor.

INDEX.

Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index.

A. C. Q.	American Catholic Quarterly Review.	F. R.	Fortnightly Review.	fat. R.	National Review.
A. J. P.	American Journal of Politics.	F.	Forum.	N. Sc.	Natural Science.
A. R.	Andover Review.	Fr. L.	Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.	N. N.	Nature Notes.
A. A. P. S.	Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.	G. M.	Gentleman's Magazine.	Naut. M.	Nautical Magazine.
Ant.	Antiquary.	G. J.	Geographical Journal.	N. E. M.	New England Magazine
Arch. R.	Architectural Record.	G. O. P.	Girl's Own Paper.	New R.	New Review.
A.	Arena.	G. W.	Good Words.	New W.	New World.
Arg.	Argosy.	G. T.	Great Thoughts.	N. H.	Newbury House Magazine.
As.	Asclepias.	G. B.	Greater Britain.	N. C.	Nineteenth Century.
A. Q.	Asiatic Quarterly.	Harp.	Harper's Magazine.	N. A. R.	North American Review.
Ata.	Atlanta.	Hom. R.	Homiletic Review.	O. C.	Our Celebrities.
A. M.	Atlantic Monthly.	I.	Idler.	O. D.	Our Day.
Bank.	Bankers' Magazine.	I. L.	Index Library.	O.	Outing.
Bel. M.	Belford's Monthly.	I. J. E.	International Journal of Ethics.	P. E. F.	Palestine Exploration Fund
Black.	Blackwood's Magazine.	I. R.	Investors' Review.	P. M. M.	Pall Mall Magazine.
B. T. J.	Board of Trade Journal.	Ir. E. R.	Irish Ecclesiastical Record.	Phil. R.	Philosophical Review.
Bkman.	Bookman.	Ir. M.	Irish Monthly.	P. L.	Poet-Lore.
C. P. G.	Cabinet Portrait Gallery.	Jew. Q.	Jewish Quarterly.	P. R. R.	Presbyterian and Reformed Review.
Cal. R.	California Review.	J. E. I.	Journal of Education.	P. M. Q.	Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review
C. I. M.	California Illustrated Magazine.	J. Micro.	Journal of Microscopy.	Psy. R.	Proceedings of the Society for Psychol. Research.
C. F. M.	Cassell's Family Magazine.	J. P. Econ.	Journal of Political Economy.	Q. J. Econ.	Quarterly Journal of Economics.
C. S. J.	Cassell's Saturday Journal.	J. R. A. S.	Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.	Q. R.	Quarterly Review.
C. W.	Catholic World.	J. R. C. I.	Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute.	Q.	Quiver.
C. M.	Century Magazine.	Jur. R.	Juridical Review.	R. R. R.	Religious Review of Reviews.
C. J.	Chambers's Journal.	K.	Knowledge.	Rel.	Reliquary.
Char. R.	Charities Review.	L. H.	Leisure Hour.	R. C.	Review of the Churches.
Chaut.	Chautauquan.	Libr.	Library.	St. N.	St. Nicholas.
Ch. Mis. I.	Church Missionary Intelligencer.	Libr. R.	Library Review.	Sc. A.	Science and Art.
Ch. Q.	Church Quarterly.	Lipp.	Lippincott's Monthly.	Scots.	Scots Magazine.
C. R.	Contemporary Review.	L. Q.	London Quarterly.	Scot. G. M.	Scottish Geographical Magazine.
C.	Cornhill.	Long.	Longman's Magazine.	Scot. R.	Scottish Review.
Cos.	Cosmopolitan.	Lut.	Lutifer.	Scrib.	Scribner's Magazine.
Crit. R.	Critical Review.	Lud. M.	Ludgate Monthly.	Shake.	Shakespeareana.
D. R.	Dublin Review.	Lyc.	Lycæum.	Str.	Strand.
E. W. R.	Eastern and Western Review.	Mac.	Macmillan's Magazine.	Sun. H.	Sunday at Home.
Econ. J.	Economic Journal.	M. A. H.	Magazine of American History.	Sun. M.	Sunday Magazine.
Econ. R.	Economic Review.	Med. M.	Medical Magazine.	T. B.	Temple Bar.
E. R.	Edinburgh Review.	M. W. D.	Men and Women of the Day.	Th.	Theatre.
Ed. R. A.	Educational Review, America.	M. F.	Merry England.	Think.	Thinker.
Ed. R. L.	Educational Review, London.	Mind.	Mind.	U. S. M.	United Service Magazine.
Eng. M.	Engineering Magazine.	Mis. R.	Missionary Review of the World.	W. R.	Westminster Review.
E. H.	English Historical Review.	Mod. R.	Modern Review.	Y. R.	Yale Review.
E. I.	English Illustrated Magazine.	Mon.	Monist.	Y. M.	Young Man.
Ex.	Expositor.	M.	Month.	Y. W.	Young Woman.
F. L.	Folk-Lore.	M. P.	Monthly Packet.		

Afghanistan: The Afghan Dilemma, **A Q**, July.

Africa:

The Capabilities of Eastern Idea, by F. Parry, **A Q**, July.

A Journey from the Shire River to Lake Mweru and the Upper Luapula, by Alfred Sharpe, **G J**, June.

The Fetish Mountain in Kröbo, H. J. Bell on, **Mac**, July.

Alaska, C. W. Sarel on, **W R**, July.

Algerian Riders, Col. T. A. Dolge on, **Harp**, July.

American People: Save the American Home, by I. E. Deen, **A**, June.

Annals of Cochin-China: History of T-bampa, by E. Aymonier, **A Q**, July.

Archæology, (see also Contents of *Antiquary*, *Index Library*):

Archæological Notes, by Prof. Taylor, **A R**, June.

Armies, (see also under *Volunteers*):

The Army as a Profession, by Major S. Churchill, **Y M**, July.

The "Eighteenth Royal Irish," Surgeon-Major Alcock on, **L H**, July.

Canadian Militia in Action, by Capt. H. T. Woodside, **O**, July.

The Decisive Breach in the Grand Army of the United States, A. R. Foote on, **F**, June.

The Armies of France, **P M Q**, July.

Shle Likats on the German Soldier, by P. Bigelow, **Harp**, July.

Astronomy: The Recent Solar Eclipses, Prof. Thorpe on, **F R**, July.

Athletics: Tournaments and Matches, **C**, July.

Australia:

Australian Finance, Hon. John Forbes on, **N C**, July.

Australia and India: Their Financial Conditions and Mutual Relations, **Black**, July.

The Australian Banking Crisis, **Bank**, July.

A. Ellis on, **Econ J**, June.

Australia under Protection, M. Macfie on, **Econ J**, June.

Ragshot Park, A. H. Beavan on, **E I**, July.

Base-Ball: World's Fair Intercollegiate Tournament, F. W. Coler on, **Bel M**, June.

Baudelaire, Charles, and Edgar Allan Poe, Esmé Stuart on, **N C**, July.

Razan, Emilia Parlo, the First Woman of Spain, **Cos**, June.

Beecher, Henry Ward, A. Lewis Humphries on, **P M Q**, June.

Bersier, Eugene, G. Kings on, **N H**, July.

Bible and Bible at Criticism, (see also Contents of *Germanian's Magazine*, *Expositor*, *Expository Times*, *New World*, *Religious Review of Reviews*, *Thinker*):

The Argument for Belief, by H. M. Bompas, **Nat R**, July.

The Higher Criticism and the Old Testament, by A. S. Peake, **P M Q**, June.

The Original Poem of Job, Dr. E. J. Dillon on, **C R**, July.

The Human Soul of Jesus Christ, by Rev. A. F. Hewit, **C W**, June.

Christ as an Orator, by T. A. Hyde, **N A R**, June.

Bismarck, Prince, G. W. Smalley on, **F R**, July.

Brohaus, Dynasty of, by Ange Galdemar, **F R**, July.

Brontë, Emily, A. M. Williams on, **T B**, July.

Brooklyn City, Murat Halstead on, **Cos**, June.

Brooks, Phillips, A. Motel Bishop, Rev. S. L. Bell on, **Sun M**, July.

Browning and Tennyson as Spiritual Forces, by C. C. Everett, **New W**, June.

Canada:

The Position of Canada, by J. C. Hopkins, **A Q**, July.

Canadian Finance and the Home Rule Bill, by H. H. L. Bellot, **W R**, July.

Canadian Society, Past and Present, Lally Jephson on, **New R**, July.

Carlyle, Thomas.

Reminiscences of, with Unpublished Letters, by G. Strachey, **New R**, July.

Carlyle as a Social Reformer, **P M Q**, June.

Cataloguing Books, J. Taylor Kay on, **N C**, July.

Catholic Church, see Contents of *Catholic World*, *Month*.

Cervantes: The *Peregrines of Cervantes*, J. Mew on, **Nat R**, July.

Charities, see Contents of *Charities Review*.

Chevalier, Albert, and His Songs, E. Alfieri on, **Lud M**, July.

Chicago City:

John F. Ballantyne on, **St N**, July.

Chicago's Gentle Side: Woman's Work in Chicago, by J. Ralph, **Harp**, July.

Chicago, Architecture, Barr Ferree on, **Lipp**, July.

Chicago and the World's Fair:

Foreground and Vista at the Fair, by W. H. Gibson, **Scrib**, July.

Police Protection at the World's Fair, R. W. McClaughry and J. Bonfield on, **N A R**, June.

Great Britain at the World's Fair, by J. Dreige, **Eng M**, June.

The Parliament of Religions, see under Religion.

Children: Women and Children, by Lady Laura Alding, **N H**, July.

China: The Foreign Trade, **B T J**, June.

United States Treaties with China, Fred. J. Masters on, **C I M**, June.

Chinese Immigration:

China's View of Chinese Exclusion, by Rev. G. Reid, **F**, June.

Cholera: Arsenic versus Cholera, by R. B. Leitch, **A**, June.

Chong, Chase of, by C. F. Summis, **Cos**, June.

- Church and Christianity**, (see also under Bible and Biblical Criticism, etc.):
 The Liberal Churches and Secticism, by M. D. Shutter, **A**, June.
 The Apostles' Creed, Prof. Harman on, **N C**, July.
Church of England, (see also Wales, and Contents of *Newbury House Magazine*):
 The National Church, by Archbishop Thomson, **R R R**, June.
 Disestablishment, Rev. Dr. Jessopp on ("Robbing God"), **N C**, July.
 Undoing the Work of the Reformation, by Archdeacon Farrar, **C R**, July.
 Rome's Witness against Anglican Orders, by Rev. S. F. Smith, **M**, July.
Church of the Future, J. A. Cheeseman on, **P M Q**, June.
Churches: St. Mary Overle, W. A. Webb on, **N H**, July.
Churches in Scotland:
 The Future of the Scottish Establishment, **R R R**, June.
 The Jubilee of the Free Church, Prof. T. M. Lindsay on, **R C**, June.
Civic Duty, Teaching of, Jas. Bryce on, **C R**, July.
 Clarke, James G., of the *Christian World*, **Y M**, July.
Clergy:
 Primary Qualifications for the Ministry, by Rev. D. N. Beach, **A R**, June.
 The Double Advantage of the Modern Preacher, **A R**, June.
Cults: Sorosis, Margaret M. Merrill on, **Cos**, June.
Colonies and Imperial Federation:
 The Influence of Commerce on the Development of the Colonial Empire, by H. Boyd-Carpenter, **J R C I**, June.
 The Pan-Britannic Gathering, J. Astley Cooper on, **N C**, July.
Colorado Grand Cañon, Chas. F. Summis on, **C I M**, June.
 Dynamical Geology of the Canon, R. H. Drayton on, **C I M**, June.
Cookery as a Business, by Mary Harrison, **N C**, July.
Confucius: The Ethics of Confucius, as seen in Japan, by Rev. J. H. De Forest, **A R**, June.
 Country Holidays for Children, by L. T. Meale, **Ata**, July.
Cranmer's Claim to Canonization, **Ly**, June.
 Criticism, Hon. Robert H. Lytton on, **Y M**, July.
Crime: The Criminal, St. J. E. C. Hankin on, **W R**, July.
 Criminals and Their Detection, E. K. Spearman on, **New R**, July.
 Daudet, Alphonse, Marie A. Belloc on, **I**, July.
 Day Dreams and Realities, by Rev. Harry Jones, **N C**, July.
 Deal Beach, Sydney Gerald on, **P M M**, July.
 Dickens, Charles, Disappearing Dickensland, by Charles Dickens, **N A R**, June.
 Dickens, Mary, **Y W**, July.
Dress:
 The Follies of Fashion, by Mrs. Parr, **P M M**, July.
 Future Dictates of Fashion, by W. C. Gale, **Str**, June.
 Freedom in Dress, by Frances E. Russell, **A**, June.
 Parisian Fashionable Folly, by B. O. Flower, **A**, June.
Education, (see also Contents of the *Educational Reviews*, *Journal of Education*):
 Early Primary Education, by Mrs. Herraman, **N H**, July.
 Our Public Schools: Their Methods and Morals, **New R**, July.
 Winchester College, 1393-1394, by A. F. Leach, **C R**, July.
 Wellington College, **Lud M**, July.
 Festival Days at Girls' Colleges, Grace W. Soper on, **St N**, July.
 Mt. St. Vincent School for Girls, Marion J. Brauon on, **C W**, June.
 The American Public School system, Dr. J. M. Rice on, **F**, June.
Egypt:
 England's Duty to Egypt, as the Pioneer of Sanitation, Dr. Greene on, **Med M**, June.
 Nile Notes, **C**, July.
Electoral: A General Election, Sir E. Strachey on, **A M**, July.
 Emerson as an Exponent of Beauty in Poetry, by Charlotte Porter, **P L**, July.
Engineering, see Contents of *Cassier's Magazine*, *Engineering Magazine*.
English-Speaking World, Reunion of, Andrew Carnegie on, **N A R**, June.
Ethics: The Triple Standard in Ethics, by G. Bathelet, **New W**, June.
Evolution, (see also under Heredity):
 A Restatement, by C. Lloyd Morgan, **New W**, June.
 The Evolution of Our Race, Frederic Harrison on, **F R**, July.
 Prof. Huxley on Evolution and Ethics, **Med M**, June.
Exmouth, Admiral Lord, A. T. Mahan on, **A M**, July.
Fiction:
 The Development of Character in Fiction, by Maxwell Grey, **Ata**, July.
 A Novel by a Jesuit Father, **Black**, July.
Finance, (see also under Political Economy, Labour, Syndicates, Australia, United States, Canada, and Contents of *Bankers' Magazine*):
 Limited Liability, B. D. Mackenzie on, **G M**, July.
 The Movement to Establish People's Banks, by W. Tourner, **Char R**, June.
 The Brussels Monetary Conference, E. B. Andrews on, **Cos**, June.
 Folk-Lore, see Contents of *Folk-Lore*.
 Fowler, H. H., B. Blathwayt on, **C F M**, July.
France:
 Round about the Palais Bourbon, by A. D. Vandam, **P M M**, July.
 On the Breton Border, by Katharine S. and Gilbert Maquoid, **Ata**, July.
 In the Valley of the Vézère, E. H. Barker on, **T B**, July.
Greece:
 Insanity and Genius, by A. McDonald, **A**, June.
 Gettysburg: Recollections of Two Visits to Gettysburg, by A. H. Nickerson, **Scrib**, July.
Glaciers: Do Glaciers Excavate? by Prof. T. G. Bonny, **G J**, June.
Greenland, Mary Tibcomb on, **Fr L**, July.
Gronel Reuts, Taxation of, Prof. C. F. Bastable on, **Econ J**, June.
Guiana: Prospecting in British Guiana, by J. E. Playfair, **G M**, July.
Hall, Dr. Newman, **Sun M**, July.
Hardy, Thomas, Harriet W. Preston on, **C M**, July.
Hayley Regatta: Three English Race Meetings, R. H. Davis on, **Harp**, July.
Heredity: The Spencer-Weismann Controversy, G. J. Romanes and Prof. M. Hartog on, **C R**, July.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, O. F. Adams on, **M P**, July.
Huxley, Prof., on Evolution and Ethics, **Med M**, June.
Ilya Iliche, Pere, Autobiographical (My Testament), **C R**, July.
Hypnotism, Wm. A. Spalling on, **C I M**, June.
Ibsen, Henrik: The Mausoleum of Ibsen, by Wm. Archer, **F R**, July.
India (see also Contents of *Asiatic Quarterly Review*):
 Australia and India: Their Financial Conditions and Mutual Relations, **Black**, July.
Ireland:
 The "Arts and Crafts" Exhibition at Westminster, by Elwd. Dicey, **N C**, July.
 The Ninth Cause of the Home Rule Bill, Dr. Wallace on, **N C**, July.
 The Irish Magistracy and Constabulary under Home Rule, **Black**, July.
 Canadian Finance and the Home Rule Bill, by H. H. L. Bellet, **W R**, July.
 The Prospects of Home Rule, by J. F. O'Shea, **C W**, June.
 Religion in the Home Rule Controversy, **Ly**, June.
 Ulster: Facts and Figures, by T. Sinclair, **C R**, July.
 Goethe and Heine on the Irish Question, by Dr. Karl Blind, **P M M**, July.
Italian Gardens, C. A. Platt on, **Harp**, July.
Italians in London, by Mrs. Brewer, **Sun H**, July.
Japan: Yamato Damashii, or the Spirit of Old Japan, by A. Dicey, **A Q**, July.
Jews and Judaism, (see also Contents of the *Jewish Quarterly Review*):
 How Jews are Married, by Rev. W. Burnett, **Q**, July.
Journalism:
 The News World of London, E. Porritt on, **Fr L**, July.
 The *Saturday Review* and Mr. W. H. Pollock, **G T**, July.
 My Adventures as a Journalist, **Y M**, July.
Kemble, Mrs., Mrs. Annie Ritchie on, **Mac**, July.
Kemble, Fanny, at Lenox, C. B. Todd on, **Lipp**, July.
Kirkpatrick, Major J. A., Marriage of, Sir E. Strachey on, **Black**, July.
La Bastie, Sir Anthony d'Arce de, Death of, **Black**, July.
Labour, (see also under Women, and Contents of the *Economic Journal*):
 The Future in one of Labour, by W. H. Mallo, **K**, **Nat R**, July.
 The *Labour Gazette*, by Rev. W. D. Scappini, **M**, July.
 South Africa Labour Questions, by A. Cartwright, **W R**, July.
 The Settlement of Labour Disputes in Italy, **B T J**, June.
 Primitive Methodism and the Labour Question, by John Forster, **P M Q**, June.
La Fontaine, J. C., Bailey on, **T B**, July.
Lapland: Under the Northern Lights, by W. V. Taylor, **Sun M**, July.
Law and the Lawyers (see also under Crime, Maybrick Case, Marriage):
 Problems of Presumptive Proof, by J. W. Clarke, **A M**, July.
 How to Check Testamentary Litigation by Surrogate Ransom, **N A R**, June.
 Calendars of Wills, see Contents of *In the Library*.
Lazarus, Emma, M. Cohen on, **P L**, July.
Libraries: The Bancroft Library, San Francisco, H. H. Baucroft on, **Bel M**, June.
Literature, (see also under Fiction, Poetry):
 American Literary Criticism and Its Value, by H. H. Boyesen, **F**, June.
 The Religion of Letters, 1750-1850, **Black**, July.
London:
 Beautiful London, by Grant Allen, **F R**, July.
 Night in the Street, **E I**, July.
Lithuan, Ancient Landmarks of, by Henry M. Cadell, **Scot G M**, June.
Loti, Pierre, Work of, **W R**, July.
Mahomedism:
 Islam, Past and Present, Prof. F. W. Sanders on, **A**, June.
 A Moslem Mission to Christendom, J. Hyslop Bell on, **P M Q**, June.
 Malze as the American National Flower, **A**, June.
 Maloria and Acclimatization, by H. Martyn Clark, **Scot G M**, June.
 Marlowe, Christopher, A Literary Centenary, **Ly**, June.
 Marriage and the Marriage Law: Some Blasts on the Divorce Law, by A. T. Story, **Mod R**, July.
 Maybrick Case: The Civil Action, **Mod R**, July.
Medicine (see Contents of *Medical Magazine*):
 The Treatment of Disease by Suggestion, by A. McL. Hamilton, **C M**, July.
 Medical Medicine, Mrs. King on, **N C**, July.
Methodism: Early Scottish Methodism, Robert Hind on, **P M Q**, June.
Missions (see also Contents of the *Missionary Review of the World*, *Church Missionary Intelligence*, *Evangelical*):
 The Inner History of the Wesleyan Missionary Conference, **R C**, June.
Mohi, Madame, **Black**, July.
Morton, Governor, and the Sons of Liberty, W. D. Foulke on, **A M**, July.
Moths and Butterflies, by Agnes Gibberne, **N H**, July.
Muhammad Baber, Emperor of Hindustan, E. S. Holden on, **Cos**, June.
Museums: If Public Libraries, Why not Public Museums? by E. S. Morse, **A M**, July.
National Anthem: A Jacobite Hymn and Rebel Song, by S. Bateman, **G M**, July.
Natural Forces, Inter-Relation of, A. H. Evans on, **W R**, July.
Natural History:
 The Sense of Sight in Animals, **C J**, July.
 Delinquent Animals, by Helen Zimmerman, **L H**, July.
 Microscopic Sea Life, by H. S. Herren, **L H**, July.
 A Group of Naturalists, by Mrs. Andrew Grosse, **T B**, July.
Navies:
 Great Britain as a Sea Power, Hon. T. Brassey on, **N C**, July.
 The Lessons of the Naval Review, by Hilary A. Herbert, **N A R**, June.
 The Sailors of the Czar, V. Gribayeff on, **Fr L**, July.
Negroponte, Malame, Poetry of, R. Philmore on, **W R**, July.
Neuville, Baron Hyde de, Memoirs of, **Black**, July.

New England:

- The Deserted Homes of New England, Clifton Johnson on, **Cos**, June.
 French Canadians in New England, by H. Loomis Nelson, **Harp**, July.
 Old Portsmouth Profiles, by T. Bailey Aldrich, **C M**, July.
 New York: Metropolitan Life in Summer, by L. J. Vance, **Fr L**, July.
 North Pole up to Date, by A. A. W. Drew, **E I**, July.
 Owen, Sir Richard, and Old-World Memories, Hon. L. A. Tollemache on, **Nat R**, July.
 Pentecost, Rev. Dr., R. Blathwayt on, **G T**, July.
 Persia, Theodore Copeland on, **C I M**, June.
 Petrarch, Studies in His Correspondence, by H. W. Preston and L. Dodge, **A M**, July.
 Parliamentary:
 The Tactics of the Opposition: A Defence, by T. M. Healy, **New R**, July.
 In Parliament Assembled, by A. F. Robins, **C F M**, July.
 From Behind the Speaker's Chair, by H. W. Lucy, **Str**, June.
 Pauperism:
 Would Personal Influence Diminish Pauperism? by Mrs. E. C. Bolles, **Char R**, June.
 The Prevention of Pauperism, Oscar Craig on, **Scrib**, July.
 Peabody, Andrew Preston, P. S. Moxon on, **New W**, June.
 Picturesque Places: The Most Picturesque Place in the World, J. and E. R. Peunel on, **C M**, July.
 Poe, Edgar Allan, and Charles Baudelaire, Esmé Stuart on, **N C**, July.
 Poetry:
 The New Poetry and Mr. W. E. Henley, Gilbert Parker on, **Lipp**, July.
 Early Women Poets of America, Mary Harnel on, **P L**, July.
 A Talk on American Patriotism: Poems, by Charlotte Porter, **P L**, July.
 Poisoning of the Future, by Dr. S. Squire Sprigge, **New R**, July.
 Political Economy:
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 Money and Civilization, by G. S. Kimball, **A J P**, June.
 Who are the Greatest Wealth Producers, by W. H. Mallock, **N A R**, June.
 Political Economy in Japan, Jinchi Soyila on, **Econ J**, June.
 Post Office: In Defence of the Post Office, **Nat R**, July.
 Prisons: In a County Prison, by C. R. Vicars, **E I**, July.
 Prize-Fighting: Newspaper Apologies for Pugilism, Rev. W. Hoyt on, **O D**, June.
 Progress: Union for Practical Progress, by B. O. Flower, **A**, June.
 Prussia, Queen Marie Louise of W. W. Astor on, **P M M**, July.
 Psychological Research, (see also Contents of *Psychical Review*):
 Are They Hallucinations? by Miles M. Dawson, **Bel M**, June.
 Pytheas, the Discoverer of Britain, Clements R. Markham on, **G J**, June.
 Race Problems: White Supremacy in the South, by J. H. Pitman, **A J P**, June.
 Racing and the Turf:
 Three English Race Meetings, R. H. Davis on, **Harp**, July.
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 Railways:
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 English and American Railways, W. M. Acworth on, **Eng M**, June.
 The Jerusalem and Damascus Railways, H. Walker on, **Sun H**, July.
 Religion: The World's Parliament of Religions, Rev. J. H. Barrows on, **R C**, June.
 Rome: The Roman Carnival, by P. M. Watkins, **G M**, July.
 Rural Life:
 Statistics of Some Midland Villages, by Joseph Ashby and Bolton King, **Econ J**, June.
 The Parish Council Bill, **P M M**, June.
 Risk: John, Mr. Ruskin's Titles, Mrs. E. T. Cook on, **G W**, July.
 Russia:
 The Russian Intrigues in South-Eastern Europe, C. R. Boylance-Kent on, **R R**, July.
 A Vote for the People of Russia, by G. Kennan, **C M**, July.
 Paupers, Police, and Post Office in Russia, Isabel F. Hapgood on, **A M**, July.
 Russian Dissenters and the Russian Government, **Sun M**, July.
 The Official Defence of Russian Persecution, by J. Jacobs, **C M**, July.
 Russia in Asia:
 Across Siberia, by A. H. Lawrence, **Lud M**, July.
 The Trans-Siberian Railway, F. Hobart on, **Eng M**, June.
 Russian Turkistan, P. Gaul on, **A Q**, July.
 Runeford, Mark, Joseph Ritson on, **P M Q**, June.
 Saint Paul du Var Re-discovered, by Rev. H. R. Hawels, **G M**, July.
 Salvini, Tommaso, Autobiographical, **C M**, July.
 Sandwich Islands:
 The Rise and Decline of the Hawaiian Monarchy, H. H. Gowen on, **Cos**, June.
 Grave Obstacles to Hawaiian Annexation, by T. M. Cooley, **F**, June.
 Sanitation:
 The Sanitation of Residential Property, B. H. Thwaite on, **Mod R**, July.
 England's Duty to Egypt, as the Pioneer of Sanitation, Dr. Greene on, **Med M**, June.
 Parisian Sanitation, T. M. Legge on, **Med M**, June.
 Scotland, (see also under Churches in Scotland):
 Home Rule for Scotland, by John Romans, **Scots**, July.
 Sea, Size of, W. Schooling on, **Long**, July.
 Sforza Book of Hours, **Black**, July.
 Shakespeare: The Only Likeness of Shakespeare, Dr. Macaulay, **L H**, July.
 Shipping, (see also Contents of the *Nautical Magazine*):
 The Way of the World at Sea: Boarland Lodging, by W. J. Gordon, **L H**, July.
 Sails and Sailor Craft, C. L. Norton on, **O**, July.
 The Life of the Merchant Sailor, by W. Clark Russell, **Scrib**, July.
 The Latest and Greatest Cauter: The *Campania*, **Eng M**, June.
 Thirty Knots an Hour to Europe, by Prof. J. H. Biles, **N A R**, June.
 English Seamen in the Nineteenth Century, by Prof. J. A. Froude, **Long**, July.

Slam:

- The Siamese Boundary Question, Hon. G. N. Curzon on, **N C**, July.
 The Franco-Siam Impasse, **A Q**, July.
 France and Siam, by Muang-Thai, **A Q**, July.
 France, England, and Siam, by R. S. Gundry, **Nat R**, July.
 French Movements in Eastern Siam, Sir R. Temple on, **F R**, July.
 The Future of Siam, by Henry Norman, **C R**, July.
 Siberia, see under Russia in Asia.
 Siddons, Sarah, Edmund Gosse on, **C M**, July.
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"As the publication of this case would, I think, do much good, you can make any use you like of this letter, &c. I shall write an account to my relatives living in Tasmania and Queensland, and should suggest your inserting this in the papers there.—I am, dear Sir, yours gratefully, JOHN B. HARDWICK, Selby Villas, Prettlewell Street, Southend, Essex."

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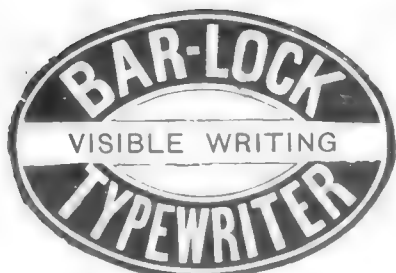
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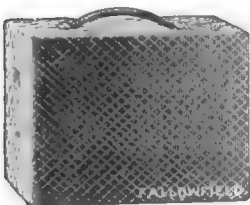
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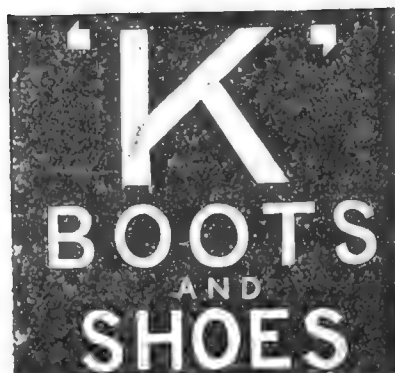
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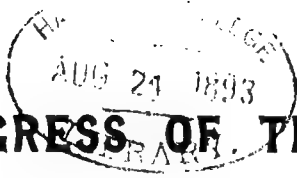
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THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, August 1, 1893.

**The Asiatic
Artichoke.**

Europe continues to devour the Asiatic artichoke—a leaf at a time. This time it is Siam that has suffered, and France that has gained. Gradually the Asiatic area under Asiatic government dwindles, and outside China and Arabia there will be little left for the twentieth century to transfer to the Western flags. Already Persia is virtually a satrapy of the Tzar. The ferment in Armenia is preparing the way for the extension of Russian authority to the Euphrates. In Afghanistan, the Ameer preserves a precarious independence between the Muscovites—who will one day rule in Herat and in Balkh—and the British, whose outposts will, in spite of ourselves, be pushed forward to Cabul and Candahar. We have annexed Burmah, France has begun to annex Siam. Arabia and China, regions from which Europe has been submerged by devastating tides of armed invasion, seem destined to be the sole surviving regions of Asia governed by Asiatics.

**The French
Attack
on Siam.**

It is difficult to say exactly why the French should have chosen the present time of all others for pushing forward their frontier in the Far East. Circumstances appear to have precipitated their action, but the decision was probably taken long ago. There is only one way to save Siam from becoming a French possession, and that is to make it British. We may talk as we please about Siamese independence being a British interest. A power that capitulates before three gunboats cannot be independent. If we do not intend to see the tricolour flying over Bangkok we shall have to anticipate it with the Union Jack. We may postpone the inevitable by temporising expedients, but ultimately there will be no escape from this alternative. At present we may probably find that it will be sufficient to establish some arrangement with the King of Siam which will enable us to regard Siam as we regard Afghanistan—a protected State in fact although not in name. We

are immeasurably stronger than the French in the Indian Ocean, and Bangkok is much easier of access than Cabul. France has practically no trade with Siam, from 80 to 90 per cent. of whose foreign trade is conducted with the British Empire. Siam buys two and a half millions worth of goods per annum from British markets. It might suit France to handicap our traders by a prohibitive tariff for the benefit of her own subjects, and it would be well not to lead her into that temptation.

**British
Interests in
Siam.**

There is no question of establishing a British protectorate over Siam, at present, although the matter might be mooted at any moment. Lord Rosebery in the House of Lords, on July 27, thus described British interests in Siam:—



M. PAVIE.

(From a photograph by M. Comret, of Paris.)

We have, in the first place, great commercial interests in that country, and British shipping constitutes eighty-seven per cent. of the whole shipping in Bangkok in point of tonnage, and ninety-three in point of value. Moreover, the territorial arrangements consequent on this dispute involve matters of British concern. Her Majesty's Government are glad to believe that the French Government are not less alive than themselves to the value of Siamese independence, and that they regard it as a matter of moment, both to France and to ourselves, that we should nowhere have conterminous frontiers in the Indo-Chinese Peninsula, for such a frontier would

involve both States in great military expenditure and cause liability to panic.

Unfortunately, the French Government has practically made our frontiers conterminous by insisting upon the cession of the Siamese territory between the 18th and 23rd degree on the Mekong.

**The French
Ultimatum.**

The French had some frontier quarrels with the Siamese, out of which they had no more difficulty in manufacturing a *casus belli* with Siam than we found in manufacturing similar pretexts for making wars in Afghanistan or in Burmah. Finding the Siamese Government indisposed to come to terms, two French gunboats forced their way up on the Menam, under shell fire from the Siamese forts, which they returned with interest; and then, having killed and wounded ten times as

many Siamese as their own loss, they demanded reparation in an ultimatum which embodied the following terms:—

"(1) Recognition of the rights of Annam and Cambodia to left bank of River Mekong and the islands; (2) evacuation of the posts there held by the Siamese within one month's time; (3) satisfaction for the various aggressions against French subjects in Siam, and French ships and sailors in Menam; (4) punishment of the culprits and pecuniary indemnities to the families of victims; (5) indemnities of two million francs for various damages inflicted on French subjects; (6) immediate deposit of three million francs in dollars as guarantee for claims of Nos. 4 and 5, or in default of guarantee farmers and taxes of Battambang and Siem Reap. Should these terms not be accepted the French Minister will leave, and the coast be forthwith blockaded."

The Siamese Government offered to concede most of these points, limiting the territorial cession to the eighteenth degree. The French refused to accept this modification of their demands, and the blockade began.

The Siamese Surrender.

In their hour of despair the Siamese looked to England for help, and looked in vain. Lord Rosebery sent some gunboats to the seat of

war, to protect British subjects, some 200 of whom are living amid the 350,000 Orientals of Bangkok; but he was careful to explain that this action was not intended as an encouragement to the Siamese to persevere in a hopeless resistance. In reply to their request for advice, Lord Rosebery urged them to come to terms as quickly as possible with their powerful neighbour. The Siamese, seeing that no help was forthcoming from without, surrendered at discretion. By doing so they extricated themselves from one difficulty and

landed us in another. For by the cession of the territory on the left bank of the River Mekong, north of the eighteenth degree, they handed over to France a portion of the Burmese state of Kyang Kheng, which, when we were rearranging our frontiers, we handed over to the Siamese last year, on the express understanding that they would not surrender it to any other power. It is possible that Lord Dufferin may arrange this matter, as there is no difficulty in showing that Annam and Cambodia have no rights

over the Burmese State of Kyang Kheng, which Siam only held in trust for us. But the French are flushed by their easy victory, and already voice is heard in the Parisian press complaining of the moderation of the Ministry. Since they need only ask to have, the Chauvinists naturally complain because their Ministers did not ask for the keys of Bangkok on a silver salver.

The Moral of it all. The French are doing as we have often done. We don't like it any more than they liked our doings; but that is no reason why we should call them names. We have

got to make the best of it, and to make up our minds whether or not it is worth forestalling the French when the question is not the left bank of the Mekong, but the ownership of Bangkok. We shall struggle, and rightly struggle, to maintain the buffer state as long as we can, but buffers wear out, and we may as well make up our minds that if Bangkok is not British it will be French. The term of grace during which we were isolated in India is rapidly drawing to a close. Our great dependency is being approached from North-West and South-East, and



CHULALONGKORN I., KING OF SIAM.

the menace of the French advance will be very useful if it cools down the fever of Russophobia. For we shall find that so far as we are concerned it is a thousandfold more easy to get on with the Autocrat of all the Russias than it is with the Republic of France. For the Tzar has at least the responsibilities of his position, whereas the Republic practically means a temporary congeries of political ephemera driven hither and thither by the stinging clouds of journalistic gnats which swarm on the Parisian press. The French encroachment upon Siam will not have been in vain if it reminds our public men that France, and France alone, is the secular rival of Britain.

What will China say?

England acquiesces in the dismemberment of Siam. But China is less likely to be quiescent. Siam is a Chinese tributary state. The territory ceded to France is at Pekin believed to be part and parcel of the possessions of the Emperor of China. The Mandarins do not love the French. They bear them many a grudge about Tonkin and the subsequent hostilities in Chinese waters. But although the Chinese may protest, they are not likely to attack. They will make what trouble they can for the intruding Frank, they will refuse to recognise the treaty extorted by blockade, but they will not go to war. Another argument, however, will be added to the store of those who plead for an Anglo-Chinese alliance as the best security for the peace of Asia. In any case, Lord Rosebery is likely to have his hands full

for some time to come at the Foreign Office, and it is well he has so admirable and trustworthy a representative in the House of Commons as Sir Edward Grey.

The shrinkage of the world is making itself somewhat disagreeably felt in the East on the West. two plagues of the closing century—the Currency and the Cholera. Of the two the currency

is much the more serious. Last month the Indian Government closed the Indian mints, and by a stroke of the pen converted the whole silver coinage of India into mere token money, the rupee having a token value of sixteen-pence. The direct and immediate result of taking this step at Calcutta has been to throw Colorado into temporary bankruptcy, and to compel President Cleveland to summon Congress to meet in August, in order to deal at once with the silver crisis. All the silver mines of Colorado are closed, 30,000 miners are thrown out of work, and the Governor of the State is summoning



THE QUEEN OF SIAM.

a special session of the State legislature in order to suspend the payment of all debts for two years. The prevailing demoralisation was aptly illustrated by the boarding of a freight train by 400 miners out of work, who emptied out the goods and compelled the drivers, on threat of death, to carry them Eastward, free gratis and for nothing. Of course India will reply that she is not to blame, as Colorado began it by producing silver in excess of the world's needs; but my point is not who is to blame, but merely the close connection



LI HUNG CHANG.

between East and West, a connection which tends to become closer every year.

The old Crusaders, who regarded the **Sanitation and Religion.** Paynim as the enemy of God and man, would have heard with grim satisfaction of the news of the outbreak of cholera at Mecca. It would have seemed to them a divine visitation, and they would have regarded it as nothing less than providential that the infidels should be poisoned by the observance of the most sacred rites of their religion. The well Zem Zem, the sacred fountain which, according to tradition, gushed up in the desert to assuage the thirst of Hagar and Ishmael, is a seething mass of microbes and water. Yet every pilgrim to the sacred sites has to drink as much of it

as he can, while a bucketful of the poisonous filth is being poured over his head. The water runs down the pilgrim's person, saturating his filthy rags, and then drains down into the well once more, carrying with it whatever choleraic and other microbes it may have encountered *en route*. These body-drippings, drained back into the well, are served up again and again to each successive pilgrim, until the wonder is not that the cholera kills many, but that it spares any. But what can be done? To close Zem Zem would narrow the portals of paradise for the True Believer. It is very sad that Moslems should thus make religion a great cholera propagator, but it is on the whole less contemptible than the conduct of that American congregation which, from its slavish dread of infection, has this year substituted for the communion cup which passed from lip to lip an arrangement by which each communicant is supplied with a separate wine-glass for his own exclusive use.

For the first time since **First Blood in Rhodesia** was occupied **Matabeleland.**

there has been bloodshed on the frontier. An impi of Lobengula's braves made a raid upon Mashonaland and levied war in their customary fashion, burning kraals and massacring the Masho-

nas, whom they used to harry like sheep from a fold. But this time they reckoned without their host. Dr. Jameson, the Administrator of the Chartered Company, got together a small but efficient force of mounted police, and summoned the Matabele to return to the other side of the demarcation line. This they refused to do. Whereupon the handful of police—thirty-eight all told—opened fire upon them, and charging down upon the impi drove the marauders back to their own territory, with a loss of thirty men. It is but a small affair, no doubt, but it is first blood. Every one knew that the Chartered Company must sooner or later come to collision with the Matabele, but we all hoped it would be later rather than sooner. Mr. Rhodes, of course, will do his utmost

to square Lobengula, for the Dictator prefers ever to use gold rather than steel, and it may be that the impi marched without orders or against Lobengula's wish. If so, the storm may blow over. But there will be some hard fighting to be done before the Matabele realise that Civilisation has really clapped handcuffs upon Barbarism as far north as the Zambesi, and all such frontier scimmages remind us that the final trial of strength may not be far distant.

**The East
African
Company.**

The Chartered Company experiment, which has painted the African map red on the Niger, and earned a dividend of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and which has secured British supremacy as far as the Shire highlands on Lake Nyassa, seems to have broken down rather badly in East Africa. The British East African Company, which served a useful purpose as a stopgap, now wants to be bought out. Price £180,000. It cleared out of Uganda some months since; it has now discovered that it must clear out of Witu. The fact is, that the company cannot make the government of the back country pay. It can probably scramble along, with more or less difficulty, if it is allowed to keep to the coast line and let the interior fend for itself. To this Lord Rosebery objects. The company was chartered to inaugurate a new era, not to intercept for the benefit of its shareholders the natural sources of revenue. The work was beyond its strength. Even a millionaire would have found it difficult, and the British African Company has never had a million to call its own. As the rage for appropriating Africa has somewhat abated, it is possible no one will "jump" the claim which the East African Company is abandoning. But it is risky business, and the French priests are near enough to render a French Protectorate as possible in Eastern Africa as in Eastern Asia.

**The Loss of
the Victoria.**

France seems to be recovering from the cold fit which followed the reaction against the Tonkin Campaign. M. Decrais has at last been appointed as ambassador in London, and he is only too likely to be tempted to "bring pressure" to bear upon Mr. Gladstone in order to gain points real or imaginary which may be used as electioneering capital in France. This being so, it is more than ever to be regretted that the *Victoria* is eighty fathoms deep off the Syrian coast. This is not a time when we can afford to lose million pounder ironclads, which cannot be replaced in less than two years at the lowest. A new vessel, the *Magnificent*, the most powerful fighting-ship in the world, is being pushed forward. She is to cost £960,000, but she will not be commissioned for

years. We must e'en do the best we can with what we have got, and by naval manœuvres and constant evolutions accustom our seamen to sail their ships without running them ashore like the *Howe* or ramming them like the *Victoria*.

**The Verdict
of the Court
Martial.**

The Court Martial on the loss of the *Victoria* brought out very clearly the fact that the catastrophe was entirely due to Sir George Tryon's mistake in ordering the ships to turn inwards when at a distance of six cables, when eight cables was the shortest distance at which such a manœuvre could have been safely attempted. Admiral Hornby, whose paper I notice elsewhere, is certain that Admiral Tryon must have been temporarily off his head with fever before ordering such an evolution; but Admiral Colomb, in a remarkable letter published July 31 in the *Times*, asserts that Admiral Tryon was accustomed to manœuvre his flagship in almost entire disregard of



From a photograph.

[by Elliott and Fry.]

SIR EDWARD GREY, M.P.

the other ships of his fleet, scouted mathematical considerations, and acted generally on the rule of thumb. Admiral Tryon, according to Admiral Colomb, regarded his ship as a rider regards his hunter, and acted accordingly with a strong and frequently expressed impatience of all mathematical calculations and mechanical certainties. He was, moreover, of an imperious disposition, and a stern disciplinarian. All his officers believed in his genius, and feared to oppose his will. Hence, when the signal was made, which was as certain to produce a collision as two and two are to produce four, Admiral Markham had such confidence in his commander that he obeyed orders, feeling sure Admiral Tryon would

manage somehow to avoid the apparently inevitable consequences of his own order.

Obedience at all Costs. The Court, while feeling strong regret that the Commander of the *Camperdown* did not carry out his first intention to semaphore his doubt as to the signal, declares that it would be fatal to the best interests of the Service to say he was to blame for carrying out the directions of his Commander-in-Chief present in person. This is a notable utterance, coming as it does on the top of Admiral Tryon's memorandum, in which he expressly laid down the duty of disobeying orders when they were manifestly fatal. At the same time there is a general concurrence in the finding of the Court. You cannot manœuvre a fleet on the principle of limited liability or qualified obedience. Nelsons, no doubt, may now and then take the law into their own hands at the risk of their career. But as a general standing rule, for the guidance and governance of ordinary men who are not Nelsons, the strict law of obedience is the best.

Faithful unto death. The evidence at the Court Martial brought out into clear relief the excellence of the discipline maintained on board the *Victoria*. As Captain Bourke remarked, it only needed two or three men to cause a panic, but these two or three were not to be found on board. There was absolutely no panic, no shouting, no rushing aimlessly about. The men fell in as upon parade. Those at work on the forecastle worked with a will, till the water was up to their waists. Those below stood to their posts to a man. "When the men were turned about to face the ship's side it must have passed through the minds of many that to look out for one's self would be the best thing to do. . . . I can hear of not one single instance of any man rushing to the side." From the Admiral to the youngest midy, they showed that spirit of trust and bravery which is the glory of the service. The chaplain, whose last words were, "Steady, men, steady," was worthy of his flock. In so large a company there must have been many men of but indifferent character, of comparatively low morale. The fact that the whole of them, without a single exception, stood the death test is a matter of which we as a nation do well to be proud. The splendid response which brought £50,000 to the Lord Mayor's Fund for the widow and the orphan was the national recognition of the heroism of those who stood to their posts unmoved when the *Victoria* took her last plunge to the bottom.

A Hint for the Faithful Commons. As good luck would have it, the British public was furnished with the detailed reports of the way in which our blue-

jackets and their officers faced the supreme crisis, immediately before it was confronted by an illustration of the way in which its elected representatives at Westminster failed in their duty. If the conduct of the officers and men on board the doomed ironclad filled us all with pride, the conduct of the House of Commons covered us with shame. The free fight on the floor of the House which marked the final closing of the Committee stage of the Home Rule Bill can be considered apart from the question of Home Rule, just as the conduct of the crew of the *Victoria* can be considered apart from the question of Admiral Tryon's fatal mistake. The faithful Commons, who, by the bye, muster almost exactly as strong as the crew of the lost ironclad, displayed none of the sterling qualities of their humbler fellow-countrymen. Under comparatively trivial provocation, they lost all control over themselves, and for the first time in history a free fight took place on what used to be regarded as the sacred arena of the House. The story is so suggestive that it is worth going over it if only to illustrate how things should not be done.

How not to do it.

At the time fixed by the House for the close of the discussion on the Home Rule Bill, Mr. Chamberlain was speaking with his usual incisive vigour. As the clock drew near the stroke of ten, he remarked that the slavish adulation which Mr. Gladstone received from his followers had not been paralleled since the sycophants of Herod declared "It is the voice of a God." Thereupon the further delivery of his speech was suspended by loud cries of "Judas, Judas, Judas," first raised by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, but immediately echoed by forty or fifty other members. The whole House rang with the word, the only person who did not hear it being Mr. Mellor, the Chairman of Committee, who placidly closed the debate and called the division. Then Mr. Gibbs, a Conservative member, amid a babel of voices, attempted to call the Chairman's attention to the fact that Mr. T. P. O'Connor had called Mr. Chamberlain Judas. Mr. Mellor, deaf once more, allowed the hubbub to go on while the House was clearing for a division, until at last Mr. Logan, a Gladstonian member, crossed the floor of the House and stood close to the front Opposition Bench in order to ascertain, if possible, what it was that Mr. Gibbs was saying. A rude interchange of words followed, and Mr. Logan, in order to put himself in order, committed inadvertently the parliamentary *faux pas* of sitting down for a moment on the front Opposition Bench. Thereupon the prevailing excitement and

anarchy culminated in an act of open violence. The authority of the Chair being virtually non-existent, Mr. Hayes Fisher, a young Tory member, seized Mr. Logan by the neck, and with the assistance of Sir Ashmead Bartlett forcibly ejected him on to the floor of the House. This, in Mr. Fisher's own words, was the signal for a general scrimmage. For several minutes a disgraceful row raged on the floor of the House. A mob of some fifty or sixty members scuffled with each other; a coat was torn; some heavy blows, audible above the din, were dealt on the faces of some of the combatants; a book-shelf was smashed. No one knows to what dimensions the fracas might have grown, when fortunately the strangers in the gallery loudly hissed the disorderly crowd below, the Chairman at last took down the word "Judas" complained of by Mr. Gibbs, the Speaker returned, and order was restored.

If it had
been in the
Navy.

This scandalous scene occurred at Westminster, and no one has been punished. If anything equivalent to such a disgraceful scene had taken place in the Navy, Mr. Mellor would have been tried by court martial and dismissed, and Mr. Hayes Fisher and Sir Ashmead Bartlett would have been placed under arrest. For undoubtably the *causa causans* of the whole disgraceful scene was the utter incompetence of Mr. Mellor. From the first he has never had any control over the House, and the concluding scene was but the culmination of a long series of episodes which proved his utter unfitness for the post thrust upon him by the Government. There have been many mistakes this session, but the worst of all mistakes was the refusal to continue Mr. Courtney in the Chair as Deputy Speaker. Mr. Mellor was installed as the strong man who was believed to be capable of effectively forcing the Bill through when Mr. Courtney, being a Unionist, would have raised difficulties. Never was there a more fatal miscalculation. But Mr. Mellor is not court martialled. Mr. Mellor has not even been asked to resign. Mr. Mellor remains where Mr. Mellor was placed at the beginning of the session—the wrong man in the wrong place, without either prestige, authority, or capacity to enable him to maintain discipline and secure order. After Mr. Mellor the only offenders who deserved punishment were Mr. Hayes Fisher and Sir Ashmead Bartlett, who were the first to resort to physical violence. Their only excuse is to say that they believed Mr. Logan was going to strike them. But this was an afterthought. The member who lays violent hands on another in a moment of excitement corresponds to the sailor who

after a collision raises a cry of panic and deserts the ranks. There was no such man on the *Victoria*. Unfortunately Mr. Hayes Fisher and Sir Ashmead Bartlett are still members of the House of Commons.

A Concatted
Assembly. It is a mistake, however, to exaggerate the significance of the outbreak of Don-

nybrook Fair in the House of Commons. That assembly thinks a great deal too much of itself, and it is perhaps just as well that it should for once suddenly become conscious of the contempt with which it is regarded by the country. The simple fact of the matter is that while its members imagine that it is the greatest and most august assembly in the world, the nation at large has learned to regard it as the most hopelessly incompetent and unbusinesslike body that exists for the purpose of legislation in the three kingdoms. The Mother of Parliaments indeed!—grandmother would be a more appropriate term, and a grandmother in her dotage. What more ridiculous spectacle can possibly be imagined than the way in which the House has dealt with the Home Rule Bill! Here is a measure of 37 clauses, which when printed occupy seven columns of the *Times*. The House devotes 64 days to the discussion of these clauses, and at the end of that time the nation learns that it has not even attempted to discuss 27 clauses, occupying five-and-a-half columns space, but has simply passed them without any consideration at all. It is all Tory obstruction, say the Home Rulers. It is all Mr. Gladstone and his guillotine, say the Unionists. A plague on both your parties, say the people. If you cannot apportion your time better to your work than this slovenly method of obstructing ten clauses and bolting forty, you are not fit for your place. The fact is, the House of Commons had much better go to school, either to the London County Council, or better still to the Assemblies of any of the Scottish Churches. These bodies know how to do business, and the House of Commons does not. Until it limits all speeches but those of mover and seconder of each motion to ten minutes, it will flounder on till it sinks deeper and deeper in public estimation.

The Home
Rule Bill.

I suppose I ought to congratulate the Government upon having discovered, in July, 1893, what I pressed upon them in vain in October, 1892. Why in face of the plainest possible warnings Mr. Gladstone persisted in inserting the preposterous and suicidal in-and-out clause in the Home Rule Bill no one as yet seems to be able to suggest, excepting those who assert that he put it in expressly in order to take it out after

it had drawn the enemy's fire. He has taken it out now, and it is better late than never. But instead of acting upon the only sound principle, and leaving the House of Commons intact, the Prime Minister must needs strengthen the hands of his adversaries by tacking a new Redistribution Bill of Irish seats and a reduction of Irish representation to his scheme for establishing a subordinate Parliament in Ireland. He has laid it down that Ireland ought only to have 80 instead of 103 members in the House of Commons, and his decision has been countersigned by his majority. But if Ireland has 23 members more than she ought to have, all decisions carried by the present House by less than 23 Irish votes have no moral weight. The votes of these 23 extra members ought to be deducted from the majority by which the Home Rule Bill is carried. But as the Government majority has repeatedly fallen below 23 on vital divisions, it follows that but for the votes of the doomed 23 the Bill itself would have been thrown out. Mr. Gladstone's persistence in tampering with the constitution of the House of Commons has furnished a new conclusive argument to the enemies of Home Rule.

The Financial Mr. Gladstone last month presented to **scheme, latest revised edition.** the House his third scheme of Home Rule Finance. His followers accepted it, as they accepted both its predecessors, with an alacrity which gave point to Mr. Chamberlain's sarcasm. "Mr. Gladstone says it is black, and they say it is good. Mr. Gladstone says it is white, and they say it is better." His latest proposal is to reduce Ireland's net payment to Imperial purposes by about half a million a year. The following is the present statement of account between Ireland and the Empire:—

<i>Spent in Ireland.</i>			
Civil Government Charges	£3,123,000
Constabulary	1,459,000
Loss on Post Office Account	52,000
Cost of collection of revenue	160,000
			£4,794,000
<i>Collected in Ireland.</i>			
Customs	£2,402,000
Excise	3,058,000
Stamps	707,000
Income-tax	552,000
Crown Lands	65,000
Miscellaneous	138,000
			£6,922,000

making a balance received from Ireland at present of £2,128,000 per annum for Imperial purposes, or one

twenty-eighth of the whole. Mr. Gladstone proposes that she shall in future pay one-third of her general revenue, amounting to £2,276,000, minus a sum of £487,000, granted on behalf of the constabulary, and a further sum of £160,000, representing the cost of collecting the Irish revenue. So far, therefore, as Home Rule affects our finances, we shall receive £1,615,000 a year instead of £2,128,000, the Irish paying, under Home Rule, one thirty-seventh instead of one twenty-eighth of the Imperial expenditure. This is not exactly the *status quo ante* which British tax-payers were led to expect. The British elector is prepared to let the Irish govern themselves. He is not prepared to subsidise them for doing so.

It is anticipated that about forty Peers **The Ultimate Outcome.** will be found, out of four or five hundred who will go into the lobby, in support of this Bill, which will be thrown out by an unprecedentedly large majority. The question then arises, What next? Rumour is rife that next year the Bill will be introduced into the House of Lords, in order that the House of Commons may have a chance of getting through some English business. What ought to be done is to abandon all attempt to frame a Home Rule Bill at Westminster. Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Gladstone's successor, would expedite business immensely, and would moreover be taking the best and most logical course, if he were to introduce a Bill of less than half-a-dozen clauses, bringing into existence a constituent assembly at Dublin, instructed to draw up for submission to the Imperial Parliament a measure expressing the views of the Irish nation as to the best method of enabling Ireland to manage her own affairs. All these details which have blocked Parliament this year are unnecessary. It is not for the Imperial Parliament to devise a complete scheme of Home Rule and then to force it on Ireland. The proper thing is for Irishmen to decide upon their own scheme of Home Rule, to thresh it out clause by clause in a national convention at Dublin, and then to bring it to Westminster to be considered by the Imperial Parliament. That would be much more consonant with the national dignity of Ireland than the acceptance of a cut and dried Home Rule scheme from Westminster.

The Referendum. One of the questions which I submitted to all candidates through my helpers at the last general election was that of the Referendum. Few of them understood the question, and most of them treated it as one altogether without the pale of practical politics. Lord Salisbury, however, seems disposed to adopt it as the rallying cry

of the Tory party. Speaking at the Junior Constitutional Club on July 7th, he remarked that Mr. Gladstone's policy was an impartial combination of hustle and gag, and that hustle and gag would never govern the English people. Proceeding to discuss the question of a second Chamber, Lord Salisbury said :—

"I doubt whether the whole of the stress of resisting the great Constitutional attack ought to be thrown upon such a Chamber. . . . Wherever the foundations of the country itself are to be dealt with, and attack intended upon them, in one form of machinery or the other, the nation is directly called into council upon this issue, and this issue only, and asked whether it will have it so."

Lord Salisbury concluded by asking his friends to consider "whether we do not require some more definite, technical, absolute safeguard that the Constitution by which the nation lives shall not be changed without the nation's will." That is right so far as it goes. But it does not go far enough. It is doubtful whether we shall ever get the Referendum solely as a veto upon change. It will be carried as in Switzerland by those who regard it as the ultimate sanction of the principle of the popular sovereignty—the crowning of King Demos.

The German Emperor, who has paid a flying visit to England to be present at the yacht-racing at Cowes, had the satisfaction before his departure of knowing that the Army Bill had been passed. The Third Reading was carried by 201 votes against 185. The military authorities will now have a free hand to strengthen their fighting-machine within the limits approved by the Reichstag. No one can be surprised that they should desire to increase the number of their soldiers in view of what is going on in both of their frontiers. The Russians have just begun a tariff war with Germany, which has led Germany to retaliate by clapping an extra 50 per cent. duty on Russian goods; whilst in France we have the unrest of Paris, which is disagreeably manifested over the students' row at the beginning of the month, and the recrudescence of French Chauvinism in the Far East. The Russian-German tariff war, owing to the complications which may follow in the relations between Russia and Austria, will be watched with great interest.

The last telegram received from Dr. Nansen. Nansen was dated Berlebagg, July 21st. He was then just starting for Nova Zembla, where he was about to pick up his first thirty sledge dogs, after which he has to coast eastward to the Olonetz River, where he will

pick up another twenty-six dogs. At the end of this month he hopes to reach the West Coast of the Siberian Islands. From thence he will run northward as far as he can, and when open water fails him, the *Fram* will be allowed to drift with the ice. He is delighted with his ship, but the reports of the ice are bad, and he has still to get through the Kara Sea. We shall probably hear from him twice or thrice before the darkness settles down upon the *Fram*.

The beginning of last month was marked by the great tragedy in the West Riding coalfield, when the Thornhill Colliery fired, owing to the use of naked lights in certain portions of the mine which had hitherto been regarded as free from gas. The month closed upon a still greater misfortune in the shape of an industrial dispute between the coal owners and the miners. The owners insist upon a reduction of 25 per cent. of what they call the standard rate of 1888, upon which an advance of 40 per cent. was made up to August, 1890. The owners assert that this is necessary owing to the state of trade, and they offered to submit their case to arbitration. The Miners' Federation, however, refuse absolutely to assent either to the reduction or to the arbitration upon the proposal. As a result the coal industry of the Midlands and of West Riding in Lancashire is paralysed. Before the miners resume working a great many more persons will probably have died as the result of deprivation and anxiety than were blown out of existence at Thornhill. As, however, they will die by singles, no one will take much notice of them. It is only when deaths are massed that they create a sensation.

The Royal Geographical Society made itself ridiculous last month by deciding that women should not be admitted to be Fellows on the same footing as men. The vote at the General Meeting was 172 to 158. A plebiscite of the members of the Society showed that only 500 were against the admission of women, while 1,200 were in their favour. The speeches of the opponents were interesting, and deserve to be kept as monumental examples of the imbecility of the male. It is to be feared that Sir Richard Webster and Mr. Curzon and others, who seem to be of opinion that it will break down the natural barrier between the sexes if women are allowed to put F.R.G.S. after their name, will regard with dismay the attempt that is being made by leading women in England and Scotland to secure a National Memorial, signed by

women, regardless of party distinction, in favour of the enfranchisement of their sex. Few movements have made more rapid progress of late years than this, and it is to be hoped that the Memorial will be signed by all who have the interests of civilisation and progress at heart.

An Experiment. A very interesting experiment has been made in the United States.

Liquor Monopoly. South Carolina, of all States in the world, decided to try a modification of the Gothenburg system. On the 1st of July no liquor was to be sold in the State except by the State itself. The supply of all drink, in short, was to be made the monopoly of the strictest kind, and all the corn whisky on which the South Carolinians were allowed to get drunk was to be labelled "Warranted U.S. Standard proof and chemically pure. South Carolina State Dispensary." The State had laid in large quantities of liquor, and the Governor calculated that he would be able to make a net profit for the ratepayers of £100,000 per annum. Unfortunately for the success of this experiment a judge has declared the law unconstitutional, and until the Supreme Court decides the question no one knows exactly what is going to be done. South Carolina is hardly the State in which one would have expected so daring an experiment in the Drink Question, but better South Carolina than nowhere.

Sunday Closing. The six-days' week party last month gained a very signal victory at Chicago. **World's Fair.** The directors of the World's Fair having obtained a Government grant on condition that the Fair was not opened on Sundays, decided to open it on the ground that their exchequer could not stand the loss of Sunday closing. Their action was upheld as legal, and great was the exultation on the part of the Sunday openers. The Sunday-rest men were considerably crestfallen; but it was only for a time. To the astonishment of every one, after keeping the exhibition open every Sunday until the 16th of July, the local directors have come to the conclusion that they lost money on the Sunday business. The exhibitors would not give up their rest day, and the general public would not go to the Fair on Sunday. The result is a still more signal triumph for one day's rest in seven than anybody ventured to hope for. After this it will be difficult for anyone to pretend that the blue laws are enforced upon an unwilling population by puritanical despots at Washington and elsewhere.

Australian Cheer. I am glad to see from the *Australian Review of Reviews* that there are some people who keep up their hearts in spite of the series of smashes which have appalled British investors in Australian securities. Mr. Fitchett seems quite hopeful, and even asserts that the chief result of the crisis for depositors of the Australian banks will be that they will get six or seven per cent. instead of four per cent. This is certainly looking at the situation through very roseate spectacles. What is very evident is that the various Colonies are setting to work to economise with a will. If they can but keep in this mood long enough, there is little doubt that they will emerge from their difficulties with their prosperity much more solidly assured than it has been for some time past. The description which Mr. Fitchett gives of the Public Works which New South Wales has to show for its expenditure is certainly a very strong contrast to the barracks and artillery and powder and shot which European States have to show for the most of their borrowed money.

The London County Council. The London County Council is, at the present moment, struggling with the House of Lords over the Bills which it considers to be indispensable for the good government of the Metropolis. So far as can be seen at present, there is no reaction against the progressive policy of the Council visible. The painful incident which vacated Mr. Tims' seat for Battersea might naturally have been expected to damage the Progressive cause in the constituency. Mr. Willis, however, was returned by a large majority. The Council keeps up its record of good attendance. The Chairman, who on the 25th reviewed the work of the past year, stated that the Minutes of the preceding twelve months constitute a volume of 1,360 pages, recording the work of nineteen Standing Committees, which, with their Sub and Special Committees, have met on not less than 1,400 occasions—i.e., there have been more than four committee meetings per day all the year round. The attendance of members at the Council has gone up from the average of 104-110 in 1891, to 114 in 1893. Mr. Hutton's address is a very valuable document, and should be kept by all those who wish to understand the working out of some of the most interesting problems in modern city government.

DIARY FOR JULY.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

30. Annual Meeting of the International Arbitration and Peace Association, at Westminster Palace Hotel.
- Opening Meeting of the Head Masters' Association, at Oxford.
- Celebration of the Anniversary of the Opening of Holloway College.
- Proclamation issued by President Cleveland, calling a Special Meeting of Congress in August.
- July 1. Railway Accident near Blackpool; four killed and many injured.
- Resignation of the Argentine Cabinet.
- Annual Dinner of the Cobden Club, at Greenwich.
- Opening of the National Workmen's Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, by the Prince of Wales.
- Dinner at the Mansion House to the Representatives of Art and Literature.
- Publication of the Scheme of Arrangement of the Queensland National Bank.
- Student Riots in Paris.
2. Departure of Lieutenant Peary's Second Expedition to the Arctic Regions.
3. Publication of Rear-Admiral Markham's Despatches on the Victoria Disaster.
- The proposal that women should be elected Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society, rejected by a majority of fourteen.
- First London Meeting of the Museums Association.
- Failure of the Commercial Bank of Manitoba.
- Richard Kenyon Benham, and Albert Benham, found guilty of fraud in connection with the London and General Bank; the former sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude, and the latter to five years.
4. Renewal of Student Riots in Paris.
- Opening of the German Reichstag by the Emperor.
- Colliery Disaster near Dewsbury; 138 killed.
- Inaugural Meeting of Navy Records Society.
- New Zealand Treasurer made his Budget Statement.
- Proclamation, at Pietermaritzburg, of the New Constitution granting responsible Government to the Colony.
- The London County Council decided not to purchase the Site in Parliament Street, for the erection of a new hall and offices.
- Discussion on the Sunday Opening of Museums in the Upper House of Convocation of Canterbury.
5. The Session of the Prussian Diet closed by the Emperor.
- The Parliament of Western Australia opened by the Governor.
- Professors Thowman and Kayaian, the Armenian Prisoners at Angora, pardoned.
- Further Fatal Riots in Paris.
6. Marriage of the Duke of York and Princess Victoria Mary of Teck.
- Close of the Labour Exchange in Paris.
- Formation of the New Argentine Ministry.
- Cyclone in Western Iowa.
- Rioting in Madrid.
7. Conference of the Houses of Convocation of Canterbury on Religious Education.
- First London Sitting of the Welsh Land Commission.
- Concluding Meeting of the Museums Association.
- Introduction of the German Army Bill into the Reichstag.
- James Tims, L.C.C., sentenced to three months' imprisonment for fraud against a Railway Company.
8. Religious Riot in Montreal.
- Annual Meeting of the Anglo-Jewish Association, at the Central Synagogue Chambers.
- Banquet to the King and Queen of Denmark at the Guildhall.
- Boating Accident at Skegness; twenty-nine lives lost.
- Debates in the French Chamber on the Paris Riots.
- Fraut Willis sentenced to five years' penal servitude for defrauding the Portsea Island Building Society.

9. Labour Demonstration in Vienna.
10. Arrival of the Khedive at Constantinople.
- Fatal Fire at Chicago.
- Adoption of the Scheme of Re-arrangement of the City of Melbourne Bank.
- Failure of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company, Limited.
- Opening Meeting of the Methodist Conference at Bristol.
11. Sir Gordon Spragg presented his Budget in the House of Assembly at Cape Town.
- Mr. John Deasy, M.P., fined for common assault on a girl.
- Commencement of the Naval Manœuvres.
- Opening of the Bisle Meeting.
- Opening Meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects at Cardiff.
- Report received of a Matabele raid in Mashonaland.
- Annual Meeting of the National Society for Woman's Suffrage at Westminster Town Hall.
- Opening Meeting of the Reunion of the Churches Conference at Lucerne.
12. Orange Demonstrations against the Home Rule Bill held in Ulster.



THE REV. H. J. POPE,
President of the Wesleyan Conference.
(From a photograph by Messrs. B. Scott and Son,
Cardiff.)

- Celebration of the Jubilee of Marlborough College.
- Annual Meeting of the Society of Chemical Industries at Liverpool.
- Collision of the Gun-Boat *Albercore* and the Steamer *Louise*.
- M. Decrais appointed French Ambassador in London.
13. Report received of Fighting in Samoa.
- Second Reading of the German Army Bills carried by a majority of 11.
- Deputation to Mr. Gardner, praying that the Order prohibiting the Importation of Canadian Cattle be withdrawn.
- Annual Meeting of the Royal Niger Company.
- First Meeting of the Canterbury Diocesan Conference.
- Laws passed by the Victorian Assembly to reduce the Salaries of Governors, Ministers, Members of Parliament, etc.
- Passing of the Industrial Tax Bill by the Portuguese Upper House.
- The Court of Appeal sanctioned a Scheme for the Reconstruction of the English, Scottish, and Australian Chartered Bank.
- The Belgian Chamber decided that Article I. of the Constitution should be revised to enable Belgium to acquire Colonial Possessions.
- Fighting near Bangkok between the French and Siam.
14. Celebration of the French National Fête.
15. Third Reading of the German Army Bills.
- Opening of the National Congress of Trade Unions in Paris.
- Fatal Railway Accident in Spain.
- Close of the Portuguese Cortes.
- Opening of the Trial of the Impeachment of Servian Ex-Ministers.
17. Court Martial on the Loss of the *Victoria* opened at Malta.
- Presentation of an Address to Sir John Lubbock by the London Chamber of Commerce.
- News received of the Capture of Admiral Wandenkok and other Brazilian Insurgents.
18. Meeting of the International Maritime Congress at Westminster.
- Great Fires in the City of London.
- Debate in the French Chamber on Affairs in Siam.
- Opening of the Wesleyan Conference at Cardiff.
19. Mr. G. Downes Carter, Treasurer, made the Budget Statement in the Victorian Assembly.
- The Servian Parliament agreed to the Impeachment of the Avakunovich Cabinet.
- Annual Meeting of the Royal College of Music at Marlborough House.
- Annual Meeting of the British School at Athens at Burlington House.
20. Laying of the First Stone of New Harbour at Dover, by the Prince of Wales.
- Report received of fighting in Mashonaland.
- Delivery of the French Ultimatum to the Siamese Government.
21. Closing Session of the International Maritime Congress at Westminster.
- Fighting in Nicaragua.
22. Mgr. Clement, Metropolitan of Bulgaria, found guilty of inciting the people against the Prince and the Government, and sentenced to perpetual banishment.
- Report received of a Revolution in the State of Santa Catharina in Brazil.
- Departure of the French Minister from Bangkok.
- Sir Thos. M'Donnell delivered his Annual Budget Statement in the Queensland Parliament.
- County Council Election at Battersea; Mr. W. Willis (Progressive) elected.
- Close of the Bisle Meeting.
- Reply of the Siamese Government to the French Ultimatum.
- Prorogation of the French Parliament.
- Conference at Oxford, on the Attitude of the Church toward the Social Problem.
24. Annual Meeting of the British Nurses' Association at Oxford.
- Opening of the Celebrations of the Winchester College Quingentenary.
- Announcement by the French Government of their intention to blockade the Coast of Siam.
- Bombardment of Managua, Nicaragua, by the Insurgents.
25. At a Meeting of the London County Council the Chairman made his Annual Statement.
- In the Libel Action of J. Havelock Wilson v. *The Evening News*, Verdict returned for the Defendant.
- Signing of the Convention fixing the Boundary Line between the British and German Protectorates in Kilima Njaro.
- Visit of the Prince of Wales to the Winchester Celebrations.
26. In the Libel Action of Mr. J. H. Wilson *versus* the *Shipping Gazette*, Jury found for the Defendant.
27. Close of the *Victoria* Court-Martial. Acquittal of Captain Bourke and other survivors.
- Conference, at Derby, of Railway Signalmen to discuss Hours of Labour, etc.
28. Strike in the Coal Trade commenced.
- Public Health Congress at Edinburgh.
- Retirement from Political Life of Señor Castelar.
- First Sitting of the Currency Commission at Singapore.
29. Arrival of the German Emperor at Cowes.
- State Visit of the Lord Mayors of London and Dublin to the Public Health Congress at Edinburgh.
- The French Ultimatum accepted by Siam.

29. Provincial Revolution in Argentine. Sentences on Socialist Workmen at Prague; thirty-five sent to prison.
Jubilee Celebration of the Rothamsted Experiments.
30. General Election in Bulgaria.

NOTABLE UTTERANCES.

- June 30. Mrs. Besant and Mrs. Frederika Macdonald, at St. James's Hall, on Theosophy.
July 1. Mr. Balfour, at Stockport, on Mr. Gladstone's Policy.
Mr. Asquith, at Twickenham, on the Police.
Sir Charles Tupper, at the Westminster Palace Hotel, on Canada.
Mr. S. Woods, at Nunceaton, on the Crisis in the Coal Trade.
3. Earl of Dunmore, at the Royal Geographical Society, on the Pamirs and Central Asia.
5. Lord Randolph Churchill, at Carlisle, on the Closure.
Lord Wolmer, at Coventry, on Home Rule for Ireland.
6. Mrs. Henry Fawcett, at Ilkley, on University Education for Women.
7. Lord Salisbury, at the Junior Constitutional Club, on Home Rule for Ireland.
Mr. Dillon, at Hanley, on Mr. Chamberlain.
8. Prince Bismarck, at Friedrichsruh, on the Smaller German States.
10. Mr. Albert Spicer, at Exeter Hall, on the Armenian Prisoners.
12. Lord Randolph Churchill, at Rawtenstall, on the Political Situation.
Mr. Chaplin, at Heckington, on the Agricultural Situation.
Duke of Fife, at the Grafton Galleries, on the Education of Deaf Mutes.
Mr. Arnold Morley, at a meeting of a Telegraph Messengers' Institution, on the Post Office.
13. Lord Charles Beresford, at the London Chamber of Commerce, on the Protection of the Mercantile Marine during War.
General Booth, at Exeter Hall, on the Salvation Army.
Lord Londonderry, at St. Stephen's Club, on Ireland.
14. Mr. Labouchere, at Walworth, on the Political Situation.
15. Mr. B. Pickard, at Barnsley, on the Coal Crisis.
18. Mr. A. J. Balfour, at Willesden, on Hospital Accommodation in London.
Mr. T. W. Russell, at St. Martin's Town Hall, on Home Rule.
19. Mr. William O'Brien, at Stratford, on the Home Rule Bill.
Mr. A. J. Balfour, at the United Club, on the Policy of the Government.
Lord Randolph Churchill, at Boston, on the Agricultural Situation.
Lord Herschell, at the Hotel Métropole, on Musical Education.
20. Duke of Cambridge, at Grosvenor House, on Hospital Work.
21. Miss A. Taylor, at Eccleston Street, on Inner Tibet.
Sir Albert Rollit, at the London Chamber of Commerce, on the Commercial Situation.
Prince Bismarck, at Friedrichsruh, on the German Government and Political Parties.
22. Lord Randolph Churchill, at Paddington, on his Candidature at Central Bradford.
Lord Farrer, at the Cobden Club, on the Economic Situation.
Mr. Pickard, at Barnsley, on the Dispute in the Coal Trade.
Lord George Hamilton, at Chiswick, on the Government.
Lord Roberts, at Bisleigh, on the Bisleigh Meeting.
Sir Walter Foster, near Birmingham, on the House of Lords and the Home Rule Bill.
24. Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Mundella, at Westminster, on Technical and Secondary Education.
26. Lord George Hamilton, at Ealing, on the Political Situation.
27. Lord Lamington, at the London Chamber of Commerce, on Siam.
28. Lord Roberts, at Glasgow, on his Indian Experiences, etc.
Sir Alfred Lyall, at Cooper's Hill Engineering College, on India.
29. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, at Trowbridge, on the Local Veto Bill.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

- June 30. Discussion on Home Rule for Scotland.
Third Reading of the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors (Ireland) Bill.
The Friendly Societies Act (1875) Amendment Bill passed through Committee.
July 3. Discussion on the Indian Military Contributions.
4. Statutory Rules Procedure Bill passed through Committee.
Second Reading of the County of the City of Glasgow Bill.
Third Reading of the Barbed Wire Fences Bill.
7. Discussion on the Royal Naval Reserve.
Second Reading of the Improvement of Land (Scotland) Bill.
Third Reading of the Prison Officers' Superannuation (No. 2) Bill, the Wild Birds' Protection Bill, and Elementary Education (Religious Instruction) Bill.
10. Second Reading of the Merchant Shipping (Fishing Boats) Acts (1883 and 1887) Amendment Bill.
Third Reading of the Rivers Pollution Prevention (No. 2) Bill.
Improvement of the Land (Scotland) Bill passed through Committee.
11. Third Reading of the Friendly Societies Act (1875) Amendment Bill.
13. Second Reading of the Reformatory Schools Bill.
The Merchant Shipping (Fishing Boats) Acts (1883 and 1887) Amendment Bill, and the Infectious Hospitals Bill passed through Committee.
Third Reading of the Barbed Wire Fences Bill.
Discussion on the Irish Land Laws.
14. Second Reading of the London County Council (Money) Bill.
An Address of Congratulation on the Marriage of the Duke of York and Princess May, moved by Lord Kimberley, and seconded by the Marquis of Salisbury.
17. London County Council (General Powers) Bill read a third time and passed.
Discussion on the Administration of Justice in Ireland.
Second Reading of the Companies (Certificate of Incorporation) Bill.
18. Places of Worship (Sites) Bill read a third time.
Trust Investment Bill read a second time.
Reformatory Schools Bill passed through Committee.
Discussion on the Millbank Prison Site.
20. Second Reading of the Statute Law Provision (No. 2) Bill.
Land Transfer Bill and the Supreme Court of Judicature Bill passed through Committee.
Discussion on Elementary Education.
21. Debate on the United States Constitution and the Home Rule Bill.
Second Reading of the Congested Districts Board (Ireland) (No. 3) Bill.
22. Sir George Dibbs, at Penrith, N.S.W., on the Finance of the Colony.
24. Discussion on the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and the Irish Unionists.
Trust Investment Bill and the Congested Districts Board (Ireland) (No. 3) Bill passed through Committee.
Improvement of Land (Scotland) Bill read a third time.
The Consolidated Fund (No. 3) Bill read a second time.
25. Discussion on the Betterment Principle of the London Improvements Bill.
Redemption of Rent (Ireland) Act (1891) Amendment Bill read a second time.
The Consolidated Fund (No. 3) Bill read a third time.
27. Statement by Lord Rosebery on the Siamese Question.
Second Reading of the Law of Commons Amendment Bill.
28. Discussion on the Licensing Question.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

- June 30. Debate on Mr. Gladstone's Proposal to apply Closure to the Home Rule Bill, continued: Amendments moved by Mr. Byrne, Lord Wolmer, and Mr. Fisher, negatived; Mr. Gladstone's Resolution carried by 299 to 267.
Committee of Supply: Discussion on the Opium Traffic in India.

- July 3. Committee on Clause 5 of the Home Rule Bill: Mr. Ambrose's Amendment withdrawn and [an Amendment proposed by Mr. Gladstone agreed to; Amendments moved by Lord Wolmer and Mr. Brodrick negatived].
Second Reading of the Congested Districts Board (Ireland) (No. 3) Bill.
4. First Reading of the Intoxicating Liquor (Ireland) Bill.
Committee on Clause 5 of the Home Rule Bill continued: Amendments moved by Mr. Arnold Forster, Mr. Fisher, Sir Henry James (two), and Captain Naylor-Leyland, negatived.
5. Third Reading of the Metropolitan Police Order Bill.
Committee on Clause 5 of the Home Rule Bill continued: Amendments moved by Lord Carmarthen, Mr. G. Balfour, T. E. Bolton, and Mr. Bousfield negatived.
6. Committee on Clause 5 of the Home Rule Bill continued: Amendments moved by Lord Wolmer (two), Viscount Cranborne, Mr. Parker-Smith, negatived; Clauses 5, 6, 7 and 8 passed.
7. Second Reading of the London Improvements Bill.
Discussion on Justice in Clare.
Motion to suspend Mr. Conybeare for breach of privilege carried, but on his apologising, it was withdrawn at the suggestion of the Speaker.
Committee on Clause 9 of the Home Rule Bill.
10. Committee on Clause 9 of the Home Rule Bill continued: Amendments moved by Mr. Ambrose, Mr. John Redmond, and Mr. Heneage, negatived.
Second Reading of the Rivers Pollution Prevention Bill.
Redemption of Rent (Ireland) Act (1891) Amendment Bill read a third time and passed.
11. Committee on Clause 9 of the Home Rule Bill continued: Amendments moved by Sir John Lubbock, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. F. Seton-Karr, and Mr. Rentoul, negatived; Mr. Sexton suspended from the House for "grossly disorderly" conduct.
Third Reading of the Rivers Pollution Prevention Bill.
12. Committee on Clause 9 of the Home Rule Bill continued: Amendment moved by Mr. Parker Smith negatived. Mr. Gladstone announced that the Government would withdraw sub-sections 3 and 4 of Clause 9.
13. Committee on Clause 9 of the Home Rule Bill continued: Mr. Gladstone's Motion to omit sub-sections 3 and 4 passed; Clause 9 passed.
Clause 10 struck out of the Bill.
Clauses 11, 12 and 13 negatived without a division.
Clauses 14, 15, and 16, postponed.
Clause 17 negatived without a division.
Clauses 18 and 19 passed.
Clauses 20 and 21 negatived without a division.
Clauses 22, 23, 24, 25, and 26 passed.
14. An Address of Congratulation on the Marriage of the Duke of York and Princess May, moved by Mr. Gladstone, and seconded by Mr. Balfour.
Committee on the Home Rule Bill: Mr. John Morley's Motion authorising payments to be made out of the Consolidated Fund in connection with the Government of Ireland agreed to.
The Congested Districts Board (Ireland) (No. 3) Bill passed through Committee and read a third time.
Irish Education Act (1892) Amendment (No. 2) Bill, read a second time.
Housing of the Working Classes Act (1890) Amendment Bill passed through Committee.
17. Committee on Clause 27 of the Home Rule Bill: Amendments moved by Mr. Sexton (three), Mr. Seton-Karr, General Goldsworthy, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Hanbury and others withdrawn. Three amendments by Mr. John Morley agreed to. Amendments moved by Mr. Seton-Karr agreed to. Clause agreed to.
Committee on Clause 28 of the Home Rule Bill.
Housing of the Working Classes Act (1890) Amendment Bill and the Industrial and Provident Societies Bill read a third time.

23. Committee on Clause 28 continue: Amendments moved by Mr. T. W. Russell and Mr. Hayden negative; and a series of amendments by Mr. John Morley agreed to.
24. Committee on Clause 28 of the Home Rule Bill continue: Several Amendments moved by Mr. John Morley agreed to; and Amendments moved by Mr. Sexton and others negative; Clause finally passed.
- Committee on Clause 29 of the Home Rule Bill: Amendment moved by Mr. John Morley agreed to, and the Clause passed.
- Second Reading of the Elementary Education (School Attendance) Bill.
- The Consolidated Fund (No. 3) Bill and the Married Women's Property Act (1882) Amendment Bill passed through Committee.
- Second Reading of the Labour Dispute (Arbitration) Bill deferred.

24. Irish Education Act (1892) Amendment (No. 2) Bill, and the Elementary Education (Blind and Deaf Children) Bill, read a third time.
25. Discussion on the Lords' Amendments to the London County Council (General Powers) Bill. Committee on Mr. Gladstone's New Clause of the Home Rule Bill continue: Amendment moved by Mr. John Redmond negative; and a further Amendment by Mr. Chamberlain proposed.
26. Committee on Mr. Gladstone's New Clause of the Home Rule Bill continue: Amendments moved by Mr. Chamberlain, Sir John Lubbock, and Sir John Gorst negative.
- Married Women's Property Act (1882) Amendment Bill read a third time.
27. Ministerial Statement on France and Siam. Committee on the Home Rule Bill resumed: Discussion on Financial Arrangements by Mr. Chamberlain and others, followed by a violent scene: Mr. Clancy's Amendment negative; Mr. Gladstone's New Financial Clause carried; Clauses 14, 15, and 16 carried, and the Bill passed through Committee.
28. Sir E. Grey made a Statement on Siam. Vote for Public Education in Scotland agreed to. Discussion on Agricultural Depression.

20. J. E. Martin, Librarian of the Inner Temple, 71. Prof. Delf, of Belfast. General W. C. R. Macdonald. Countess Amelia Higel, née Teak, 54. Franz Nissel, Austrian dramatic poet, 62.
21. T. W. Davis, Mayor of Halifax, 47.
22. Baron von Bauer, Austrian Minister for War, 68.
23. W. Wintens, historian, 58. E. W. Verriand, 55. Henri Gosse.
24. Canon Frith, 85. Sibella B. Edgecombe ("Selwyn Eyre"), novelist. Judge Patterson, of the Supreme Court of Canada, 71. Lieut. A. C. L. Cameron, R.N. E. R. Morris, Welsh Archaeologist.
25. John Siddon.



THE LATE M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT.
(From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.)

2. Committee on Clause 30 of the Home Rule Bill: Amendments moved by Mr. T. H. Bolton, General Goldsworthy, and Mr. Sexton negative; Mr. Wyndham's Amendment withdrawn; and an Amendment moved by Mr. Morley (standing in Mr. Gladstone's name) agreed to; Clause passed.
- Clauses 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, and 40 agreed to.
- Clause 39 negative.
- Consolidated Fund (No. 3) Bill read a third time.
21. Committee on the Home Rule Bill: Mr. Gladstone moved to insert after Clause 9 a new Clause dealing with the financial arrangements between Great Britain and Ireland.
- Irish Education Act (1892) Amendment (No. 2) Bill passed through Committee.
22. Committee on the Home Rule Bill continue: Discussion on Mr. Gladstone's New Clause continued, and the Second Reading carried by a majority of 35.

OBITUARY.

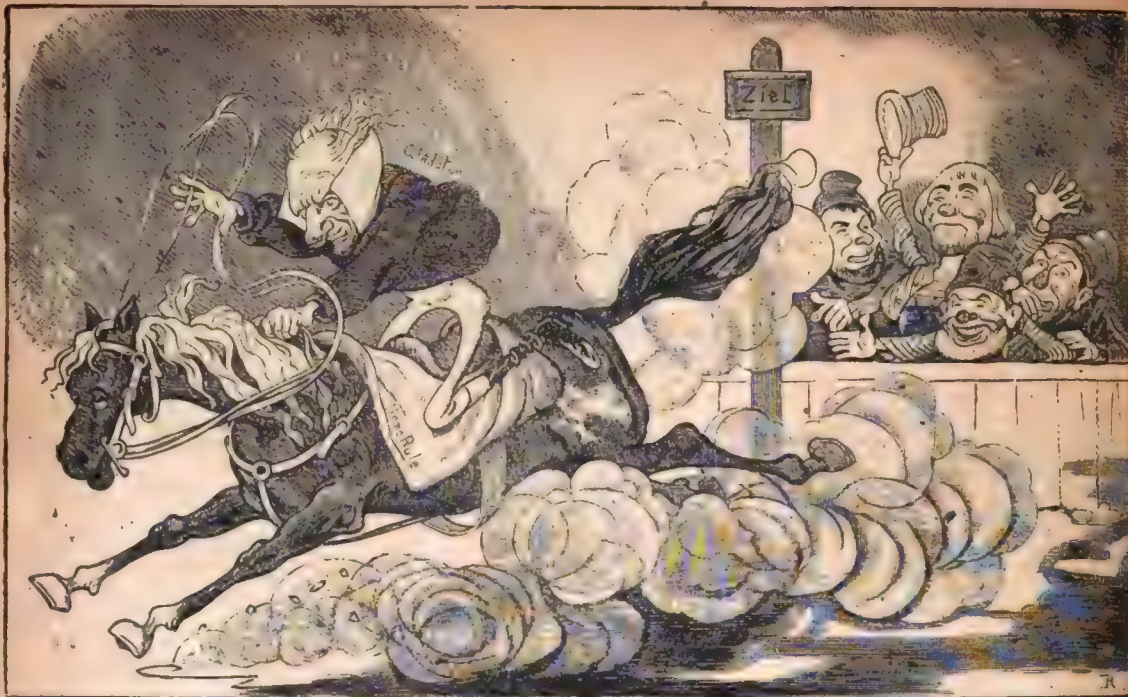
- June 29. Ali Hemal, Pasha. Mgr. Duccellier, Archbishop of Besançon, 61.
- July 1. Captain J. R. C. Douville.
2. Lord De la, 82. Rev. Henry Higgins, 79.
3. Rev. James R. Starey. Admiral H. B. Phillimore, 59.
4. J. S. Oswald. John Fielden, 71.
5. Signor Eula, Italian Minister of Justice.
6. H. C. Buss. Guy de Maupassant, 43.
7. Colonel H. A. Fowkes-Luttrell, 67. John McKinley. M. Marcou, French Senator, 80.
8. H. F. Broadwood, 82. Father Johnson, 84. Justice S. Blatchford, of the United States Supreme Court. Lady Grey, 88.
10. Prof. Henry Nettleship, 54. M. Charles Gavard, Ex-Minister Plenipotentiary in London.
11. Henry Findon, journalist, 76. William Avery, journalist, 81.
12. G. N. Tyrell. Major Thomas Knox Holmes, 85.
13. Prof. E. L. Lushington. Father Nicolas Mauron, Head of the Redemptorists' Order, 75. James Henderson, Inspector of Factories.
14. James Jarlin, of Dryfeholme, 77.
15. Rev. Dr. Williamson.
16. Marié Davy, French electrician and astronomer, 77. John Glasgow Grant, 88.
17. Sir Chas. P. Layard, 86.
18. Herbert D. Darbishire, 30. Archdeacon Boyd, 84.
19. Rev. C. G. Edmondson.



DR. JOHN RAE.
(From a photograph by Byrne and Co., Richmond.)

28. Sir Thomas Martineau, 66.
- Deaths are also announced of the Duc d'Uzès, 24; General Vergé; Daniel Colladon, scientist, 91; William Cook, billiard-player, 44; Anthony J. Drexel, 67; M. de Gasté, French Deputy, 82; Donald Kennedy, shipowner; Charles Graham, 82; Dr. Edward Shortland, 81; Felix Battanchon, violinist, 79; Dr. Otto Bach, composer, 60; C. L. Hemans, 77; General Rodriguez Arias, Governor of Havana, 55; Commodore S. Loekwood, U.S. Navy, 90; Madame Lebormand, 76; Rear-Admiral Earl English of the U.S. Navy, 69; Antonio Ghislanzoni, Italian novelist and poet. 69; Count Terrashina, Japanese statesman, 61; Alfred Delhelle; Sir John Ray, the discoverer of Franklin's remains; Gabriel Ballart, musician, 69; Antonio Superchi, baritone, 76; Rev. C. E. Moberley, 72; Rear-Admiral Melancthon-Smith, of the U.S. Navy, 83; Paul Dabrest, French Journalist; Col. R. T. Auchmuty, New York philanthropist, 62; Miss Anne Pratt, botanist, 76.

THE CARICATURES OF THE MONTH.



From *Kladderadatsch*.]

A GERMAN VIEW:
Jockey Gladstone succeeds in getting the old horse, Home Rule, to its goal—but how!

[July 23, 1893.



From *Judy*.]

THE NEW BRITANNIA.
"Rule, Britannia,
Britannia rules his slaves."

[July 10, 1893.



From *Judy*.]

SEXTONIUS, EMPEROR OF THE NEW BRITANNIA.
"LICK MY BOOTS."

[July 26, 1893.



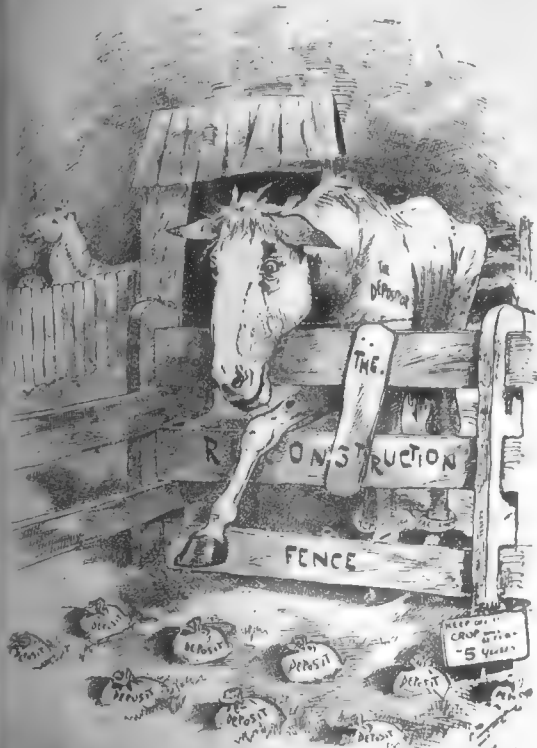
From the *Weekly Freeman*. [July 15, 1893.
A HOME RULE AVALANCHE.
Down goes Obstruction,



From the *Irish Weekly*. [July 8, 1893.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

ERIN to BRITANNIA: "The heart of Ireland could be in no address of mirth or marriage while the prison doors are locked on those who love her."



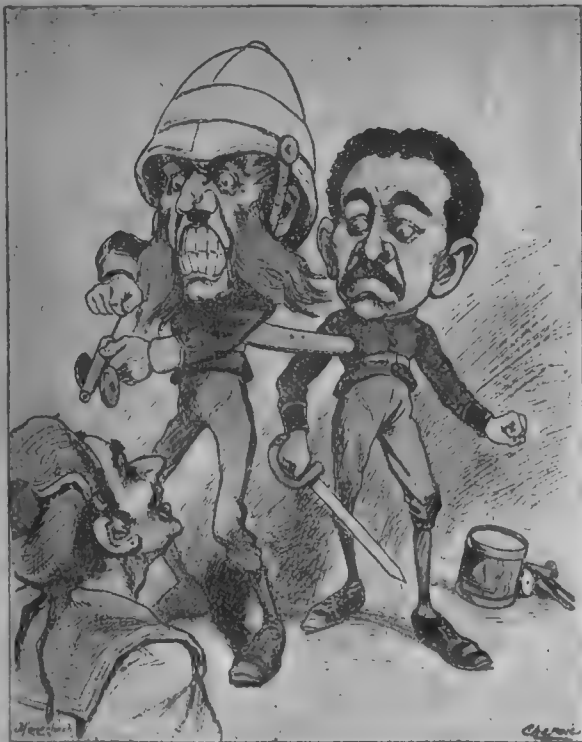
From the *Melbourne Punch*. [May 18, 1893.
THE FINANCIAL SITUATION IN AUSTRALIA.



From *Puck*. [July 12, 1893.

OH, THE INCONSISTENCY OF HUMAN NATURE.

He mourns the destruction of English lives and an English ship that was



From *La Silhouette* etc.]

THE NEW SIAMESE BROTHERS.

FRANCE: Put up your pop-gun; or, clear out!

[July 23, 1893.]



From *The Sketch*.]

"VIVE LA GLOIRE!"

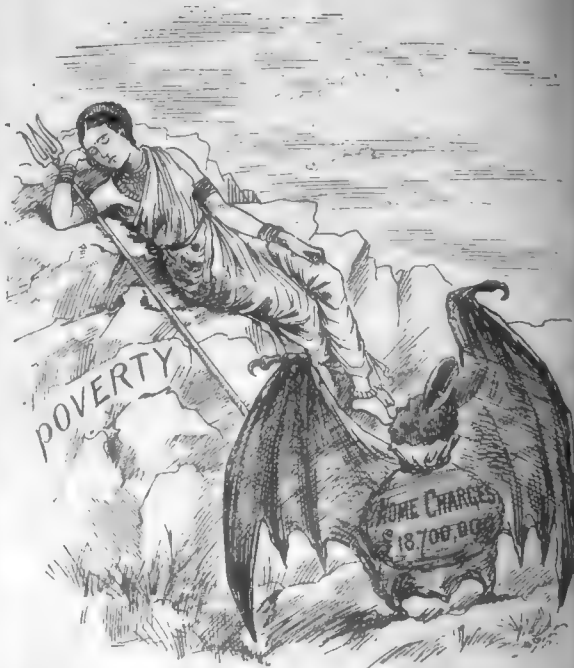
[July 26, 1893.]



From *Puck*.]

SOUR GRAPES: AN AMERICAN VIEW OF THE PAPAL POLICY.

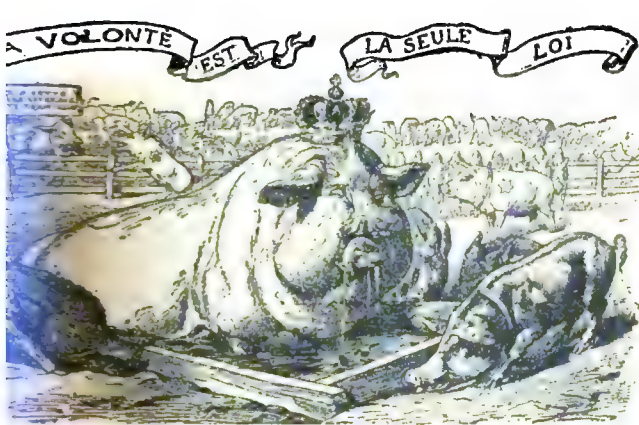
[July 12, 1893.]



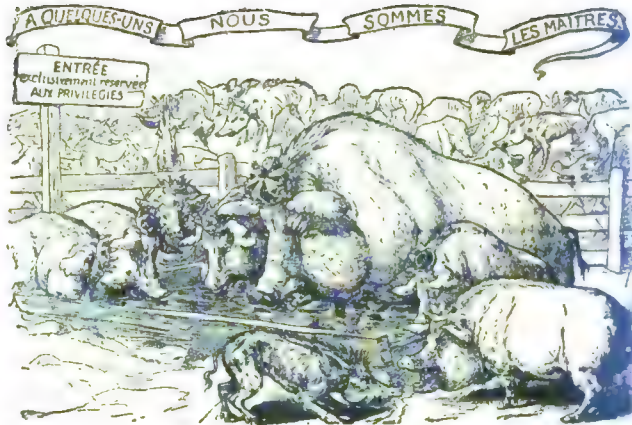
From the *Hindi Punch*.]

THE BRITISH VAMPIRE SUCKING THE LIFE-BLOOD OF POOR INDIA.

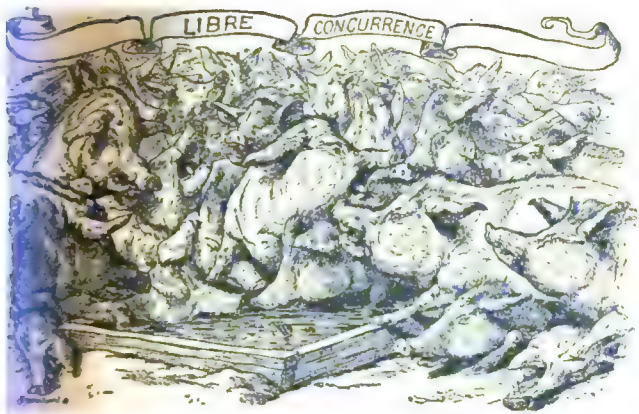
[June 25, 1893.]



ABSOLUTE MONARCHY.

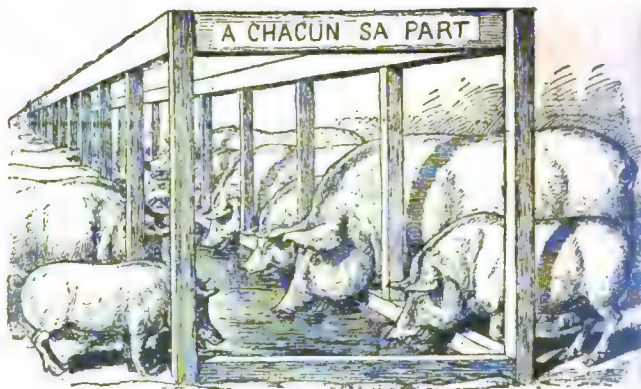


CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT.



MIDDLE-CLASS REPUBLIC.

[From the *Revue Encyclopédique*.]



SOCIAL REPUBLIC.

[May 1, 1893.]

A PRESENT DAY LESSON.

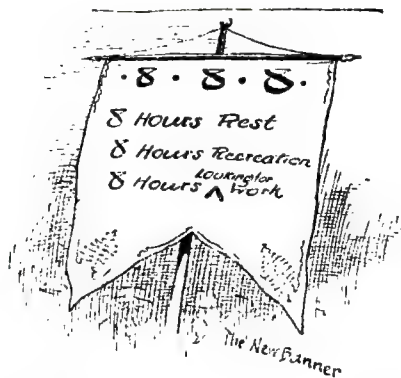


[From the *New Zealand Graphic*.]

[April 22, 1893.]

THE MODERN ARCHIMEDES UPSETTING THE WORLD.

"Give me a fulcrum on which to rest and I will move the Earth."



[From the *Melbourne Punch*.]

[April 20, 1893.]



THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

CHARACTER SKETCH: AUGUST.

LORD KELVIN, P.R.S.

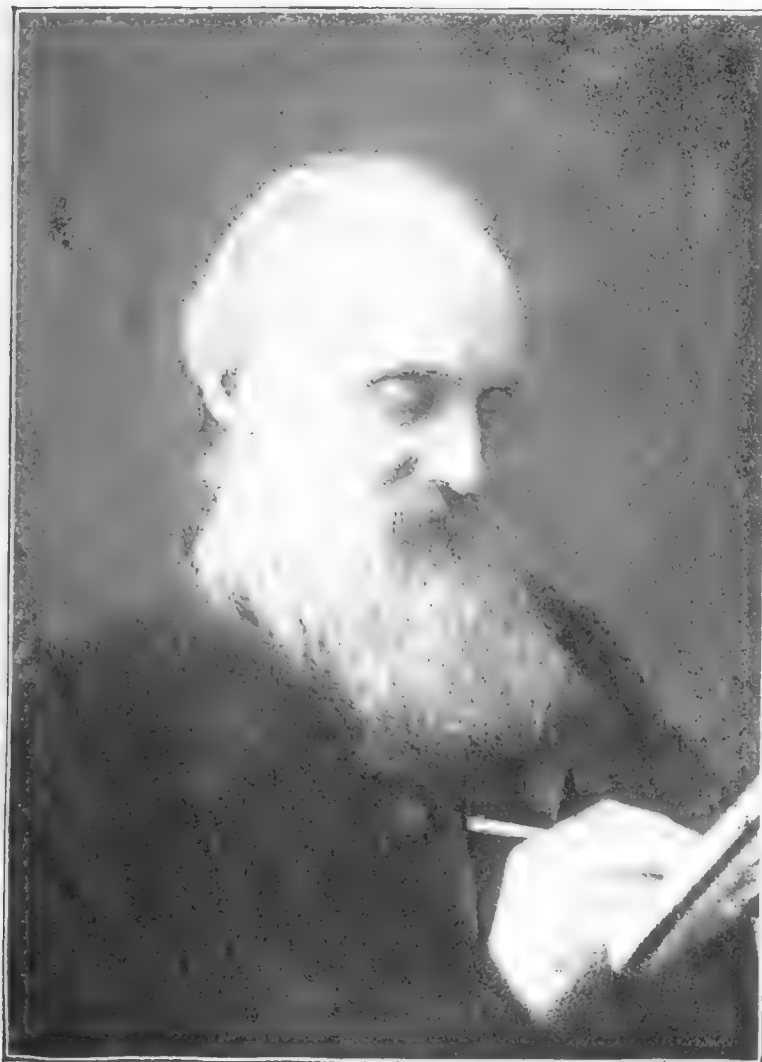
IN the ranks of science at the present time three captains are supreme in their own lines--Pasteur in France, Von Helmholtz in Germany, and Lord Kelvin in the United Kingdom. Yet although for many

years Sir William Thomson has been regarded by his colleagues as the greatest physicist of his generation, when he was elected to the Chair of the Royal Society of London, and subsequently raised to the peerage on his scientific merits, he was something of a "dark horse" to the English public. A man of science may enjoy a great reputation in his peculiar sphere and still be unknown to the masses. As a rule men do not understand the mystery of his work or appreciate its value, and women prefer accomplishments that appeal more to the heart. Philosophers, alas! do not win the affection of the people so easily as poets, artists, musicians, and actors. They may be respected, even admired; but they are seldom loved, unless by personal friends. In the windows of London photographers we shall find a perfect galaxy of popular favourites, "beauties" of Society coming from who knows where, displaying their charms, and vanishing

goodness knows whither, serpentine skirt-dancers, the last new novelist, the boxing kangaroo, would-be laureates, the singer of an idiotic song, fashionable painters, and third-rate actors and actresses—all these and more; but rarely, if ever, a man of science amongst them, except perhaps a Darwin, a Huxley, or a Tyndall. We may hope to see a muscular athlete like Sandow, but

we shall look in vain for an intellectual giant such as Lord Kelvin. The fact is somewhat humiliating in this age of science, and it is worth while to discover the why and wherefore. In the first place, Lord Kelvin has not

propounded any revolutionary doctrine such as the origin of species by natural selection, which comes home to every one and affects his manner of thinking for good or evil. Darwin certainly achieved a great notoriety by showing that mankind were probably descended from monkeys. Lord Kelvin has not shaken any creeds, and his researches are mainly of an abstruse kind which is "caviare to the general." In the next place, he has been too busy in extending our dominion over matter by original experiments, mathematical reasoning, and useful inventions, to cultivate the literary graces like a Tyndall or a Huxley, and win the plaudits of the multitude by his trenchant criticism or his charming exposition. Moreover, his residence in Glasgow has withdrawn him from the vortex of metropolitan publicity. Had he lived in London, he might have been induced to fritter away his splendid powers on matters



From a photograph by

LORD KELVIN.

[Annan, Glasgow.]

of the moment, whereas in Glasgow he was free to employ them in those high investigations for which they were adapted.

The Scotch, he it said, have long regarded him as an intellectual glory, and his photograph is quite a staple in the shops of Sauchiehall and Princes Streets.

Many think Lord Kelvin a native of Scotland, but he

was born in Belfast on June 25th, 1824. He is, however, a scion of the Scots-Irish race of Ulster which has been so prolific in genius. His father, Dr. James Thomson, professor of mathematics in the Royal Academical Institute, Belfast, was in 1832 appointed to the chair of mathematics in his alma mater, the old College of Glasgow which formerly stood on the west side of the High Street, at the "Bell o' the Brae," a spot memorable for an exploit of Sir William Wallace. His son William, who was destined to play a heroic part in the field of science, became a student of the college while a mere child of eleven or twelve, and astonished the older scholars in his father's class by his preternatural quickness in solving the problems. His talent for mathematics was indubitable, and his father sent him to St. Peter's College, Cambridge, where he graduated as Second Wrangler and first Smith's prizeman in 1845. The Senior Wrangler probably owed his triumph to ready writing, for one of the examiners was heard to say that he was unworthy "to cut Thomson's pencils for him," and he has since been forgotten.

While at Cambridge Thomson began to publish papers on physical subjects—for example, heat and electricity—but he was active in various directions, and so far from being the pale student, overcome with night work, he was given to open air sports, gained the Silver Sculls, and rowed in the winning boat of the Oxford and Cambridge race. Enrolled a Fellow of St. Peter's, he entered the laboratory of the famous Regnault in Paris, and in 1846 was called to the Chair of Natural Philosophy in his old college at Glasgow, a congenial post, which, in spite of tempting offers, he has never quitted and has rendered illustrious. In 1852 he espoused Miss Margaret, a daughter of Mr. Walter Crum, F.R.S., of Rouken Castle, Thornliebank, the famous calico printer, who was distinguished for his investigations on the nature of cotton fibre. She was an accomplished gentlewoman in every sense of the word, and very kind, they say, to the poor.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

A man of his pregnant mind and exuberant energy could not subside into a teaching machine. At the very least he would discover and invent. Professor Thomson did much more; he also became a practical engineer, an expert in patent right, a reformer in education, a vital power in the world. Genius makes its own opportunity. When in 1856 the late Mr. Cyrus Field had begun to realise his gigantic dream of uniting Europe and America by means of a telegraph line across the Atlantic Ocean, a difficulty arose which threatened to defeat all his plans. The electric signals passing through a long submarine cable were found to drag, and it was a question whether or not they would travel fast enough between Europe and America to pay. Mr. Faraday explained the mystery by showing that the electricity in the wire was self-impaired by the attraction of an opposite electricity which it excited in the surrounding water. It remained, however, for Professor Thomson to enunciate the law of this retardation and so enable engineers to design a cable which would give a satisfactory speed to the messages. Dr. O. Wildman Whitehouse, electrician to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, contested the accuracy of "Thomson's Law," but the young professor quickly disposed of his argument, and the directors of the company, recognising his ability, engaged his services. It is no exaggeration to say that he contributed more than any other scientific man to the ultimate success of that enterprise which was so repeatedly baffled and postponed. In addition to the law which governed the construction of the wire, he gave

a theory of the mechanical forces involved in laying it, and devised various means of testing it during the manufacture and submersion.

HIS MIRROR INSTRUMENT.

Moreover, he invented a new instrument for receiving the messages which were to be sent through it. The lagging of the electric currents, above mentioned, has the effect of making them run together into one bottom current with surface ripples which correspond to the separate signals of the message; and the ordinary telegraph apparatus used on overhead lines were not suited for this varying current. Thomson's "mirror instrument" is, however, beautifully adapted to interpret all its delicate fluctuations. A tiny magnet is fixed on the back of a mirror the size of a threepenny-bit, and suspended by a silk fibre in the centre of a coil of insulated wire, and a beam of lamplight is reflected from the glass upon a white screen. When the current from the cable passes through the coil the mirror-magnet swings to the right or left according as the current rises or falls, and the "spot" of light on the screen betrays its hidden movements to the eye of the telegraphist, who in this way reads the signals of the message. So sensitive is the arrangement that I believe it was Mr. Latimer Clark who signalled to America and back through two Atlantic cables with the current from a toy battery made in a silver thimble with a drop of acidulated water and a grain of zinc. The feat can be done with a voltaic cell made in a percussion cap.

The Atlantic cable brought the name of Professor Thomson into public notice, and when the Old World was finally coupled to the New by the *Great Eastern* in 1866, he, on returning home, was knighted by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

HIS SIPHON RECORDER.

The rise of a new industry is one of those tides in the affairs of men which lead to fortune, and Sir William Thomson took advantage of it. With the "mirror instrument" the message leaves no trace, but has to be written down by the receiving clerk. Sir William therefore set himself to devise an apparatus which would write the message as it comes, and in a few years produced his matchless "siphon recorder," which, along with the "mirror," is now employed on most of the submarine cables throughout the globe. In this apparatus a light coil of insulated wire is suspended between the poles of a strong magnet, and connected to a fine glass siphon discharging ink on a strip of moving paper. When the electric current from the cable is passed through the coil it swings to one side or the other, like the needle in the mirror instrument, and, swerving with it, the point of the siphon pen draws a wavering line on the paper, which is a permanent record of the message.

HIS PARTNERS.

Simple as they appear in a short description, these rare inventions, owing to the subtlety of the problem, were not constructed without infinite pains. To exploit them properly, Sir William entered into a partnership with the late Mr. Cromwell Fleetwood Varley, F.R.S., who first introduced the condenser to sharpen the cable signals, and the late Mr. Fleeming Jenkin, Professor of Engineering in Edinburgh University, in conjunction with whom, in 1876, he brought out an automatic signalling key. The recorder was first adopted by Mr. (now Sir) John Pender on the Falmouth and Gibraltar cable, and made a public appearance at the memorable telegraphic *soirée* held in the summer of 1870 at his residence in Arlington Street. On this

occasion the Prince of Wales and a fashionable party took supper in a marquee into which telegraph wires from India, America, and other distant countries were brought, and Lady Mayo, wife of the Viceroy, despatched a message to her husband in India about half-past eleven, and received a reply before midnight, informing her that he was quite well at five o'clock next morning.*

Sir William and Professor Jenkin acted as the engineers for a number of submarine cables, including the French-Atlantic of 1869 and the Mackay-Bennett Atlantic of 1879, as well as the Brazilian and River Plate cables of 1873 and onwards, and the West Indian links of 1875. They accompanied several of these expeditions, and it was in July, 1873, while the cable ship touched at Madeira, on her way to South America, that Sir William, who had been a widower since 1870, made the acquaintance of his future wife, Miss Frances Anna, a daughter of Mr. Charles R. Blandy, the present Lady Kelvin, to whom he was married in the following year. On the same trip he introduced his well-known

chester, celebrated for his determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat. Joule's attention was called to a bundle of the pianoforte wire lying in the shop, and Thomson explained that he intended it for "sounding purposes." "What note?" innocently inquired Joule, and was promptly answered, "The deep C."

At this period Sir William revived the neglected Sumner method of ascertaining a ship's place at sea, and calculated a set of tables for its ready use. He also invented a means of enabling a lighthouse to signal its distinctive number by long and short flashes, according to the Morse telegraph code.

HIS ADJUSTABLE COMPASS.

His most important aid to navigation is, however, the adjustable compass which bears his name. Its origin is another proof that no labour is lost, no fact is useless, and that even the despised "popular" science can be of inestimable value, either to the giver or the receiver. Any experience, however odd or trivial, may start a good



LORD KELVIN'S SEAT OF NETHERHALL, LARGS.

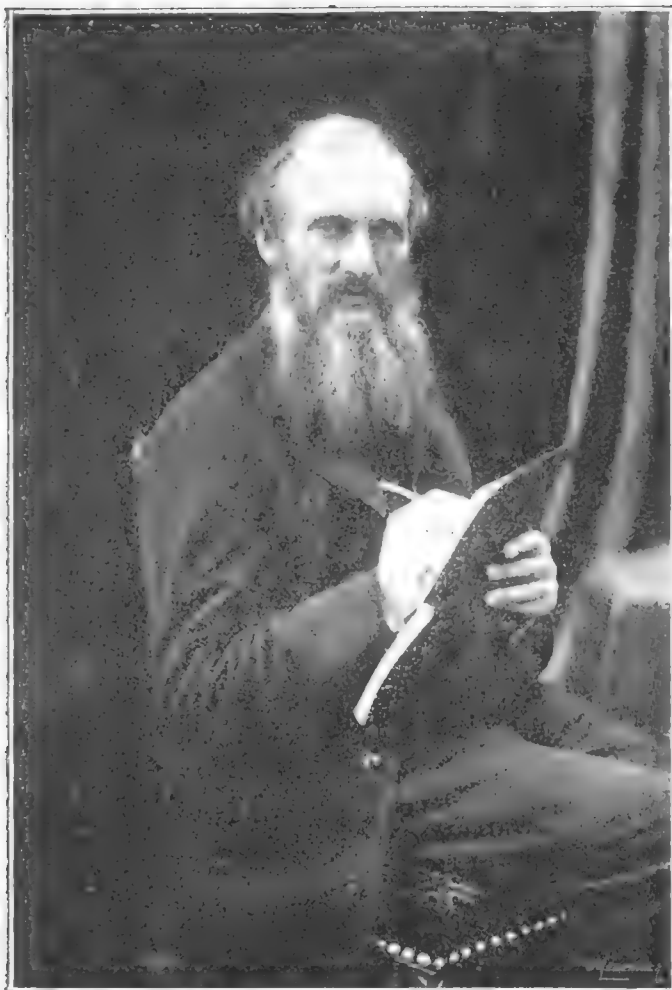
method of sounding the deep sea by a steel pianoforte wire instead of the ordinary lead-line. The wire slips through the water so easily that "flying soundings" can be taken whilst the vessel is going at full speed, and a pressure-gauge attached to the sinker indicates the depth.

SOUNDING THE DEEP C.

The late Mr. James White, of Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, an amiable and worthy man as well as a skilful mechanic, used to relate an anecdote about the new appliance for sounding, with great gusto. Mr. White was philosophical instrument maker to the University, a post once held by James Watt, and most of Sir William Thomson's apparatus were first constructed by him. One day, while the sounding machine was in preparation, Sir William entered his old shop in Buchanan Street, along with a guest, no other than the late Dr. Joule of Man-

idea in a fertile imagination, especially if it be primed with knowledge and quickened by the act of reading or writing. In 1874 Sir William began an article in *Good Words* on the mariner's compass, but a little to the wonder of the readers the second part did not appear until five years later. In the meantime he had invented an improved compass of his own, far superior to those in use. When writing the first paper he became alive to the faults of existing compasses, and set himself to produce one steadier at sea than the others, and cured of the error arising from the magnetism of the ship. "When there seemed a possibility of finding a compass which should fulfil the conditions of the problem," says Sir William, in his "Popular Lectures and Addresses," "I felt it impossible to complacently describe compasses which perform their duty ill, or less well than might be, through not fulfilling these conditions." He increased the steadiness of the card by lightening it and attaching to it a series of fine parallel needles,

* A fuller account of his inventions is given in my "Heroes of the Telegraph."



From a photograph by]

[Fergus, Larqs.

LORD KELVIN TEN YEARS AGO.

instead of fewer thick ones. Moreover, he compensated the magnetism of the ship by the aid of magnets and masses of soft iron placed at or near the binnacle, after a method published in 1837 by Sir George Biddell Airy, the late Astronomer Royal.

"IT WON'T DO!"

A wise Providence has imbued the soul of the inventor with a parental fondness for the creature of his brain and a sanguine faith in its future. Were it not so he might lose heart in the face of difficulties, whether arising from its own defects, or the indifference, even the opposition, of the world, and so his offspring would probably die of neglect. It often happens that learned experts cannot see the merits of a novel invention, and in the pride of their superior wisdom sometimes damp the zeal of the inventor with the cold water of their adverse criticism. Did not Professor Poggendorff, of the *Annalen*, stigmatise the first telephone of poor Philipp Reis as a chimera? Even the telephone of Bell and the phonograph of Edison were at first regarded as mere toys. One day, I remember, Sir William Thomson desired me to take his new compass

to Sir George Airy at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich Park, and ask him what he thought of it. A crude, experimental instrument, mounted on gimbals in a wooden box, it nevertheless contained the essential features of the improvement, and after I presented it to Sir George, he looked attentively at it for some time, apparently in deep thought, then shook his head, and simply said, "It won't do." When I returned to Sir William, and told him of this verdict, he ejaculated, with a trace of contempt, "So much for the Astronomer Royal's opinion!" The event showed that he was right, for the Thomson compass is the best extant.

A MEASURER OF ELECTRICITY.

Sir William has done more than any other electrician, living or dead, to introduce accurate methods of measuring electricity. As early as 1845 he devoted himself to this task, and, in addition to a large number of ingenious tests, familiar to electrical engineers all over the world, he invented two complete series of exquisite apparatus for measuring the electrical forces, both static and dynamic—that is to say, of electricity at rest and electricity in motion. Among the most useful of these are his portable, absolute, and quadrant electrometers, his delicate mirror galvanometer, a higher type of his "mirror instrument," which has become the mainstay of the electrician, and his more recent graded galvanometers, voltmeters, and balances, especially useful in electric light and power installations. Owing to his intimate knowledge of electricity, mechanics, and the properties of matter in general, as well as his intolerance of any imperfection or mere approximation to what is feasible, his instruments are thoroughly reliable, and the electrician uses them with the entire assurance that they are the finest and most accurate for the purpose in the present state of science. As to generators of the electric current, he has devised more than one form of voltaic battery, including a standard Daniell, for comparisons, and a large tray cell for giving a powerful current, as well as a dynamo which he brought out in conjunction

with Mr. Ferranti. A machine for predicting the level of the tides in any part of the world is probably his chief non-electrical invention. It was exhibited at the Loan Exhibition of Scientific Apparatus, South Kensington, in 1876, where Sir William had the honour of explaining its action to Her Majesty.

MORE DISCOVERER THAN INVENTOR.

Concurrently with these and other inventions Thomson has carried out an immense number of experimental and mathematical researches in every department of natural philosophy. Indeed, his scientific renown culminates over his discoveries rather than his inventions. Of his discoveries, the mathematical outnumber and probably outweigh the experimental results. The strongest point, the true citadel of his genius, is perhaps the faculty of applying mathematics to the solution of physical problems. Turn where we like in the annals of latter-day science, we shall encounter his name, and in molecular physics—especially electricity—it is dominant. In heat it is coupled with the names of Joule and Rankine: in the dynamical theory of gases with Clausius and Helmholtz; in electricity and magnetism with Faraday and Maxwell.

Hydrostatics is another of his favourite themes, particularly of recent years. Many of his papers are highly abstruse, and their mathematics can only be read by the mightiest intellects. The titles alone are sufficient to stagger the general reader. The ordinary scientific jargon is bad enough, but Lord Kelvin, like Thomas Carlyle and some other great writers, seems to have devised a peculiar style of his own to express the workings of his mind.

SAMPLES OF KELVINESE.

Witness the following title of a paper read before the last meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh in 1892: "The Reduction of every Problem of Two Freedoms in Conservative Dynamics to the Drawing of Geodetic Lines on a Surface of given Specific Curvature." Here is a still more elaborate specimen of Kelvinese: "A Simple Hypothesis for Electro-Magnetic Induction of Incomplete Circuits, with Consequent Equations of Electric Motion in Fixed Homogeneous and Heterogeneous Solid Matter."* The point of the joke lies in the word "simple." Apart from technicality, some of his sentences have quite a Gladstonian length and scrupulosity of qualification. No doubt they evince the extraordinary grasp and fine discrimination of his intellect, but they are often a severe tax on the intelligence of the reader. For example: "Two or more straight parallel conductors, supposed for simplicity to be infinitely long, have alternating currents maintained in them by an alternate current dynamo, or other electromotive agent applied to their ends at so great a distance from the portion investigated that in it the currents are not sensibly deviated from parallel straight lines. The other sets of ends may, indifferently in respect to our present problem, be either all connected together without resistance, or through resistance, or through electromotive agents. All that we are concerned with at present is, that the conductors we consider form closed circuits, or one closed circuit, and that therefore the total quantities per unit of them at any instant traversing the normal section in opposite directions are equal."

SOME OF HIS NEW WORDS.

New words become necessary in the progress of a science, and Sir William, like his late brother, Professor James Thomson of Glasgow University, has a propensity—I had almost said a "craze"—for coining them. It is not always easy to invent a word that shall be apt, brief, and euphonious without ambiguity of meaning. "Radian," for the unit angle, is one of his brother's happiest efforts, and "ward," for the direction of a force, is perhaps one of his unluckiest, as it is already overworked in connection with locks, gaols, hospitals and guardians. 'To

Sir William electricians are indebted for the useful term "mho," the reciprocal of the "ohm," or unit of resistance; while "motivity," "diffusivity," "irrotational circulation," "infinitesimal satellites," are some of the lingual jetsam which he is in the habit of throwing overboard and leaving to sink or swim. These peculiarities of style render some of his books, such as the classical "Thomson and Tait's Natural Philosophy,"

pretty stiff reading. His class book, Thomson and Tait's "Elements," is a theme of jest amongst the feebler students whose mental digestion requires a spoon diet. It is undoubtedly a concentrated pabulum—a kind of mental pemmican; but the robust scholars love to sharpen their understandings on its hard and wholesome fare.

HIS CHARACTERISTICS AS AUTHOR.

Even his "Popular Lectures and Addresses" is not quite free from the tendency of his powerful and cultivated mind to "fly over the heads of his audience," but on the whole it keeps within the reach of the beginner, and in spite of some difficult sentences, it is an intellectual treat of the highest order. Its educational value in opening the mind of the novice to the wonders of that molecular mechanism "in which we live, move, and have our being," cannot be over-estimated, and it possesses the indescribable charm of originality, the verve and vigour of a splendid intellect at home in the subject. The miscellaneous contents of the book afford an illustration of

the rich variety and vast extent of his attainments as well as the peculiar bent of his speculation. His imagination delights in ranging from the infinitesimally small to the inconceivably great, from the vibration of a molecule to the origin of the solar system. Here we find him discussing the cause of the earth's magnetism, a problem which has occupied his thoughts for many years, but apparently without bringing him any nearer to a solution. There, he is estimating the size of an atom, and with more success. He would fain persuade us that it is not so very minute after all. "Imagine," he says, "a globe of water or glass as large as a football to be magnified up to the size of the earth, each constituent molecule being magnified in the same proportion. The magnified structure would be more cross-grained than a heap of small shot, but probably less cross-grained than a heap of footballs."

HIS ATOMIC HYPOTHESIS.

Not content with measuring atoms, he would tell us how they are formed. For centuries after Democritus suspected their existence they were supposed to be hard, solid pellets, until Hobbes raised the question whether they might not be simply modes of motion in a fluid occupying space, and Malletbranche ("Recherche de la Verité" 1712) suggested that they were "petits tourbillons," or vortices. When in 1867 Lord Kelvin saw the experiments of his friend, Professor



LORD KELVIN TWENTY YEARS AGO.

(From a photograph by Fergus, Largs.)

* Paper read at the British Association Meeting, Bath, 1892.

P. G. Tait, on "Smoke Rings," such as issue at times from the funnel of a locomotive or the lips of a smoker, in illustration of Helmholtz's investigations of vortex motion in a liquid, he discerned in the flying whirls of vapour ejected from the experimental mouthpiece a type of motion, which, occurring in a frictionless, incompressible, and primordial fluid, might account for all the known properties of matter. Once created, such atoms would continue to exist through all the combinations and dissociations of chemistry, until they were destroyed by their Maker. This, I believe, is the darling hypothesis of Lord Kelvin; and according to Professor Ewing of Cambridge, he was once heard to avow that he regarded the time he spent on other subjects as in a manner wasted.

THE WORLD YOUNG AND SOLID.

Some of his deductions from the dynamical theory of heat are of an important character. In showing that the earth was once a red-hot ball some twenty or thirty million years ago, he imposed a serious check on those geologists and Darwinians who demanded unlimited time for the development of the earth's crust, and the different species of animals. One of his experiments to demonstrate that the globe has a solid and not, as was believed, a fluid interior, is worthy of Columbus. He takes two eggs, one hard boiled, the other raw, and after suspending them from cords, sets them spinning like the earth. In a short time the raw egg comes to rest, but the boiled one spins on as merrily as before; and hence he infers that if the earth had a liquid core it would soon be stopped by its internal friction.

HOW DID LIFE BEGIN?

"How, then, did life originate on the earth?" he asked in his memorable address as President of the British Association at Edinburgh in 1871, and his answer is one of the best samples of his popular style: "Tracing the physical history of the earth backward, on strict dynamical principles, we are brought to a red-hot melted globe on which no life could exist. Hence when the earth was first fit for life, there was no living thing on it. There were rocks, solid and disintegrated, water, air all round, warmed and illuminated by a brilliant sun, ready to become a garden. Did grass and trees and flowers spring into existence in all the fulness of ripe beauty by a fiat of Creative Power? or did vegetation, growing up from seed sown, spread and multiply over the whole earth? . . . When a lava stream flows down the slopes of Vesuvius or Etna it quickly cools and becomes solid; and after a few weeks or years it teems with vegetable and animal life, which for it originated by the transport of seed and ova, and by the migration of individual living creatures. When a volcanic island springs up from the sea, and after a few years is found clothed with vegetation, we do not hesitate to assume that seed has been wafted to it through the air or floated to it on rafts. Is it not possible, and if possible is it not probable, that the beginning of vegetable life on the earth is to be similarly explained? . . . We must regard it as probable in the highest degree that there are countless seed-bearing meteoric stones moving about through space. If at the present time no life existed upon this earth, one such stone falling upon it might, by what we blindly call *natural* causes, lead to its becoming covered with vegetation. . . . The hypothesis that life originated on this earth through moss-grown fragments from the ruins of another world may seem wild and visionary; all I maintain is that it is not unscientific."

ENDLESS PROGRESS THROUGH ENDLESS SPACE.

The sun and its system were, in his opinion, originally formed by the collisions of meteoric stones or defunct planets, as imagined by the illustrious La Place, and he has calculated the conditions of the genesis. In course of time as these bodies cool down they too will die, as poets from Ossian to Lord Byron have prefigured. Indeed, according to his theory of the dissipation of energy, the entire universe would come to a state of rest and death, if it were finite and left to obey existing laws. But as it is impossible to conceive a limit to the extent of matter in the universe, "science points rather to an endless progress, through an endless space, of action involving the transformation of potential energy into palpable motion, and thence into heat, rather than to a single finite mechanism running down like a clock and stopping for ever. It is also impossible to conceive either the beginning or the continuance of life without an overruling creative power, and therefore no conclusions of dynamical science regarding the future condition of the earth can be held to give dispiriting views as to the destiny of intelligent beings by which it is at present inhabited."

HIS PUBLIC WORK.

In conjunction with his studies Lord Kelvin has led an active public life. The six months' holiday of the University and the liberality of the Senate have enabled him to exercise his practical ability in numerous ways and in different countries. As a token of his appreciation of this privilege he has founded a Thomson Scholarship of experimental physics in connection with his class; but a better compensation is the glory of his name, which has attracted students to the University from all parts of the world. Amongst his miscellaneous work I may mention that as an examiner at Cambridge he, as well as Clerk Maxwell, infused a new life into the mathematical teaching there, and established the science tripos. His telegraph work has already been referred to, and of late years, since the introduction of the telephone, electric light, and electric power, he has been exceedingly busy as a consulting engineer for public companies engaged in these businesses. In 1891, for example, he was appointed president of the International Commission for the purpose of deciding on the best way of utilising the water power of Niagara, and the present year will see the opening of that daring enterprise. Lord Kelvin is often called upon to act as a scientific expert or witness in questions of patent right, as a member of Royal Commissions and scientific committees, a juror at Exhibitions, and so on.

NOT A HOME RULER.

Besides his duties as President of the Royal Society he often presides and speaks at the meetings of other, but especially scientific, corporations. For many years he has taken an active interest in politics, and his views on Home Rule may be gathered from a speech he delivered at a dinner in celebration of the Jubilee of the Telegraph six years ago: "I must say there is some little political importance in the fact that Dublin can now communicate (by telegraph) its requests, its complaints, and its gratitudes (laughter) to London at the rate of 500 words per minute. It seems to me an ample demonstration of the utter scientific absurdity of any sentimental need for a separate parliament in Ireland." (Laughter and applause.) As a member of the Upper House he will doubtless vote against Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill on some principle of Conservative dynamics or rather statics.

HONOURS AND DISTINCTIONS.

Lord Kelvin has enjoyed all the prizes of a scientific career. Social distinctions which "able" men court, if they do not seek, have been showered upon him as he ran his course. His inventions have been rewarded with riches, his learning with academic honours, his public services with rank and station. His triumphs have been fairly won, and nobody who knows the man, or his Herculean labours, will begrudge his trophies. His merit is of that transcendent order which towers above rivalry, and never arouses envy unless it be in the breast of some conceited ignoramus. We shall only enumerate a few of his titles and decorations. He is an M.D. of Heidelberg, an LL.D. of Cambridge, a D.C.L. of Oxford, a past-President of a great many learned societies, including the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the Institution of Electrical Engineers, and the British Association for the Advancement of Science. In 1891 he was elected to the Presidency of the Royal Society of London, which since the time of Newton has been the highest professional honour to which a British man of science can aspire. He is a Foreign Associate of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, and an honorary member of similar bodies in other countries. He is a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, the highest distinction in France save one which is reserved for princes and the most illustrious public personages; a Knight of the Ordre pour le Mérite of Germany, and a Commander of the Order of Leopold of Belgium.

HIS PEERAGE.

At the beginning of 1892 he was raised to the peerage by Her Majesty; and his elevation, so richly deserved, was hailed with lively satisfaction by his scientific brethren, who regarded it as a public compliment to the pursuit of science. The style and title he assumed was that of Baron Kelvin of Netherhall, Largs. It was happily chosen, although electricians were at first inclined to regret the loss of the familiar "Thomson." Netherhall, his country seat, on the coast of Ayrshire, is a fine mansion built by himself and replete with modern improvements. The Kelvin is a beautiful and romantic stream which rises in the Campsie Fells, and after flowing past the grounds of the new college—the far-famed "Kelvingrove" of the old song—falls into the Clyde near Partick. Clear and wimpling at its source, the river is hopelessly polluted with dye-stuffs and other abominations in passing through Glasgow, and it is to be hoped that Lord Kelvin, if only for his name's sake, will make a strong endeavour to redeem its lost purity.

HIS HOUSE AT GLASGOW.

The new college on Gilmore Hill, at the west end of Glasgow, is shown in the frontispiece. It was designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., and publicly opened in 1870. The course of the Kelvin between the college grounds and Kelvingrove Park can be traced under the bridge in the foreground, close to the museum and an old model of Watts' engine. Lord Kelvin's house—which, as may be imagined, is provided with every scientific luxury and convenience, such as the electric light, the telephone, pipe-heaters and astronomical time—can be seen on the extreme left. The natural philosophy department is situated near at hand, in that portion of the college front immediately to the right of the western archway, the class and apparatus rooms being on the upper and the physical laboratory on the ground floor. The routine work of the class is undertaken by Dr. James Thomson Bottomley, F.R.S., a distinguished nephew of Lord Kelvin, and the other assistants. Only on certain days a

week and on certain subjects does Lord Kelvin lecture, and it is chiefly the advanced students who profit by his instruction. A large number of the elementary class are Divinity and Arts students having little or no interest in science, or special capacity for it, beyond learning the modicum prescribed for taking their degree. Some, in fact, are wild Donalds from the hillsides and raw Sandies from the plough-tail. What they require is, to be led on by easy steps to a clear and simple understanding of the subject, with the requisite calculations and experiments.

HIS LECTURES AT THE UNIVERSITY.

The Pegasus of Lord Kelvin is not well broken to a crawling pace, and is fain to spurn the trammels of a baby or a donkey cart and soar into his native ether, where few can follow him. Many years ago, during a course of lectures on Magnetism, his characteristic definition of an ideal magnet as "an infinitely long, infinitely thin, uniform and uniformly and longitudinally magnetised bar," was received by the back benches with a loud demonstration of the feet which drew forth a sharp "Silence!" from the Professor. Before the end of the session the definition had been repeated so often, to the accompanying tramp of their feet, and the reprimand had become so much a part of it, that one day, when, through accident or design, the students failed to respond, Lord Kelvin cried out "Silence!" all the same. The inspiration of the master mind is lost on such hearers, and the daring flights of his erratic imagination, the diversity and fulness of his knowledge, his passionate denunciations of all that is irrational and blind, are apt to be regarded by them as so much wasted time. When, by the intensity of his feelings, or the eccentricity of his genius, he shoots away from the point, and roundly condemns the "unhappy British inch," when he dotes upon his ideal vats and fluids, or bandies incredible millions of suns and moons about with all the legerdemain of a Cinquevalli, when he rushes into the midst of his artificial molecules, or dances away with the "Sorting Demon" of Maxwell, the incorrigible back benches, if they be not diverted, are prone to become uproarious.

HIS INFLUENCE AS AN EDUCATOR.

Sometimes one of his marvellous dissertations, the spontaneous utterance of his mind, would burst forth like the brilliant stars of a rocket at the very close of the hour, when the bell was ringing for another class, and the sea of touzled heads before him, some of which were as empty of the matter as a New Zealander's, had grown so stormy with impatience that he would have to lift his voice and cry above the din. These original digressions and impromptu perorations, containing the priceless jewels of his discourse, were simply flung away on all except the abler and wiser scholars, who listened with a rapt attention to the flashing torrent, the impetuous cataract of his genius. They enjoyed the rapid medley of bright ideas, invaluable precepts, and sublime speculations, often expressed in eloquent phrases that stuck in the memory as the true romance, the grander poetry of Science; and it is still a matter of regret to some that no record has been kept of them for the edification of posterity. I can only remember one as I write. He was speaking, I think, on the far-reaching influence of stresses or vibrations, and suddenly exclaimed, "I lay this piece of chalk upon a granite mountain and it strains the whole earth!" Lord Kelvin's merit as an educator lies not so much in the elucidation of well-known facts as in the spiritual influence of his magnetic personality. A minor physicist, more on a par with the

average freshman, may, by talent and cultivation, prove an admirable teacher of science, but he is unable to inspire the student with hero-worship by presenting to him the living standard of a really great mind. To the superior pupils of his class Lord Kelvin is a revelation of what a genuine man can do. There is something god-like in his profound intellect and tireless energy. The sincerity with which he labours, as though science were the all-in-all, is of itself a never-to-be-forgotten lesson. They catch his enthusiasm, emulate his activity, and some even ape his manner. There are eminent men in every part of the world who owe their success in life to the contact electricity of Lord Kelvin.

HIS METHOD OF WORK.

At the conclusion of his lecture he was wont to pay a visit to the laboratory and superintend the experiments of the students. After that, he would run down to White's workshop in the town and give directions about his inventions, or, unless otherwise engaged, retire to his study beside the class-room, and dictate scientific papers to his secretary. It was not unusual for him to continue this work until the small hours of the morning. Alone in the deserted college, save for the companion of his vigils, he would sit by the fireside, with a cigar in his mouth, reading the ponderous tomes of some old philosopher laid upon his knee, or thinking out some difficult problem, while now and again a look of deep satisfaction would overspread his countenance. His physical is almost on a par with his mental enterprise. Notwithstanding his profound knowledge of the laws of inertia, rather than lose a train he has been guilty of jumping into it while moving, in defiance of the angry porters, who threatened to put him in the "Stone Jug." It has been wittily suggested that his lameness was really a blessing in disguise, else but for that he might have attempted to fly in the air and broken his neck. Sometimes he was accorded the privileges of his fame with a better grace, as when in crossing to Belfast in his yacht, and being anxious to get sooner into the town, he hailed a chance excursion steamer filled with Irish lads and lasses, and was taken on board with all his party. On his offering to pay for the band, the captain of the steamer replied with conscious pride, "Nothing from you, sir."

AND PLAY.

In summer he loves to cruise in his sailing yacht, the *Lalla Rookh*, wherever the calls of business or the humour takes him—from Madeira to the Levant, from the Hebrides to America. On one occasion Professor Von Helmholtz was amongst the guests on board, and the *savants* by way of pastime began to give each other scientific conundrums of the most puzzling sort. It was observed by my informant, Professor Hill, of Washington, U.S., that while Kelvin and Helmholtz solved about the same number of the problems, the Irishman was quicker with his answers than the German. With great powers, otherwise equal, quickness gives the advantage, especially in practical affairs. In truth, Lord Kelvin thinks with an electrical rapidity. He does not appear to weigh and reason like most men, but to reach his results by pure intuition.

AN ELECTRICAL MIND.

This peculiarity is in agreement with a definition of genius by Mr. Francis Galton, which on the whole is singularly applicable to Lord Kelvin. "It appears to me," he remarks in his "English Men of Science," "that what is meant by genius, when the word is used in a special sense, is the automatic activity of

the mind, as distinguished from the effort of the will. In a man of genius the ideas come as by inspiration; in other words, his character is enthusiastic, his mental associations are rapid, numerous and firm, his imagination is vivid, and he is driven rather than drives himself. All men have some genius: they are all apt under excitement to show flashes of unusual enthusiasm, and to experience swift and strange associations of ideas: in dreams, all men commonly exhibit more vivid powers of imagination than are possessed by the greatest artists when awake. Sober plodding will be quite another quality, and its over-exercise exhausts the more sprightly functions of the mind, as is expressed by the proverb, 'Too much work makes a dull boy.' But no man is likely to achieve very high success in whom the automatic power of the mind, or genius in its special sense, and a sober will, are not well developed and fairly balanced."

CHARACTERISTICS.

Lord Kelvin is gifted with a very keen perception. Few things escape his notice, although he may not seem to observe them. His memory is uncommonly retentive, his reasoning faculty most clear and precise, and his imagination strong and fecund. These rare endowments are all stimulated by a fervid zeal—a vehement enthusiasm for the pursuit of science. The hackneyed epithets, a "strong bias," an "inborn taste," are all too feeble to portray the irrepressible instinct, the over-mastering passion which is eternally goading him to the study of dead matter. See him engrossed in the subject of his discourse, and utterly forgetful of himself, or wild with rapture over the result of an experiment, and you will say this man was created for science, that he is a prophet or seer with a divine mission to reveal the physical laws. Finding his deepest joy in congenial labour, and so little inclined to frivolity that ordinary pleasures were in danger of proving irksome or a waste of time, Lord Kelvin has not required to cultivate a habit of perseverance and concentration. The danger has rather been that he might not take sufficient rest or diversion, and the perpetual activity of his mind in the same groove break down the bodily machine. Fortunately his splendid fund of health and energy has proved itself capable of meeting the extravagant demands of his genius. Excepting an accident on the ice, which injured his right leg, he seems to have escaped the common ailments of humanity. During his busiest period, while a widower, he would work all day at a white heat, so to speak, yet he seldom or never appeared to tire, and a few hours of sleep were in general sufficient to recuperate his powers.

"LATE AGAIN, SIR WILLIAM."

In addition to his academical duties, his cable work and his inventions or experiments, he was then engaged on several books, including his "Natural Philosophy," and spent so much time at the college that his meals became very irregular, and a grey parrot, "Dr. Redtail," which he had brought from Brazil, used to greet him with the remark, "Late again, Sir William." At length the evil became so desperate that he gave orders for his luncheon to be on the table at a fixed hour, whether he was there or not! He is too alert to be called "absent-minded" in the ordinary sense; but the story goes that he once fell asleep in his chair while presiding at a public dinner in Glasgow. No doubt he was cruelly overworked, but perhaps the banquet was not so lively as it might have been. In the midst of his most practical and profitable employments, the old charm for some theoretical subject will revive and take entire possession of him for several

ays, holding him spell-bound. This waywardness of genius is perhaps a relief to the mind, and by changing the current of his thoughts may act as a recreation. Alternations of physical with mental exertion have also tended to promote his health in lieu of outdoor games and field sports. The study of the winter session was corrected by the travel of the long summer vacation.

INTOLERANT OF METAPHYSICS.

Lord Kelvin is so devoted to science that he may appear to neglect other matters, until by some casual remark we are surprised at the extent of his acquaintance with them. He is so accustomed to impart learning, rather than receive it, that we are apt to think it is born in him. He is preternaturally quick to learn, and seems to imbibe knowledge with the air he breathes, or by the pores of his skin. His sympathies with the older studies have not been undermined by the new, and he maintains the importance of the classics, as well as of logic and moral philosophy. If he is intolerant of any branch, it is metaphysics, and in his lectures he occasionally comes down heavily on it. The active nature of the man is antagonistic to all wool-gathering and idle dreaming. He takes to life as a duck takes to the water, and never preaches or philosophises about it. If he questions his existence at all, and moralises on his aims or conduct, it is only at odd moments, and the result is kept a secret.

Great mathematician as he is, Lord Kelvin, like the illustrious Ampère, is easily confused by simple sums in arithmetic; and in recollecting his repeated mistakes in addition or subtraction on the blackboard, and the vindictive pleasure of the class in calling his attention to them, I am reminded of a sentence in Lord Lytton's "What Will He Do With It?": "Notable type of that grandest order of all human genius, which seems to arrive at results by intuition—which a child might pose by a row of figures on a slate—while it is solving the laws that link the stars to infinity."

THE MASTER OF APPLIED SCIENCE.

Where the intellect is so predominant and impressive the real character is not very easily seen. Lord Kelvin is unquestionably a man of high honour, independent judgment, honesty, truthfulness, and sincerity. A philosopher, he is resolute and decided; a genius, he is orderly and business-like, careful of details, liking to dot his i's and stroke his t's. The purist in science may lament the time he has given to inventions or engineering, and hint that his rare philosophic genius, like the pure waters of the Kelvin, has been soiled by commerce: but his integrity is never impugned. Theory is the soul of practice, and if the soul is higher than the body, the one without the other is of little use in this world. Day by day the importance of applied science is becoming more manifest, and Lord Kelvin is typical of his age in covering the whole field. I suspect that his characteristic energies required an outlet in practical life. That, like other inventors, and even poets such as Lord Tennyson, he sold his inventions for the highest terms he could get, is hardly a reproach in our time.

HIS MODESTY.

His manner is unaffectedly natural. He assumes no airs of genius or superiority, and is singularly free from haughtiness, conceit, or even self-consciousness. He exhibits none of the vanity and cocksureness with which the average young professor bristles like a hedgehog. When facts are against his opinion or hypothesis, no false pride restrains him from sacrificing it, and owning his mistake, whether in public or in private. A trifling

dispute on the vanishing point of a picture arose between him and Professor Fleeming Jenkin one day, and four months afterwards he owned that he was in the wrong. Some years ago he recanted his doctrine of the internal fluidity of the earth. He is far above the common weakness of magnifying his work, or of taking credit for the achievements of others. Scrupulously careful to give honour where honour is due, the danger is rather that in his delight and enthusiasm over a novelty he may unduly praise it. The original observations of his assistants and students, although made in the course of experiments promoted by himself, are never appropriated by him, but always generously accredited to them, and apparently with more pride and pleasure than if they had been his own. I shall never forget his boyish enchantment in listening to a simple and popular lecture on Centrifugal Force. He could hardly contain himself, but ever and anon energetically clapped his hands, and cried out, "That's very fine!" His reverence for the great scientific names of old, as well as of to-day, and his own genuine modesty are beautiful and charming things to see. Looking further into the mysteries of nature than other men, and realising how little we know, he is animated by the spirit of Newton, who compared himself to a child picking up pebbles by the shore of the immense ocean of truth. When, on the Graduation Day of 1891, the students of Glasgow offered him their congratulations on his election to the Presidency of the Royal Society of London, and thanked him for his uniform courtesy and kindness, he placed himself on their own level. "While you have shown your sympathy with me," he said, "I wish to express my sympathy with you. I have been a student of the University of Glasgow fifty-five years to-day, and I hope to continue a student of the University as long as I live." He takes a warm interest in his old pupils, greeting them heartily, and showing pride in their achievements. They, on the other hand, never forget him, and if in the battle of life his lucubrations on dynamics have gone the way of all knowledge, his lovable traits continue to refresh their hearts, and his example to inspire them.

HIS SYMPATHY AND KINDLINESS.

With an intellect deep and subtle as the sea, and a vast, though professional, experience of the world, there is, nevertheless, a certain childlike innocence and simplicity in Lord Kelvin which, if not a mark of true genius, is often found along with it. A small and vulgar nature, cunning in worldly wiles, might perhaps impose upon him—for a time, at least. Genius, with its superior insight and highly-strung temperament, is liable to a certain intolerance of mediocrity and its ways, and Lord Kelvin appears as sensitive to a blunder in mechanics as a musician to a jarring note; but if his eager spirit grows impatient of stupidity or clumsiness on the part of a student or a workman, it is only for a moment, and is never offensive. His little frets of annoyance are quickly appeased, and often end in a sweet and captivating smile. He evinces an extreme sympathy with pain, and I well remember his unfeigned concern when a student ran a gouge into his hand one day in the laboratory. A sensibility so acute may lead to embarrassing circumstances, and it sometimes happened that in hurrying to catch a train against time he would keep thrusting his head out of the cab and urge the cabman to "drive faster!" only to shrink back in evident distress at the resulting crack of the whip. His kindness to dumb animals is well known, and he has more than once taken a public part in preventing their ill-usage. Many

years ago he possessed a little black-and-tan terrier called "Fanny," which he treated with infinite tenderness. "Fanny" did her best to advance electric science by furnishing the black hairs which he employed in the gauges of his electrometers. I have been told by Mr. John Tatlock, formerly his lecture assistant and secretary, that one day when a guest on board his yacht levelled a fowling-piece at a sea-bird, he became white with indignation, and arrested the shot by seizing the sportsman's arm.

The highest genius from its nature is, and must be, in a measure lonely; hence Lord Kelvin is at times pre-occupied with his studies, but for all that he is of a sociable turn, and fond of company. He enjoys a good dinner, and is not above the humours of a comic song. Indeed, he has perpetrated more than one joke himself. "When is blotting-paper—blotting-paper?" he asked one day of a fellow Professor. "I give it up," was the reply. "Never!" he cried in great glee.

HIS PORTRAITS.

The portraits of Lord Kelvin which accompany this article were taken at different periods of his life by Mr. Fergus, of Largs, and are very like him. The face, with its Scotch and Irish traits, is characteristic of the depth, solidity, and brilliance of his mind. The forehead, in particular, is very remarkable, and its intellectual power is unmistakable. His is one of those heads which may be described as all brow. Prominent over the eyes, where the ideomotor faculties are believed to reside, the dome recedes upward to the crown, and then falls to the neck without any protuberance behind. His eyes have the inscrutable depth so often seen in men of genius. In colour they are blue-grey, and his hair is a fine, soft brown, inclining to curl. Of a Scotch build, his figure is tall, sinewy, and athletic, with little or no tendency to stoutness. Although somewhat near-sighted, and the snows of well nigh seventy winters have blanched his head, the volcanic fire of his energy is far from extinct; his step, in spite of the short limp, has even now the spring and buoyancy of youth, and to all appearance there are many years of useful activity before him.

PRIZE CALENDAR FOR JUNE.

- FIRST Prize is won by W. Culling Gaze, Fengate, Peterborough.
2. Miss Cécile Lambert, 27, Blenheim Crescent, W.
 3. "Veritas," 3, Avoca Terrace, Blackrock, Dublin.
 4. Miss Sarah Lukes, Clifton House, Par, Cornwall.
 5. "Polyearp," Alresford, Hants.
 6. Miss Elise Hugnet, Green Cliff, S. Martin, Jersey.
 7. J. L. Keeling, Staponhill, Burton-on-Trent.
 8. Miss N. Edwards, Park Farm House, Eltham, Kent.
 9. Miss Rachel F. Thompson, Castle Hill House, Settle, Yorks.
 10. Charles D. Rosling, Horwell School, St. Stephen's, Launceston, Cornwall.
 11. George F. Wright, Ings Road, Burton-on-Humber.
 12. "Mackintosh," Southfield, Leominster, Herefordshire.

Loss of Horses in War.

THERE is an interesting article by Veterinary-Captain F. Smith in the *United Service Magazine* on this subject. War is bad for men, worse for horses, but worst of all for bullocks, camels, and elephants. As with men, so with horses; more die from disease engendered by the campaign than by lead or steel. Mortality of horses in a

A REALLY GREAT MAN.

Baron Kelvin is one of those extraordinary men who are bound for greatness as the sparks fly upwards. Doubtless the time and place of his birth were favourable to him, but under any circumstances he would have risen to pre-eminence. He appears to have every requisite for the highest success—power of will, superabundance of intellect and energy, as well as a good measure of all the virtues, and religious faith. In him we are able to see what a really great man is like. His supreme ability is never disputed by any one who knows him or his work. Indeed, all who come in contact with him, from the prince to the workman, are apt to fall under its commanding influence. Even a duke would find it natural to serve him; and it is common enough to see him in the middle of a group of distinguished men as a planet is surrounded by its satellites, or rushing ahead of them like a fiery comet followed by its tail.

THE NAPOLEON OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Such prodigies of nature are only produced at rare intervals, and it may be a long time before the world has another scientist of his calibre. It will be easier to estimate his true place and proportions hereafter from the standpoint of distance. Apparently, however, his name will go down to posterity with those of Galileo, Newton, and Pascal. So far he is unique in science by reason of his multifarious and diversified career. His achievements would suffice to make at least three eminent reputations, for not only is he the greatest physicist of the day, but the leading electrical engineer, and one of the most celebrated inventors. Our wonder at the manifold lines of his activity is increased when we reflect that all of them are interwoven in a single piece. I would name him the Grand Old Man of Science were it not that from a political feeling he might scorn the comparison. Let us call him the Napoleon of Science, or—if the older fashion be more to his taste—the Napoleon of Natural Philosophy.

J. MUNRO.

campaign is usually heavier than that of men. Napoleon in 1812 entered Russia with 187,000 horses; he came out with 16,000; he lost 10,000 in a few days after he crossed the Niemen, owing to foddering them on young growing crops. Starvation is one of the worst sources of equine mortality.

In the Crimea, during the six months' winter, 1854-55, we lost from starvation 47 per cent. of the horses of the Heavy Brigade, 38 per cent. of the Light Brigade, 42 per cent. of the Artillery, and 38 per cent. of the Transport!

He compiled the following statistics as to the proportion of the loss of horses and of men in cavalry, and in the artillery. In the campaign he reckons the War Office would be prepared to replace from 17 to 20 per cent. of their entire number of horses:—

1691 to 1799, for every 100 Cavalrymen disabled there were 148 horses	
1800 to 1865	121 "
"	133 "
1866 to 1870	113 "
"	133 "

Taking the war of 1870-71 as a type, we learn that from Weissenbourg to Sedan—

For every 100 Cavalrymen disabled there were 120 horses	
" 100 Artillerymen	142 "

THE MATTEI TREATMENT OF CANCER CASES.

REPORT ON THE SECOND YEAR'S TEST.

IT is just a year since the first stage of the Mattei experiment terminated with a negative report from the medical committee which had been constituted to watch the five test cases. That committee reported that, it will be remembered, we had five patients, each of whom had been certified by two competent physicians, and accepted as unmistakable cases of the malignant disease by the members of the committee and their able and zealous registrar. When the committee drew up its report just twelve months ago they declared, as the result of twelve months' observation of the cases, that there had been no improvement, and that the cancerous disease had steadily advanced in all five cases. In one case the advance had been slow but perceptible, in three moderately rapid, while in the fifth the progress of the disease had been very rapid. The committee declare, as the result of accurate observation taken of the local condition of the disease, that in all cases the patients were markedly worse. They admitted, however, that what appeared to their scientific eye as incontestably true as to the progress of the disease was opposed to the impressions of the patients themselves, each and all of whom gave a favourable account of their feelings, and felt that they had received benefit.

That marked the conclusion of the first stage of the experiment. None of the patients were cured, in all the objective symptoms were worse; but all the patients believed they were benefiting by the treatment. The report was not finally conclusive, but I accepted it hyally as disposing of any reasonable belief in the probability of curing malignant cancer by medicinal remedies.

The committee, having arrived at this result, was dissolved in fact, although not in form, and the second stage of the inquiry began, in which the services of the committee were no longer necessary.

Writing in September last year, I pointed out that so far as the test had then gone I accepted the report of the committee as to the failure of the remedies to cure cancer, but I as loyally accepted it when it certified that the patients said that the remedies have removed the suffering and lengthened their lives. The evidence up to that point seemed to show that the Mattei treatment would not justify any cancer patient in expecting to be cured, but that it would diminish the local pain, improve their general health, and enable them to make the most of the life that was left to them. Therefore, in the second stage of the inquiry I merely undertook to report as to whether or not the admitted success of the remedies in remedying and alleviating the subjective symptoms was continued to the end. From a scientific point of view the experiment no longer concerns the recovery of the patients. It is confined solely to the question whether or not the treatment makes dying of cancer a tolerable instead of an intolerable mode of quitting life.

As to the subjective symptoms, it is well to remember that the patient is the only authority on the subject, and in ascertaining whether or not the remedies alleviate pain, the evidence of the patients themselves is the only testimony worth taking. It will be seen that they all tell the same tale, and that without any exception they persist in asserting that they have been benefited by the treatment to which they have been subjected, and in which they still have unshaken faith.

The following statements have been addressed to me

from four of the patients, one of the five having succumbed in the course of last month. This unfortunate patient since the beginning of the treatment had suffered from two attacks of influenza, a disease which, to say the least, did not tend to facilitate the cure of the cancer. Of course Count Mattei never claimed to be able to cure every case of cancer, and the fact that one of the five patients has succumbed is only conclusive, however, as to the inability of the remedies to cure that particular case. But the inquiry in the second stage is not concerned with possibilities of cure, but solely with the efficacy of the remedies to alleviate the pain and minister to the happiness of the sufferers from this terrible disease.

The nurse who attended Mrs. B. as she neared her end, writes as follows:

Mrs. B. had a very quiet death. I found the blue electricity very good, five drops on a wet pad stops palpitation. Two drops in a little water taken inwardly relieves pain in the breast.

The other patients, including one in whom the cancer was reputed to be making rapid progress, all report themselves as benefiting by the treatment up to July 28. As before, I only use the initials of the patients.

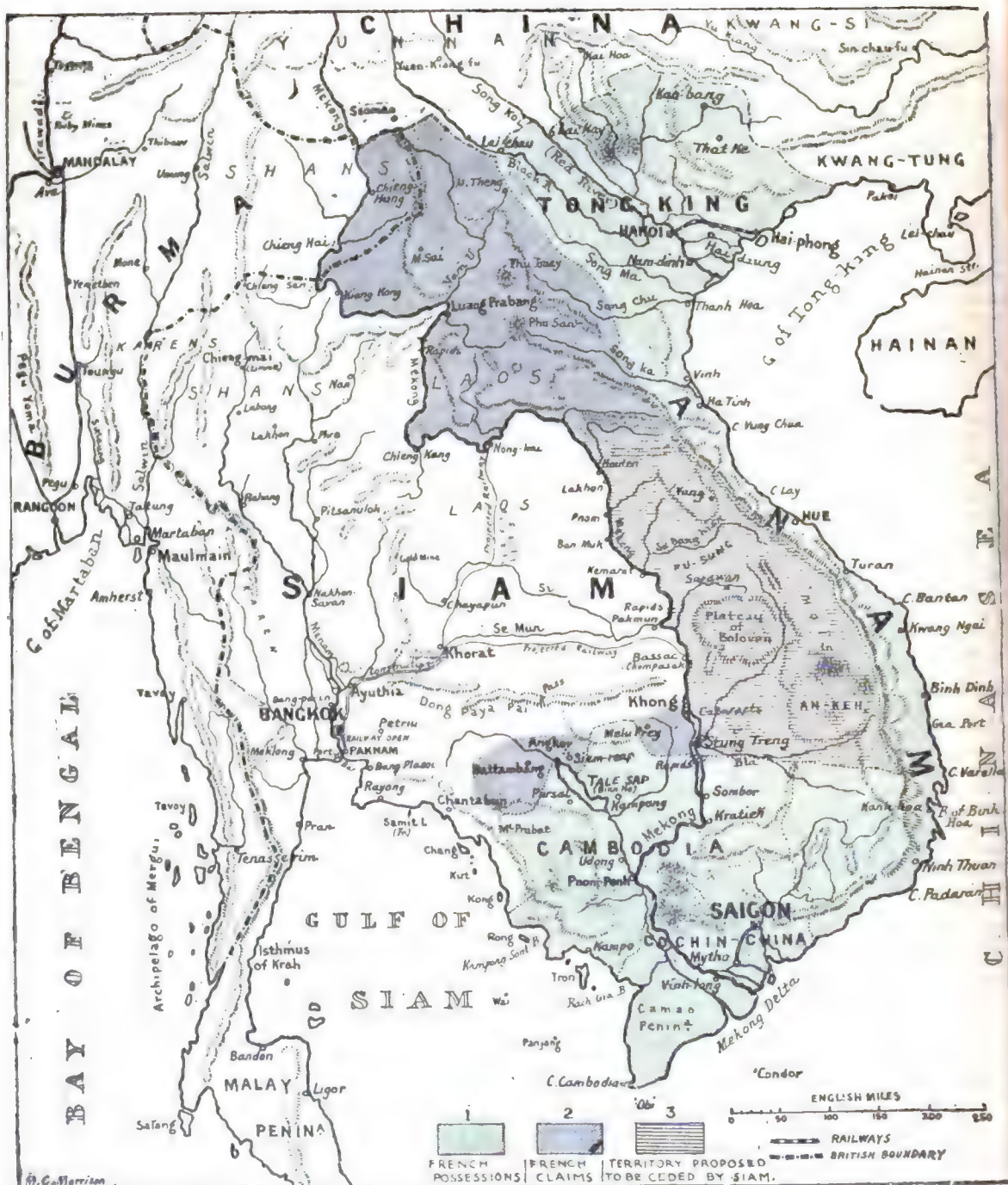
J. L. writes:—"I am pleased to tell you that my general health is good, that the cancer in my breast is causing me no pain, and that I am perfectly able to discharge my household duties. I am very thankful for the Mattei treatment, which I think in my case has answered exceeding well."

M. R. writes:—"The continued heat of this summer has made me feel at times very weak and poorly, but on the whole I keep fairly well considering the severity of the disease from which I am suffering. I am able to attend to many light duties at home. During the hot weather I have suffered with hot burning pain, accompanied by inflammation, but I always find relief by applying a lotion of Augeo, with a little blue electricity. When the pain is sharp, green electricity gives immediate relief, and I also find it does good to take a few drops of it in water."

M. A. M. says:—"The Mattei remedies have given me great relief, and my health has considerably improved. I have every faith in the treatment."

C. L. reports:—"I am pleased to say that I remain in quite as good health as I did when writing last. As I then stated, my health has greatly improved since using the Mattei remedies. I used to suffer from poor health and severe indigestion. I still have no pain from the cancer, and am not troubled by it."

These letters are clear enough. Admitting, as the doctors would tell us, that the patients are no judges of the progress of their disease, they at least are the best authorities as to the extent to which they suffer or are free from suffering. So far as the test cases go, they certainly appear to justify all that has been done to bring the remedies before the attention of the public. To those who may be disposed to deny that any good has been achieved, because the alleviation of agony has not also been accompanied by the cure of the disease, it is enough to say that they evidently have never known what it is to nurse any one dying of cancer. A remedy which would enable all cancer patients to die painlessly would be a greater boon to the world than a medicine which cured 10 per cent. of the cases and left the other 90 per cent. to suffer without any alleviation of their torment.



THE CRISIS IN SIAM.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

ENGLAND, FRANCE AND SIAM.

OUR RISKS, RIGHTS, AND RESPONSIBILITIES.

MR. GEORGE CURZON, writing in the *Nineteenth Century* "India Between Two Fires," pleads for the careful reservation of buffer States, for the safety and tranquillity of India. He thus summarises the story of the French attack upon Siam:—

HOW IT BEGAN.

The French have had disputes and conflict with the Siamese. Claiming a large extent of territory (adjoining their protectorate of Annam), which up till a few years ago was coloured in their own official maps as Siamese, which is inhabited by people of the Siamese stock, and which has been occupied by Siamese troops and administered by Siamese governors during the greater part of the present century, they anticipated the discussion and delimitation that were innocently proffered by the Siamese Government by the despatch of a series of marauding expeditions, which proceeded to expel the various Siamese posts and to annex the entire country in dispute.

THE ULTIMATUM.

When in the course of these operations, one Frenchman was killed and another taken prisoner, they abruptly shifted the scene of action to a larger stage, seized a number of islands in the Gulf of Siam, moved the French fleet to Bangkok, and, in despite of assurances, pledges, orders, and treaties, forced with two gunboats the passage of the Menam river, and menaced the capital. From this vantage-ground they then hurried at the head of the Siamese monarch an ultimatum, the severity of which excited the indignation and pity of all civilised observers. Exorbitant pecuniary indemnities were required; and at the same time that M. Develle was assuring the French Chamber and the British public of his sympathetic regard for the integrity of Siam, she was called upon within forty-eight hours to submit to a territorial dismemberment, of which, as I write, it is still doubtful whether it involves the surrender of one fourth, or of one half of the entire Siamese dominions.

HOW IT AFFECTS US.

If the French demand for the cession of the left bank of the Mekong be held to apply to the entire course of that river from China to Cambodia, such appropriation, quite apart from its wanton and exorbitant character in relation to Siam, would materialise and call into existence those very British responsibilities which I have argued that even informal buffer States have the tendency to create. No British Government can acquiesce in an arrangement that would involve the cession by Siam of States which became British by the conquest of Burma, and have only been ceded to Siam by ourselves, subject to a condition that they shall not be handed over to any other power. No British Parliament can tolerate the wholesale extinction of a great and yearly increasing British trade with Yunnan and the provinces of South-west China. No section of British public opinion can desire that the buffer State should not merely be crippled, but squeezed out of existence, and that possible rivals, such as England and France, should be planted face to face in the distant recesses of the Asian continent, with nothing but a river or a malarial forest strip to separate them. France is on the brink of occupying—she is frankly desirous to occupy—such a position. Let our eyes not be shut to the fact.

WHAT WILL CHINA DO?

MR. D. C. BOULGER, writing in the same Review, thus discusses the probability of Chinese intervention:—

It is possible that the desire to recover what was lost in Tonquin may operate as an inducement in the eyes of Chinese statesmen to act with exceptional vigour in regard to Siam, which has special claims on their consideration. In the first place, Siam has paid tribute to China every three years for at

least six centuries; and in the second place, one of the most flourishing Chinese colonies is located in that country. It has been estimated that half, and the richest and most prosperous half, of the population of the Menam Valley is Chinese; and, considering this fact, it is not surprising that an ancestor of the present Chinese Emperor should have specially named it "The Happy State of the South." The fate of Siam is not likely to be regarded with indifference at either Peking or Canton, and France will be undecieved if she fancies that the opposition of England, whether it prove feeble or vigorous, will be all that she has to encounter. No doubt China does not yet feel sufficiently strong to be precipitate in taking up the cause of Siam by delivering to France in her turn an ultimatum, more especially as she may reasonably think that England is equally interested in the matter; but the attempt to execute M. de Lanessan's programme will sooner or later bring China into the field, and her opposition may prove more serious than the Parisians affect to believe. Every year adds to China's power for war; and our information must be singularly at fault if she has not very skilfully undermined the French position in Tonquin.

A PLEA FOR PUBLIC PLAYGROUNDS.

BY THE EARL OF MEATH.

LORD MEATH publishes a paper in the *Nineteenth Century*, pleading for the establishment of public playgrounds for children in every city. He gives the following account as to what has already been done:—

London alone has, since the formation of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association in 1882, increased her open spaces by 157, containing 4,998 acres, whilst the entire number of public parks and gardens within easy reach of the inhabitants of the metropolis is 271, containing 17,876 acres, which include 6,380 acres acquired and maintained by the Corporation of the City of London. We may roughly say that the cities and towns of the United Kingdom, including the metropolis, possess some 500 open spaces over 40,000 acres in extent.

He points out that it does not suffice to lay out the playground. Arrangements should also be made for providing amusements for the children, and the heart of somebody ought to be pricked with remorse at being reminded that it is only in the Royal Parks of London that no public gymnasium for the people is to be found.

Years ago I remember to have seen them in Manchester and Salford. I believe now there are many in the towns of Britain. One of the first open-air playgrounds ever constructed was at Manchester; it was made and maintained by Messrs. Armitage for the use of their workpeople. Following their example, some years ago I constructed two for the use of the tenants on my property in the city of Dublin. The largest is divided by a railing into two portions, one for boys and the other for girls. It contains a giant stride, climbing mast, horizontal and parallel bars, swings, jumping-board and cat-gallows, skittle-ground, swings, skipping-ropes attached to a central post, horizontal ladder, trapeze and swinging rings, and a sandpit in which the little children dig and play, whilst their mothers and nurses can sit round on benches watching them or chatting. The other ground is too small to be divided, and is therefore on alternate days devoted to the exclusive use of boys and girls, as the case may be. A large painted board informs all whether it is a boys' or a girls' day. In each playground there is a caretaker attired in uniform. The rush of children when these grounds were first open was so great that it was almost impossible, though two caretakers were employed in each ground, to keep any order for the first week, and consequently a few accidents occurred; but since then I have had no complaint, nor have I heard of any further accident, though the grounds have now been opened for five years. They are in constant use, and, the novelty of the thing having worn off, are not so inconveniently crowded as formerly.

THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW" ON HOME RULE.

THERE is a somewhat remarkable and fairly frank article on the Unionist Campaign in the *Quarterly Review*. The reviewer naturally takes the worst possible view of the prospects of Home Rule, but he is sufficiently alive to the possibilities of the next general election to think it worth while to discuss what should be done if the constituencies were after all to decide in favour of Mr. Gladstone the second time, after the next general election. In that case the reviewer tells us frankly the House of Lords would give way, but he advises them to accompany their surrender with a demand that the Home Rule Bill should be converted into a separatist measure by the exclusion of the Irish members from the House of Commons. The reviewer differs from most people who have thought of the subject, by objecting to the referendum, holding that its object is practically secured by the House of Lords:—

We have every hope and belief that the Home Rule movement will receive its final deathblow at the next general election. Still we have to deal with a most uncertain quantity, the caprice of a half-educated and almost indifferent electorate, influenced in its judgment by personal and local considerations far more than by any logical approval or disapproval of Home Rule. Under these circumstances, it is folly to lose sight of the possibility that the Liberals may obtain a new and even larger majority on a second appeal to the constituencies.

WHAT SHOULD THE LORDS DO?

In this contingency the position of the Unionists and the attitude of the House of Lords would be materially changed. It is impossible for the hereditary chamber to place itself in permanent opposition to the declared will of the people as signified at the polls. As things are, nobody can gainsay the right and even the duty of the Lords to reject the Home Rule Bill on the ground that it has never yet really received the sanction of the country. But if, no matter on what grounds or by what devices, the country should be induced, after the rejection of the Bill, to return again a majority favourable to Mr. Gladstone and his Home Rule policy, this plea would be no longer available. Still, even in such a case, the Lords would be amply justified in making their consent to pass the Bill when presented a second time, conditional upon the exclusion of the Irish members from the Imperial Parliament, and by so stipulating they would render the leap in the dark involved in the concession of Home Rule to Ireland less hurtful and less dangerous to Great Britain than it would be otherwise.

ADVICE TO THE HOME RULERS.

The reviewer being in the good spirits natural to a man who believes that he is winning all along the line, undertakes to teach Home Rulers how they should conduct their case. He says, for instance, what is quite true, that the Unionists have attached a preposterous degree of importance to the finding of the Parnell Commission. The following passage may be commended to the attention of most of the Unionist controversialists:—

We cannot conceal from ourselves that, if the Nationalists had turned to bay and had been able to speak the truth without endangering their cause, they would have had a defence it would not have been easy to answer. That defence would have, in effect, been this: "We have been making a revolution, and revolutions are not made with rose-water. We wanted to free Ireland from Saxon rule, and we had no time to pick and choose our instruments: we, a weak, poor, and distracted country, had to overthrow the power of a strong, wealthy, and united kingdom; and not being able to take up arms, we had to carry on a clandestine warfare by underhand violence and surreptitious outrage. It is idle of you to complain because we employed the only weapons at our disposal, or to brand us as criminals because we fought our war subject to the conditions under which alone success was possible." To this line of argument we fail to see any adequate answer, if you adhere

to the commonplace Liberal theory of the sacred right of insurrection.

AND TO THE GLADSTONIANS.

Not content with telling the Nationalists how they should defend themselves, he proceeds to tell the English Gladstonians what they would say if they understood their brief; the choice of evils argument, he tells them, is the strongest in favour of the repeal of the Union, and this argument he summarises in the following sentence:—

The democracy of Great Britain will never consent to the prolonged coercion of the sister kingdom; the Irish democracy will never consent to forego the fulfilment of its national aspirations. We are brought, therefore, to a dead lock. From this dead lock there is one way of escape, and one way only, and that way is to be found in obeying the cardinal tenet of Liberalism, and in accepting the will of the Irish people as manifested by their elected representatives.

The argument is good enough; the only odd thing is that a man intelligent enough to write for the *Quarterly*, can at the same time regard this suggestion as a novel contribution which ought to be welcomed with gratitude by the Gladstonians. As a matter of fact, it has been dinned into our ears morning, noon, and night for the last seven years.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

There is not much else in the paper that is notable, excepting the reference to Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Balfour is too respectable a leader for the *Quarterly*, which exults over the temporary galvanising of Lord Randolph Churchill into a semblance of life. Writing on this subject, he says:—

During the last few months, he has been constantly before the public, addressing meeting after meeting in all the leading centres of political activity, and displaying once more the marvellous power of platform oratory, the exuberant energy, and the keen sympathy with popular sentiments and popular prejudices, which raised him to such high eminence, so gallantly won, so prematurely abandoned. That a singularly clear-sighted political observer, who has been content to remain so long in comparative obscurity, should consider that the campaign against Home Rule affords him a signal opportunity for recovering his past authority, is of ill-omen for the future of the Home Rule agitation.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

The following tribute to Mr. Chamberlain is not undeserved:—

The honours of the after Whitsuntide Session undoubtedly belong to the Liberal Unionist leader. In debating power, in clearness of statement, in vigour of attack and skill of defence, Mr. Chamberlain has proved himself more than a match for any speaker on the Liberal side, not excluding the Prime Minister himself. To detect the inconsistencies, anomalies, and absurdities of the Home Rule Bill, has been a work after his own heart; and the result of his investigation has been made known with an almost cruel lucidity. No doubt the strength of his case has made easier the work of a consummate advocate; but in addition, the marked contrast between Mr. Gladstone's involved sentences, ambiguous explanations, and irrelevant disquisitions, and Mr. Chamberlain's clear, plain, and simple style of oratory, has contributed in no small degree to the latter's success as a Parliamentary debater. People may dispute the soundness of Mr. Chamberlain's arguments, but everybody knows exactly what he means; his words are only capable of one, and that a straightforward explanation, and his oratory is always persuasive even when it is not absolutely conclusive. Granted life and health, he stands clearly marked out as likely to attain to the highest rank of English statesmanship, though under what combination or what programme he may work his way to the front still remains doubtful.

PASSING NOTES ON HOME RULE.

THE magazines, with the exception of the *Quarterly*, have not much to say worth quoting about Home Rule. Some eschew the subject altogether. Others publish more or less perfunctory dissertations upon the subject ending for little remark.

WILL HE DISSOLVE?

The *Edinburgh Review*, in its political article, concludes by demanding that, according to constitutional practice, the rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords should be followed by a dissolution. The reviewer says:—

According to every maxim of the Constitution, it will then be the duty of the Prime Minister either to resign or to dissolve Parliament. Upon the adoption of a "new constitution" it is for the people to decide. And we cannot believe that any desire to prolong the stay of a Ministry in office, or to seek party advantage by again obscuring the great issue upon which the country must be consulted, will be allowed to prevail over the sense of duty which in such a crisis ought to guide the Prime Minister in the advice he has to give to the Queen.

VARIOUS VIEWS OF THE GAG.

The three parliamentary papers on "The Gag and the Commons" with which the *New Review* opens, are poor. Mr. Russell's is dull. Mr. Redmayne's is chiefly interesting because of the following sentence:—

I deeply deplore the fact that any single clause of the Home Rule Bill should leave the House of Commons without discussion. A measure of this kind must be discussed in every particular before it can pass into law. If it be not thoroughly discussed now, it must be the next time; and what I feel most keenly about the whole matter is that had the Government acted sooner and acted upon different lines every single clause might have been adequately discussed by this time.

Lord Cranborne's is a trifle too exaggerated to command attention, as may be seen from the following sentence:—

Further a few more steps and we shall arrive at the system of representative institutions which exists in the black republic of Hayti, where, upon a change of Government, the practice is for the new Ministers to execute their predecessors in office.

THE COLONIES AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Sir Frederick Pollock, writing in the *National Review*, thinks that the retention of the Irish Members in the House of Commons will raise in the Colonial mind an aspiration to be represented at Westminster. Thus:—

A new and gigantic Redistribution Bill would have to be the first chapter of our new constitution for the British Empire. These difficulties, it may be said, are enormous; they are such as to show that the whole project is fantastic and unworkable. I am not at all concerned to dissent from this. It seems to me that some opportunity might as well have been allowed for perceiving and considering the difficulties before the House of Commons committed itself to a decision which, as I submit, puts the colonies quite within their rights if they choose to raise the question.

THERE is a very interesting article in the *English Historical Review* on the royal navy under Charles I. The sailor's lot in those days seems to have been very evil. Pay was in arrears, and the rations as often as not were lacking. The frightful neglect from which the sailors suffered had a great deal to do with the fact that with only one exception the entire navy took sides with Parliament against the King. Parliament paid the sailor liberally and punctually, and the sailors served it honestly and well.

THE NEXT STEP IN MEDICINE.

CURE BY SUGGESTION.

A VERY interesting paper by Dr. Myers and Mr. Myers upon "Mind Cure, Faith Cure, and the Miracles of Lourdes," appears in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*. It is a paper full of the luminous suggestions which characterise all Mr. Myers's writings in this field. The Messrs. Myers, of course, regard the cures of Lourdes and the Christian scientists in America as so many instances of cures by suggestion; but in their hands this is no weapon against the belief in the Divine Healer. The following passage eloquently expresses what many have for some time past more or less inarticulately felt:—

We seem on the eve of one more forward step along a road which medicine has long been pursuing. Our process has as a rule been from local to general treatment; from the *application* or *affusion* of external remedies on the diseased part to the *ingestion* of remedies through the stomach, and then on to the *injection* or *infusion* of remedies through the blood. We now propose to heal the patient's tissues, not through the stomach nor through the blood, but through the brain; to utilise the controlling and innervating, as we have utilised the diffusive and the peptic power. Affusion, ingestion, infusion, suggestion. At each step we touch the ill more intimately; we call more directly upon the patient's own inward forces to effect the needed change. We seem to see the great Church, like Nile after the route of Actium, "spreading broad her breast, and with her whole robe summoning the conquered into her sea-blue bosom and her shadowy stream." But dare we press the parallel further, and say that in Science we have an Actian Apollo, armed not only with darts that pierce through error, but with rays that illumine things to come? Can any new faith, as absolute, as reverent as the old, guide, like the old, its votaries to healing of body as well as soul?

Absolute as the old the new faith might perhaps become if psychological therapeutics should win their assured place by the side of physiological; if it should be recognised that here, too, our appeal is made to no chance caprice or uncertain favour, but to inflexible and eternal Law. Then, perhaps, the most scientific man would be the most confident, and it would be the sign of wisdom to seek self-healing with the directness of a child. Or is it possible that something beyond mere logical conviction may be needed for the profounder cure; that the self-healing must needs be felt to depend ultimately on something behind and above the Self? It may be that the inmost effort must still be a religious one, and that to change man deeply it needs a touch upon that mainspring deep in man. What, then, for such a purpose, must the religion of science mean? It must mean at least the ancient acceptance of the Universe as good, the ancient sense of the individual effort as co-operant with a vaster Power. If science can regain this sense for man she may do with him what she will. For she will have united with the wonder-solving analysis the wonder-working faith, and with the wisdom of the children of this world the wisdom of the children of light.

The paper is also remarkable on account of a narrative which is vouched for by a physician occupying an important scientific post on the continent of Europe. He is a *savant* of European reputation, and he declares that his wife has been controlled by the spirit of a deceased doctor, who was a personal friend of his, also a *savant* of European repute. This eminent physician has arrived at the following professional conclusion as to the reality of such medical controls:—

You ask me whether I consider these agents as belonging to the human type. Provisionally, Yes;—unless we admit that there exists, superposed upon our world, another world of beings distinct from humanity, but knowing it and studying it as we study the other regions of nature, and assuming for the sake of amusement or for some other motive the rôle of our departed friends.

JEW-BAITING IN IRELAND.

THE FIRST NOTE OF ANTI-SEMITISM.

ONE of the most important articles in the magazines last month has hitherto escaped attention. It is entitled "The Jew in Ireland," and appears in the *Lyceum*, the monthly organ of the Jesuits in Dublin. It is the first unmistakable note of alarm that has been sounded on the other side of the Irish Sea concerning the Jews, and it must therefore be regarded as somewhat important. Ireland has had many grievances, but if she is to have a new one in the shape of a Jewish invasion, she seems likely to have a fresh misery added to her secular grievances.

THE JEW MAN OF DUBLIN.

It will be news to most of our readers to learn that the number of Jews in Ireland tends constantly to increase:—

In Dublin, where they are settling in ever-increasing numbers, they do not gravitate towards the Coombe or the Liberties. They possess themselves rather of the quarter traversed by the South Circular Road. In this thoroughfare itself, and in the streets opening off, they have established a flourishing colony—so flourishing that for their religious needs a spacious synagogue has lately been built close by. In some of the streets that open off the South Circular Road one may walk along the pavement from end to end and hardly hear a word of English spoken by the children who are at play on the footpath. We are in as completely a Jewish quarter, as if we were wandering through some city of Poland or Southern Russia.

The Dublin Jew man, like the English tally-man, is already a familiar and somewhat dreaded social figure.

THE GOMBEEN MAN.

The Jew in Ireland, as in all other agricultural countries, is worming his way into the gombeen business. The *Lyceum* says:—

The danger to Irish social and economic life which the Jew seems likely to create promises to come from his gombeen propensities. Already he has begun as a petty trader, adopting amongst us the methods which have earned him unpopularity in Germany. We may notice him traversing the lanes of our cities, or visiting our country farm-houses when the "good man" is abroad and only the women of the household have to be dealt with. He carries bundles of cheap wares, or he is laden with pious pictures, or statues of the Christian Redeemer whose name and whose following he abhors. These objects he offers at prices which secure him a respectable profit, and which appear temptingly low to the purchaser, from the circumstance that the payment is spread over a considerable time.

And so it comes to pass that the Jew gets the unfortunate agriculturist into the meshes of his net. It is certainly an aggravation of the case that he should do so by peddling crucifixes and pictures of the Christian saints "on tick" to the Catholic peasantry. The *Lyceum* points significantly to the fact that the appearance of the Jew gombeen man occurred immediately after the creation of a mortgageable security in the farmer's holding.

"HEP, HEP!" IF—?

It will be replied, no doubt, that so far the number of Jewish gombeen men in Ireland is small.

They seem, however, to be sufficiently numerous to lead the *Lyceum* to devote an article to the question as to whether or not an anti-Semitic movement should not be started in Ireland. That we are not doing the conductors of *Lyceum* an injustice may be seen by perusing the closing paragraph of this remarkable article:—

To answer according to our lights the question with which we began, "Should the Jew be made welcome in Ireland?" we reply: If he will come to take a share in our

industries, to be an honest producer amongst us, to contribute by his labour to the general sum of our wealth, let him be welcome even though the field of labour amongst us is pretty well crowded already. But if he comes merely as a parasite, not to produce by labour in the field or the workshop, but to live upon the fruits of the labour of others, which he secures by the arts of doubtful traffic and dangerous money-lending, then let him not be more welcome here than he is among the peasants of Germany or among the labourers of France.

ETHEROMANIA.

In *Belford's Monthly Magazine* for July, Dr. Alexandre Guérin, of Paris, declares that family physicians by advising the inhaling of ether to drive away headaches or to quiet the restlessness of an over-wrought nervous system, are establishing the vice of etheromania. Dr. Guérin spent some months in Ireland studying the disease. Monsieur Sauvet thus describes his experience of inhaling ether for four minutes:—

At first I felt a sudden sharpening of the power of memory: utterly forgotten facts and details came back to me with a vividness well-nigh incredible. A friend whom I kept in the room as a witness of the experiment, now pinched me black and blue without causing me the least pain. A minute later I felt I was entering the realm of delirium: a waltz sings in my ears, so entrancingly clear that I begin dancing round the room, hugging a chair as my partner. My eyes see living human beings in every design of carpet and wall-paper; now I am gazing upon the distinct outlines of a little black woman, leisurely walking up and down the piano at the further end of the room. Then the excitement grows fast, and almost furious. At the end of twenty minutes the intoxication caused by these two hundred and forty seconds of inhalation of etheric vapours vanishes, and leaves behind it with a strange weariness and almost stupor, the impression of an exquisite dream.

That is the beginning of it, but the end of it is far different.

Etheromaniacs left entirely to themselves, rapidly increase the dose, and give to their nervous system a series of shocks that are not long shattering it beyond all remedy. Some of them, under the influence of the drug, commit crimes that cause their arrest and conviction, or dissipate their private fortune with the same recklessness that induces them to throw to the winds their health, and often their reason. In many cases the life of an etheromaniac ends in shame, as well as in unutterable sorrow, for those who love him.

Etheromaniacs of a milder type, wise enough to keep their passion within bounds, invariably lose their appetite, grow thin and restless, are afflicted with insomnia, with trembling of the limbs, with failing of sight and hearing. They cease to care for either their profession or their friends, become morose and capricious in their temper—in a word, lose the very taste of life outside of the "artificial paradise" they have created for themselves at the expense of all that is noble, manly, and respected.

An Interviewing Press Association.

THE latest development of journalistic enterprise in London is the formation of what is described as the "National Interviewing Association," which has its headquarters at 117, Fleet Street, and is edited by Mr. Richard son, who, like the editor of the *Evening News and Post* and myself, is an old member of the staff of the *Northern Echo* at Darlington. The interview, in the opinion of the founders of this association, has become essential to every well conducted newspaper, but as most of the people to be interviewed live in London, provincial newspapers are at a disadvantage. Therefore this association has come into existence in order to interview political, scientific, social and industrial experts and leading men, for the benefit of such provincial papers as will subscribe to the association.

THE LOSS OF THE "VICTORIA."

BY ADMIRAL HORNBY.

Most people will turn first to the article in the *Fortnightly*, on the loss of the *Victoria*, by Admiral Hornby. It is, however, rather a slight paper; the drift of it is to minimise the feelings of dismay and of misery caused by the catastrophe. Admiral Hornby is quite sure that the best admiral in our "Navy List" could not possibly have forgotten the paramount necessity for keeping the columns of the fleet at their proper distance, excepting on the hypothesis of sudden illness. Notwithstanding the danger to which the policy of implicit obedience is liable, Admiral Hornby is certain that if the whole navy were polled, they would prefer to stick to one admiral and one order. Admiral Hornby thinks that if the *Camperdown* had turned so as to form close to the *Victoria*, astern of her or on her quarter, she would have obeyed the admiral's signal and also the signal book's instructions. No such manœuvring as Sir George ordered is to be found in the signal book, and the use of the special signals employed on that occasion seems to show how far Sir George must have been from himself. He maintains that the gridiron movement is quite safe. As to the moral of the disaster, he thinks it does not prove anything against the stability of the ship which was built in order to give seamen steady platforms from which to fight the guns in sea-way. As for the vulnerability to ramming, that also concerns him little; ships are built to ram, not to be rammed, and they ought to trust to their skill in manœuvring to avoid that danger.

Sir Thomas Symonds, writing in the same review, says that he would eliminate from the signal book all signals ordering ships to turn inwards towards each other.

Admiral Hornby does not confine himself to the *Fortnightly Review*. He has written a much better article in the *United Service Magazine*. He repeats his conviction that Sir George Tryon must have been ill of the fever; but even as it was he cannot understand how the captain of the *Camperdown* failed to avoid the *Victoria*. He is much impressed with the absence of that spirit of mutual assistance and friendly banter that used to characterise the Mediterranean when he commanded the fleet there. He says he is sure that if he had made Admiral Tryon's mistake, with hardly an exception each captain would have kept clear of the flagship and safe, and my good friend Admiral Tryon at the head would have shaved the flagship so near as to take a rise out of the chief. The following reminiscences add a personal touch of interest to the article:—

Knowing one another, and interested in one another, it is surprising how casualties are avoided in fleets, and it is more likely to prevent them, or minimise them, than anything else. I carry two such instances very pleasantly in the memory of my last commission in the Mediterranean. It was the custom there from time to time to order the lieutenants of ships to handle them during tactics, and signal was made desiring the captains "not to interfere except

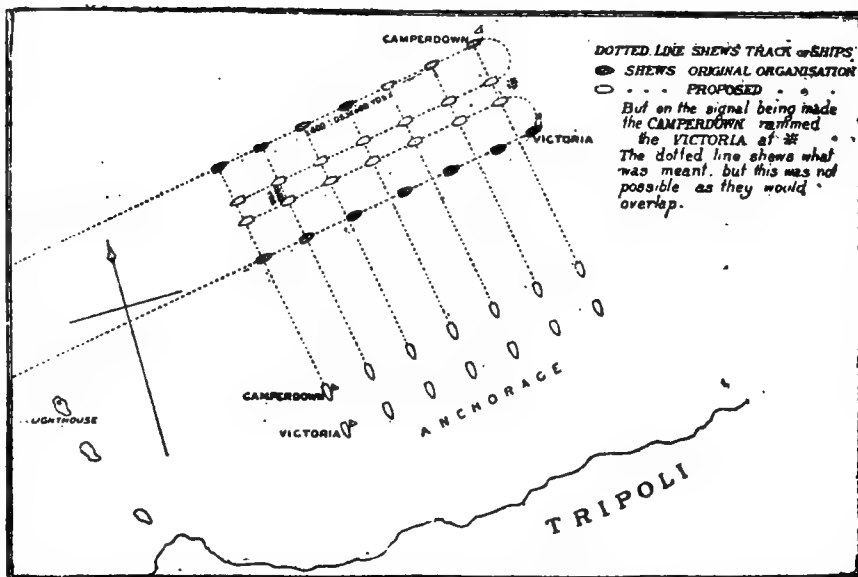
to avoid collisions." One day, when this had been done, a lieutenant of the *Achilles* misunderstood a signal, and placed his ship in such a position that a collision with the flagship was inevitable. Then the two captains resumed charge, and showed the whole squadron a little bit of sailing that must have delighted every seaman in it. Quietly and gently the two big ships were laid alongside one another, as if the most practised home port pilot had been laying each alongside a jetty. The damage done was trifling—a boat squeezed, the rail of a ladder broken, and a plate in the *Achilles'* side split by the blade of the flagship's screw. It showed how accurately the ships could work together. On another occasion the flag-ship got on a shoal in the Dardanelles in a snowstorm. Without delay her next astern, the *Sultan*, ranged up alongside, let go her anchor, and sent the cable to the stranded ship to heave off by. Such friendly competition and assistance gives that complete confidence in one another, that sense of solidarity, of being bound together, that adds so much to the moral strength of the whole and makes squadron life so pleasant. It is, in my opinion, in that direction that the efforts of every officer in the Mediterranean Fleet should be turned, to restore the mutual confidence that late events may have impaired. They have lost a chief who they know can never be surpassed, but he may be equalled. The Admiralty have taken the best means in their power to insure such a consummation.

Sir G. Phipps Hornby's conclusion is as follows:—

At present I submit that there is a blot to be wiped out. The disaster might have been avoided by more confidence and decision, as it was avoided in one of the cases I have mentioned. Officers are expected to have opinions of their own, and to act on them when emergencies may arise. The possibility of doing serious damage to a consort is a chief emergency, and any step promptly taken that averted the collision would have been in accord with the instructions of the Signal Book.

It looks to an old Mediterranean cruiser as if two things were wanting: first, the quick appreciation of facts that comes from continuous work in large squadrons; and secondly, the celerity of individual movement for which Sir George was striving.

The rest of the magazines do not publish any articles on the subject. They are probably waiting for the verdict of the court martial, which came too late for comment this month.



PLAN OF THE POSITION OF THE SQUADRON AND THE ATTEMPTED MANŒUVRE.

THE DUTY OF LOOKING NICE.

By THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEAVENLY TWINS."

THERE is a very charming article by Mrs. Grand, the author of "The Heavenly Twins," in the *Humanitarian*.

It is entitled "The Moral and Manners of Appearance," but the right title is "The Duty that is incumbent upon all advanced women of being as pretty as they know how."

I ventured to say something like this at a drawing-room-meeting in Edinburgh in spring, and was kindly taken to task by the prettiest lady present, who certainly could not have taken to herself any of my observations, for she was not only extremely good looking, but remarkably well dressed.

Mrs. Grand declares that advanced women do not pay enough attention to their appearance, and she even goes so far as to say that women might have had the suffrage a long time ago if some of the first fighters for it, some of the strong ones, had not been unprepossessing women. These two or three were held up everywhere as an awful warning of what the whole sex would become if they got the suffrage, and instead of argument, people used to say, "If you only saw the old harridans, their dress, and their manners, who are agitating for the suffrage, it would be enough. If women are to look like that when they get the suffrage, then defend me from it."

Of course, this is small-minded and absurd, but we have to take facts as they are, and Mrs. Grand does us

good service in insisting upon the duty of paying attention to outward appearances. But she bids the reformers go to school in this respect with the woman of the world, of whom she has a great deal to say that is unpleasant, but who has the saving gift of trying to make herself agreeable. Mrs. Grand says:—

What we want is the credit of having improved manners, not the odium of having corrupted them. We ourselves know, but the world does not recognise, and, therefore, must be taught, that it is not amongst us advanced women that the worst manners are to be found. For vulgarity, for boldness, for folly, ignorance, want of principle, petty weakness, intrigue, and positive vice, you must go to the average society woman. Her one motive is self-seeking. She is a bad wife, a bad mother, and a false friend. For intellect she has a fair supply of shrewdness and cunning; for religion, a rotten conglomerate of emotional superstitions that do not improve her conduct; for virtue, the hope of not being found out; while for charity, good feeling, modesty, and every womanly attribute, she substitutes tact—the tact to respond outwardly to what she sees is required of her by different people. The first accomplishment she acquires is the art of knowing what not to say. She is never aggressive, never opinionated; and, although she is quietly persistent, she never commits the mistake of being actively insistent. She listens and observes and bides her time—and she gets what she wants:



From a photograph]

MRS. GRAND.

[by H. S. Mendelssohn.

in which respect it is obvious that she is far superior to us whose motives and whose disinterestedness no one can honestly question. In a word the society woman has her good points. She cultivates what we too often scorn to consider, that is, charm of manner, that way of doing things

which does not ruffle anybody's temper or irritate them into opposition.

Mrs. Grand discusses the question as to how it is that advanced women should be careless about their appearance, and she lays the sin at the door of the old fathers at the church, who used to regard beauty and women as a dangerous addition to the resources of the Evil One. She says :—

We are so steeped in ecclesiasticism that those of us who desire to ennoble our lives and do some good in our time, generally begin, without asking why or wherefore, by despising our own personal appearance and neglecting to cultivate such attractions as we may have. This is such a matter of course, that when you describe a woman as earnest, ninety-nine people out of a hundred will immediately conclude that she is also a fright. And in this way earnestness is discredited, for there is a rooted objection in most minds to anything answering to that description, so that, by being inelegant, an earnest woman frustrates her own objects.

The following observations are very sound, and I heartily commend them to the attention of those who are doing their best to win every woman her rightful place in society and in the state :—

It has been said that principles rule the world, but at short distances the senses are despotic. When we speak, the range is a short distance, and it is then especially that fine feelings, rather than fine words, call forth the finer feelings of an audience. There are people who change the feeling of a room the moment they appear in it; it is as if they exhaled something magnetic that soothes the wearing passions.

We are sentient beings, and emotion is a factor to be reckoned with. It would seem, therefore, to be the bounden duty of every worker in a good cause to study the art of being prepossessing, and it is difficult to conceive anything more disastrously foolish than for women, at this critical period of their progress, to endanger their chances of success by being careless of the effect of their personal appearance, or by neglecting the cultivation of charms of manner, when the use of these two powerful auxiliaries is beyond question a good use.

On no account leave the heart out of your calculations. There are people who endeavour to travel on their heads (as the Americans phrase it), while their hearts contract, and the consequence is that their harshness repels much oftener than their cleverness convinces. To succeed all round, you must invite the eye, you must charm the ear, you must excite an appetite for the pleasure of knowing you and hearing you by acquiring that delicate aroma, the reputation of being a pleasing person, and then you will be well on the way to satisfy the palates of those who test the quality of your opinions. We may be sure that, if manners make the man, they will make the woman too.

The Ordination of the Elders.

Our numerous Scottish readers who love the Kirk of their ain country will be glad to hear that a very faithful reproduction of the painting by Mr. J. H. Lorimer, A.R.S.A., entitled "The Ordination of the Elders in a Scottish Kirk," has been published by Aitken Dott and Co., of Edinburgh. It is a large plate, suitable for framing, and the reproduction has been made by the Swan Electric Engraving Company. The picture itself is full of human interest. The venerable, grey-haired pastor, standing with uplifted hands beneath the kirk pulpit, and the six grave and reverent elders at the table who, with bowed heads and closed eyes, are being ordained to the service of the kirk, form a most striking and impressive group. The London agents of the publishers are Obach and Co., in Cockspur Street, S.W.

HOW TO CELEBRATE A NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE, in the *Forum* for July, suggests the following improved method of celebrating the American National Fête. As many of her suggestions are equally applicable to many countries where National Fêtes are celebrated, I quote the following :—

On the evening of July 3rd, quiet gatherings in halls or churches, in which the true love of country should be explained and illustrated. How many a name, half or wholly forgotten, would then be recalled from oblivion, and with it the labour and sacrifice of some noble life, some example precious for the community!

The morning of the fourth to be ushered in by martial music, and a military display sufficient to recall the services of the brave men who gave our fathers liberty. At ten o'clock orations in various public buildings, the ablest speakers of the Commonwealth doing their best to impart the lesson of the day. At one a Spartan feast, wholesome and simple. No liquor to be served thereat, and none to be sold during the day. From twelve to half-past four in the afternoon, I would have exercises for the children of the public schools, examination of classes in American history, prizes given for essays on historical and patriotic subjects. Later, a gathering in public gardens, and a tea, with fruit and flowers, served for the children of the city. In the evening, the singing of national anthems, *tableaux vivants* and fireworks, and in some form, a pastoral benediction.

To these exercises I would add the signing of a pledge of good citizenship. We take much pains, and not unwisely, to persuade men and women to sign a pledge of total abstinence from alcoholic liquors. But why should we not go further than this, and lead them to pledge themselves to some useful service in the community? I would have the history of other Republics brought forward on this day, and especially, the heroic struggles of our own time. Among these, I would certainly accord a place to the story of the great-hearted men to whom Italy owes her freedom. And I would if I could compel the attendance of our men and women of fashion upon lectures in which the true inwardness of European society should be exposed, and the danger shown of the follies and luxurious pomp which they delight in imitating, and which, however aesthetically adorned and disguised, are for us a lead in the pathway of moral and intellectual deterioration.

I would have the great political offences of the century fitly shown, the crimes of Louis Napoleon, the rapacious wars of Germany, France, and England, the wicked persecution of the Jews. Now that we are nearing the close of our nineteenth century, it becomes most important for us that its historic record should be truly rehearsed, its great saints and sinners characterised, its wonderful discoveries and inventions explained.

I had at one time a plan of my own, of setting apart one day in the year as a Mother's Day. This festival was to be held in the interest of a world's peace, and for quite a number of years it was so observed by groups of women in various parts of the country. It now occurs to me that we should make our Fourth of July a Mother's as well as a Father's day. In the public programme of every town throughout our vast Commonwealth, women should have some word to say and some part to play. And as in the forms of oratory with which we are familiar, much is made of what the world owes to America, we might suggest that our women speakers might especially bring forward the antithesis of this question, in another, *viz.*, What America owes to the world.

The suggestion as to signing pledges of good citizenship is one which might be taken up with advantage elsewhere than in America.

NATIONAL LIFE AND CHARACTER.

MR. PEARSON REPLIES TO HIS CRITIC.

MR. PEARSON'S book on "National Life and Character" has attracted such widespread attention, and has been so favourably reviewed everywhere, that most readers will turn to his answer to some critics with which Mr. Pearson begins the new number of the *Fortnightly*. Mr. Pearson retorts to the *Spectator*, which has accused him of despairing of God's Providence, by reminding his critic that such a thing is different from a belief in national or personal prosperity. He then elaborates once more the reasons which he has for believing that the armaments and commerce and forces of China and India may yet dominate the world. He repudiates the accusation that he has failed to recognise the possibilities of North America and of Australia, but the chief part of his article is devoted to a vindication of his contention

that a Church recognising the existence of believers only and working for a life beyond the grave, is bound to be inexorable in its ideal, and to admit of no compromises with human frailty, and that precisely on this account it is unfitted for the task of governing fallible men and women.

THE CHURCH IN POLITICS.

Replying to the objections of some of his clerical critics, he asks:—

What has the great political influence which the Church wielded been employed to effect during the present century? Did the bishops or the Church support the removal of religious disabilities from Protestant Nonconformists or from Roman Catholics, or from Hebrews? did they help to carry negro emancipation? did they lend their aid to the cause of national education? were they on the side of liberty in the one critical struggle of our own times, the war of North against South in America? is it in them the Temperance party finds its chief allies? or to them that the Labour party looks for advocacy? Scores of admirable clergymen have helped in every one of these great battles for right, but the mass of their clerical brethren have been steadily on the side of vested interests, and half unconsciously no doubt, for whatever commended their organisation to favour with the classes. Therefore, if it is a question whether the State may not advantageously supersede the Churches in some matters that seem to be rather moral than political, it is surely a possible conclusion from past history that the Churches have not deserved so well of society that they should divide the ordering of life with the civil power.

HOW THE STATE IS SUPERSEDING THE CHURCH.

He is careful to point out, however, that while deprecating the substitution of the Church for the State as the governing authority, his objection is purely political. He says:—

I believe the Church, in its true sense—that is, the great body of Christians bound together by a living faith—can never be superseded by the civil order for the discharge of peculiar work. Where I hesitate is from a purely political point of view. I have seen a system of primary education made so perfect as very much to destroy even the desire for the higher culture; and it is a commonplace of criticism that work which has every distinction but that of genius may be so excellent that the world acquiesces in it as sufficient. Would it be so very unnatural if the State that has gradually assimilated much of Christianity into its own system should end by appearing to the mass of men to give them all that they need? All those functions which civil society has gradually, and often reluctantly, taken into its own hands—education, the relief of poverty, the ordering of the marriage laws, the protection of women and children, the opening up of careers to honourable ambition—are a large part of what constituted the strength of the Church in old times.

THE APOLOGIST PLEA OF THE PESSIMIST.

Mr. Pearson concludes his article as follows:—

Let us bear in mind that changes for good may sometimes assist in producing results which it is usual to ascribe to a laxer morality. The cry for divorce in our own times has been raised partly because the higher ideal of marriage which public morality enforces does not allow it to be relieved even in the man by occasional libertinage; and partly because the modern wife is very properly not as tolerant of rivals as the ladies of only a century ago were. It is impossible to regret the higher tone of public opinion among ourselves; but surely it is allowable to point out that society is losing something which, on the whole, worked well in past times, as it gradually parts with the old conception of the family. Neither here nor in the very similar case of the decreasing influence of religion can I suggest a remedy. The State, though it seems to me to deserve all reverence and love when it lives up to its magnificent possibilities, cannot even hold the highest ideal, much less attempt to force it upon men and women. They must be left to order household life very much as they will, to think fearlessly, to believe, to doubt, or to deny, as their reasoning powers and their conscience demand of them. May not a man, who does not presume to say how society should be reconstructed or faith purified, do a little good work if he shows that we are not destined to stumble upon a millennium by mere effluxion of time, or by some blind force which we call "progress" impelling us?

Mr. Pearson as a Prophet.

MR. PEARSON'S famous book is the text of an essay upon "National Life and Character" in the *Quarterly*. The reviewer cannot accept Mr. Pearson's forecast as a true prophecy. Speaking of his book, he says:—

Instructive and suggestive as it is, in many ways, it seems to us chiefly notable as a sign of the times. That so candid, considerate, and comprehensive an intellect should take it for granted that Christianity is behind the age, that it has done its work, and can no longer be reckoned a great power in the world's order, surely may make us pause. We want a deeper, a broader, a more vital, a more ideal apprehension of Christianity than is common among us. We want an exposition of it which will harmonise and consecrate all that is new and undeniable in the current knowledge. Thus, and thus only, can its teachers satisfy that craving after law which has driven so many into Atheism, and that longing for a personal union with the Infinite and Eternal which is the root of Pantheism.

A Church View of Mr. Pearson.

THE writer of the article in the *Church Quarterly Review*, on "The Hope of Humanity," says that Mr. Pearson's forecast of national life and character is one of the most pessimistic volumes that has appeared of late years, although at the same time one of the most interesting. The reviewer says:—

His "open eyes," like those of Freedom, "desire the truth," and nothing but the truth. We may, however, be permitted to doubt whether some regenerating influences, and some factors moral and physical, too complex, perhaps, to be visible until a few more pages in the book of destiny have been turned, have not eluded his scrutiny. However, our thanks are due to Mr. Pearson for having produced a most suggestive and valuable work. It is a book every page of which teems with thought, and raises many more questions of vital interest than could be dealt with adequately within these limits. It is a serious attempt to foreshadow some of the next scenes in the world's drama, and to weigh exactly the probable losses of modern life and character against their gains.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* Eugenia Skelding writes an appreciative paper upon Miss Clough, the first Principal of Newnham College.

HOW THE SLAVE TRADE BEGAN.

THE STORY TOLD BY MR. FROUDE.

IN *Longman's Magazine* for August Mr. Froude publishes the second part of his paper on "English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century." The most interesting part is devoted to his account of how the slave trade began. The founder of the slave trade was Sir John Hawkins, the representative of a solid, middle-class Devonshire family. He stuck to business, traded with Spanish ports without offending the Spaniards, and while trading with the Canaries heard a great deal about the West Indies and the profits that might be made from supplying negroes to the Spanish settlers. He was intimately acquainted with the Guinea coast, and knew well how easily a human cargo could be obtained.

ITS PHILANTHROPIC ORIGIN.

Mr. Froude points out that the original suggestion of introducing negroes into the West Indian Islands emanated from the philanthropic Bishop Casas, who suggested it as a means of saving the remnant of the Indian tribes. The prisoners taken in negro war with Africa were usually massacred; if they could be enslaved their lives would be saved, and there was a chance that they might all become Christianised and civilised:—

The experiment was tried and seemed to succeed. The negroes who were rescued from the Customs and were carried to the Spanish islands proved docile and useful. Portuguese and Spanish factories were established on the coast of Guinea. The black chiefs were glad to make money out of their wretched victims, and readily sold them. The transport over the Atlantic became a regular branch of business. Strict laws were made for the good treatment of the slaves on the plantations. The trade was carried on under license from the government, and an import duty of thirty ducats per head was charged on every negro that was landed. I call it an experiment. The full consequences could not be foreseen, and I cannot see that as an experiment it merits the censures which in its later developments it eventually came to deserve. Las Casas, who approved of it, was one of the most excellent of men. Our own Bishop Butler could give no decided opinion against negro slavery as it existed in his time. It is absurd to say that ordinary merchants and ship captains ought to have seen the infamy of a practice which Las Casas advised and Butler could not condemn.

A SPANISH MONOPOLY.

The Home Government of Spain and Portugal claimed a right of monopoly in the trade. The Spaniards in the Canaries suggested to Hawkins that he would be very heartily welcomed if he would undertake to smuggle negroes into the West Indies. Mr. Froude points out that Mr. Hawkins could not be blamed for cutting into a traffic already established, which was sanctified by the Church, and to which no objection had been raised anywhere on the score of morality. Hawkins formed an African Company of the leading citizens of London, and fitted out three small ships, which sailed in 1562. These vessels picked up three hundred negroes at Sierra Leone, and sold them to a great profit in San Domingo. The Spanish Government, terrified at his intrusion into the West Indies, confiscated the cargo of hides in which he had invested the profits of his slave trading; and thus began the quarrel, which Hawkins improved and developed, until the English had established a regular slave trade with the Spanish Indies.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AS SLAVE-TRADER.

Elizabeth lent Hawkins the *Jesus*, a large ship of her own of 700 tons, and took shares in the second African Company. She not only equipped the ship, but put 100

soldiers on board to provide for contingencies. On the second voyage Hawkins bought 400 negroes, and had a narrow escape of losing them owing to lack of water when he was near the equator; but as he piously recorded in his log, "The Almighty God would not suffer his elect to perish," and sent a breeze which carried them safe to Dominica. This was the beginning of the slave trade, which lasted for more than two centuries before it was finally suppressed.

The Programme of a Christian Economist.

THE *Review of the Churches* noticing Dr. Washington Gladden's recent work, "Tools and the Man," thus summarises Dr. Gladden's programme:—

Beyond the limits of *laissez faire* he advocates the following extensions of the sphere of government:—

1. Free education in State schools.
 2. Sanitary supervision, securing pure air and water for all the people.
 3. Discouragement, if not extirpation, of parasites on industry, viz., criminals, paupers, gamblers, and gambling speculators.
 4. Suppression of the saloon and of the liquor interest generally.
 5. Prohibition of Sunday labour: "the liberty of rest for each requires the law of rest for all."
 6. Limitation of hours of labour in some callings if not in all; protection of the liberty of most against the tyranny of a few.
 7. Efficient sanitary inspection of factories, workshops, and mines.
 8. Peace-making—(1) in all industrial disputes, by models and suggestions, permissive legislation, appointment of district tribunals; by compelling all quasi-public corporations to submit their disputes to such tribunals; and (2) arbitration treaties with every other nation.
 9. State control, as of the Post-office, of telegraphs, railroads, street railways, gas, electric light, and all virtual monopolies; for their exactions come properly under the head, not of trade, but of taxation, and there should be "no taxation without representation."
 10. Control of the economic monster known as "trust," "syndicate," etc.
- Sharp limitation of the amount of land which any individual is allowed to control.
- Heavy taxation upon all legacies exceeding a certain sum.
- Parting counsel is given to the reader to remember that Christianity is more than a law; it is a spirit and a life. "We need better methods; still more do we need better men. Bad philosophy has slain its thousands, but bad temper its tens of thousands."

Some Grievances of Working Women.

MISS HELEN CAMPBELL, in the *Arena*, refers thus to two great grievances of women workers, which grievances, alas! are by no means confined to the United States:—

The question of seats for saleswomen comes up periodically, has been at some points legislated upon, and is, in most stores, ignored or evaded. "The girls look better—more as if they were ready for work," is the word of one employer, who frankly admitted that he did not mean they should sit; and this is the opinion acted upon by most. Insufficient time for meals is a universal complaint, and nine times out of ten the conveniences provided are insufficient for the numbers who must use them, and thus throw off offensive and dangerous effluvia. It is one of the worst evils in shop life, not only for Massachusetts but for the entire United States, that in all large stores, where fixed rules must necessarily be adopted, girls are forced to ask men for permission to go to closets, and often must run the gauntlet of men and boys. All physicians who treat this class testify to the fact that many become seriously diseased as the result of unwillingness to subject themselves to this ordeal.

WHAT WE HAVE TO COME TO.

THE DAY DREAM OF AN ASTRONOMER.

M. CAMILLE FLAMMARION, in the *Cosmopolitan* for July, carries his narrative of the last days of the world beyond the time when the collision with the comet so nearly destroyed our planet. His speculations as to the future of humanity are interesting. He calculates that in the year 3000 the population of the world had doubled, the population of the planet consisting of two thousand and ten millions of persons, all of whom spoke English, although there were many new words generally of Greek derivation. Long before the twenty-fifth century war had disappeared, and the first interesting part of his paper describes how this was brought about.

and the war budget was voted from year to year. It was then that the young girls resolved never to marry a man who had borne arms; and they kept their vow.

THE MARRY-NO-SOLDIER LEAGUE.

The early years of this league were trying ones, even for the young girls; for the choice of more than one fell upon some fine-looking officer, and, but for the universal reprobation, her heart might have yielded. There were, it is true, some desertions; but, as those who formed these marriages were from the outset despised and ostracised by society, they were not numerous. Public opinion was formed, and it was impossible to stem the tide.

For about five years there was scarcely a single marriage or union. Every citizen was a soldier, in France, in Germany, in Italy, in Spain, in every nation of Europe—all ready for a



M. AND MME. FLAMMARION.

HOW WOMEN ENDED WAR.

This good work was not brought about until the progress of destruction had made such strides that statisticians were able to prove that war regularly claimed forty million victims per century, or eleven hundred per day without truce or intermission. This blessed result was not attained until the middle of the twenty-fourth century.

Under the inspiration of a woman of spirit, a league was formed of the mothers of Europe, for the purpose of educating their children, especially their daughters, to a horror of the barbarities of war.

In a single generation this rational education had freed the young from this remnant of animalism, and inculcated a sentiment of profound horror for all which recalled the barbarism of other days. Still, governments refused to disarm,

confederation of states, but ever recoiling before questions represented by the national flag. The women held their ground; they felt that truth was on their side, that their firmness would deliver humanity from the slavery which oppressed it, and that they could not fail of victory. To the passionate oburgations of certain men they replied: "No! we will have nothing more to do with fools"; and, if this state of affairs continued, they had decided to keep their vow, or to emigrate to America, where, centuries before, the military system had disappeared.

The most eloquent appeals for disarmament were made at every session to the committee of administrators of the state, formerly called deputies or senators.

VICTORY IN FIVE YEARS.

Finally, after a lapse of five years, face to face with this wall of feminine opposition, which, day by day, grew stronger and more impregnable, the deputies of every country, as if animated by a common motive, eloquently advocated the

cause of women, and that very week disarmament was voted in Germany, France, Italy, Austria and Spain.

It was spring-time. There was no disorder. Innumerable marriages followed. Russia and England had held aloof from the movement, the suffrage of women in these countries not having been unanimous. But as all the states of Europe were formed into a republic the ensuing year, uniting in a single confederated state, on the invitation of the government of the United States of Europe, these two great nations also decreed a gradual disarmament.

As a result, taxation went down by nine-tenths, everyone breathed freely; bureaucracy was practically dispensed with, and civilisation may be said to have had, for the first time, a fair chance.

SOME SCIENTIFIC SPECULATIONS.

The following are some of the changes which M. Flammarion thinks may be brought about. The metric system of weights and measures was universal; there was only one kind of money in circulation; one meridian, and that was of Greenwich. France had disappeared in the twenty-eighth century, Italy in the twenty-ninth, Germany in the thirty-second, while England had spread over the surface of the ocean. All forests had been destroyed. Meteorology enabled the weather to be predicted with absolute accuracy. Aerial navigation was universal, custom-houses disappeared, electricity had taken the place of steam, and all generally was founded upon the progress of astronomy—an observation which comes naturally from an astronomer. The legal rate of interest had fallen to one-half per cent. Animals were no longer slaughtered for food; chemists manufactured all that was required from the air, water, and vegetables. Nourishment was absorbed by the mouth in exquisite drinks, fruits, cakes and pills.

Agricultural products were manufactured by electricity; hydrogen was extracted from sea-water; the energy of waterfalls and tides was utilised for lighting purposes at a distance; the solar rays, stored in summer, were distributed in winter, and the seasons had almost disappeared, especially since the introduction of heat wells, which brought to the surface of the soil the seemingly inexhaustible warmth of the earth's interior.

THE NEW HUMANS.

Many changes had been brought about in the human body. Women's heads had grown bigger and their bodies smaller, and the same change was also observable in men. There was only one race throughout the whole world; there was only one religion—the voice of an enlightened conscience—and the whole world was under one general government. All the wild animals had disappeared from the earth, and whales and seals had vanished from the sea. Mankind had acquired a seventh sense—the electric sense—and the eighth or psychic sense, by which communication at a distance became possible. By the aid of an instrument called the telephonoscope everything that happened anywhere in the world could be seen and heard simultaneously all over the planet. By the cultivation of psychic science latent faculties of the soul had been discovered, mind acted rapidly upon mind at a distance; communication was opened up, first with Mars, second with Venus, and thirdly with Jupiter. Medicine had been transformed by hypnotism, magnetism, and psychic observation, and telepathy had become a great science.

A NEW WORLD.

The capital of the world was a new Athens which had been on the shores of Lake Michigan; Lisbon had been destroyed by the sea; Madrid, Rome, Naples and Florence were in ruins; Paris shared the same fate. Chinese to

the number of a thousand millions spread over Western Europe; their principal capital stretched like an endless street from Bordeaux to Toulouse. Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Versailles and Rouen had sunk below the sea level, and were covered with water. In the eighty-fifth century Paris was covered with water to the height of the towers of Notre Dame. China was submerged, the bottom of the Atlantic had risen to the surface, a portion of the United States had disappeared, and a continent rose in the place of Oceanica. The duration of human life was prolonged to one hundred and fifty years; youth lasted nearly a hundred years. The human race reached its apogee, and for a hundred thousand years remained at its zenith; then a gradual decline began.

HOW THE WORLD WILL END.

The quantity of water in the world began to decrease, the great ocean disappeared, the only remaining seas were confined to the tropics, there were no more mountains, no more condensers of snow, all vegetation changed, and the earth's rotation became slower, the day lasting one hundred and ten hours. As this is not going to happen for ten million years we do not need to be very much alarmed. What is going to happen after that M. Flammarion will tell us in the August number of the *Cosmopolitan*.

Mail Steamers.

MR. W. J. GORDON continues his most instructive and fact-crammed series of papers on "The Way of the World at Sea" in the *Leisure Hour* by an article devoted to the mails. He began by telling the story of how the *Campania*, with 30,000 horse-power, beating the *Paris*, with 18,500, by nearly six hours. She passed the Fastnet in 5 days 17 hours and 27 minutes from Sandy Hook, which was 24 hours better than the previous best. He then goes on to gossip about the mail carriers of the world. The P. and O., out of a series of 500 deliveries, had only seven cases of trifling unpunctuality. The Australian mail steamers pay £100 a day fine for every day beyond the contract limit. The Indian and Chinese mails are fined £100 for every twelve hours' delay. The Queensland mail is fined £5 an hour for delay, and is allowed fifty-six days for the journey. The Holyhead and Kingstown boats are fined 34s. for every minute that they are late, their time allowed being four hours and seven minutes to Kingstown, and four hours and two minutes back to Holyhead. The Irish mail boats receive £95,000 a year subsidy—only £4,000 less than is paid for all the North American mails from Queenstown to New York. France pays two of her steamship lines a million a year. The largest sum paid on English lines is the £265,000 given to the P. and O. The bridge on the Atlantic liner is sixty-five feet above the water-line, and the crow's nest is thirty-five feet above that again; so that the look-out is fifteen miles in front, which is only twenty minutes ahead, if another ship is approaching at the same rate.

In the *Palestine Exploration Fund* there is an announcement of a new discovery of tablets of burnt clay at Tell el Hesi, which have brought to light correspondence from Consuls and Governors of Syrian towns with the Kings of Egypt as far back as 1400 B.C. The most interesting paper in the number is Mr. Baldensperger's "Answers to Questions" about the "Peasant Folk-lore of Palestine."

AN EVENING WITH PAUL VERLAINE.

BY A SCANDINAVIAN ADMIRER.

Tilskueren has a bright article from the pen of Sophus Claussen entitled "A Night with Paul Verlaine." From beginning to end it is so full of lively enthusiasm, and so vivid in its descriptiveness, that one walks along, step by step, with the light-hearted Sophus and his friend, through the mild damp January eve, to the crowded café, *Soleil d'Or*, in the Quartier Latin, and takes one's place with them at one of the little tables under the dim gas-jets to sing and drink ale with the gifted Bohemian-hearted writers of *La Plume*—the very air pregnant with mirth and geniality, though it is one cloud of tobacco smoke and everyone's clothes are wet or damp. It is the kingdom of Paul Verlaine, this "Golden Sun" café in the heart of the Latin Quarter. He is known and loved by all—the penniless writer-hero who sleeps among vagabonds "too rich in soul to keep earthly goods above an hour—too great and good for the Academy!"

Paul Verlaine does not present himself this evening before his disciples and worshippers until late. But while we wait, we get steeped to the fingertips in the liveliness about us. Over there in the distance we see Mons. Deschamps, the editor of *La Plume*, with a genial and a happy smile about his lips; and a sprinkling there is of the fair sex, too. All feet are lovingly beating time to the song that rolls boisterously up around us:—

"Chantons, chantons comme Verlaine!
En avant!
Nous avons du talent!"

By-and-by Paul Verlaine himself arrives. A wonderful head! In his face an expression of anxiety "older than the flood," but for the rest, a bearing and a personality so instinct with ease and glorification, that one thinks at once of some old Greek philosopher—Socrates, whom, indeed, he resembles in the massive brow and the little turned-up nose. White linen and dainty clothes he knows not of. His dress is all awry, with torn button-holes minus the buttons, and from beneath the grey beard peeps a grey wool shirt by no means clean. He is at once the centre of an adoring crowd. A sixty-two-year-old red-beard, with a disciple-mien such as may have belonged to Simon of the Scriptures, bends down and rubs the Master's back with his own coat-tails, for the great philosophical cloak—the only decent garment Père Verlaine carries—is soiled with two great patches of street dirt.

Père Verlaine takes no heed of him, save to shrug his shoulders between whiles when the cleansing operation becomes too violent: "That's enough, Bibi! that's enough!"

In a moment Sophus Claussen and his friend are brought forth by Mons. Deschamps to be introduced to this lion of lyrics as a couple of Danish admirers—Sophus Claussen being presented with a grave, earnest respect that makes him quite ashamed of himself, as "the Danish translator of Baudelaire." But alas! Père Verlaine knows even less of Denmark than he knows of clean linen.

"I too," he observes politely, "have been in Holland. I lectured in Amsterdam—most lovable people!"

In vain do the two Danes seek to put him right and pilot his thoughts a little further north. If they are not Hollanders, "they are still Swedes all the same."

A long enthusiastic talk of Baudelaire, and then it is time to quit *Le Soleil d'Or*.

From café to café then they drive, through the Students' Quarter, and from each are turned out at closing-time.

Later on, leaning over a table in a little café, he tells his "Holland" friends some amusing anecdotes.

"There's one good girl—an old friend," he says, gesticulating with his arms, "who takes care of me at times, gives me clean linen, and defends me when folks speak ill of me. 'Oh, now, really he is not so bad,' she says, 'he wears a high hat.' One day this girl says to me, 'How like François you are!' 'Do you mean Frans the First?' I asked. No, she meant François Coppée, my colleague, member of the Academy, and she knew him well, too. 'He has spoken of you,' she says. 'Of me?' said I. 'Yes, of you,' answers this girl-child, 'for he's not a bit proud, you know.'"

THE VARIETY ARTISTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

In the *Nouvelle Revue* of July 15th, M. de la Marche describes the male and female variety artists (*Joculateurs*) of the Middle Ages. As early as 1321 the French strolling players could boast of their own Corporation or Guild. They had their special charities, system of mutual insurance, and even burial fund. As they were not allowed to practise their art during Lent, they devoted those five weeks in the year to practising and learning new songs; but this in all seriousness, for they were noted for their piety. We only learn of three kings who were hostile to them, and who persisted in treating them as though they had been comedians; these were, in France, St. Louis and Philippe Auguste, and in England, Henry the Third. But even St. Louis did not disdain to look on their tricks from time to time. The singing of ballads entered largely into the artists' programme. They seem to have composed the verses as they sang, bringing in all sorts of topical allusions, such, for instance, as the death of Simon de Montfort, the murder of St. Thomas à Becket, or a royal marriage. As for the female artistes, there was nothing they could not do: some danced, some sang, some walked on the tight rope, and they seem to have been the first circus riders the world has known; and from time to time the clergy found themselves compelled to warn their congregations against the too charming artiste. It was not uncommon that the artist became a monk and repented of his ways; it was rare indeed that an artiste abandoned her wild life. Among the most famous conversions of the Middle Ages that of a certain variety artist named "Le Tombeur de Notre Dame" has remained to us, together with the following curious legend. This man, who seems to have been the father of all modern acrobats, became touched with grace and made up his mind to enter the Monastery of Clairvaux, but once there he found himself sadly out of place, for all were busy serving God and the Blessed Virgin; he knew how to do nothing but turn somersaults and perform such like tricks, which were, of their kind, extraordinarily clever, but of little good in a monastery. At last he said to himself that doubtless the Mother of God would take the wish for the deed; so one day he began a series of his formerly most celebrated performances before a certain stone Virgin placed at the bottom of a crypt. He went through these pious exercises each day, finding therein infinite consolation and satisfaction. But on one occasion a monk surprised him, and hurried to the superior with the news; the latter, highly scandalised, was just about to enter the crypt when he suddenly saw the Mother of God herself, descended from her pedestal, wiping the poor acrobat's brow with a celestial handkerchief. Marvelling at the sight he quietly withdrew, and the *tombeur* has descended to this day as one of the holiest monks the world has ever known.

THE TAXATION OF LARGE ESTATES.

AN AMERICAN PROPOSAL.

In the *Annals of the American Academy* for July, Mr. R. T. Colburn prints a proposed bill, in which he sketches out a law for carrying into effect the proposals he made in 1891:—

SUGGESTED REFORMS.

(1) Making a legal distinction between a property competence, to be freely heritable, and a surplus which should be subject to State participation; (2) the creation of a public legate for the purpose of accepting gifts, legacies, and the proceeds of taxes on inheritances, and devoting them to works of philanthropy, charity, instruction, amelioration, and compassion, on plans comprehensive and systematic, much more effectual than the donor could himself devise or organise, even if his will were to be respected.

A COUNCIL OF BETTERMENTS.

By his bill he proposes to establish a Council of Betterments which would dispose of the succession duty he proposes to levy upon all large incomes upon the decease of their owners. This Council of Betterments would also succeed to all estates of persons dying without heirs. The succession tax of the bill varies from a minimum of five per cent. to a maximum of fifty per cent., according to the relationship of the person to whom the money was left.

LIMITATIONS AND EXEMPTION.

He makes, however, this important limitation:—

Provided, always, that no such tax shall be levied or collected on the shares of minors or dependents of the first class, except on the amount in excess of ten thousand dollars (\$10,000); nor on the shares of minors or dependents of the third class in excess of five thousand dollars (\$5,000); nor shall the homestead, its furniture, fittings, ornaments, implements, or customary belongings, be accounted in the appraised value of any share, nor be subject to any deduction, to the end that comfortable and beautiful houses may be encouraged and not discouraged; but money, bullion, precious stones, gold or silver plate, jewelry, pictures, carriages, merchandise, artistic or curious collections, beyond the ordinary and suitable requirements of the successor, shall be so subject to appraisal and deduction. Gifts or legacies to the said Council of Betterments, or to such eleemosynary, charitable, religious, or educational agency, corporation or association as shall be co-operating therewith and subordinate thereto as provided in Section 7 hereof shall be specially exempt from all appraisal or deduction therefrom.

THE FUNCTIONS OF THE COUNCIL.

The Council having got its money would be empowered to spend it as follows:—

It shall be the duty of said Council to apply the revenues accruing to works of amelioration, alleviation, embellishment, to the acquisition and diffusion of useful knowledge, and for wholesome relaxation from toil and care, for the benefit of the whole people such as shall be by the Council found worthy of initiation, support or assistance, and such as they may from time to time adopt, select or encourage. For this purpose the public parks, pleasure grounds, drive-ways thereof, the places of sepulture, memorial structures, collections of prehistoric or historic relics, zoological, botanical, archæologic curiosities; also the prisons, poor-houses, reformatories, asylums, or other retreats for the care of defective or criminal classes, sustained in whole or in part out of the public taxes, or by contributions from the said Council of Betterments, be and they are hereby placed under the control and charge of said Council for the purposes of supervision and regulation, in accordance with the intent of this Act.

There is hereby conferred on said Council power and authority to visit, inspect, and report upon the organisation, the inmates, officers, management, revenues and property of

any charitable reformatory, religious or educational corporation or association within the State, which shall receive any assistance, compensation or revenue from the public taxes, or from any municipality therein; and the receipt of any thing of value therefrom shall, *ipso facto*, subject such person, corporation or association to the authority herein conferred.

It shall be the duty, in like manner, and as resources and occasion may justify, to invent, supply and maintain means and measures for the training, reformation and rational enjoyment of the neglected youth of the Commonwealth; also to promote in a systematic, economical way the care and welfare of foundlings, orphans, decrepit, incurable or senile population. To that end it may found schools of applied science, arts, music, domestic cookery or handicraft in such manner as will in its judgment, without pauperising or degrading the recipients, promote the welfare of society.

POLITICAL ECONOMY AND THE GOSPEL.

THE *Nouvelle Revue* contains an article by M. Funck Brentano on "The Connection between Political Economy and the Gospel," which is worth noting though almost too subtle. He opens fire upon the two English Economists, Jeremy Bentham and Adam Smith, oddly enough putting Bentham first in order of time. His comprehension of their theories, however, is clear, and so is his exposition of the works of Karl Marx, which he takes as the inevitable result of the intolerable burden imposed by the older school. He puts very clearly Marx's division of the product of labour: the small part paid to the labourer, the large part paid to the man with the capital; and he shows further that even on the ultimate distribution of the wages fund, the capitalist who provides food and clothes for the labourer lays a heavy hand. The workman pays extra to the landlord, to the butcher, to the man who makes his boots; he pays for the use of their money as well as for their actual work.

M. Funck Brentano also puts very clearly the indubitable truth that if somebody buys in the cheapest market and sells in the dearest (which is the way in which modern fortunes are made), another somebody sells in the cheapest and buys in the dearest market. In the markets of the world people do not do what they would wish to be done unto them.

Now, our author appears to think that in any given circle or neighbourhood a system of mutual help and forbearance should obtain. Some of his remarks point to protection. Very striking are his remarks on the economics of the Crusades:—

Our ancestors flung themselves, without any centralised administration, without military organisation, without suitable means of transport, into a colossal and chimerical enterprise which nevertheless succeeded. All reasons which have been alleged for the success of the First Crusade are insufficient. Faith, devotion, account for the way in which the men of the twelfth century left their homes for this wandering expedition, tramping the roads like the Athenians of old, braving the deserts like the children of Israel. We understand their patience, their sufferings, their cruel privations. But also day by day this multitude had to be fed; all these feudal lords and their vassals from the old home farms; all those merchants and purveyors who followed the men at arms. Had they not been sustained by a common hope and a common principle, the Crusaders would never have crossed the frontier of France. If any lord concerned had bought in the cheapest and sold in the dearest market the Crusades would have degenerated into a civil war.

And the great cathedrals—the great public buildings of the Middle Ages; had the materials and the labour been bought in the cheapest and sold in the dearest market, where would they be after six hundred years?

The thought is suggestive; the article no less so.

WANTED, A POPULAR POLITICAL ECONOMY.**THE NEED FOR SOUND EDUCATION.**

MR. CHARLES W. SHIELDS, in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, of Boston, publishes an article on the problem of economic education, in which he sets forth what he considers to be the fallacies which vitiate the popular political economy of the American voter:—

The popular political economy, not being based upon wide study of any sort, but upon a few simple principles, can best be met on its own ground by showing the fallacies on which those principles are based. In the very fact that education and intelligence do not seem to have weakened the hold of the popular political economy on the public mind we have good evidence that mere increase of intelligence will not suffice to eradicate it. What we want is better training in the art of right thinking.

The direction which the present writer believes that elementary economic teaching should take may be made more evident by some examples of the propositions which he holds should be taught to or discussed by students. Such propositions are:—

That the exports of a country will, in the long run, approximately balance the imports, no matter what restrictions may be placed upon the latter.

That the ultimate effect of such restrictions is to make exports less profitable: hence that the so-called balance of trade needs no regulation, and that there is no danger of our interests suffering from an excess of imports.

That no raising of wages is of permanent benefit to the masses unless accompanied by an increase in the production of things for the masses to eat, drink, and wear.

That every increase in the production of those necessities of life which the masses find it hard to obtain makes their command easier to some, and places them within the reach of others; while every cause which has the effect of diminishing such production will compel some class to go with less of them than they would otherwise enjoy.

That the value of every industry is to be measured, not by the employment it gives to labour, but by the usefulness of its product; in fact, that the employment shows the cost of the industry, not its utility.

That the employment of the unemployed at the public expense would be of no permanent benefit, unless the result of their labour could be sold for at least its cost.

That there is plenty of employment for everybody, if men only had the wages to pay them, so that what is called want of work really means want of money to pay for the work.

That the lower the wages demanded in any employment, the greater the number of people who can find employment at those wages; and the higher the wages demanded, the less the number.

That the supposed beneficial effects of an increase of currency upon business would only prove temporary, and would be followed by a depression corresponding to the stimulus which business had received.

That prices are determined, in the general average and the long run, by the quantity of any article produced and the demand of the public for it; that any attempt to artificially raise the price of any service whatever above the limit thus fixed will result in a diminished consumption, and hence in a diminished production,—in other words, that you cannot get the public to accept more than a certain quantity of service or goods at any definite price, which quantity diminishes with the price.

That there is no possibility of a general increase in the demand for labour except by measures which would speedily neutralise their own effects, and that attempts to promote or encourage one branch of industry by making it more necessary only result in an equal discouragement to other branches.

That a commercial marine is of no benefit to us except through bringing to our shores the products of other nations which we wish to enjoy.

In general, that industry is of no use to us except by producing things that we need; and that, if we can get those

things without the industry, so much the better, because we shall then have more time to produce yet other things which we had not previously enjoyed.

That a Chinaman who should work for nothing would therefore be a benefactor to us all, being, in fact, so far as we are concerned, a sort of labour-saving machine.

In fine, that the great improvements which the present generation has witnessed in the condition of the labourer are due to cheapened production, whereby everything we need is gained with less industry than was formerly necessary.

There can be little doubt that Mr. Newcomb's political economy may be sound, but it is the reverse of popular, at least in the United States, and probably elsewhere.

HOW TO SAVE THE BRITISH FARMER.

PROFESSOR JAMES LONG, writing in the *Fortnightly Review* upon the deluge of foreign produce on the British farmer, discusses and condemns the proposals that have been made for saving the farmer from the ruin wrought by foreign competition. This number is only by way of leading up to his own scheme, which is as follows:—

What, then, do we propose in order to place tenant farmers on advantageous terms and enable them to meet the growing competition?

1. Permanent reductions of rent. The landlord must share the newly-acquired burdens.

2. A comprehensive Land Bill.

3. Stringent laws prohibiting the adulteration of milk, butter, and cheese, cattle foods and manures, and the sale of imported as British meat.

4. Prohibition of the use of sugar in the manufacture of beer.

5. Prohibition of the sale of imported fresh milk.

6. Control of the great markets through the medium of which the producer is systematically defrauded.

First, with regard to a Land Bill. We define the heads of such a bill as follows:—

1. Fixity of tenure.

2. The absolute right to make and sell improvements without the necessity of obtaining permission. Valuers should be required to inspect every farm and record its condition before a tenant enters.

3. Fixed rent for a given term of years.

4. Freedom of cultivation and sale of produce.

5. Amendment of the Ground Game Act.

6. Abolition of the law of distress.

We must, however, soon look still farther ahead. Large farms are a mistake. In seasons like the present and the past farmers are helpless, because of the magnitude of the land they occupy. With one-quarter the acreage remedial measures would be possible, failure of crops almost impossible, if the same capital were expended in stock and manures. Our experience of small farming in the best cropped districts of the best farming countries in the world is that the fewer the acres the heavier the crops. We therefore hold the opinion that in the future—and the change will take place by degrees—small farming will hold the field in this country. No farming, however, can succeed so long as produce cannot be marketed successfully, and at this moment the unhealthiness of the London markets, in particular, is a disgrace to our civilisation. We have, in turn, been personally defrauded in the sale of meat (live and dead), butter, eggs, and vegetables—and there is no remedy.

Such, then, is our case. Competition will continue, will increase, and our experience leads us to believe that no less than the programme we have sketched will suffice to enable the farmer to successfully meet it.

MRS. FVIE MAYO writes appreciatively of Harriet Beecher Stowe in the August number of *Atalanta*. Mr. Alfred Alfieri, whose name was misprinted in our last number, continues his papers upon "The Evolution of the Piano-forte."

A MASTER BUILDER OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE. THE EMPRESS CATHERINE II.

THE *Edinburgh Review* publishes a very interesting article based on Walisjewski's "The Romance of an Empress." The reviewer, on the whole, is just to the Messalina of the North. Catherine, whose reputation outside Russia has been concealed by her abnormal licentiousness, was nevertheless the most conspicuous figure among the sovereigns of her age, not even excepting Frederick the Great. Even her vices were incapable of destroying her character. The reviewer says:—

A life of gross sensual vice did not wholly pervert the moral nature of this strong-willed and capable woman; she never sank to the degradation of Louis XV.

MESSALINA, AND WHY.

After all, it is probable that she was no more vicious than the ordinary male sovereigns of her age. Morality as between the sexes is a conception which does not prevail in courts, even at the present time, as we have recently been somewhat disagreeably reminded. What may be called the stud farm theory of the relationship between royalties was accepted in Russia in her time with most uncompromising frankness, as the following anecdote shows:—

Female virtue and honour were almost unknown. Catherine was for months only a wife in name; and she was gravely invited by the Russian Chancellor, and by a lady of honour chosen to direct her conduct, to provide an heir for the throne of the Czars through the instrumentality of one of the lovers already known to have secured her favours.

Speaking, as may be supposed, in the name of the Empress, the governess, the titular guardian of the virtue of the Grand Duchess, and of the honour of her consort, explained to Catherine that cases arose in which state policy must rise above other considerations; for instance, one, the legitimate wish of a wife to be faithful to her husband provided he had proved himself incapable to guarantee the hereditary succession to the throne and to secure the repose of the empire. In fine, Catherine was given peremptorily the option to choose between Sergius Soltikoff and Lev Narychikine, Madame Tchoglokooff saying she was convinced the Grand Duchess would prefer the last. Catherine met the approaches. In that case, retorted the governess, the other would be the man. Catherine kept silent. Bestoucheff, with somewhat more reserve, spoke of Sergius in the same sense.

It is in facts like these that the explanation of Catherine's private life is to be found.

THE FIRST DISCOVERER OF PUBLIC OPINION.

Notwithstanding this, Catherine achieved great things for Russia, and the reviewer points out she was the inventor of the Panslavonic idea, and the first discoverer of the immense importance of cultivating public opinion. The reviewer says:—

The idea of Panslavism may be traced to Catherine; she found marks of the Slav in every part of Europe; and the cultivation of Russian history was one of the achievements of her reign.

Quoting his author, the reviewer points out a still more signal illustration of her genius:—

All this forms part of a system—a system due to the wonderful intuition of a woman, born in a petty German court, and placed on the most despotic throne of Europe; due, too—and so better—to her clear apprehension of the great power of the modern world—public opinion. It is, we do not hesitate to believe and affirm, because Catherine discovered this force and resolved to make use of it, that she was able to play the part she played in history. Half of her reputation in Europe was caused by the admiration of Voltaire, solicited, won, managed

by her with infinite art, nay, paid for when necessary. And this reputation was not only advantageous to her foreign policy, but gave her as a ruler at home a splendour and an authority which alone permitted her to demand of her subjects, and to obtain from them, the gigantic efforts which made her grandeur and glory what they were. In this respect she was an innovator and a precursor; she forestalled the great agitators of ideas, and of men, who belong to the history of our times.

WHAT SHE DID NOT DO.

It was largely owing to her adroit manipulation of public opinion that she has become the sublime figure, colossal alike, and splendid, majestic, and attractive, which she appears to-day in the eyes of so many. However she did it, there is no doubt she achieved much, although the reviewer does not hesitate to call attention to the shadows in her reign.

She accomplished little in raising the national life of the races under her sceptre to a higher level. Her legislation and administration, indeed, were somewhat reactionary in this respect; her conduct to the Poles was atrocious, and many of the boasted creations of her reign were mythical. But she had a tendency to the liberalism of the eighteenth century, which was not without genuine fruit; and if her attempts to promote civilisation in the main failed, they were not altogether insincere.

WHAT SHE DID.

But these drawbacks cannot conceal from me the fact that she was one of the great makers of modern times.

Every diplomatist of the first rank in Europe expressed a belief that the reign of Catherine, a foreigner raised to the throne by a Praetorian revolt, would be unstable and almost certainly brief. Yet she governed Russia for more than a third of a century, enormously extended the realms of the Czars, and, until Napoleon appeared on the scene, was the most remarkable sovereign of the age. As much at least as Peter the Great, Catherine shaped the fortunes of Muscovite power; she was the real author of the Eastern Question in the numberless forms it has ever since assumed; her influence was felt in the negotiations at Tilsit, and has not disappeared to the present day, and her successors have carried out her foreign policy. Her personality stands high on the tracts of time, and all that is associated with it still possesses interest. A crowd of flatterers and lovers, as is well known, extolled the majesty and beauty of her form and countenance; she was not only a Minerva in wisdom, but a Cleopatra and an all-subduing Venus. Her stature, however, like that of Louis XIV., exaggerated too, amidst the incense of Versailles, was hardly above the ordinary height; she tells us herself she was not handsome. With perfect confidence in her own powers, she was a daring and skilful pilot in difficult crises, and she had the keen perception of the interests of the empire she ruled which is characteristic of the true statesman. She possessed, also, the genius of government, of directing, controlling, and managing men to a degree which has been hardly surpassed, and when passion and fancy did not distort her judgment, she knew how to choose subordinates of real merit.

In the *Medical Magazine* for July there is a pleasant paper, translated from the German, describing the 70th birthday of Friedrich von Esmarch, the founder of the Samaritan Association in Germany, and one of the most eminent of modern surgeons.

In the *Review of the Churches* there is a very elaborate review of Dr. Gladden's and Mr. Stubbs's books on "Christian Economics." The Rev. J. Lias publishes a summary of the proceedings of the Old Catholic Congress at Lucerne last year, and the Rev. W. J. Dawson describes "Patronage in the Wesleyan Church." The *Review* also publishes Dr. Lunn's inaugural address at the Reunion Conference.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE GRAND TURK.

MISFORTUNE MAKES STRANGE BED-FELLOWS.

THE *English Historical Review* contains an interesting and out-of-the-way article describing the attempt made by Queen Elizabeth to secure the Turkish alliance against Spain when England was threatened with the Armada. The essay is based upon the correspondence which passed between the two Courts in those days, and it is very curious to find Elizabeth appealing to the Sultan on the ground that Protestants and Mohammedans are alike haters of idolatry.

THE ENGLISH AS SEMI-MUSSULMANS.

She was "The Defender of the Faith," the true faith against those idolators who had usurped the name of Christian.

To such an extent were the Turks persuaded of the similarity between Protestantism and Islam that if we are to believe a contemporary report, addressed to the emperor, Sinan Pacha told the Roman ambassador that to be good Mussulmans all that was wanting to the English was that they should raise a finger and pronounce the Eshed or confession of faith.

From a brief preliminary sketch of the relations which existed between the Turks and Elizabeth before the time of the Armada, it appears that in 1579 Elizabeth obtained permission for Englishmen to trade freely in the dominions of the Ottoman Empire. The next ten years English consulates were established at Alexandria, Cairo, Aleppo, Damascus, Tripoli, and Jerusalem, etc. It is curious to find that the first English ambassador of Turkey could think of no better gift for the Sultan than nine English bull-dogs, and a watch valued at five thousand ducats. The Turk of those days is very much what the Turk of the present day is. He was great in promising and very poor in performing, and as Spain had more money in those days than England, the power of bribing did not lie with the English ambassador.

Shortly after his arrival Harebone appears to have obtained a promise from the Sultan that if Queen Elizabeth would attack Spain in the Atlantic, he would send a great force for the same purpose to the Mediterranean coasts of Spain. The letters from Harebone and his successor, Sir Edward Barton, show that nothing was done to give effect to this promise.

WANTED, A TURKISH FLEET!

The appeal which our ambassador made to the Sultan in 1587 is a very remarkable document. He demanded the execution of a solemn treaty, in order that "for the great glory of Almighty God, the idolators, our common accursed enemies, might be extirpated by the immense power granted to the Sultan."

I beseech your Majesty by God Almighty to spare my innocency and to send, if not the whole of your great force against this idolator, at least sixty or eighty triremes to harass him in your neighbourhood from which he has withdrawn the whole of his usual army to employ it against my sovereign. As these parts of his coast are thus exposed they will be easily overrun and placed in subjection to the empire of your highness. I ask that this occasion may be employed for the glory and the increase of your empire, since my Queen upon my urging and your highness' instance will so fetter the Spaniard that he will be unable to move, and that your highness will not permit this opportunity to escape fruitlessly lest (if thou despisest His commission which my sovereign, a woman weak by her sex will fully execute) thou incur the fierce anger of God, who has created thee a mighty man & the greatest of all the princes of this world for the express purpose of destroying idolators.

ROMAN CATHOLICS AS IDOLATORS.

Our ambassador certainly did not mince matters, and it would be interesting to know what those odd English-

men, who delude themselves into thinking that Anglican Christianity is practically identical with the Roman faith, would make of this vehement appeal of Queen Elizabeth's ambassador to the head of the Mohammedan religion, in order to induce him to make war against the Pope and Spain:—

Since God alone protects His own He will so punish these idolators through us that they who survive will be converted by their example to worship together with us the true God, and you, fighting for His glory will heap up victory and all other good things.

The Turks were complimentary, but they did nothing. They declared:—

that the grand signor has always a friendly affection towards her majesty and a great desire for her majesty's prosperity. The reasons for this friendly affection are first "for the meruaile he hath of her Majesty's sex to be ruler of so valiant a people and wisdom to govern them so politikelye," and second, "as especially for that [neither] her Majesty nor hers worshippe idols as other Christians which brings them into great contempte to him & his."

But nothing could be done unless means were provided for bribing the Pasha. The position of the English ambassador in the Turkish Court in those days was not a pleasant one. The air was filled with rumours of the mustering of the great Armada, which was large enough, they said, to bring England away in ballast. Our envoy, however, did his best to hold his own, and bluffed it as well as he could. The Turks were sure, however, that England would be beaten. It was not until two months after the destruction of the Armada that news of England's victory reached Constantinople. The need for the entry of the Turks into the field against Spain was then but small, but our envoy did his best to urge the Turks into action. He lamented that if he had only a hundredth part of the money which the King of Spain had for bribing the pashas, he could do something; but secret service money was scarce in those days. Nothing was done by the Turks, who promised everything and did nothing, as they have always done.

TURKISH COMPLIMENTS TO GOOD QUEEN BESS.

All that England got out of her diplomacy seems to have been a complimentary letter from the Sultan Valida to Elizabeth. With the following extract I bring this article to a close:—

This present letter is written to the most gracious and most glorious, the wisest among women, and chosen among those which triumph vnder the standard of Jesus Christ, the most mighty and most rich gouverneur, and most rare among woman-kinde in the world, the most gracious Queene of England, which follow the steps of the virgine Mary, whose end be prosperous and perfect, according to your hearts desire. I send your Majesty so honorable and sweet a salutation of peace, that all the flocks of Nightingales with their melody cannot attaine to the like, much lesse this simple letter of mine. The singular loue which we haue conceiued one toward the other is like to a garden of pleasant birds: and the Lord God vouchsafe to saue and keepe you, and send your Maiesty an happy end both in this world and in the world to come.

CHEAP SERMONS.—The *Review of the Churches* mentions that a Christian Mission Society of Berlin, of which Pastor Stöcker is the leading member, circulates every week 130,000 sermons; 20,000 of these are sold in Berlin:—

These sermons are published in eight-paged octavo form, and contain also an intractus, a hymn, a prayer, and a benediction. The sermons are from the pens of the most gifted evangelical lights of the German pulpit, living and dead. They are sold at 1-9th of a penny each.

THE WIFE OF THE PRETENDER

THE STORY OF MARIE SOBIESKI.

THE *Nouvelle Revue* of the 1st of July contains an article which should form an interesting chapter in the history of the Stuarts, for in it Count Wodzinski tells at length the story of the Old Pretender's marriage to Mary Clementina Sobieski, the grand-daughter of the great Polish hero of that name.

A POLISH BEAUTY.

This lady, who came so near to becoming Queen of England, spent her youth at Olaw, a little town in Silesia, for it was there that her father James Sobieski made established himself with his wife and young daughters—three roses on one stalk, as they were styled by a poet of the time. Mary Clementina, whose second name by the way came to her from her godfather, Pope Clement the Eleventh, was seventeen years of age, and already exceedingly beautiful, when a certain James Murray, a Scotch gentleman in the service of the Pope, arrived at the castle of Olaw to ask for the hand of Sobieski's youngest daughter for James Stuart, then styled the Chevalier Saint George. It is said that the Pope, who had an equal affection for both young people, had long wished the marriage, and even before the subject was publicly mooted the Chevalier Saint George always wore round his neck a miniature of his future betrothed.

A ROYAL LOVE LETTER.

The Pope's envoy brought with him a quaint Royal love-letter, which doubtless laid the foundation of the sincere and loyal affection afterwards borne to the Pretender by his wife. "Madame," ran the epistle, "The incomparable graces of your person, the eminent qualities of your wit and of your heart have long inspired in me the truest admiration. May I hope that you will not repulse him who hopes to henceforth love you alone. My supreme wish is to see you happy. Your virtues will draw down a divine benediction on my cause, and will redouble the affection and ardour of my subjects."

"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE, ETC."

But the young Princess was destined to go through many perils and trials before she finally met her lover. As it was obvious that the Chevalier St. George could not come to seek her at Olaw, it was arranged that the Princess and her mother should go to meet him at Bologna. George the First, King of England, was then the close friend and ally of the Emperor of Austria, and although Mary Clementina and her mother travelled incognito and under an assumed name, they were both arrested at Innspruck, and informed that the Emperor Leopold had sent them a message saying that all thought of the Stuart marriage must be abandoned. The Princesses, however, never wavered, and the two unfortunate ladies spent a dreary autumn and winter shut up in an Austrian garrison, whilst the Pope in vain attempted to soften the heart of the Emperor. Meanwhile, the Chevalier, who seems by this time to have worked himself to a perfect frenzy of affection for his unknown betrothed, suggested to her parents, her pontifical godfather, and herself, the possibility of her escaping from her quasi imprisonment and making her way disguised to Italy, where he could ultimately join her. After much hesitation the little Princess consented to her lover's plan.

THE POPE AS MATCH-MAKER.

Her parents, as may easily be imagined, found it more difficult to do so; but they at last gave way in deference to the Pope's wishes, for Clement the Eleventh seems to have been from the first determined to give his god-daughter a chance of becoming Queen of England. An elaborate plan was accordingly arranged by the Pretender himself. A certain picked number of men belonging to the "Royal Irish," a Stuart regiment then in garrison at Schletstadt, took part in the rescue and journey, officered by a Major Gaydon. Two ladies devoted to the Stuart cause acted as chaperones to the Princess, and a little comedy was arranged, by which it was to appear that, during the journey, the Princess was to pose as belonging to a family of wealthy travellers crossing the Tyrol.

RESCUED.

The rescuing party assembled at an inn opposite the castle where the two Princesses were confined, and on the fateful evening, after a delay of one day, obtained, we are told, by Mary Clementina's mother, the Princess crept out, met her future husband's faithful band of friends and servants, and the party started in a heavy six-place coach for their long and perilous journey. At last the party reached Venice; two days later they arrived at Bologna, where they were received with great pomp by the Cardinal Legate. It was there that "faithful Murray" met her, bringing from his master as an engagement ring that which had been worn by James the Second on his wedding day to Mary of Modena.

MARRIED BY PROXY.

By special permission of the Pope the Princess, whose troubles were by no means at an end, was married by proxy to Murray in a simple white gown, by special desire of her future lord and master. From that day Mary Clementina bore the title of Queen of England, being always styled by the Pope "Your Majesty." She then entered the Ursuline convent, and waited patiently for the return of her husband. At last he came back from his disastrous Spanish expedition to his faithful bride, and during their all too short married life it is said that he had but one reproach to bring against her—that of her exceeding piety and love of God. To her two sons, Charles Edward the Young Pretender, and to the Duke of York, afterwards Cardinal of the Roman Church, she was much devoted, and it was owing to her efforts that they were both brought up in the Roman Catholic faith rather than as Anglicans, which their father would at one moment have preferred.

BURIED IN ST. PETER'S.

The heroine of this romantic episode died at the age of thirty-four in a Roman convent. Curiously enough her dead body was treated in more queenly fashion than she had ever been herself during her short life, for although she had asked to be buried in the Dominican habit, her wishes were disregarded, and round her corpse was wound a purple mantle, while a gold crown was put on her brow; and so, with a sceptre in one hand and a golden apple in the other, Mary Clementina was buried in St. Peter's, the Pope placing on the stone which marked the spot—

CLEMENTINA,
MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ,
FRANCIÆ ET HIBERNIÆ
REGINA.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. BUTLER.

THE APOSTLE OF WOMANHOOD.

IN the *Young Woman* for August Mr. Dawson publishes an interview with Mrs. Josephine Butler, of whom he speaks in terms of admiration only qualified by Mrs. Butler's own personal remark that she was tired of being praised in the newspapers. In the course of the conversation Mrs. Butler took occasion to say several things concerning women both young and old.

THE GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

Taking the young women first, Mrs. Butler, when asked to give them a message, said :—

The one thing I feel is their lack of dignity. The sense of their own worth should be impressed upon girls in all ranks of life. They are too cheap, they are made cheap, and they allow themselves to become cheap. They ought to remember that they are queens born, and that they must comport themselves as such. I always try to infuse into my nieces the sense of their own great worth and dignity as women. Nothing can make woman worthless. It is my intense respect for human nature which has carried me through all my trying work. The most brutal of men, the most horribly savage—and I have had to do with some dreadful characters—I can in a manner respect. I say that truthfully. The sense of womanhood and the value of the individual ought never to be lost sight of. Girls should certainly be equipped to earn their own living. They should never be taught to look to marriage as a necessity. I would not discourage the romantic feeling; a girl's desire to have some one all her own really to love—you can't expel that from the heart of a woman—but it must not be allowed to become morbid, and a woman ought to be able to live without it. The more independent young women are, the more will they be able to find real happiness in marriage.

IN PRAISE OF MARRIAGE.

But Mrs. Butler is no enemy to marriage; on the contrary, she deplores the fact that so many workers of the public should have been either unmarried or unfortunately married. She says :—

I notice there is a tendency in some people not to appreciate and value the marriage relation—probably it is not altogether their fault. I cannot understand family life being supposed to stand in the way of successful work, and children being looked upon as a hindrance and encumbrance. Children give wider sympathy, greater power, and as a mother I have been able to speak as I otherwise could not have done. My children have never been in my way,—my sons are now my greatest reward. All the time we were engaged in this special work my sons lived at home, until they went to the universities. They have been a great happiness to me. So far from our work being an injury to them, from their earliest years it has been nothing but a blessing. The knowledge that their father and mother were working against this particular evil was like armour to them, and made it impossible, humanly speaking, for them to take any other side.

ITS INFLUENCE ON LIFE.

"I am getting old," she said, "and may not have many years before me, and I want to say this: In looking over the army of women-workers, I have been struck with the fact that a very large proportion of those who take up great moral and social causes are unmarried, and that those who are married have sometimes been unhappy or unfortunate wives. There are many exceptions—these are usually cases of ideal marriages. I love my fellow-workers, and they love me, and nothing could be dearer than the friendship between us; but what I so deeply regret is that comparatively few of them can follow me into the wonderful sweetness and sympathy of family life. There are various powers and influences at work in a woman's soul. She begins with her own convictions and principles, then some unhappy circumstance perhaps pushes her along a certain line. My case was absolutely the opposite of that. If I have been anything I have been a wife and

mother, and that has been to me more than any public work I have ever done."

A DOUBLING OF FORCE.

There is a quickening impulse, and of a kind superior to any others, in the union for the public good of two souls, husband and wife. There is a vital force, a family force, which is greater than the individual force—it must be, because it is doubled. No one knows how much of that force I owe to my husband and my family, and this happy relation was brought about and realised by high principle. That has been my life's experience. I have just written the life of my husband. Our married life was an idyll all through, and at the end much more romantic and beautiful in every sense than at the beginning. If I have anything to impress upon the world now, it is that—the sublimity of that union at its best. It might be much oftener realised than it is if people would take marriage in the right way. They must not expect to find happiness ready-made; they have the making of it in their own hands to a great extent. People are so dreadfully impatient. Of course, there are often faults on both sides; but there is a tendency to rebellion, instead of heroic endurance, and making the best of it, and holding up marriage as a very sacred relationship.

WHY WE SHOULD GO TO SCHOOL TO JAPAN.

THE REV. S. A. BARNETT, in the *Fortnightly Review*, has an interesting article concerning the "Poor of the World" in India, Japan, and the United States. The condition of the poor, he thinks, in India, is very bad, and in America it is rather worse. He says :—

The Americans have tried to relieve the poor, but they have let their Government become corrupt, and the penalty is written on the broken lives and bitter passions of the poor.

It is only in Japan that he finds any consolation in the course of his tour :—

In India we had been depressed by the hopelessness, in China by the ugliness, and in America we were to be depressed by the wickedness which accompanies poverty; in Japan we found the poor touched by friendship into hope, and real sharers in the national life.

What is the reason that Japan has no poverty problem? One reason is probably to be found in the land system, which has given to every worker a holding and encouraged him to supply his wants by his own labour. Effort has thus been developed, and wants are limited. Another reason lies in the rational taste for country beauty. Nowhere else are parties formed to visit the blossom-trees, and nowhere else are pilgrimages simply for the sake of natural beauty. A country life has, therefore, its own interest, and men do not crowd the cities for the sake of excitement. There is too in Japan a curious absence of ostentatious luxury. The habits of living are in all classes much the same, and the rich do not outshine the poor by carriages, palaces, and jewellery. The rich spend their money on curios, which, if costly, are limited; and the most popular agitation is that against the big European houses which ministers build for themselves. Wealth is thus not absorbed, and is more ready for investment in remunerative labour. The last reason which occurs to the mind of a traveller with comparatively few opportunities for forming opinions is the equality of manners in all classes. Rich and poor are alike courteous. It is not possible to distinguish employer from labourer by their behaviour; all are clean; all are easy; all are restrained. The governor lets his child go the common school, and sit next to the child of the casual labourer, certain that his child will pick up no bad manners, and get no contamination in thought or in person. This equality enables rich and poor to meet as friends, and gifts can pass without degradation. The rich nobles in the country, just as the university men whom we met in Tokio, are thus able to give to those whom they know to be in need, and friendship becomes the channel of charity. The question is, will this survive the introduction of the industrial system? It is possible that some may, and that Japan may teach the West how to deal with the poor.

MR. WALTER BESANT AT HOME.

A NOVELIST ON LITERATURE.

THE first place in the *Young Man* for August is given to the interview with Mr. Walter Besant, who, according to his interviewer, carries with ease his fifty-five years and his thirty books. A genial, fatherly, practical man, he would rather spend his time in doing useful work and making people happy in this world, than in speculating about the next. He has several hobbies, amongst others that of collecting autographs, and he keeps the signatures of everybody neatly tied up in bundles.

THE PRIZES OF LITERATURE.

Speaking of the Authors' Society and the earnings of literary men, Mr. Besant makes the following assertion as to the prizes of literature:—

I cannot make people believe that there is such a thing existing as literary property. When, for instance, I stated that over fifty people in this country and in America were making more than a thousand a year by literature, my estimate was absolutely derided. We have since then ascertained that hundreds of people are making over a thousand a year by literature of various kinds; at least thirty in this country alone are making over two thousand; at least six or seven are making over three thousand; and I should say that at least one or two are this year making not less than four thousand. In every profession a thousand a year is a prize; two or three thousand a year is a great prize. From the peculiarity of the literary profession there can never be many of these great prizes at the same time; but there will always be opportunity for everybody, and there is plenty of room at the top.

MR. BESANT'S OUTPUT.

No doubt this is true, but it is frightfully crowded at the bottom. Speaking of his own experience as a writer, Mr. Besant said that he wrote eleven novels in collaboration with James Rice, eleven by himself since, besides four books on French literature, two books on London, and a couple of biographies. He has written no fiction for the last nine months, but is engaged for two years to come. He is to begin a new novel as soon as he returns from America this autumn. He dictates nothing, but writes all with his own hand; typewriting, he says, is like talking through a box. He writes everything three times over.

CONTEMPORARY FICTION.

Speaking of the novels of the present day, he maintains that the novels produced by Bentley, Chatto, Macmillan, and Longman are far superior as an average to anything that has ever been done before. Speaking of contemporary romance writers, he says:—

I am sure that in fifty years time the world will put Stevenson, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, and Barrie—who to my mind are, intellectually, our four best living writers—on a level with any writers of fiction we have had. Especially I admire Kipling—I love Kipling—he is a real genius, that fellow. Barrie is a beautiful writer. Stevenson at his best is a wonderful writer—only he has got to be at his best. Apart from these men, we must not forget that Blackmore wrote "Lorna Doone," that Black wrote "The Daughter of Heth," which to my mind is one of the finest novels in the language—and, I would add, that Rider Haggard wrote "She," which as a piece of pure imagination is almost without parallel.

The modern novelist has at least a stimulus which his predecessors never possessed owing to the expansion of the English-speaking world.

TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

When asked concerning the pursuit of literature as a profession, we read as follows:—

"I should strongly recommend the young writer," Mr. Besant continued, "to keep himself independent of literature,—to

follow some profession, to become a journalist, or do anything in order to be independent. Because, to be dependent on literature, unless you are a very good man indeed, means a most wretched life." In illustration of this Mr. Besant told me of a case, which came under his own observation, of a young man who started with very good prospects indeed. He brought out a book which was very well reviewed, and very well received, but being his first book he did not make much money out of it. Having begun life as a clerk in the City (his father was a clerk before him) he did not know much of the world or society; consequently, his range was limited, and his second book was quite a failure. "Since then," said Mr. Besant, "he has been living (!) by literature. Two or three years ago, when I last heard of him, he was receiving from fifty to seventy shillings for a novelette of thirty thousand words, and was living with his wife and children on an income of less than a pound a week. Now, if he had kept his berth in the City and bided his time, he might have become a successful writer. But to cast yourself on the sea of literature, in most cases means certain wreck." Mr. Besant certainly has practised what he preaches. His first novel in partnership was a success; every one afterwards was a success; he has been successful all along, but not until six or seven years ago did he feel justified, he told me, in giving up a post worth three hundred a year. "I did not like to be on the sea of letters without any kind of anchorage. Three hundred a year is at least bread and cheese; with that you can be independent, and not obliged to write for a pittance."

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

Mr. Besant was evidently in a very genial mood, and not even the comparative failure of the People's Palace could disturb his optimistic mood. He said he was not satisfied on all points, but he was satisfied on some:—

The educational side is splendid, thanks to Mr. Low, the head of that department, and the musical side is very fine indeed. It wants at this moment, above all things, a head like Sir Edmund Currie, who would be always there directing and watching it; and I think on the recreative side it is languishing for want of such a head. Also, I wish that the Library could be kept up with greater liberality. The place wants an income of two thousand a year more than it has got.

The Burning of Servetus.

MR. C. W. SHIELDS, in the *Presbyterian Reform Review* for July, publishes a long, carefully written article on the Trial of Servetus, with the object of proving, first, that Servetus got very little more than he deserved, and, secondly, that Calvin was not to blame for his burning. Calvin's idea was that justice might have been satisfied if Servetus had been beheaded. Mr. Shields says:—

The grounds of this dreadful sentence have now been plainly revealed to us. Here was no ecclesiastical court of the Presbytery intent on defining heresy against orthodoxy within the breadth of a hair; but the highest tribunal of the republic set for the defence of justice, order and virtue. And the offences charged and proved were not theological errors against the five points of Calvinism, but sins against the essential Christian faith, together with political crimes such as are still defined in our laws and punished by our courts; blasphemy, so shocking to both civilians and divines that it seemed to shake the very foundations of society; sedition, which was already breeding schism, tumult and revolution in the city; and conspiracy, of which there was evidence enough in the Council itself as the trial proceeded. In a word, it was neither zeal for orthodoxy nor devotion to Calvin which prompted the majority of the judges to order the funeral pyre with which his name has ever since been associated. It was simply their fixed determination to be rid of a pestilent fanatic who had embroiled Geneva in anarchical strife, who had been outlawed in every country of Europe which he had entered, and who was at last condemned by the united voice of Catholic and Protestant Christendom as an enemy to the whole existing civilisation.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

THE SCANDINAVIAN NOVELIST AT HOME.

Mrs. TWEEDIE, who gives the account of Ibsen, printed in another page, contributes also to *Temple Bar* her impressions of Björnsterne Björnsson.

Here is her description of the great novelist:—

THE MAN AS HE LOOKS.

Björnsson is a big man of powerful build. His well-knit form denotes great physical strength, and his splendid head signifies great mental power. The face is curiously round, and the high cheek-bones and massive jaw have a peculiarly northern air. From his broad brow he wears his hair brushed straight up. The hair is now almost white, although it was red in his youth, and he still has great quantities of it. As he moves his head in his emphatic speech, the massive mane of hair moves and shakes and reminds one of a shaggy lion. His face is clean-shaven except for a small pair of reddish whiskers. He is a fine-looking man with his burly build and keen piercing blue eyes. He is very short-sighted, and is never seen without spectacles. He has a very determined thin mouth with a kindly smile, very characteristic of the man, who is stern and grave and very tender-hearted.

HIS LOVE OF MUSIC.

Björnsson is devoted to music; although no performer himself, he is passionately fond of listening.

"Nothing gives me keener enjoyment than listening to good music. Music I believe elevates the soul, instead of degrading it, as Leo Tolstói would make us think. Anyway, music to me is happiness, relaxation, awe, and inspiration. Much of my best work has been written after listening to good music."

Several of his poems have been set to music by his friend and compatriot Grieg, and Björnsson has even written oratorio to Grieg's music, with great success. Although Björnsson has travelled much, he has only once been in England, and that was only for a week many years ago.

"Perhaps I may go again some day, for I am an apostle of Herbert Spencer's and a great reader of your literature, although I speak the language very badly. I am over sixty, and I am too old to make new friends, more especially when I do not talk their language. Besides, I have still a great deal of work to do before I die, and not much time to do it in. My work is my life; the more work I have in hand the happier I am! Music is my amusement and digging is my recreation. You smile when I say digging is my recreation; but it is so. Your Gladstone fells oaks; I dig with a spade, and I am much prouder of having my name on a spade than in a book."

He works with his own hands at his charming home at Gudbrandsdal, and he is very proud of having managed to bring into cultivation what was once only a crop of stones.

"You see I was brought up among our peasantry. My father was a parson, and I too was intended for the Church. Strangely enough my first literary productions were hymns; but that was very many years ago"; and he added, "I think the most perfect and charming life is to be found in the simple peasant home. So-called educated society is not real, it is thoroughly artificial, artificial to the heart's core."

HOW HE WORKS.

Of his method of working Mrs. Tweedie gives the following account:—

When the household is settled and things have assumed the usual routine, Björnsson writes all the morning until about two o'clock, at which hour the family dines, and after that he considers the chief part of his day's work is done. He is not at all methodical and tidy like Ibsen; but then he has not so much time on his hands; his whole life is a rush from morn to night.

Björnsson always likes to be alone when he is writing, and in each of his little country seats he has his own writing-room and large plain table. He thinks out all his scenes and situations, and even decides upon the conversations of his characters before he puts pen to paper, and during all this planning and arranging of his chapters he always walks

about. Up and down, backwards and forwards he trudges, muttering to himself; but when he has once decided on chapter and verse, he sits down and dashes it off with great rapidity, resulting in some very untidy and illegible MS., about which some very curious stories are told. But for his wife, the printer would probably never decipher what he writes; but Fru Björnsson copies nearly everything for her husband, then he corrects and alters it, and she copies it all over again before it goes to press. She is of the greatest assistance to him in this way. How many wives have helped their husbands in their work, receiving no individual thanks from the world outside, but happy and content in their husbands' reflected glory!

Mrs. Tweedie bids fair to make her name as a contributor to magazine literature.

Hamlin Garland: a Western Novelist.

In the *Literary Northwest*, Mrs. Bird devotes the first paper to "Hamlin Garland," whose novel she regards as a new power in literature, whose theories of art are wholly antagonistic to the English old school documents. She says:—

Hamlin Garland is a realist or veritist. He believes that there should be no plot in a novel or drama; that authors should deal simply with character. While Crawford describes the growth of love and its effect upon character as an over-mastering passion to which every other emotion bends, Garland takes any scene, however homely, that contains dramatic situations, and describes it exactly as it might have happened in real life, regarding love as one of the numberless incidents of life, and therefore assigning to it a subordinate place. Garland regards W. D. Howells as the greatest novelist of the Realistic school, but he recognises no master save life and no criterion save truth. W. D. Howells's "An Undiscovered Country" was a revelation to our author, and reached him in a novel manner. He saw it on the stand of a country bookseller, and inquired about it. The storekeeper had bought it, supposing it was a book of travels, and was much disappointed to find that it was an unsaleable novel. Garland took it and read it. To him it still seems so fresh, so modern, so original, that he regards the reading of that story as an epoch in his life.

This is Mrs. Bird's description of the novelist's appearance:—

About the average height, broad-shouldered and muscular, with grayish-brown eyes, brown hair and beard, he has the unassuming air of a student and man of letters. He is easy of approach, his manners are winning and voice persuasive. His age is about thirty-three years, and he is still a bachelor, whimsically excusing himself from the bonds of matrimony by declaring that he cannot afford to marry till we reach the single-tax millennium. As a lecturer, his manner is unembarrassed and conversational rather than rhetorical, while the matter contained in his lectures is striking and original. His recitations of his own poems and of scenes from his novels are exceedingly happy, and display his magnetic power more than as a lecturer. As one would naturally surmise from his novels, he is fond of athletic sports, can pitch a ball with the curves of a professional, knows how to manage a boat or a bicycle with skill, and is a fearless rider.

The most sceptical pessimist cannot deny that, in his four-fold career as lecturer, essayist, poet and novelist, Hamlin Garland has made a profound impression upon the West, nor that he is the most ardent and enthusiastic writer of the school of veritists. He is the forerunner, the awakener, the messenger who proclaims the springtime of a Western literature.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE describes the banquet of royal beauty which is spread by the "Lady of the Lake at the Fair" at Chicago in *Lippincott's Magazine*. He says that on an average he walked fifteen miles every day he spent at the exhibition.

HENRIK IBSEN.

THE POET AT HOME.

Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE has an interesting article in *Temple Bar* upon the two great Scandinavians—Henrik Ibsen and Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. In the early months of the present year Mrs. Tweedie called upon Ibsen at his own house in Christiania, and interviewed him there for the benefit of the readers of *Temple Bar*.

IBSEN AS HE IS.

She says:—

The doctor is a small man, thick set—one might almost say stout in build. His head is splendid. The long white hair is a tangled mass of glistening locks. It is brushed straight up from an unusually high forehead, and stands out as a sort of frame to the face; indeed, the face is completely framed by white hair, for Ibsen wears whiskers and a beard under the chin, the chin itself and upper lip being clean shaven. By this arrangement the mouth is clearly visible—and it is a very curious mouth. The upper lip is short, and the mouth is so thin and decided that the top lip hardly shows at all. The mouth is very determined, with a pleasant smile when talking. He always wears glasses; and whether from their use or from short-sightedness, the eyes themselves are somewhat sunken, and much hidden by the shaggy eyebrows. It is a keen face, not actually handsome, but impressive, and denotes power and penetration.

She also adds that he wore a complete suit of shiny black, with a double-breasted top-coat, some of the buttons of which were the worse for wear. His tie was of white satin. In manner he is very quiet and reserved, speaking German very slowly and deliberately. He is of German descent, and very sympathetic with Germans, although he thinks Norway the most lovely country in the world.

WHAT HE THINKS OF ENGLAND.

He has never been in England, nor does he intend to go, because he does not speak the language, and, therefore, has not the means of penetrating the heart of the people, which is the one thing he desires. Yet he says he should very much like to go to England—

Because English people and English books interest me strangely; more especially I would like to see your old men. In all other countries the best work is done by men between forty and fifty years of age; in England, the best work is done by much older men, and a man of seventy or eighty is often still in his prime. I would like to see such men as Gladstone and Salisbury, Herbert Spencer and Tennyson.

HIS MODE OF WORK.

Mrs. Tweedie says that Ibsen is almost as neat and as faddy as an old maid. Everything was in its place, and all the MSS. were fastened up in elastic bands. He is always punctual to a second; writes a clear neat hand, walks and moves slowly, and is never in a hurry. He takes some two years to write a play, and he writes it out so often that, when it is finished, not a line of the original often remains. He is absolutely uninfluenced by the bustle and turmoil that he sees all round about him. As to his habits, Ibsen said that he was getting lazy, and did not read much. He looked over the papers every day, and read a book now and then.

SOME ODD HOUSEHOLD GODS.

By the side of the ink-pot, on the table on which he writes his book, there stands a little tray, and on that tray one of the small carved wooden bears so common in Switzerland. Beside it was a little black devil, holding a match, and two or three little cats and rabbits in copper, one of the former of which was playing a violin. Mrs. Tweedie asked Ibsen what was the meaning of the strange group. He replied:—

"I never write a single line of any of my dramas without having that tray and its occupants before me on the table. I could not write without them. It may seem strange—perhaps it is; but I cannot write without them," he repeated; "but why I use them is my own secret," and he laughed quietly.

His writing-room is bare and very unpretentious. The drawing-room and dining-room are covered with pictures which he carries about with him wherever he goes. Mrs. Tweedie says what is surely an exaggeration—that Ibsen has probably made more money with his pen than any other writer.

For a sketch of Ibsen's life, and the struggles by which he rose to his present position, readers must refer to the facts in *Temple Bar*. Ibsen now lives very quietly, taking no part in politics. After his morning work is done, he takes a little walk before dinner. After dinner, which is at three, he strolls down to the hotel, where he sits down to coffee or beer, and reads the news papers for an hour or two.

Last year his son Sigurd married Bjørnson's eldest daughter, and last month the two eminent Norwegians became grandfathers.

Mr. Edmund Yates.

MR. EDMUND YATES is the subject of an illustrated interview in the *Strand Magazine*, which contains the usual allowance of views of the house in which the subject dwells. It was first intended that Mr. Yates should enter the Church, but when he was sixteen years old he entered the Missing Letter Department of the General Post Office, and remained there exactly a quarter of a century. These were days, he says, of real happiness:—

"I did not want to sit at the Post Office all my life," said Mr. Yates, "and I began to look about me for a fresh pasture where fame might be gathered. It was the reading of 'Pendennis' that suggested journalism, and my first real effort was a set of verses—the idea for which came as I sat in the family pew in church!—which were accepted by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, the proprietor and editor of *Ainsworth's Magazine*. My first paid engagement was on the *Court Journal*, at the munificent salary of £1 a-week!" Work soon began to come in. The young author's talent was recognised and his pen appreciated and paid for. His hours were respectable—ten till four—at the Post Office, but they were drawn out into the early hours of the morning in his anxiety to succeed. His pen was soon employed in all the leading newspapers and periodicals of the day, and he became dramatic critic of the *Daily News*. His first novel was "Broken to Harness." He was editor of *Temple Bar* at the time, and having failed to find an author to write a serial, buckled to himself, the result being a work of excellent merit—followed by such dramatic productions as "Black Sheep," "Wrecked in Port," "The Forlorn Hope," etc.

Madame Blavatsky.

In the June number of "The Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society" Dr. Richard Hodgson replies to Mrs. Besant and Mr. Sinnett in a paper entitled "The Defence of the Theosophist." Speaking of Madame Blavatsky, he says:—

With her keen insight into human nature, she was well aware that whatever prepossessions I had at the outset of my investigation were distinctly in her favour, and in the last interview which I had with herself and Colonel Olcott she declared that the Brotherhood was unwilling that the world should at this time believe in their existence, that I had, in fact, been practically guided by the Brothers themselves, that she knew I had done the most possible for her sake, that there was no alternative but for me to reach the conclusion which I had reached, that it was partly the result of her own bad Karma, that she deserved the fate which had overtaken her, but that some day in the far distant future I might come to believe that after all she was innocent. With me personally, face to face, she was courageous unto the last.

M. DE BLOWITZ AS ARCHANGEL.

By A WORSHIPPER.

IN *McClure's Magazine* for July, Mr. W. M. Fullerton gives us an illustrated character sketch of the one great man left in Europe since the fall of Prince Bismarck. Mr. Fullerton, faithful to the principles laid down in our character sketches of describing a man, not as he seems to his enemies at his worst moments, but as he seems to himself at his best, paints M. de Blowitz as little short of an archangel.

HIGH FALUTIN'.

Mr. Fullerton says that M. de Blowitz is the creator of a special environment, and is in himself in his own way a final cause. He is one of the men who have contributed most to the shrinkage of this planet, and he is besides one of the most individualistic of contemporary institutions; he is more powerful than any of the diplomatists; the *Times* at its best is only the accidental projection, a kind of chronic double of himself. He is a large man; he likes large air, large rooms, large landscapes, and large and general ideas; in fact, if he shrinks the world much more he will have to go to a larger planet in which to find room for his capacious personality. All this, of course, we were prepared to hear, but it does somewhat stagger even the most obliging of believers to be told that M. de Blowitz eternally lives in the air of a journalistic City of God; such, however, is Mr. Fullerton's assertion, and we, of course, are all very glad to hear it. He describes M. de Blowitz's life at home and at his seaside retreat on the Norman coast.

THE GREAT MAN IN PARIS.

Here is Mr. Fullerton's description of his hero's daily life in Paris:—

The people who come to see him—the deputies, the ministers, the ambassadors, the writers, the artists, the simple *gens du monde*—come more often not to his office, but to his warm and hospitable home. Here, in one of the streets that wind about the Star Arch at the head of the Champs Élysées, he receives all the world, rather as the charming gentleman than the historic journalist de Blowitz. The centre—I must add the admired centre—of a devoted family circle, he discourses at his dinner-table of the serious events of the day, volubly, picturesquely, and with conviction. Yet he is always ready to listen, and even to alter his opinions at a moment's notice, though that notice must be good. While he himself makes the coffee, the talk becomes less exacting and more general. Often he tells you of his pictures, and points out to you the panels set into the wall of the room, works of his friends, great canvases by M. Clairin or Mme. Sarah Bernhardt; and one, a sunny view of the Norman house on the cliff, by M. Duphot. After dinner in the private study, with its high walls covered with paintings and souvenirs and autograph photographs of the greatest names of France, you smoke in the arms of your easy-chair, the wood fire burning brightly in an ample chimney; while your host, propped by divan cushions, and with one leg curled under him, drops grandly into pleasant reminiscences. One has visions of Bagdad. After an hour like this, you wonder when M. de Blowitz works. But he has been working all the time. He has been thinking in one half of a very capacious brain and talking from another. The chances are that he will have planned a column article for the *Times* newspaper, left you for a half hour to rummage in his books while he dictates the article, telephoned for his carriage to await him at nine o'clock in the court below, and asked you to accompany him to the opera—all before he has finished his cigar. But then the cigar is a remarkably good one, and knows not, as is the case with ambassadorial nicotine, the protective customs of France.

H.M. KING BLOWITZ AND HIS COURT.

At the seaside he has constructed a residence in which he can live the ideal tranquil existence of an

English country gentleman. But M. de Blowitz could not support existence in that fashion all day, so he varies its monotony by holding a little court on the seashore:—

Towards three o'clock in the afternoon, indeed, almost daily, M. de Blowitz has an amiable habit. He walks down with members of his family, and the guests who are staying with him, to the pretty bathing-cabins, in front of which stretches an improvised awning, and, picturesque in his coloured flannels, he sits himself down with a cigar to watch the bathers. He, the most distinguished of European critics, is here and now the object of many curious and admiring observations. He holds here a little court on the shingle beach. Brightly dressed women gather to him from every point of the compass; while he who has his emissaries in every quarter of the world, and whose subtle influence is felt at each episode of the European movement, gives himself up with pardonable indulgence—under the ample umbrella—to the pretty trifles of glib women's charm and chatter. Before he has enjoyed enough, and obedient to one of those harmless devices in which well-taught men of the world often indulge, he retires from this charmed and, as I can affirm, charming circle, and climbs to the great villa on the cliff. There are letters to be written and telegrams to be sent to Paris, and perhaps an article meditated during the afternoon.

Flies and Infection.

SURGEON-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM MOORE, in the *Medical Magazine* for July, publishes an article on "Flies and Disease," which is not very pleasant reading. He says:—

I cannot avoid thinking, that one medium by which diseases are spread, has been regarded with too much indifference, or has been altogether ignored. This is the dissemination of diseases by flies.

In proof of this he begins by telling us that on one occasion—

A dead dog was thrown into a ditch in the parish of Cortal, and left there. The carcass was soon covered with flies, which then spread over the place, an epidemic of anthrax being the consequence.

Among the diseases which he believes are spread by flies, especially in the East, are leprosy, mange, cholera, and ophthalmia, and worms in the nose is another horrible disease which flies convey from camels to human beings. Sir William Moore writes chiefly concerning the plague of flies in India—

In most Indian towns when exposed for sale the meat is black with clustered flies, and a fly may have recently come from something not less dirty and disgusting than the evacuations of a cholera-stricken person. In India, especially during famine seasons, I have seen cholera-stricken persons on the road sides surrounded by flies. Sawtschenko has investigated this subject. He found that in the bowels and excrement of common flies, fed with pure culture of cholera, the bacilli could be demonstrated as late as the fourth day. Similar results were obtained when flies were fed on cholera excrement. Also that when flies were fed upon sterilised broth, after the bacilli had been supplied to them, immense quantities of bacilli were found, indicating that they had multiplied in the body of the flies.

That ophthalmia is spread by flies there can be no manner of doubt. Every traveller in the East must have seen people walking or sitting about with inflamed eyes, not even troubling to brush the flies away which swarm round the eyes. This is especially the case with children.

Unfortunately, Sir William Moore does not seem to have any suggestion to made as to how the flies can be prevented doing their evil work.

VERDI AT HOME.

THE *Gartenlaube* (Heft 7) contains an interesting article on Verdi by Herr Woldemar Kaden, who paid a visit to Verdi-Land, and now gives us a picture of Verdi as a man—Verdi at home.

BIRTH.

Those who travel from Piacenza to Bologna, says the writer, pass close by Verdi's home, for the white villa of Sant' Agata lies not far from Roncole and Busseto. Roncole is a poor little hamlet occupied by some 1,200 peasants, but it was in this miserable nest that a young couple settled down at the beginning of the century and contrived to earn an existence—the husband by selling sugar, coffee, etc., to the peasants, and his wife by spinning. Here on Oct. 9, 1813, Joseph Fortunin François Verdi, as the register has it, was born.

EARLY TRAINING.

There do not seem to be any very authentic stories of any marvellous musical proclivity on the part of the child, but his biographers are pleased to relate that he, like Mozart, heard music in the rustling of the waters and the trees, and learnt his first sweet melodies from the birds. It is certain, however, that the inhabitants of Roncole, like other people all the world over, sought consolation in music, and that the work of consolation in this instance was performed by the old schoolmaster, who was organist at the church, or by an itinerant violinist who played at the door of Verdi's home and made a deep impression on the boy. A touching story is told of the master, thirty years later, after he had founded his villa at Sant' Agata, discovering the old violinist playing at his gate, and he still remembers with gratitude the poor musician who not only roused his musical gifts, but counselled his father to put him to music. Verdi's training was begun on a wretched instrument which the father managed to acquire out of his small savings from a neighbouring priest; but of this piano more anon. When he was ten he was already organist at the church, and the organ on which he played still remains as a relic of these days, while some hieroglyphic inscriptions on the beams, cut by the boy with his pocket-knife, further testify to his early performances in the church.

SANT' AGATA.

From this little church and its old organ to Sant' Agata is a far cry. The villa which is Verdi's present home was purchased in 1849, but since then it has been gradually rebuilt, and many additions have been made to it, until it has developed into a charming and inviting whole. Here its owner passes six months of the year (the other half is generally spent at Genoa) with only a few peasants for neighbours. Many must indeed wonder how he came to choose such an insignificant site and such monastic-like seclusion for his home; but for Verdi the land of his birth and of his childhood has a strange fascination. The house is surrounded by garden, park, and vineyard. But it is of his horses that the composer is especially proud, the breed he favours most being named after him. He is also passionately fond of flowers, and at five o'clock in the morning he may be seen walking in his garden and talking to the old gardener, or cutting flowers for the table. At seven he takes his *café-au-lait*, and at half-past ten the bell rings for a more substantial breakfast. At two he betakes himself to business, and writes and reads till five, which is the dinner hour. After dinner he walks in fields and meadows till sunset, and ends the day by a game at billiards or some similar amusement. But all this is changed when the spirit

moves him to create. Then the Erard piano, which is sometimes unopened for years together, has to be tuned, and for hours at a time the instrument resounds under the hands of the composer.

THE MUSICAL MERCHANT AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Verdi's bedroom in the basement of the villa is a large apartment in which the furniture is arranged so as to form a screen and divide the room in two. One half thus serves as a study. It is decorated with many valuable souvenirs, the favourite, perhaps, being the oil painting which represents Antonio Barezzi, the dealer in drugs, etc., at Busseto, and Verdi's only patron. The name of Barezzi will always be honoured in the history of Italian music, and Verdi's becoming an apprentice in his house was one of those happy accidents which show that behind the herring-barrels and sugar bags fate was on the watch for genius. Barezzi was not only a flautist in the cathedral, but he could play the clarinet, the French horn, and the ophicleide, and he had some knowledge of other wind instruments. Moreover, he was the president of a philharmonic society which rehearsed in his house, and had for conductor the organist of the church. Here Verdi was happy, and it may be imagined that he was in a sea of delight when Barezzi's Vienna piano by Fritz was placed at his service. Barezzi's daughter, Margherita, was also something of a pianist, and Verdi and she played duets together, the two ending with marriage, but in 1840 Verdi lost his young wife. His second wife, who is still living, was a famous singer in the first Verdi operas.

THE TWO OLD PIANOS.

Besides numerous portraits by modern masters, many old prints and drawings ornament the walls of the villa. There is also a fine library, where everything is beautifully arranged and made accessible to visitors without the vain hand of the owner to guide them; but it is the two old pianos which are the most interesting monuments preserved by the composer. The terrible spinet on which he had his first lessons, and over which he got into such a temper that he was found smashing it to pieces because he could not find a certain chord on it, would have an interesting story to tell could it but make itself intelligible. Meanwhile its restoration after Verdi's passionate outbreak is explained by an extraordinary inscription. It runs somewhat as follows:—

I, Stephen Cavaletti, restored these jacks and covered them with leather, and added pedals; all of which I do gratis in acknowledgment of the good disposition of the boy Giuseppe Verdi to learn to play the instrument, and this alone is enough to reward me for my trouble. A.D. 1821.

The Fritz piano of Barezzi stands by its side.

VERDI AS A POLITICIAN.

Verdi was once persuaded to take up politics and represent a constituency in order to supply the Italian Chamber with some much-needed harmony, as Cavour put it. Later he explained his position:—

I know nothing of politics, but while Cavour was alive, I looked at him and voted as he did, feeling sure that if I only did as he did, I should not do wrong. Now, since Cavour is gone, I don't understand the other gentlemen, and I am afraid of doing something stupid.

In the Chamber he sat by his friend Sella, and while the latter drew mathematical hieroglyphics, the composer amused himself by setting to music some silly phrase or other uttered by some honourable member. Several such Verdi autographs are in the possession of former deputies.

HUMOUR IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

A CANADIAN COMPILATION.

A TORONTO school inspector named J. L. Hughes has put together in the *Canadian Magazine* for July a considerable number of good stories. Some of them are not new, but most of them are well worth printing, for a good story can hardly be told too often. The following samples are culled from his paper:—

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS.

"Who made you?" asked a primary teacher. The little girl addressed evidently wished to be accurate in her reply: "God made me so long"—indicating the length of a short baby—"and I grewed the rest."

"Who were the foolish virgins?" brought the prompt answer from a wise little girl—"Them as didn't get married."

"Boys," said a teacher, "can any of you quote a verse from Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and after a moment a bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas," said the teacher encouragingly. Thomas stood up and said solemnly: "No man can serve two masters." The questioning ended there.

The words "His Satanic Majesty" occurred in a story read in one of the Toronto public schools. "How many know who his Satanic Majesty is?" said the teacher. Several hands were raised, and the first pupil named promptly replied, "The inspector." It is encouraging to know that she was a very young child. History and Scripture were never more thoroughly mixed than by the boy who wrote: "Titus was a Roman Emperor—supposed to have written the Epistle to the Hebrews; his other name was Oates."

SCHOOL BOY SCIENCE.

Here are a few answers culled at random:—

"The food passes through your windpipe to the pores, and thus passes off your body by evaporation through a lot of little holes in the skin called capillaries." "A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle." "Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else." "In Austria the principal occupation is gathering Austrian feathers." "The two most famous volcanoes of Europe are Sodom and Gomorrah." "Climate lasts all the time, and weather only a few days." "Columbus knew the earth was round because he balanced an egg on the table." "Mrs. Browning wrote poetry to the pottery geese." This was not complimentary to the Portuguese nor to the teacher's method of teaching literature. "The blood is putrefied in the lungs by inspired air."

SOCIOLOGY.

A poor boy was asked, "What is a gentleman?" "A fellow that has a watch and chain," he replied, adding, when he saw that his answer was not perfectly satisfactory, "and loves Jesus." "Mediæval is a wicked man who has been tempted." "A demagogue is a vessel containing beer and other liquids." "Tom, use a sentence with responsibility in it." Tom said: "When one suspender button is gone there is a great deal of responsibility on the other one." "What is a lad?" inquired the teacher. A very small girl answered, "A thing for courting with." "Give the future of drink." "Present, he drinks; future, he will be drunk." "The plural for pillow?" "Bolster." "Compare ill." "Ill, worse, dead." This recalls the answer of the boy who said, "Masculine, man; feminine, woman; neuter, corpse."

POLITICS AND PHILOSOPHY.

"Who was the first man?" said a Chicago teacher. "Washington," promptly answered the young American. "No," said the teacher; "Adam was the first man." "Oh, well, I suppose you are right," replied the undaunted patriot, "if you refer to furriers." "How did that blot come on your copy-book, Sam?" "I think it is a tear, Miss Wallace." "How could a tear be black, Sam?" "It must have been a coloured boy who dropped it," suggested the reflective Samuel. "What made the tower of Pisa lean?" "The famine in the land." "Now, children," said the teacher, "we have gone through the

history of England—tell me in whose reign would you live if you could choose for yourself." "In the reign of King James," said philosophic Alec, "because I read that education was very much neglected in his time." "Count twenty when you are angry before you strike," said the teacher. "Please, I think it is better to count forty if you can't lick the other fellow," wisely added the cautious Harold. "Susan, if I were a little girl I would study my lessons," said the teacher reprovingly. "Then I guess you are glad that you ain't a little girl," shrewdly answered Susan. "If you wish to be good-looking when you grow up you should go to bed early," was the advice of a lady teacher to her class in hygiene, Isabel rather rudely ventured to say in reply: "I 'spect you set up late when you was a girl."

A SUGGESTION TO TEACHERS.

Mr. Hughes concludes his paper by the following suggestion, which I commend to the attention of English teachers:—

The humour of the schoolroom is too valuable to be lost. Every teacher should record the humorous answers and the amusing incidents in connection with her class. Teachers Associations should appoint recorders of humour, to whom all teachers should send the merry sketches of their schoolrooms. An hour spent in reading these stories in conventions would be profitably spent. The publication of a volume of such stories periodically would enrich the literature of humour. The best collection of extraordinary answers yet issued is that prepared by Miss Caroline B. Le Row, of Brooklyn, New York.

SOME ENGLISH EXAMPLES.

There is an interesting addendum to this Canadian paper—a few extracts from some samples of the examination papers furnished to a writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* for August, by one of Her Majesty's inspectors. These samples of lack of knowledge have all been culled from the examination papers of young women from nineteen to twenty-one, who wish to obtain certificates as teachers:—

A girl of twenty-one, for instance, who when asked from what different sources Richard the First obtained money for his Crusade, made answer to this effect: "Richard the First surnamed Cour de Lion, meaning Lion-Hearted, was a very powerful king. He obtained money in various ways for his Crusades who travelled a great deal." From the same quarter came the following lucid explanation of the particular cause which rendered Wicliff's teaching popular: "Wicliff's teaching became very well known, and was thought a great deal of, and no doubt it came in very useful and the people were very glad of it."

But this is lucidity itself compared with the explanation given by one of the candidates of the main principles of Wolsey's foreign and domestic policy: "The main principle of Cardinal Wolsey's foreign policy were the manners in which he attacked his enemies. In the siege of Quebec he ascended the mountains at dead of night, when his enemies were at rest and took the town at daybreak. His home policy was conducted in a similar manner." Another wrote, "Wolsey was found out by Henry, and charged with high treason for breaching against the Act of Premunire." But Hampden seems to have been as sore a puzzle as Wicliff or Wolsey. (1) He was one of the Pilgrim Fathers. (2) He was a blacksmith who killed a tax-collector for insulting his daughter. (3) He figured very prominently in the reign of James the First. He refused to pay ship-money and was tried by twelve bishops. He held fast to his own rights, and though he suffered the extreme penalty, he convinced the people that James was exacting too large a sum to enrich his own person. One candidate considered the chief battles of the Civil War to have been "St. Albans, Edgehill, Bunker's Hill, and Camperdown." Another wrote, "Both the Royalist and Parliamentarian parties in the Civil War suffered from internal dissension because, their baggage being all swept away, they were pierced with cold and hunger."

HOW FRENCH CONVICTS LIVE.

A VISIT TO NEW CALEDONIA.

In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of July 15th M. Paul Mimande contributes a second article on the French penal colony of Nouméa, which is even more interesting than his first. After a few pages of general reflection on the capabilities of the penitent thief, and the danger of treating him too leniently, the author describes his visit to a Nouméa printing office, where he gave an order for visiting cards to a well-dressed gentleman of some fifty years of age, who, with an eyeglass perched upon his nose, was busily writing "copy." The next day, when passing a café he saw this same individual drinking a cocktail. In answer to an amiable smile of recognition, M. Mimande raised his hat. "What on earth are you doing," said the official with whom he was walking; "don't you know that we never return the salute of a ticket-of-leave man!" and it turned out that the man with the eyeglass was a fraudulent clerk whose sentence of ten years' hard labour had just expired!

A PARADISE OF CONVICTS.

The pith of the article is found in a description of Bourail, a small town entirely peopled by convicts, who have gone through the various stages of punishment. Here they are allowed to wear the ordinary French blue blouse, their hair long, and a beard. Bourail dates from 1869, and is the second largest town on the Island; it lies in a valley, and the houses cluster round the church spire much as they would in any little old town in far-away France. Situated about ten miles from the sea and on good land, it contains seven hundred families, a population of 1,600 souls, and the traveller as he comes down from the hills above the town would find it difficult to realise that this is a penal settlement, for as he walks along the pleasant road which leads him into the valley he meets carts drawn by oxen, prosperous-looking labourers in blouses, and hearty strong-looking women, sitting Amazon fashion astride upon their horses, with whips in their hands. A pretty house displays the tricolour flag, and the traveller is soon informed that there resides the Commandant. It is from this important official that permission to visit Bourail must first be sought before any stranger is allowed to put up at the Hôtel de France, a comfortable hostelry kept by the widow of a convict, and where, of course, both the cook and waiters are ticket-of-leave-men.

ITS CAPITAL AND ITS CITIZENS.

There is only one main thoroughfare, "But what a street it is!" exclaims M. Mimande; the saddler, who boasts that he once worked for Victor Emmanuel, is an Italian coiner caught and condemned at the Versailles assizes. One of his daughters had made a romantic marriage to a young government clerk, who for love of his wife procured his own transfer to an appointment in New Caledonia. His other daughter is married to a man who is working out his time: "an eclectic father-in-law," observes the traveller. A little further up the street is a hair-dresser who could once boast of a shop on the Boulevard; he has now to content himself with shaving the functionaries of Bourail. The local newspaper office is in the same house, and the editor's misfortunes have not destroyed his powers of political satire. His paper rejoices in the name of the *Bourail Independent*. The shabby little grocer's shop is kept by an unfrocked priest; the circulating library and stationer's shop belongs to a one time notary, who has a shaven face, and is precise and dignified in manner. He is a widower, for he murdered his wife. The restaurant is kept by a Chinese

who can talk excellent Marseillaise. He has not much to be ashamed of, for he is only in trouble for rebellion. There is a hospital wherein inhabitants of Bourail can procure gratuitous advice and treatment. M. Mimande evidently seems to think that the medical arrangements of the settlement are those which are in real need of reform. The hospital is badly built, and the two government doctors are overworked, being incessantly on horseback visiting out-stations. As for the Bourail police, they have practically nothing to do, and spend their time in catching parrots and green pigeons. The primary schools are managed by a religious order, probably Christian brothers, and the children of the Commandant sit on the same benches as those of the convicts during school hours.

NUNS AS MATCHMAKERS.

M. Mimande gives a curious description of the women's quarter, which is managed by nuns. The lady superior is an alert old woman whose kind eyes are not devoid of satire. She observed to M. Mimande, "I used to think I knew all about the wickedness of the world, but I find I was mistaken." There is a curious system by which ticket-of-leave men farming the land round Bourail are allowed to seek for wives, the nuns acting as go-betweens. Strange to say these unions are said to succeed better than those when the innocent wife has come from France with her children to rejoin her convict husband.

The children born in the colony give very little trouble, but a good school is very much wanted for the girls. It is to be noted that the commercial success of the small farmer-concessionaries round Bourail is quite extraordinary. The thrift, untiring industry, fertile intelligence, and resource of the French peasantry are equally remarkable under these new conditions in the far Australian seas. Perpetual hope springs in the hearts of the most degraded Frenchmen when married to the fertile earth, for to him "distance cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

The Australian Girl.

JULIA NICHOLSON has a brief paper in the *North American Review* for July upon Australian women, which is well written. Its note is that the Australian girl is very precocious:—

Before the English girl has outgrown childish delights the Australian is a woman in miniature, self-conscious, self-confident, not easily abashed, with eyes that long since have ceased to look out upon the world with wonder. In a short skirt, with a plait down its back, young Australia imitates its elders, flirts, falls in love, and, sometimes, reads and writes funny little love-letters in all seriousness. Very youthful, very innocent all this in its way, but the way itself strikes one as just a little precocious. Like her brother, the Australian girl has a say as to what she learns, where [she goes, what she wears. In fact, she brings herself up under easy supervision. Grown to womanhood, the glitter and glamor of life already tarnished in her sight, she is without reserve, possessed of few illusions and less sentiment. She has arrived at a very good opinion of herself.

The Australian wife is uninteresting, her life narrows down, she seldom shares her husband's interests, and is full of worrying household cares. The Australian woman is not graceful, does not dress well; she is either overdressed or dowdy, and has no artistic sense of the fitness of things. Her feet are seldom small, her hands are rarely beautiful; yet she is pretty, tall, and well-formed. She is vain and somewhat indolent, the serious side of life scarcely appeals to her, and she exacts neither obedience nor reverence from her children.

A CONTEMPORARY OF ST. PAUL'S.

THE STORY OF THECLA.

In the *Church Quarterly Review* for July there was a long article devoted to Professor Ramsay's "The Church and Roman Empire before A.D. 170." The most interesting part of the review is that in which the account is given of Professor Ramsay's attempt to find the nucleus at least of a contemporary story illustrative of St. Paul's life and preaching in Asia Minor. This story he has found in the Acts of Paul and Thecla. The nucleus, Professor Ramsay thinks, dates as far back as the first century, and he has made an attempt to disentangle the original matter from the subsequent recasts. The result of his efforts is thus summed up by the reviewer:—

A DESCRIPTION OF THE APOSTLE.

After leaving Antioch (of Pisidia) on his first missionary journey (Acts xiii. 51), St. Paul took the "Royal Road that leads to Lystra"—the new military road built by Augustus to connect his colonies—until he came to the place where the branch route to Iconium diverges. At this point he was met by an inhabitant of the latter city, who recognised the Apostle from the description which had been given of his personal appearance—"a man of small stature, bald-headed, somewhat bow-legged, with meeting eyebrows and a rather long nose, full of grace, at one time like a man, at another like an angel." Together they went on to Iconium, and there, in the house of his host (Onesiphorus is the name supplied by the reviser), "there was great joy, and bending of knees, and breaking of bread, and God's word concerning temperance and resurrection."

THECLA'S CONVERSION.

The sermon was overheard by Thecla, the daughter of Theoclesia, and affianced bride of Thamyris, as she sat at the window of her mother's house close by. Night and day she continued to listen, clinging to her place "like a spider" to its web, though she could only catch the words and could not see the speaker. Neither her mother nor the women servants, nor her betrothed, could move her. In despair Thamyris appeals to the magistrate against Paul for corrupting the city and interfering between man and woman, and the Apostle is thereupon thrown into prison. But Thecla, the same night, by bribing the porter of her mother's house with her bracelets to let her out, and the jailer of the prison with a silver mirror to let her in, succeeded in penetrating to Paul, and listened again to his preaching of "the great things of God."

THECLA'S SENTENCE.

In the morning, when her proceedings were discovered, both Thecla and Paul were brought before the magistrate. The Apostle was scourged and expelled from the city, the lady was questioned why she did not obey her betrothed according to the law of the Iconians, and probably (as the account in Pseudo-Chrysostom implies) was then handed over to her relatives to be dealt with. Thecla appears to be still searching for Paul, when, at the entrance to Antioch, Alexander, one of the chief men of the place, on seeing her, became enamoured of her, and attempted to force himself upon her notice. She resisted, proclaiming herself a stranger, a noble lady of Iconium, and God's handmaiden, and in the struggle the crown upon his head, adorned with figures (or as some of the Syriac MSS. better have it, "with the figure of Cæsar") fell to the ground. As he was exhibiting games to the people, it is obvious that he had an official position, possibly even that of high priest of the worship of Augustus, and the assault was revenged on Thecla by a sentence of exposure to the beasts which thus happened to be at hand, a severity resented by the women among the bystanders, who cried out, "Ill judgment, unholy judgment." Thecla only claimed to preserve her purity until her martyrdom, and was in consequence entrusted to the charge of a lady of royal rank, Queen Tryphæna, who received her in place of a lost daughter. From the time of Caligula's accession in A.D. 37,

Tryphæna ruled over Pontus jointly with her son, and the bodies of both of them appear on the coins.

AN ABORTIVE MARTYRDOM.

In the account of the martyrdom itself, the historical and the legendary are difficult to disentangle. A lioness is the cause of Thecla's immunity from the death to which she has been sentenced, by refusing to touch her itself or to permit other beasts to do so, and Thecla, who is yet unbaptized, seeing a tank full of water, leaps in with the cry, "Lo, now time to wash myself: in the name of Jesus Christ for the day (or on the last day) I am baptized." Anyhow, when more than usually barbarous proposal was made by Alexander to tie Thecla to two savage bulls, and assented to by the magistrate, Queen Tryphæna fainted away, and was for a moment believed to be dead. In the reaction of horror at result and fear for the consequences—for Tryphæna, as we have seen, was Cæsar's relative—Alexander implored, and the magistrate willingly conceded, Thecla's release. Whether the original story left her at Antioch in the household of Queen Tryphæna, as Professor Ramsay apparently thinks, not easy to say; all extant forms of the Acts take her first to Myra to rejoin Paul, then back to her home at Iconium, lastly, across the hills again to Seleuceia, where also Latin and Syriac versions place her death.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN ASIA MINOR.

Professor Ramsay, if we understand him rightly, is of opinion that the Acts, thus purged of later growths, are a genuine contemporary record of the experiences of a disciple of St. Paul, and even those to whom this seems at first sight a conclusion too startling for acceptance cannot well decline, on evidence, to admit at least a first century origin. Were facts not to be literally true, they would yet be typical of the surroundings, and expressive of the thoughts, of the generation to which St. Paul preached, and throw a welcome light on the social conditions of the country in the first century after Christ. The prominence of women impressed deeply on the early history of Asia Minor. To trace this through the mother was no uncommon thing. Arrian remarks that while elsewhere men ruled over women, in Asia Minor women ruled over men. Nor was the phenomenon confined to heathenism; the Jewish women are specially mentioned in the Acts of St. Pionius, and Professor Ramsay has called attention to the unique appointment of a woman to be *archisynagoga* at Smyrna. At Antioch of Pisidia the women proselytes of the rank are the chief class through whose means the Jews were expelled from the city. Instances of the daughters of Philip, of the Montanist priestesses Prisca and Maximilla, or of the prophetess of Firmilian of Cæsarea tell us that she baptized and consecrated the Eucharist, prove that in quasi-Christian, and even Christian, circles the sex had attained something of a high and unusual rank. It ought, therefore, to be no matter of surprise to find the same feature in the story of Thecla. "Many women" were among those who attended St. Paul preaching in the house of Onesiphorus, just as the chief of the whole city brought against him was that "he corrupted all our wives." In the prayer of Thecla, as she stood naked in the arena at Antioch, she speaks of the "sal of women uncovered in her"; and on the same occasion sympathy of the women in the crowd is more than emphasised—expressed at first in wailing words, then in casting perfumes on the martyr.

MRS. GRUNDY RATHER THAN TORQUEMADA.

The reviewer points out that Thecla was condemned to die, not as a Christian, but on account of two charges held to be proved against her. The first was one of sacrilege, in that she had resisted an attempt to marry her made by one who bore for the moment a sacred character; the other charge was that of interfering with the traditions of society, and upsetting the custom of family life. Mrs. Grundy had more to do probably than the first persecution of the early Christians than to fervent faith in the truths of paganism.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

I NOTICE elsewhere the two papers by Mr. Curzon and Mr. Boulger on the "Crisis in Indo-China," also Lord Meath's "Plea for Public Playgrounds for the Children." The other articles are readable, but do not call specially for notice.

HOW TO HELP THE SEAMSTRESS.

Mr. W. H. Wilkins, in an article entitled "How long, O Lord, how long?" says that when, fifty years ago, Tom Hood wrote his "Song of the Shirt," the seamstress earned 2½d. an hour; to-day most of them cannot average more than 1½d. per hour. He says, truly enough, that—

Until something has been done to place the price of these poor women's labour upon a fair level we cannot hope that they will be able by honest toil to lead virtuous and self-respecting lives.

But how to solve this difficulty is the question. He is in favour of more factory inspectors, and a vigorous attempt to establish a Union among these wretched unfortunates. He says:—

What is rather wanted at the present time is that the Factory Act as it stands shall be thoroughly carried out, and its provisions with regard to women-workers rigidly insisted upon. When that is done it will be time to talk about amending it.

The first thing necessary is to largely increase the number of inspectors, and to appoint women factory inspectors—not in this industry only, but in all industries in which women-workers are employed. None but a woman can know a woman's weakness; none but a woman can know a woman's need. What is, therefore, wanted is that a committee should be formed of men and women who are interested in this question, and so form the nucleus of an organization to protect those who are at present unable to protect themselves. In connection with such a movement there might also be a Benefit Society, which would be useful in cases of sickness or distress; and co-operative works might be started, bringing the producer nearer the customer, and so do away with sweaters and middlemen.

THE ESTIMATE OF THE NEGRO.

Bishop Fitzgerald, replying indignantly to Lord Meath's indictment of the Southern whites for their treatment of the Negro, states what could be said on his own behalf vigorously enough, and, then, towards the close of his paper, sounds the following very uncertain note upon the passage:—

What of the negro's future? He has faith, music, and eloquence. I have never known a negro who was an infidel. I have known thousands who believed too much, but not one who believed too little. Almost every negro is a natural musician. The average negro is more eloquent than the average white man of equal intelligence. Taking the best of the negro race, one could hope for almost anything in their future. Taking the worst, we might well despair of anything. Sweeping generalisations in either direction are deceptive. Negroes differ from one another, as white men differ from one another. As a whole, God has made no kinder race.

THE FUTURE OF EDUCATION.

Professor Mahaffy discusses this subject in a long paper, towards the close of which he thus expresses what he regards as the sum of the whole matter:—

Let us distinguish clearly between technical and liberal instruction, even in the highest forms. To begin with a combination of both at our public schools is perfectly wrong. If they really aim at a liberal education, let that be attended to,

and upon the old and well-established principles which have furnished us with cultivated men for many centuries. To allow young boys, or incompetent parents, to select the topics which they fancy useful or entertaining is an absurdity. On the other hand, every effort should be made to have higher technical schools, not only efficient, but so managed that lads will learn good manners there, and may not be stamped with inferiority from a social point of view. To make mere technical education as refining as the other is no doubt impossible, but every effort should, nevertheless, be used to let those whose lives compel them to accept this narrower course still feel the truth of the old adage that "manners maketh man."

EVOLUTION IN PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

Professor St. George Mivart rejoices with exceeding great joy upon the progress which Professor Huxley has made towards what his critic regards as the true faith. He hardly dares to hope, however, that he is right in regarding Mr. Huxley's utterances as a decisive declaration in favour of the essentially distinct nature of man. Professor Mivart thus describes his own position:—

For my own part my conviction grows ever stronger that, though corporeally man is but a sort of ape, his intellectual nature is so distinct that, thus considered, there is more difference between him and the orang than between the latter and the ground beneath its feet.

But high as he is raised above the rest of Nature, the very limitations of his reason, considered in the light of the highest ethical aspirations of his being, demand something beyond Nature—a Divine Revelation.

This is what the higher races of mankind seem to me to have, consciously or unconsciously, sought and striven for, from the dawn of history till the advent of Christianity. The acceptance of that revelation (of course without the surrender of a single truth of physical, biological, historical, or any other science) is, I believe, the logical outcome of the Theistic corollary implied by that power of ethical intuition which so forcibly proclaims both the responsibilities and the dignity of man.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Lady C. Milnes Gaskell writes brightly and slightly upon her recent sojourn in the Highlands. Dr. Jessopp contributes an admirable short story entitled "An Incident in the Career of the Rev. Luke Tremain," a muscular Christian, who would have delighted the heart of Charles Kingsley. Prince Krapotkin discourses upon "Recent Science" in an article which it is in vain to try to summarise. Mr. William Gibson writes on the "Abbé Grégoire," who declared his faith in Christ in the midst of the National Convention at the time of the French Revolution. Mr. Worsfold descants on the poetry of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Professor Max-Müller replies to Mr. Sinnett on the subject of "Esoteric Buddhism," and "Wyvern" writes knowingly on the "Art of Household Management."

Women as Volunteers.

I AM glad to see the suggestion that women should form Volunteer Corps of their own has met with some considerable degree of interest, and, what is still more valuable, has been freely discussed in the press. As a well-known lady, who writes under the name of "Desperando," says, "Regular drill and discipline will do women physically a great deal of good, and it is much better that women should learn that it is womanly to know how to handle a sword and fire a gun, instead of being taught to think that true womanliness consists in screaming or fainting at the sight of one."

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE August number is very solid, without any article that calls very particularly for lengthy notice.

THE ETHICS OF THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

Mr. Leslie Stephen discusses the question raised by Professor Huxley's famous Romanes lecture at Oxford on the combat between the ethical and cosmic nature. Mr. Stephen thinks that some more has to be said, and so he writes about a dozen pages, leading up to the following conclusions:—

I hold, then, that the "struggle for existence" belongs to an underlying order of facts to which moral epithets cannot be properly applied. It denotes a condition of which the moralist has to take account, and to which morality has to be adapted, but which, just because it is a "cosmic process," cannot be altered, however much we may alter the conduct which it dictates. Under all conceivable circumstances, the race has to adapt itself to the environment, and that necessarily implies a conflict as well as an alliance. The preservation of the fittest, which is surely a good thing, is merely another aspect of the dying out of the unfit, which is hardly a bad thing. The feast which Nature spreads before us, according to Malthus' metaphor, is only sufficient for a limited number of guests, and the one question is how to select them. The use of morality is to humanise the struggle; to minimise the suffering of those who lose the game; and to offer the prizes to the qualities which are advantageous to all rather than to those which serve to intensify the bitterness of the conflict. The more moral the race, the more harmonious and the better organised, the better it is fitted for holding its own. But if this be admitted, we must also admit that the change is not that it has ceased to struggle, but that it struggles by different means. It holds its own not merely by brute force, but by justice, humanity, and intelligence, while it may be added, the possession of such qualities does not weaken the brute force, where such a quality is still required.

THE RITUALIST'S REPLY TO ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

Canon Knox Little replies to Archdeacon Farrar's denunciation of the Romanising party in the Establishment by defending almost everything that Archdeacon Farrar attacked. In particular, he defends the use of confession, and pleads that the best way to maintain a steady and increasing enthusiasm for the Church is not controversial bitterness, but generous considerateness, large allowances for our diversity of views, and Christian love:—

From "none of any manliness and intelligence" adopting the "abject thralldom" of confession and absolution, some of the noblest men I have ever known, in every rank from the highest to the lowest, and with intelligence, uprightness, and manliness not inferior to the Archdeacon himself, have found and find in the use of confession and absolution—as taught and sanctioned by the Church of England—gifts of supernatural grace, powers to fight against the encroachments of sin and a greater nearness to the tenderness and strength of Christ.

SCOTCH DISESTABLISHMENT.

The Rev. Donald Macleod states the case against Disestablishment as strongly as he can. He begins by stating facts concerning the past and present of the Church, and then describes its comparative strength in relation to other Churches, making out that the Establishment has a majority over all other communicants and all other Protestants in Scotland. If so, and if he is right in saying that the Episcopalian and Roman Catholics, and the Original Seceders among the Presbyterians are opposed to Disestablishment, how does it come to pass that Scotch Disestablishment is within sight? He replies that it would not be in sight if Scotland could be polled upon the Church question alone.

It would seem that Dr. Macleod is rather disgusted with Mr. Gladstone for, in the foot-note, he says, "There are few greater curiosities in recent political literature than the statements and re-statements, and subsequent denials of them all, made by Mr. Gladstone."

THE NEW ISLAM.

Mr. Edward Sell devotes a paper to what he calls "The New Islam," which is a very earnest attempt on the part of some of the most distinguished and cultured of Indian Mussulmans to bring Islam into accord with the progressive tendencies of the nineteenth century. It is curious to know that the liberal spirit of Islam depends very largely upon the placing of a comma or a full stop. In the Koran it is said that, "None knoweth its interpretation but God;" then follows a full stop; the next line goes on, "And the stable in knowledge, say, we believe it, It is all from our Lord." The liberal theologians maintain that this ought to read, "None knoweth its interpretation but God and the stable in knowledge," putting a full stop after knowledge, from which it would follow that men of intelligence can understand questions which it is commonly supposed that none but God could fathom.

In the eyes of the New School, the Mohammedan common law, or Shariat, is no longer to be considered a sacred law incapable of change. A prophet is no longer to be immaculate or infallible. The new reformers explain away the texts justifying polygamy, concubinage, and slavery. In the law they maintain the possibility of changing the law of Islam when new conditions require new developments, and the teaching of the Koran on moral questions is held to be a mere temporary measure.

THE EVOLUTION OF LIBERAL UNIONISM.

Sir George Osborne Morgan is not a particularly brilliant writer, and it is with some sense of weariness that we turn to the discourse under that above heading. He has not much more to say than that Liberal Unionists are gravitating more and more to the Conservatives, and the only bright point in his paper is his remark that stranger things have happened in England than the appearance of Mr. Chamberlain in the rôle of a Conservative Prime Minister, and, possibly, in that of Earl of Birmingham and a Knight of the Garter.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. George Barlow, in his paper on "French Plays and English Audiences," writes from the point of view of one who admires the French players almost as much as he despises the English people who go to hear them. Madame Darmesteter has a brightly written sketch of "Spring in the Woods of Valois." Mr. J. Rendel Harris replies to Dr. Martineau in order to prove—which he does to his own satisfaction—that there are certain features in the literary structure of the Gospel of Peter which stamp it indelibly as an artificial and late product. Mr. T. W. Rolleston has a very solid article upon the influence of Lessing on German literature, for German literature, at least at the present time, needs more than anything else the appearance of another Lessing. Mr. Walter Besant publishes, under the title of "The Associated Life," his presidential speech at the opening of Hoxton Library. Mr. Besant says, "When, in the history of any city, has there been found such a combination, so resolute for culture, as the combination of men and women which has raised this temple, this sacred Temple of Humanity,"—which is putting it rather high for a Hoxton library institute. Mr. Stuart Henry has an article entitled "The Gray and Gay Race," and indulges in a few pages in a pleasant little dissertation as to the identity there is between grayness and gayness.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

A GOOD all round number is this, with one or two articles everyone will read. I notice elsewhere Admiral Hornby's paper on "The Loss of the *Victoria*," Mr. Pearson's "Answer to some Critics," Professor James Long's programme for the salvation of the British farmer, and the Rev. Samuel Barnett's eulogy of Japan.

THE NEEDS OF THE NAVY.

Admiral Sir Thomas Symonds has for many long years been one of the most persistent of all those who have agitated for a stronger navy. He has, however, somewhat spoilt his case by exaggerations, of which this new article bears considerable traces. Nothing pleases him in our navy, and he demands immediately six rams of six thousand tons displacement. He concludes his article with the following declaration:—

The Naval Defence scheme supposes our navy to be as strong as those of the two strongest naval Powers combined, whereas we are dangerously inferior to France by itself; and we have literally and truly no reserve of ships or men.

THE WANDERINGS OF THE NORTH POLE.

This is the title of one of Sir Robert Ball's interesting astronomical articles. It will be news to most people not astronomers that the North Pole moves. But it would appear, from the observations of Professor Chandler, that it does move within a small circuit. So exact is astronomical science at the present day that the movement of the Pole, which has never been approached within four hundred miles, can be accurately observed, even if it only moves thirty feet in any direction. The following passage summarises the result of Prof. Chandler's observations:—

In that palaeocystic ocean which Arctic travellers have described, where the masses of ice lie heaped together in the wildest confusion, lies this point which is the object of so much speculation. Let us think of this tract, or a portion of it, to be levelled to a plain, and at a particular centre let a circle be drawn the radius of which is about thirty feet; it is in the circumference of this circle that the Pole of the earth is constantly to be found. In fact, if at different times, month after month and year after year, the position of the Pole was ascertained as the extremity of that tube from which an eye placed at the centre of the earth would be able to see the Pole of the heavens, and if the successive positions of this Pole were marked by pegs driven into the ground; then the several positions in which the Pole would be found must necessarily trace out the circumference of the circle that has been thus described. The period in which each revolution of the Pole around the circle takes place is about 427 days; the result, therefore, of these investigations shows, when the observations are accurate, that the North Pole of the earth is not, as has been so long supposed, a fixed point, but that it revolves around in the earth, accomplishing each revolution in about two months more than the period that the earth requires for the performance of each revolution around the sun.

THE LIMITS OF ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Lloyd Morgan's paper under this title describes an interesting series of experiments conducted by him on very young chickens for the purpose of ascertaining whether they learned to eat and drink by experience or by intuition. He decides in favour of experience. He then proceeds to discuss what animals know and what they don't know. He says:—

As the animal has, in my view, no power of judging actions in relation to a standard of right, no power of appraising objects in relation to a standard of beauty, so also it has, I conceive, no power of gauging its perceptions and conceptions in relation to a standard of truth. For truth is a matter of intellectual knowledge, and such knowledge the brutes have not. It lies beyond the limits of animal intelligence.

He also thinks it probable that they are incapable of moral judgment. They have intelligence, but reason fails them; reason as he defines it adapts conduct from a clear perception of the relationships involved. Animals act by experience, association, imitation, which are the main factors of intelligence, not by explanation and intentional adaptation, which are the goal of reason.

THOMAS PAINE.

Mr. Leslie Stephen has an essay upon this much-abused man, to whose character and career he pays tribute not undeserved. Paine was the son of a poor Quaker in Thetford, and he was all his life Quaker, minus the orthodox creed, substituting a metaphysical dogmatism for the inner light. He was an idealist endowed with a strong vein of vigorous common sense. Mr. Stephen says he cannot take Paine seriously as a philosopher, but he thinks that those who share his views may fairly take a pride in some qualities of their champion's. His chief achievement was his clear distinctive unveiling of the hitherto masked conviction of the masses of his contemporaries.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Gundry, in a well-informed article, describes the causes which lead the Chinese to resent the presence of missionaries in China. It is not very surprising that the missionaries should have difficulties in a country where thirty-seven portions of the human body are named in the best work in Chinese *Materia Medica* as valuable contributions to the pharmacopœia.

Mr. W. H. Hudson explains the use which the serpent makes of its tongue in fascinating its victims. Mr. Archer writing on "Plays and Acting of the Season," confines himself to vindicating "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" from the criticisms of Mr. George Moore, and to a notice of the *Comédie Française*.

Longman's.

THERE is an interesting paper "On Leopards," by C. T. Buckland, in *Longman's Magazine*. Austin Dobson describes the "Topography of Humphrey Clinker." Mr. Dobson thinks that Mr. Smollett wrote the book largely for the purpose of reviving his impressions of the visits which he had paid to Bath, London, and the north of England. Mr. Andrew Lang writes pretty smartly on Mr. Ernest Hart's presumption in denouncing all research into psychical and occult phenomena, excepting those conducted by Mr. Ernest Hart.

The Westminster Review.

MR. FRASER RAE has a very excellent paper on the "Colony of Gibraltar" in the *Westminster Review*. It is a reply to Mr. Laird Clowes and Captain Gambier, who regard the famous old rock as worse than useless to Great Britain. Mr. Rae roundly combats their contention on almost every ground, maintaining that the rock was never more defensible than now, and the idea that it could be rendered untenable by a few Spanish batteries is ridiculed. His chief point is that in Gibraltar we have 20,000 colonists who wish to remain British, and who would bitterly resent any proposal to hand them over to Spain. Other interesting articles are the account which is given of "Home Rule in Operation," and the Channel Islands, which is written by Mr. H. G. Keene, and contains within a comparatively short compass nearly everything that one wants to know of the Channel Islands. Another important article is Mr. J. Castell Hopkins's Paper on "Canada and the Pacific Canadian Railway." The other notable articles are one on "Burial Customs," and Mr. F. W. Grey on "American Popular Government."

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE *National Review*, I am glad to say, has at last followed the example of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*, and publishes this month a chronicle like our "Progress of the World," under the title of "Episodes of the Month." The first place is given to a poem on the "Old and New Idealist," by the late Earl Lytton.

HANG HIM!

Mr. Frederick Greenwood, in an article called "Personal Gratification Bill," develops his favourite thesis that England is going to be ruined because people will not be rude to Mr. Gladstone. He recalls with affectionate admiration the country gentleman whom he knew in the days of his youth, who—

when the name of the great opponent of his Party was mentioned, exclaimed, "Hang him! Hang him, I say!" in a tone which instantly brought before the mind's eye a rope and an overhanging bough.

The present position of affairs in England leads Mr. Greenwood to recall with grateful admiration the succinct and simple method advocated by his country squire, and so he has written an article called "The Personal Gratification Bill," which is the literary expansion of that pious utterance. Mr. Gladstone, he declares, is deliberately endeavouring to humiliate England from an excess of injured vanity, and from a desire to wreak vindictive vengeance upon the country which dared to slight him.

Even the readers of the *National Review* will probably shrug their shoulders, and say that Mr. Greenwood is going a little too far, but Mr. Greenwood probably stands amazed at his own moderation. He says that there is nothing impossible in the suggestion that England may produce a criminal statesman:—

The mildest historians still declare in so many words that there have been men in high position who played the part of tyrant, hypocrite, deceiver, madman, traitor; and, in fact, that in one country or another almost every century has been illustrated by some distinguished personage of this kind.

But Mr. Greenwood cannot wait for the historian. If England is to be saved, the laws of courtesy must be trampled under foot:—

Nothing will go well with us again till we have found sense enough to fling off some at least of the illusions which the prophets of Advancement have imposed on us, and courage enough to deny that tergiversations, mendacities, treacheries, have any right to shelter themselves under forms of courtesy.

SUDERMANN, THE BERLIN PESSIMIST.

Miss Braddon gives a very interesting account of the Berlin playwright whose pessimist dramas have no little vogue in Berlin. Miss Braddon says:—

There is nothing farcical about Sudermann. He is pure *fin de siècle* in his pessimism, and in his willingness to grapple with some of the ugliest problems in social life; but his method is nearer the school of Sardou and Dumas than the stern simplicity of Ibsen. Nor has he the Norwegian playwright's love of the eccentric and the uncanny. He has given us no incarnation of life-weariness and disappointment, like Hedda, no impish death-bringing syren like Hilda. The uncanny, the semi-supernatural, the morbid, and the mystic are as yet untouched by him. His meaning is as crystal-clear as Pinero's; his style as natural; but the scope and construction of his plays are after the Gallic manner, with an added poignancy, a bitter flavour that has more of stern reality than is to be found in the comedies of Augier, Sardou, or Dumas.

PROFESSOR DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Professor Dicey publishes a study of "Alexis de Tocqueville." He says that he can best be compared

with Mr. Bagehot among English writers. He sums him up as follows:—

Tocqueville was in one sense the advocate of democracy: he bid statesmen accept it as a providential fact. But he was at bottom a scion of the old *magistrature* of France; he was the last of the aristocratic writers; and this, though it may for a time deprive him of one kind of popularity, is a literary virtue. With him fine thoughts are expressed in the best language; the style, no less than the profundity, of his reflections will make them live; he will always remain the writer who, with more success than any other man of his time, has known how to investigate, with perfect sincerity, what are the motives which have governed the actions both of himself and of his neighbours, and, having understood them, to explain them to others.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

Mr. George Saintsbury publishes an essay upon this writer, who has come to so untimely an end. He says:—

He is, I fear it must be allowed by all competent criticism which looks before and after, the Helot of Materialism, of Impressionism, of Naturalism, of most of the 'isms of this present day. But in recompense he is probably the greatest writer of the last quarter of the nineteenth century in France; for if a greater is coming, he must make haste to appear, and must bestir himself lustily in the seven years that remain. In verse he has shown the dawn, and in prose the noon-day, of a combination of veracity and vigour, of succinctness and strength, which no Frenchman who has made his *début* since 1870 can pretend to equal.

THE NEW REVIEW.

THE *New Review* is a fairly good number. I notice articles on the "Future of the English Drama," "What Can the Government do for the Poor at Once?" elsewhere.

THE BRAIN OF WOMAN.

Professor Buchner has an article on this subject based on the scientific researches of Huschke and others, whose conclusions he summarises as follows:—

The character of the masculine disposition is shown in the frontal bone, that of the feminine in the crown bones, and the woman whose physical character is a continuation of the child-like has remained a child in respect to her brain also, though more exceptions to the rule occur than in the case of the ordinary child, and though the difference between the crown and frontal bones is not marked in the same degree. This scientific result is therefore in accord with the view held for so many thousand years, that the woman is designed more for the life of the heart and of the emotions than for that of the mind and the higher intellectual activities.

Quoting a number of authorities, Professor Buchner comes to the conclusion that a woman's brain is about one-tenth less in weight than a man's brain, and the curious thing is that the higher the culture of the race, the more does the male brain outweigh the female brain. As a rule, every civilised man has got a good size coffee-cupful of brain more than a woman, and what is more, the professor's authorities maintain that the brain of the female adult remains more or less in an embryotic and childish stage. If, however, the weight of the brain is considered in reference to the weight of the body, the disadvantage of woman disappears. That is to say, a woman has more brain in proportion to her flesh and bone than a man.

SAINT IZAAK OF THE ANGLERS.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne reminds us that—

In a few days it will be three hundred years since Izaak Walton was born at Stafford, and the day, August 9th, is to be fitly kept *piscatoribus sacrum*.

And he discourses enthusiastically on the patron saint of all anglers. He says:—

He was entirely the product of the old order. We see in him an exquisite example of that perfection of character which that old order not infrequently developed. He is perhaps more the ideal Churchman than the ideal Christian, a respecter of castes and an unquestioning supporter of the powers that be. He is the type of man who grows obediently as he is trained, and gives God the glory. It is inevitable that such a type has its limitations.

WILL ENGLAND BECOME ROMAN CATHOLIC?

The most interesting article is probably that in which a writer signing himself "Gallio" answers in the affirmative this question. He says:—

Presuming that a large portion of the English people will want in the future a working form of religion, they will have these two alternatives before them—first, a well-fed, State-endowed Church, whose official bread is well buttered on both sides, whose present constitution is the result of a royal sixteenth-century divorce suit and a seventeenth-century compromise; secondly, an iron-framed organisation based on the assumption of unquestionable authority, armed (if that be granted) with unassailable logic, and accoutred with every device that skill and experience can invent to captivate the human mind and charm the human senses.

The irresistible conviction one is led to in considering the future of religious England is that the unthinking agnostics and the easy-going good fellows who form such a large proportion of the Church of England from habit, will in the future either belong to no Church at all, or belong to the Church which can give them the extreme dose of dogma, discipline, and religious sentiment certain types of mind require.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Sir Richard Temple discourses on the silver crisis in India, not knowing exactly what the result will be. Two writers plead for the Armenians, urging upon England the duty of redressing their wrongs. The only redress which England can give to Armenia is—as I am almost weary of reminding those who wish to recognise facts—to work for a European mandate in favour of a Russian occupation. There is no other way of doing any good in Armenia; as John Bright, indeed, told the Armenian delegates many years ago. There is a contemporaneous account of the Battle of the Nile, written by an adjutant-general of the French fleet, which does not, however, call for any special notice.

THE CHURCH QUARTERLY.

The *Church Quarterly Review* for July is a number much above the average. This review is sometimes extremely dull, but that cannot be said to be the characteristic of the present number. The most readable article is a very brightly written paper on John Ruskin; it is valuable if for nothing else than for its extracts from his works and correspondence. Another readable paper is that of Dorothy Sidney, the original of Sacharissa.

WANTED ANOTHER ATHANASIUS.

The first article on "The Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers" is devoted to St. Athanasius. The reviewer thinks we stand badly in need of another Athanasius to-day:—

If Arianism exists in the nineteenth century, so also do other forms of thought with which Athanasius came into constant contact. There are young Basils among us, firm in the faith, and yet not unsuspected of error. There are men who in the fullest sense hold the truth, who yet hesitate about the expression. One thing at least is certain. If the Church is to be saved in our day as it was in his, it will be by men who in the spirit of Athanasius will add to gifts of intellect, of moral power, and of leadership, a firm hold of the central doctrine of the Incarnation as taught in the Scriptures and in the Church, will combine with it that doctrine is life and not

merely form, and therefore, as spiritual fathers, will welcome every child who really holds the living truth and acts and speaks in entire devotion to our Lord.

BISHOP WESTCOTT'S "GOSPEL OF LIFE."

The article which is nominally a review of Bishop Westcott's "Gospel of Life" is very long, and is primarily devoted to an exposition of the reviewer's own line of thought. This having been satisfactorily set forth like a sermon under first, second and third, we have the review of the book, which is critical but appreciative. The reviewer says:—

The "Gospel of Life" is nevertheless a profound and valuable contribution to Christian thought. It belongs to the class of theological works which are in the true way apologetic by exhibiting the great harmonies of the Faith. It contains much which is positively constructive. In its details it is suggestive and provocative of thought in a very high degree. It is deeply Christian in the central place which it assigns to the living power of the risen Christ.

THE GOSPEL OF ST. PETER.

A long and learned article is devoted to a discussion of the value of the Gospel of Peter. The conclusion of the reviewer is stated as follows:—

On the whole our conclusion is that "Peter" is so much later than the Canonical Evangelists that he might have copied from them, but that they could not have copied from him; that his variations from them have no trace of having been derived from independent tradition, but have all the marks of being pure invention; and therefore that it is not reasonable to account for his coincidences with them by supposing that he got them from independent knowledge of the traditions embodied in our Gospels when there is no difficulty in believing that he knew the Gospels themselves.

Our verdict is that while we feel the greatest interest in the recovery of a genuine portion of a second century document—interest not diminished by the fact that it throws light on the ideas of a heretical sect, rather than on those of the Catholic Church, concerning which other evidence is abundant—we must pronounce it to be a critical blunder of the first magnitude to treat this document as one that ever had wide circulation or that largely influenced Christian thought.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE PROPHETS.

This article is a review of the Warburtonian lectures of Dr. Kirkpatrick. The reviewer shakes his head solemnly at Dr. Kirkpatrick but rejoices to find he is not so bad as he might have been:—

The whole question is to be properly considered, there is need of more than accurate scholarship and historical and critical skill. True science requires investigation by more methods than one. Specialists are always prone to exaggerate sides of truth or to make still more serious mistakes. One science requires to be balanced by another. In the just discussion of such a subject as prophecy theology has its place as well as criticism, and there is no hope of right conclusions unless the teaching of the New Testament and of the Christian Church is kept in view.

TOMAHAWKING CONGREGATIONALISTS.

The writer of the article on the "Tercentenary Literature of the Congregational Union" goes for Dr. Mackennal and his colleagues, who ventured to print popular lectures on the origin of Congregationalism, in a fashion which recalls reminiscences of the days when ferocity was considered good form. One sentence is sufficient to give as a sample of the slashing style of this reviewer:—

It will be readily imagined, from the exposure which we have already made of Dr. Mackennal's glaring ignorance and uninquity, that he blindly accepts the whole body of the legends of his sect as infallible. Simple ignorance is pardonable; but it is criminal when ignorance affects to be historical, and piles up a heap of guesses, gossip, suggestions, and falsehoods to justify the legends which it has never critically examined.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE *Quarterly Review* for July, although very good, is not up to the level of the *Edinburgh*. The best articles are the first and the last; the first on the discovery of America, the second upon the Home Rule Bill.

THE OLD WORLD AS SEEN FROM THE NEW.

The essayist, who has the place of honour with a comprehensive survey of the evidence which led up to the discovery of America and the results which followed, concludes his paper by some general reflections which have as their key-note the familiar line, "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way." One result the *Quarterly* reviewer points out is the dwarfing of the European continent and the creation of a new Mediterranean in the Pacific. Speaking of the Americans, he says:—

In their eyes, the States of Europe have about the same importance as had those of Greece in the eyes of a Roman when his ambassadors were dictating terms to the kings of Asia, and it had become apparent that by-and-by the whole civilised world would belong to him. The Mediterranean, seen from a distance of over three thousand miles, shrinks to a Dead Sea, with deserted Spain and Africa, poverty-stricken Italy, and half-barbarian Hellas lying stranded around it, their part in the movement of mankind over, their charm grown chiefly artistic or antiquarian, and their influence on the western hemisphere absolutely null. As for the German Empire, it is land-locked, necessarily stay-at-home, and crushed under its military burdens. France is an anarchy; Austria is a geographical expression. The only Powers which seem to have youth left in them are colonising England and medieval Russia. Neither of these immense monarchies can fairly be deemed the rival of America; each, as time goes on, will become more and more of a steadfast friend to her. And the new Mediterranean, where these three Powers meet, and which is no Dead Sea but alive with great and growing commercial navies, must we not discern it in the Pacific Ocean, extending as it does to the shores of India and Australia, no less than to those of Eastern Asia? In this most astonishing and unexpected way has the balance of the world's history been shifted from one side of the globe to the other.

THE NEW BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

There was an old Battle of Hastings that was fought between William the Conqueror and Harold. The new Battle of Hastings is that which is being waged over the reputation of Mr. Freeman, the historian of the Norman Conquest. The *Quarterly* reviewer last year devoted himself to a very elaborate and very severe criticism of the historian's account of the famous battle. To him Mr. Archer made an able and detailed reply, and now in the present number the *Quarterly* reviewer retorts upon his adversary much to his own satisfaction, if we may judge from his own summary of what he accomplished:—

We have now established, briefly to recapitulate, that Mr. Freeman is, even on his own showing, wrong in assuming that the English fought behind "wooden walls," and that his "palisade," with all that it involves, must be finally abandoned. We have further shown that his elaborate and confident arrangement of the English forces rests on no authority, and is nothing but a random guess,—a guess to which his own precedent, moreover, is directly opposed. Then passing to the battle, and taking it stage by stage, we have shown that on its opening phase he went utterly astray, in search of an imaginary attack on a phantom palisade. We have seen how another such guess transported to "the western ravine" a catastrophe which cannot have happened there; and we have traced, in our former article, his singular misapprehension of the great feigned flight. Lastly, the critical manœuvre of the day, by which "the Duke's great object was gained," and "the great advantage of the ground lost" to the English, proves, on enquiry—although introduced, like the other assertions, as an historic fact—to be yet another unsupported guess: for the

statement that, by this manœuvre, "the Normans were at last on the hill," and could thus "charge to the east right against the defenders of the Standard" (page 490), there is absolutely no foundation.

LORD SHERBROOKE.

The article on Lord Sherbrooke, better known as Robert Lowe, is very appreciative and sympathetic, as might be expected in a Review to which Robert Lowe contributed three articles—the first against household suffrage, the second against trades' unions, and the third in favour of the endowment of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. The *Quarterly Review* still holds to its old thesis that Disraeli's action in 1867 was to be fitly described as the "treachery of the great surrender—that dishonest victory fatal to Liberty." Speaking of Lord Sherbrooke's career, he says:—

But such a life conveys other lessons than those that lie upon the surface. We see him tried by adversity and prosperity, and in both preserving the even tenor of his way. In the midst of success he betrays a doubt whether the game of life is worth the candle; nor could the vexations of his lot prevail over his old-world courtesy, his patience and consideration. By the sweetness and gaiety of his disposition he effectually disguised from those around him the hourly mortifications which blindness imposed.

THE FINE ART OF BOOKBINDING.

Collectors of books will turn with interest to the article on the art or craft of bookbinding, which surveys the whole subject from the terra-cotta cases of Assyria down to the present day. Before printing was discovered, the manufacture of books and their bindings was chiefly carried on by the Church. After the printing press, artistic bookbinding began its history, and when women took to reading books, they became portable. Then bookbinding in wood, precious stones, enamel and ivory, disappeared, and calf, morocco, and parchment came in their place. Venice took the lead in the new art, and the Crusades gave a stimulus to highly-embellished bookbinding as to other things. The French school of binding was founded by Grolier at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Modern bookbinding was introduced into England by Germans, Dutch, and Normans. After the French Revolution, an influx of French emigrants once more reinforced our English bookbinders. There is not so much gossip as is often to be found in articles of this kind; but here and there are items such as that Harley, first Earl of Oxford, employed a firm of bookbinders to bind his library in red morocco at a cost of £18,000. In the British Museum, theology is bound in blue, history in red, poetry in yellow, and natural history in green. Roger Payne, the most famous of English bookbinders, was a drunkard, and died in extreme poverty.

OTHER ARTICLES.

An article upon "Political Spies" tells again the famous story of Le Caron. In the article on "The Privy Council under the Tudors," the writer endeavours—to lay before our readers some samples of the materials for English history contained in the register of the Privy Council; but it must not be supposed that we have to any considerable degree exhausted the interesting contents of this mine of information which is now being made accessible to the general public through the enterprise of the officers of the Council Office.

In the paper entitled "The Fall of the Ancient Régime" the reviewer endeavours to enable his readers to understand the French Revolution by explaining some of the past administrative difficulties which existed between the two countries at the close of the eighteenth century.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THE *Edinburgh Review* for July is an admirable number. There is hardly a dull article in it, and from first to last a very high standard of interest and of excellence is maintained. I notice elsewhere the remarkable article upon Cardinal Newman and Bishop Lightfoot, and also the historical monograph on Empress Catherine II.

NEWS ABOUT THE CANAANITES.

The first place in the review is given to a very lucid and interesting account of the "Tell Amarna Tablets," the discovery of which has shed a flood of confirmatory light upon the narrative of the Pentateuch. The writer says:—

The testimony of the stones pronounces in favour of the knowledge and honesty of the great writers of old, when traduced by those whose unkempt and ignorant forefathers were driving their wagons over the desolate steppes of the Volga regions, while art and poetry, commerce and literature, were already flourishing among the Chaldeans and Egyptians, the Hittites and Phœnicians, and in the plains of Southern Palestine itself.

The Tell Amarna tablets represent a literature equal in bulk to about half the Pentateuch, and concerned almost exclusively with political affairs. They are clay tablets, varying from two inches to a foot in length, with a few as large as eighteen inches, covered with cuneiform writing generally on both sides, and often on the edges as well. The peasantry unearthed nearly the complete collection, including some three hundred and twenty pieces in all; and explorers afterwards digging on the site have added only a few additional fragments. The greater number were bought for the Berlin Museum, while eighty-two were acquired for England, and the rest remain either in the Boulak Museum at Cairo, or, in a few instances, in the hands of private collectors.

A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

The writer of the natural history article makes a very strong protest against the hideous and brutal custom of decorating women's hats with the corpses of singing birds. Apart from this, the practical part of the reviewer is thus stated:—

Something can and ought to be done to enlarge the scope and increase the efficiency of the Birds' Protection Act, passed as long ago as 1880, but hitherto in some vital respects a failure. This Act ordains for certain birds a close time from March 1 to August 1, and by this *some* land birds and sea fowls are scheduled as wholly protected from legal slaughter; but the close time begins a month too late, and ends at least a month too soon, to render the protection of real service. Moreover, it forbids neither nest-destroying nor egg-stealing, though both are causes of ruinous destruction to thousands of broods of young birds, especially along the sea-coast, where dealers are ever on the watch. If these defects could be rectified, landowners persuaded to prohibit the incursions of unlicensed and professional birdcatchers, and if all the real friends of birds would but exert themselves individually in enforcing the law, a great step would be gained towards the abolition of horrors in the fields and woods and hideous head-dresses in the world of fashion.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF WEALTH.

This is the title given to an elaborate review of M. Jannet's article on "Capital, Speculation, and Finance in the Nineteenth Century." The reviewer thus summarises the scope of his article, which is full of facts, and much more readable than financial articles usually contrive to be:—

From one part of his work we have endeavoured to show how the rapid increase of wealth, which has been the characteristic of our own age, has promoted the progress of the world and has improved the condition of the poor; from another part of it we have tried to explain how, in the pursuit of wealth, men

have stooped to practices which have been both fraudulent and injurious, and by their conduct have brought dishonour on themselves and ruin on those who have trusted to them. But, if one part of his work confirms us in our dislike of the new patent inventions for promoting progress by destroying riches, the other part of it makes us hesitate in adopting any drastic methods of purifying the Augean stable.

RUSSIA AND THE PACIFIC.

The writer of this article is, on the whole, not much of an alarmist, although he considers that in the North Pacific lies the key to the whole Pacific Question. His conclusion is that—

Whilst we acknowledge the strength of the Russian position there, we need not dread it. It will be our own fault if we do not resort to the right methods of neutralising it or diminishing it considerably. Whilst the opening of railway communication between Russia in Europe and the coast provinces of Eastern Siberia may add to the defensive, and even offensive, capabilities of the latter, we have seen that they may be viewed also in another aspect. The new line will be a hostage to China. We may anticipate with a fair approach to confidence that the most important result of making the Siberian railway will be an increased demand for those facilities of sea-transport which the British mercantile marine can alone supply.

ONE OF THE ASIATIC LITTLE WARS.

"The Campaign in the Kanjut Valley" gives a graphic account of the campaign led by Colonel Durand against the hill tribes, living where three empires meet between Kashmir, Tibet, and the Russian territories. The story reflects great credit upon our soldiers. The writer, who bases his article upon Mr. Knight's book, says:—

Among our little wars that in the Kanjut valley is entitled to a memorable and conspicuous place. It was noteworthy for the natural surroundings amid which it was conducted, for the conspicuous valour shown on both sides, and, above all, for the complete harmony which seems to have resulted from it. Before Colonel Durand's advance the Kanjutis were at heart the allies of Russia. The events which have happened since the campaign have gone to show that there is no risk of a fresh attack from the Kanjutis, but that we have still to place our house in order with the hillmen of the Indus valley below Bunji.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The other articles cover a wide range of subjects. Walpole's "Isle of Man" is a review of Mr. Walpole's book, "The Land of Home Rule." To the title the reviewer takes the following objection:—

The Home Rule of the Isle of Man is at the most mere gas and water Home Rule. Hence it is obvious that, for the purposes of practical politics, the so-called Home Rule of the Isle of Man is useless, as an example, when we discuss the question of Home Rule for Ireland. It is therefore better to leave the political question of the hour, and to consider Mr. Walpole's interesting work simply and solely as an essay on the Isle of Man.

"The Tragedy of the Cæsars" is the title of the article on Mr. Baring Gould's recent book on the Claudian and Julian Cæsars. The reviewer says it is:—

A very pleasant and readable book, founded on the natural alliance between art and literature continued into artistic and literary comparative studies.

"Sir Henry Maine as a Jurist" is a highly appreciative article based upon books recently published by Sir Henry. The reviewer says:—

Capable workers in historical research are many, directors of research are few. Maine's was, nay is, one of the directing minds.

THE FORUM.

THE *Forum* is a good average number, although there are not many articles which call for special note in England. Mr. Bryce's paper on the "Teaching of Civic Duty" appears in these pages simultaneously with its publication in America. There are a couple of articles devoted to the pension scandal and to the World's Fair. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's paper suggesting improvements in the Celebration of the Fourth of July is noticed elsewhere.

THE FUNCTIONS OF A CHRISTIAN PREACHER.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, in the *Forum*, discusses the functions of a Christian preacher at some length, and his observations are very much to the point. He tells young men who are thinking of entering the ministry:—

never was "the cloth" or "the pulpit" less venerated than now, never was so scant respect paid to the mere vestment and standing place; but never did an age or a nation so greatly need the prophet, as this age and this American people, and never was age or nation more ready to hear and heed the prophet, if he comes to it inspired by the consciousness of a divine message.

Of the duty of a preacher in the present day he says:—

His message of life is in spirit the same which has been given by the prophets of all the ages, but its form must be adapted to the thought-forms of his own time. And while his immediate object must be the inspiration of the individual, his ultimate object must be so to give that inspiration that a new social order, an order of love not of ordered and regulated selfishness, shall rule in the social, the industrial, and the political world.

THE RUSSIAN EXTRADITION TREATY.

Mr. J. B. Moore replies to Stepniak and others who have denounced the recent extradition treaty between Russia and the United States, meeting each point in their indictment, and finishing up as follows:—

Contemporaneously with the publication of the Russian treaty, it is constantly declared that it is the most comprehensive of all our extradition treaties. If those who labour under that impression would turn to our other treaties, they would soon be convinced of their error. The list of crimes in the Russian treaty is substantially the same as that in our treaties with Belgium, Japan, and Colombia. It is not nearly so comprehensive as the list in our recent treaties with Great Britain, Spain, Sweden, and the Netherlands. The effort to find something extraordinary in the treaty is doomed to disappointment, and may well be abandoned.

POPULARITY OF PLAY WRITING.

Mr. A. M. Palmer has a paper in which he explains "Why Theatrical Managers reject Plays." He says that it is a reasonable estimate that since he began managing theatres ten thousand plays have been read and considered in his office. As he has only been manager twenty-two years, this would give more than four hundred plays a year, and more than one a day. The amount of amateur play-writing in America is simply astounding. Each year brings a new crop of new playwrights, and two years ago, when the *New York Herald* offered a prize for a one-act play, there were six hundred competitors. He thinks that the need of the American stage at present is American plays which would drop the conventional stage Americanism, and give us in their place the gentle, the strong, the correctly-talking, and correctly-behaving characters of American life.

AMERICAN COLOURED GLASS.

Louis C. Tiffany declares that the best American coloured glass and windows are superior to the best mediæval windows. The American artist combines effects

and beauties which were never dreamed of in the past. The prospective importance of this revived art is not to be over-estimated. No artistic employment offers greater advantages to the artisan, and Mr. Tiffany advises the most efficient art students to turn their attention in this direction.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. John Malone, an actor formerly in Mr. Booth's company, gives some interesting reminiscences of Edwin Booth. Mr. Hudson discusses the army as a military training school.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE *North American Review* for June is a fair average number. Lady Aberdeen writes brightly and sympathetically upon "The Irish Village at the World's Fair." Professor Samuel Brun points out, in an article entitled "Divorce made Easy," that in twenty years in the United States the number of children involved in the divorce cases tried reached two hundred and sixty-seven thousand, and in one hundred and forty-one thousand cases they do not say whether there were any children at all. One divorce in America, says Professor Brun, was granted because the wife had a sick headache and her husband smoked, while another got a divorce because he insisted on quoting to her St. Paul's text that a wife ought to be obedient to her husband.

Professor Briggs discourses on the future of Presbyterianism, from which we learn that liberal theologians in America are nowhere so uncomfortable as in the Presbyterian Church. He does not think that they will leave it, but they will struggle on inside until the Presbyterian Church becomes as broad, catholic, and progressive as her Congregational and Episcopal sisters.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, in an article entitled "How Distrust Stops Trade," points out the mischief that is being done by the uncertainty about the currency. Another article on "Bimetallism" is that by Mr. Leach, an ex-director of the Mint. It is a survey of the silver legislation and its results. Mr. Leach is dead against the silver currency.

Mr. Tourgee, writing on the "Anti-Trust Campaign," strongly presses for laws to break the power of capitalist trusts of every sort and character. This he thinks is necessary to relieve American civilisation of the peril of feudalism based on wealth.

Dr. Ingersoll argues in favour of admitting the Chinese to the United States, stating the case in favour of toleration with great force and eloquence. He denounces the Geary law excluding the Chinese as being as inhuman as the Russian order for the expulsion of the Jews. Mr. Geary, the author of the law, defends the exclusion of the Chinaman on the ground that Chinese labour is organised practically on the basis of slavery, and that the American free labourer is ruined by the heathen Chinese. The Pacific States which contain nine-tenths of the Chinese in America are unanimous against any more being allowed to come in. He concludes his article by declaring there is no room in this country for the establishment of foreign governments for the races who are not willing to submit to the authority of our American laws.

Professor H. B. Boyesen tries to explain the Norwegian political crisis to American readers. Mr. H. G. Prout, in an article entitled "The Fastest Train in the World," describes the train between New York and Chicago which covers 1,900 miles in forty hours. The train is timed to do nine hundred and sixty-four miles from New York to

Chicago at an average speed of forty-eight miles an hour, including nine stops. Twenty-five miles are run at the rate of seventy miles an hour, and one of these miles was run at the rate of eighty-four miles an hour. The train by which this is done runs on the New York Central and Lake Shore railroads. It is called a twenty hours' service. Mr. Prout thinks they will get down to eighteen.

The Marquis de St. Carlos describes "French Girlhood" in an article written apparently to make American girls thank their lucky stars they were not born in France. Mr. George A. Stuart describes "International Yachting in 1893." He says that, for the International Cup race of this year, yachts have been built to the value of not far short of a million dollars, and most of them will be obsolete by another year. Dr. Louis Robinson, whose photographs of new-born babies hanging on by their hands to a tree branch will be familiar to our readers, has a brief paper entitled "The Natural History of the Hiss." All birds and animals that rear their young, and climb trees, hiss when in danger. Dr. Robinson thinks that they have adopted it because nothing frightens their enemies so much as snakes. Animals hiss therefore to deceive their enemies into the belief that they are face-to-face with serpents.

THE ARENA.

MR. COULSON KERNAN, the author of "A Dead Man's Diary," whose portrait figures as the frontispiece of the July number, gives the confessions of a suicide, which he took down from the lips of the man in question while he was in a condition of intense mental excitement. It was upon the experiences thus received that he wrote the "Dead Man's Diary."

WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE?

This number contains the first instalment of the verdict of the jury which Mr. Flower empanelled for deciding whether or not Shakespeare wrote the plays which have made his name immortal. It is an odd jury. Of the nine who give their judgment this month, Mr. G. Kruell is the only one who believes that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Mr. Frothingham and Miss Willard incline to a theory of a composite authorship, but Mr. A. R. Wallace, the Marquis of Lorne, Henry George, and three others of less note, are all in favour of the Shakespearian authorship of Shakespearian plays. Mr. George expresses what is a very general opinion when he says:—

Nothing but perversity could attribute Shakespeare's plays to Bacon. If, in your tribunal of literary criticism, there is in use any phrase that will soundingly declare the allegation preposterously false, and the "allegators" wanton and pestilent disturbers, record it as my verdict in this case.

CHRIST, HIS CHURCH, AND WHISKY-SELLERS.

Most of the papers in this number deal with American subjects; two of them are devoted to the money question. Mr. George B. Brown has a paper on "Christ and the Liquor Problem," which is a bold attempt on the part of a whisky dealer to prove that the Methodist Church of the States is on the wrong track in refusing membership to whisky dealers. After quoting the familiar text about the Son of Man coming eating and drinking, and being accused of being a wine-bibber and a friend of publicans and sinners, Mr. Brown says:—

From this it is evident that Christ used, as was customary among His friends, an intoxicating liquor as a beverage; and if He were to come again upon the earth in human form, and to live exactly as He did when here, the Methodist Church would have to change its Book of Discipline in order to admit Him to membership therein, as certainly, from its

present position, He would not be moral enough to become a member of such an association.

REALISM IN GERMANY.

Dr. Emil Blum has a very interesting paper on the "Realistic Trend of Modern German Literature." Dr. Blum says that, in the eyes of the realist, love is sexuality, and as a passion is not classified as a higher psychic motor than other passions such as egotism, ambition, pride, race feeling, or pity. He speaks very highly of Hermann Conradi's "Adam Mensch," which is the most horrible, most repulsive, yet the most attractive book another novelist of the same school has ever read, from which it may be inferred that it is, as he says, shocking indeed. Of the same school is an ardent anarchist, John Henry Mackay by name, whose sentiments Dr. Blum says are best presented by his own words, "I hate this life, this miserable life, with growing hate," from which it would appear that sensible readers should give modern German realism a wide berth.

SHOULD WOMEN BE TAUGHT THEIR BUSINESS?

Rabbi S. Schindler, in a paper entitled "Innocence at the Price of Ignorance," speaks out very sensibly as to the absurd and wicked notion that prevails in many quarters as to the duty of keeping women in ignorance of everything that it is most important they should know if maternity is to be the chief duty of their lives. He says:—

We know that we have to bear all the consequences of all the acts committed by a long line of ancestry; and still we do not as yet know how to use these eternal laws to advantage, simply because our experience has ever remained individual, and has never become universal, as was the case in other branches of science. Especially that half of the human kind upon whom nature has laid the strictest obligation to take care of the future, viz., the female sex, which has more to suffer from any infringement upon natural laws than has the male sex, is left to grope in the dark; is thrown upon mere instinct, and kept in the darkest ignorance as to the laws upon which depend, not only their own welfare, but that of their offspring. They are taught a multitude of things, and yet the greatest secrecy is kept in regard to the most important relation into which they are to enter.

A Programme for Working Women.

In the last of Helen Campbell's papers on "Women Wage-earners," which have been running for some months past in the *Arena*, the following six points in the programme of the Working Women's Society of New York are given as the most succinct women's programme that has yet been drawn up in the United States:—

1. To encourage women in the various trades to protect their mutual interests by organization.
2. To use all possible means to enforce the existing laws relating to the protection of women and children in factories and shops, investigating all reported violations of such laws; also to promote, by all suitable means, further legislation in this direction.
3. To work for the abolition of tenement-house manufacture, especially in the cigar and clothing trades.
4. To investigate all reported cases of cruel treatment on the part of employers and their managers to their women and children employees, in withholding money due, in imposing fines, or in docking wages without sufficient reason.
5. To found a labour bureau for the purpose of facilitating the exchanging of labour between city and country, thus relieving the overcrowded occupations now filled by women.
6. To publish a journal in the interests of working women.
7. To secure equal pay for both sexes for equal work.

These points are the same as those made by the few clubs which have taken up the question of woman's work and wages, but thus far only this society has formulated them definitely.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

WE have noticed elsewhere M. Mimande's curious account of the French penal settlement at Nouméa.

THE ITALIANS OF TO-DAY.

In the *Revue* of July 1st M. Bazin begins a series of articles on "The Italians of To-day," in which he describes the provincial life of northern Italy. There is no greater popular fallacy, he says, than that which declares the Italians to be a lazy people, at any rate as far as the peasantry are concerned. He has himself taken walking tours all over the Roman Campagna and round Naples, and everywhere he found laborious and patient workers. Were it not for the huge land tax of thirty-three per cent., he points out that the Italian peasant might become as prosperous as his French brother. Like most of those who have travelled in Italy, M. Bazin was much struck by the rarity of silver. On one occasion he had to accept as change ten francs worth of coppers.

M. Bazin gives an interesting glimpse of the King and Queen of Italy on the occasion of their opening an asylum for the blind at Milan. The King arrived first in a carriage and pair; he was dressed in broadcloth and had on a tall hat; as soon as he stepped into the entrance hall of the Institution he signed to those around him who had uncovered themselves to put on their hats, and then spoke to each in a low clear voice. His attitude was entirely military, and it was easy to see that he likes standing while talking. "His moustache is terrible," observes the French scribe, "though less so than that represented on his presentment on the Italian coinage."

Ten minutes later the Queen arrived in a splendid carriage and four; she wore a black velvet hat covered with feathers, and a dark blue gown. The most striking thing about her countenance are her long golden eyelashes. M. Bazin also noted how admirably she understood and fulfilled her duties as Queen, making herself especially gracious to the poor, humble, and afflicted.

AN ITALIAN ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

In a rapid sketch of modern Italian literature, the same author makes special mention of a young poetess, Signorina Ada Negri. This young lady who is only twenty-two years of age, is the daughter of a poor widow at Lodi. At the age of eighteen she became an elementary schoolmistress, and two years later published her first volume of verse "Fatalita," which obtained an immediate success, for in it the Italian girl poured out all her heart, and described her sad poverty-stricken childhood. Signorina Negri was lately appointed mistress in one of the best government schools of the land, and it is said that she is now writing a long and ambitious poem.

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE.

M. G. Valbert gives, in a few pages, a vivid description of the youth of Joseph de Maistre, the famous author of "Les Soirées de Saint Pétersbourg." The De Maistre family came originally from Languedoc, and Joseph was one of fifteen children, being born on April 1st, 1754, at Chambéry. His father had very strict and rigid ideas as to how young people should be brought up, and long after he had reached the age of manhood the future writer never opened a book without first asking the permission of his redoubtable parent, who had been nicknamed by his friends "The Block of Granite." De Maistre was for long years the pupil of the Jesuits, to whom he always remained most loyal and devoted, and many years after he wrote to a friend, "My grandfather loved the Jesuits, my

father loved them, my beloved mother loved them, I love them, my son loves them, and his son will love them, should the King ever allow him to have a son."

M. Du Bled continues, in the same number, his "History of Franche Comté," a province which played a great part in monarchical France, and which can boast among its children many famous men.

THE FUTURE OF MEXICO.

In the *Revue* of the 15th of July, M. Fouillé writes a long and learned article on "The Science of Life," and M. Jannet contributes an account of Mexico both from the social and economic point of view, which might be read with advantage by any intending settler in Central America. Should coal-mines ever be discovered on Mexican soil, M. Jannet declares that that country will become one of the greatest wealth-producing countries in the world, but of course without coal the most valuable mineral treasures must lie dormant. The American Indians, who apparently find it easy to work and exist in Mexico on very little, have driven out the European emigrants, and there are in all, says the writer, some four or five thousand French established there.

CATHERINE II.

M. Rod, in the same number, discusses the evolution of modern Italian literature, and attempts to give some idea of the methods and work of Signor A. Fogazzaro, a poet-novelist whose writings seem to be as popular in Germany as Italy. The Marquis d'Aragon, who has been fortunate enough to obtain the advance proofs of a forthcoming volume of letters addressed by the Prince de Nassau Siegen to his wife during the former's journey through the Crimea with Catherine II. of Russia in 1781, gives a vivid account of the great Empress's famous progress, and throws many curious sidelights on Potemkin's character, whilst of Catherine he quotes the following brief description:—

No one can form an idea of her absolute simplicity of manner; her conversation is charming, and when she discusses any subject she unconsciously betrays her wide and varied knowledge and wit. She would have been in private life a most charming person.

OTHER ARTICLES.

We have an exhaustive study *re* the fur-producing seal, by M. Plauchut, and an explanation by M. Dex of the various methods attempted with more or less success by those modern alchemists who hope to discover some way of making artificial diamonds. M. Dex seems to have a considerable practical knowledge of the subject. The Vicomte de Vogüé's article, "An Inquiry about Egypt," is really a review of a book lately published in Paris by the Duc d'Harcourt, entitled "Egypt and the Egyptians."

A BLIND TYPEWRITER.—Typewriting is about the last profession to which a blind man might be expected to devote himself; but Mr. W. H. Hemming, of 6 Gilbert Road, Peckham, informs me that he is prepared to do typewriting work thoroughly and accurately, either in copying manuscript or in working to dictation, or in addressing envelopes just as if he were a sighted man. He does this by the aid of his wife, and has a Yost machine with an improved keyboard constructed from the suggestion of Dr. Campbell of the Royal Normal College for the Blind. Possibly there may be some of our readers who, having typewriting work to dispose of, and not knowing exactly where to turn, might like to give a blind man a chance.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

WE have noticed elsewhere the articles on "Political Economy and the Gospel," and Mary Clementina Sobieski. In the *Revue* of July 1st Savvas Pacha contributes, under the form of a letter written to the Editress of the *Revue*, a fourth and concluding article on idealism and realism in the fiction of to-day. In a careful analysis of "La Terre," he attempts to prove that Zola has, in reality, only shown an incomplete side of French rural life, for it is his contention that no true realism can exist without idealism.

A LOST HERITAGE OF £17,000,000.

An anonymous article gives a curious but somewhat involved account of the so-called Bonnet Heritage, which has been, declares the writer in the *Nouvelle Revue*, in the hands of Great Britain since the death of a certain Claude Francis Bonnet, one time King of Madagascar, who, towards the year 1783, seems to have confided a large fortune to John Company, which his numerous descendants have ever since been trying to reclaim. The author of the article does not deny that the English made several attempts to restore the money to Bonnet's heirs. As late as 1824 the Admiralty informed the French Government that a certain M. Bonnet, deceased at Calcutta, had left to his French relations an immense fortune. But before the fortune could be given over the Bonnet family were asked to produce the death certificate of their wealthy great uncle. This, apparently, they have never been able to do, and it certainly, from the French point of view, does seem hard that Great Britain should now be enjoying a sum of £17,000,000 sterling, which might be utilised in making happy dozens of well-meaning Bonnets.

ART IN ALGERIA.

M. Marye in an account of the artistic education of Algerian natives points out that France might utilise to great advantage the undoubted artistic tastes and capabilities of her African subjects. Why should not, he asks, an art department be opened in each national school? In old days the Arabs produced exquisite works of art with the most primitive instruments. Already the French Minister of Public Instruction is about to found a museum of Mussulman art in Algiers, and M. Marye also recommends the establishment of a native *salon* where once a year native artists could show their work.

THE M.F.H. IN FRANCE.

M. de Wailly, continuing his series of articles on modern sport, describes the duties, trials, and pleasures of a M.F.H., and gives a passing mention to the best known sportsmen in France, at whose head he places the Admiral Prince de Joinville, the happy possessor of ninety English stagbonds, and who organises the great hunting parties at Chantilly and Rambouillet. The two ladies whom M. Marye honours by a mention are the Duchesse d'Uzès, Boulanger's one time supporter and friend, and Madame Bischoffsheim.

ROUSSEAU'S JULIE.

In the *Nouvelle Revue* of July 15th, M. Rossel has been at much pains to reconstitute the personalty of Madame de Warens, the lady who played so great a part in Jean Jacques Rousseau's early life, and whom he somewhat cruelly immortalised in his celebrated confessions. M. Rossel gives anything but a pleasant picture of the "Maman" to whom the author of "La Nouvelle Heloise"

was at one time so tenderly attached. But he admits that she had a salutary effect on Rousseau's literary style, and says that in depicting Julie he was really inspired by his memories of the hostess of Les Charmettes.

THE FRENCH NATIONAL LIBRARY.

In the same number, M. de Dubord gives an interesting account of the Bibliothèque Nationale. Charles the Fifth seems to have been the first individual public-spirited enough to wish to share with others the riches of his library, which then consisted, we are told, of 1,200 volumes; even when Louis the Fourteenth came to the throne there were only about 5,000 books in what was then called the Royal Library. During the eighteenth century a great number of eminent personages left both their libraries and collections of medals and engravings to the Bibliothèque, and in the year of the Fall of the Bastille, 1789, the Paris public library could boast of 300,000 volumes. The great Revolution, which destroyed so much that was priceless in the way of works of art, and royal collections of all kinds, proved a positive benefit to the Bibliothèque Nationale, for to it were taken all the rare manuscripts and printed books found in the convents and monasteries. Like that happy nation of which we have all heard so much, the French National Library may be said to have had no history worth recording till the Franco-Prussian War, when there was great fear expressed lest an ill-directed bomb might set fire to the splendid block of buildings in the Rue Vivienne. During all those weary months the large *personnel* of the Bibliothèque remained admirably faithful to their duties, and even during the Commune the library escaped all damage. Unfortunately the many priceless bibliographical treasures contained in the Bibliothèque Nationale have never yet been clearly catalogued in any methodical manner, and the would-be reader has sometimes a great deal of trouble to find what he wants. M. de Dubord makes an eloquent appeal to the French Government for more funds. He points out that the British Museum has an income of over £50,000 a year, whilst last year the Bibliothèque only received something like £31,000.

EMANCIPATION OF THE FAIR SEX.

M. Quesnel writes an article on the Emancipation of Woman, apparently suggested by Frau Crepaz's book, "The Emancipation of Women and its Probable Consequences," a volume which attracted, it will be remembered, the favourable notice of Mr. Gladstone. The French writer has very little sympathy with the views expressed by the German lady, and is evidently all in favour of the Emancipation of Woman, for he entirely denies any of the "Probable Consequences" feared by Frau Crepaz. As befits a gallant Frenchman he refuses to believe that the free woman will become masculinised and lose half her charms, and he points to the American girl as an instance of what a charming creature an emancipated woman can be. Indeed, he goes even further, for he declares that it is the most intelligent, not the least wise women who have the most children; but he adds prudently that he had better not venture into that rather delicate question.

In the *Sunday at Home* Mrs. Brewer has a couple of papers on "Foreigners in London," describing the Asiatics and Africans who are to be found in our city. About ten or twelve thousand Asiatics enter London yearly; a few hundreds are Parsees and Japanese, the rest are mostly Chinese, Malays, and Indians. In religion they are mostly Mohammedans, Buddhists and Hindoos. Two thousand five hundred of them are Chinese.

SOME ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

The Quarterly Illustrator.

THE midsummer number of the *Quarterly Illustrator* is an American venture which started this year. It is a kind of quarterly REVIEW OF REVIEWS for the illustrated magazines of the world, and is published by H. C. Jones, 92 and 94, Fifth Avenue, New York, at thirty cents a copy, or one dollar a year. It is admirably printed, the illustrations are selected from a wide range, and as a picture book it is one of the best now published.

The Cosmopolitan.

WITH the July number the *Cosmopolitan* begins at half its previous price; instead of being supplied at 25 cents, it is in future only to cost 12½ cents. The high character of the illustrations of the magazine is maintained unimpaired. It publishes no fewer than three frontispieces, if we may so call them, and the illustrations of several of the articles are even above the average. "The World's Fair at Chicago as a Turning Point in the Arts" is carefully written and well illustrated. The article on the great railway systems of the United States deals with the Central and Pacific Railways. Another excellently illustrated paper is "Engineering with a Camera in the Canons of the Colorado." The cliff-dwellers of New York describe life in the enormous sky-scrapers which in the opinion of the writer of the article are setting an example to the old world as to the way in which apartment houses should be built. M. Flammarion's penultimate paper about "The Future of the World" is noticed elsewhere. Mr. McCracken has a paper on the Referendum, which he says is now a plank on the platform of every association of political reform in America. The Referendum alone is capable of restoring to the citizens that personal exercise of political rights which is the heritage of free men.

Harper's.

THE first place in *Harper's Magazine* is devoted to a well written and copiously illustrated account of the Cock Lane Ghost. Mr. Howard Pyle tells the story of the mysterious rapping and scratching, which in the eighteenth century were supposed to emanate from a poisoned Miss Fanny. Mr. Pyle in reviewing the evidence evidently inclines to a belief that there was something genuine about the manifestations. It is very curious to see the tendency to rediscover the supernatural cropping up in all directions. A sketch of Greenwich village—the Greenwich being, not on the Thames, but in New York State—is full of pleasant illustrations of old time life in the New World. We have the second instalment of the paper upon Italian gardens. Colonel Dodge adds the "Riders of Tunis" to his series of papers about the horsemen of all lands. There are one or two papers on natural history and on travelling, but the bulk of the rest of the number is devoted to fiction, serials, and short stories.

McClure's.

McClure's Magazine continues to be light, bright, and readable. The frontispiece of the second number is a portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is interviewed by Edward E. Hale. The article is illustrated and pleasant, but rather slight: the conversation chiefly turned upon Emerson. Dr. Holmes devoted a year to the study of Emerson's life and works in order to write his Emerson in the "American Men of Letters" series,

but very few people seemed to appreciate the value of the work. Mr. Blathwayt's paper on "Wild Beasts" is noticed elsewhere, so is Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Ballad of the Sea." The "Portraits of Celebrities" include Mr. Hale and M. de Blowitz; of the latter it seems to be impossible to discover any portrait earlier than 1866. A less familiar name is that of D. V. Urrabieta, a Spanish artist, who is said to be at the head of the contemporary illustrators. Mr. Edison figures at the age of three, thirteen, thirty-one, forty-four and forty-six, and also there is an account of "M. de Blowitz at Home." The article on the "Race to the North Pole" contains an account of the expeditions of Nansen, Perry, Gilder and Jackson.

The Century.

THE most notable article in the *Century Magazine*, both for illustrations and for its subject, is the first, Stephen Bonsal's account of "Fez, the Mecca of the Moors." The pictures stand out from the page very remarkably. There is also a striking page devoted to the Emperor Louis Napoleon in the article on "The Prince and Princess Achille Murat in Florida." The art articles are devoted to Japan and Sweden, and very remarkable some of the are. The work of Anders Zorn, the Swedish etcher, reveals new possibilities in etching. The "Famine in Eastern Russia" gives an interesting account of the relief work of the young Tolstoy. The only other illustrated article is that devoted to "International Yachting." A pleasant, but not an illustrated paper, is filled with Dr. Phillips Brooks's "Letters to Children." Another paper, which has no illustrations, is an account of a Philosopher's Camp. The article is written by Mr. V. J. Stillman, and tells the story of that pleasant companionship in which Emerson, Agassiz, Lowell, and others, were of the party. Longfellow was to have gone, but he declined on hearing that Emerson was going to take a gun. "I shall not go," said he; "in that case one will be shot."

Scribner.

Scribner is almost entirely given over to fiction. It contains six complete stories. There is one article that redeems this barren waste of romance, and that is Mr. Julian Ralph's article on his experiences as a newspaper correspondent. Mr. Ralph appears to be a phenomenal worker, and sometimes writes from seven to ten columns of special descriptive matter in one day. When he did the last Presidential Inauguration, he got up at five o'clock in the morning, drove round the city to see the people come in, had breakfast, drove round the city again, called at the White House, gossiped with the crowd, saw the ceremony, had lunch, and sat down at half-past one o'clock to write steadily for twelve hours, with messenger boys carrying his copy off to the telegraph office, with sometimes only eight or ten words written upon each piece of paper. The article is about the best kind of one phase of American newspaper life I have ever seen.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

EXPENSE is evidently no object in the production of this periodical. This month we have a coloured frontispiece, charmingly executed, while the illustrations are at last attaining something like the American standard; there is still a good deal to be desired in some of them, but others are very good indeed. The paper describing a cruise on the Kennet and Avon Canal from Reading to

Bath is charmingly illustrated. Mr. Mallock, I am glad to see, has adopted the diagram as a means of illustrating his ideas as to the distribution of wealth. W. A. Alden's story of "A Darwinian Schooner" will attract many readers. The excitement occasioned by the action of the French in the far East adds to the interest of Mr. Curzon's description of the capital of Annam. Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Roden Noel, and Mr. Lewis Morris contribute the poetry. An anonymous writer, who has no love for Lady Jeune, writes on society, and lays all the blame for its shortcomings on the plutocrats who have swamped it of late years. Mr. Zangwill, writing the gossip at the end "without prejudice," devotes some paragraphs to the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray." In one of the paragraphs Mr. Zangwill says:—

I am sometimes tempted to the conjecture that the sowing of wild oats by the man is a necessary phase in the development of his character. Just as the human embryo repeats all the animal stages by which man rose from the ranks of the amoeba, before it settles into the human figure, so the spiritual man goes through all the savage experiences of his race in the development from polygamy to monogamy. Marriage is the world-experience redemonstrated in the individual.

It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Zangwill is also tempted to the conjecture that similar conduct is an equally necessary phase in the development of woman's character. She also was a human embryo, and if the spiritual man must pass through polygamy to monogamy, why should the spiritual woman not also pass to the same stage from polyandry? What is sauce for the gander is surely sauce for the goose.

The English Illustrated.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* promises to be the best sixpenny illustrated from the point of view of illustrations and general interest. It has been enormously improved since it left Messrs. Macmillan. I notice Mr. Ruskin's letters and "Hartmann the Anarchist" elsewhere. After these the most interesting paper is the one on poachers and poaching, by the admirable writer who signs himself "A Son of the Marshes." Mr. George Gissing and Robert Buchanan contribute short stories; the Duchess of Rutland begins an illustrated article upon Belvoir Castle, and Mr. Adderley writes pleasantly and from knowledge of the work that is being done in the East End of London for the civilisation of the masses of our people. The only bad thing about the article is its title, "Is Slumming Played Out?" which gives very little clue to the nature of its contents.

The Strand.

'In the *Strand Magazine* the success which has followed Dr. Conan Doyle's detective stories has suggested to Mr. Newnes the propriety of filling up his series from the stories of the *Diary of a Doctor*. The new series has been begun by Mrs. Meade, whose *Medicine Lady* seems to have suggested the working of this new vein. The first article in the *Strand* is devoted to Buckingham Palace, which is written by Mary Spencer Warren, and is illustrated by many photographs of the interior, hitherto unpublished. Miss or Mrs. Warren—why do not women always mention their status when they write?—gushes at length over the Palace and of its treasures and its mistress.

The Idler.

THE *Idler* devotes the first page to a very elaborate article, copiously illustrated, about the royal pets at

Sandringham. The paper is carefully written, and there are portraits of an endless series of dogs and horses, but after a time you are apt to get bored with catalogues of pets. Mr. Zangwill begins a story of the Jews in George III.'s time, under the title of "The King of the Schnorrers." The "Memoirs of a Female Nihilist" are illustrated by an artist who makes the female Nihilist much more romantic-looking in person than she could possibly have been in real life. The interview with Mr. Jones is alluded to elsewhere, as also Mr. Morley Roberts', account of his first book, "The Western Avernus." Mr. Roberts has tried some forty different callings in his time!

A Home of Peace for the Dying.

I HAVE repeatedly called attention to the scandalous omission in English institutions of homes of rest and peace for the dying. With the exception of Friedenheim, a small institution in the north of London, there has been no place where friendless men or women upon whom is the hand of death can retreat in order to close their eyes in peace. The philanthropic enthusiasm which glows in the West London Mission has led Mr. Howard Barrett and some friends to establish a Home of Peace which they call St. Luke's House. This institution was opened on the 14th of last month by Lady Battersea. It contains sixteen beds, six for men and ten for women. There will be no distinction of creed or absence of creed in the applicants. It costs £50 to keep one bed going for a year, and £10 to fit up each bed. Mr. Barrett says:—

The list of institutions already existing, who receive such cases, is lamentably small. Miss Davidson's admirable home in Mildmay Road—the first in England—has lately removed to very large and beautiful premises in Avenue Road, N.W., where she can accommodate forty patients. The Roman Catholic Hospital of SS. John and Elizabeth, Great Ormond Street, devotes several of its beds to this purpose regardless of creed. The Anglican Sisterhoods in charge of St. Peter's Home, Kilburn; St. Joseph's, Kensington; St. Cyprian's, Edgware Road; and the Hostel of God, Clapham; open their doors to a certain proportion of such cases, mostly, however, to women only. But the fact remains that, so far as we have been able to ascertain, Miss Davidson's "Friedenheim" and "St. Luke's House" are the only two places in or anywhere near London (or, I believe, in England) wholly set aside for the care of the dying, and it is manifest that the present accommodation is utterly inadequate to the existing and urgent need, and touches only one here and there in the melancholy throng.

The subject was dealt with in an interesting and touching story in the *Woman's Herald*, of July 27, where the heart of a woman and the imagination of a novelist were all employed in enforcing the need for such an institution. But no art or skill can heighten the eloquence of the simple fact that all men must die, and that civilisation in London has not provided for scores and hundreds, and even for thousands of them, any place in which to die.

A Sign of the Times.

IN the *Month* there is a remarkable article entitled "A Convert through Spiritualism." Is the Rev. Father Clarke going to discover that Spiritualism may become the hand-maid of the Church? The writer of the article was a Protestant who was brought into the Catholic fold solely through teachings received at these séances which Bishop Bagshawe regards as modes of holding intercourse with the devil.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE CIVIC CHURCH.

THE FORTHCOMING CONFERENCE AT LUCERNE.

HOTEL DE L'EUROPE, LUCERNE.

IT is the loveliest place that I have ever seen. For lake and mountain, woodland and island, crag and cataract, for unique and unapproachable perfection there is no place like Lucerne. Derwentwater among English lakes, Loch Lomond in Scotland, Killarney in Ireland, Maggiore in Italy, are each supreme, but one and all must pale their ineffectual glories before the

romantic Lake of the Four Forest Cantons. A great snowstorm raged at the beginning of the week in the mountains through which the Furka Pass winds its way to the glacier source of the Rhone, and as a result the towering summits of the Alps are as if clad in white samite, mystic and wonderful. Sitting here at the open window I see Lucerne as a queen enthroned on the waters, her left arm resting on the wooded slopes of the Rigi, while at her right the jagged crags of Pilatus pierce the clouds. Between the two the whole southern horizon is encircled by a great amphitheatre of mountains, whose dark and sombre majesty is relieved here and there by the gleaming silver of the snowfields on the higher ranges beyond.

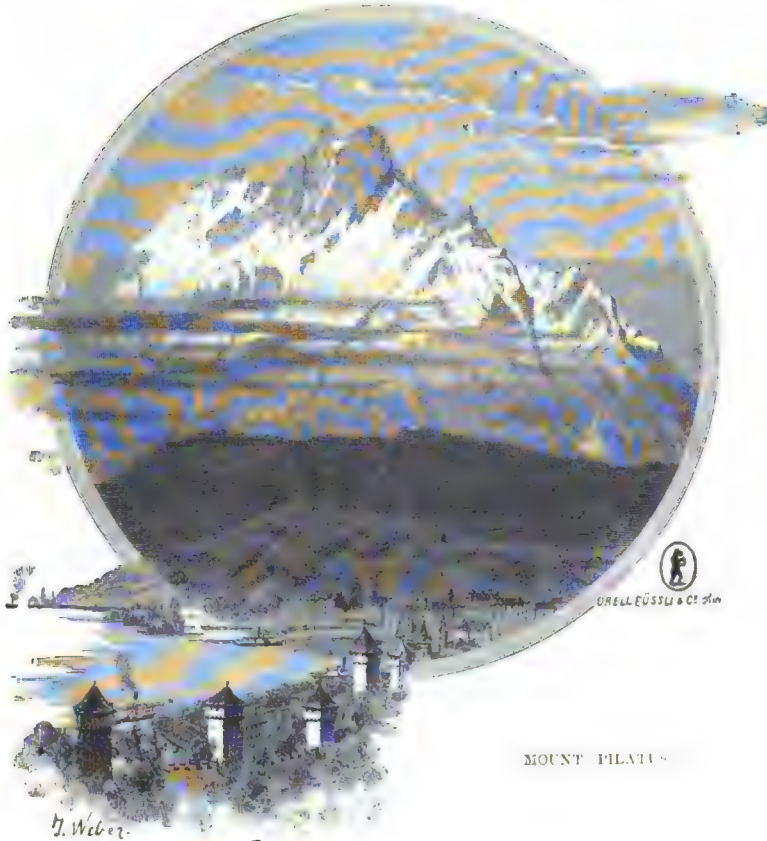
The snow-covered shoulder of the giant Titlis is just visible over the nearer hills, the radiant ermine of nature is spread over the great range that stretches from Rigidalstock to Hasenstock, but the crowning glory of the sublime expanse of lake and firmament and mountain range is the mighty mass of the Tödi, which, covered with snow as with a mantle, fills in the great gap between the serrated peaks of the Rotharen and the bosses of Mount Niederbauen. The lake gleams and glitters in the radiant sunlight with a restless shimmer of golden glory. There is barely enough wind to ruffle the azure surface, but the water throbs and trembles with tiny wavelets, and every glancing sunbeam finds a thousand mirrors on its wide expanse. You see glimpses of it here and there through the trees, now

arrayed in all their summer greenery. Yonder the sedgy margin of the lake suddenly thrusts out a broad carpet of green into the water, nearer the city it is the lake which creeps with graceful curve into the shore. The meadows, not dry and bare as those at home, but rejoicing in luxuriant verdure, are as brightly green as the lake is blue. Only one cornfield is visible, a small patch of gold on the crest of the wooded hill round

which the lake winds on its way to Kussnacht; all else is green with the innumerable shades of grass and woodland, which forms the pastoral foreground of the more stern and rugged splendour of the towering peak and radiant snowfield.

Lucerne city sits on the marge of Lucerne lake, like the lady of the lake sole sitting by the shores of old romance. The old wooden bridges, with history emblazoned beneath the arches of their roof, still as for four hundred years help the citizens to cross dryshod their rushing river, and still on the Mussegg frown the quaint old towers which, before the days of gunpowder, enabled its doughty burghers to defy the threats of marauding nobles or of hostile states.

The great organ fills the lofty aisles of the ancient cathedral. On Sunday Dr. Glover preached in the Rathhaus between four walls carpeted with the portraits of ancient burgomasters immediately above the historical collection of the city museum. Just inside the walls the Old Catholics worship in their newly-erected church, in the capital of the canton, which was once the Jesuit stronghold. North of the city may still be seen the mortuary chapel which marks the battlefield of Sempach, and every year, with banner and with song, the school-children assemble from near and from far to celebrate in festival the anniversary of that great day, five hundred years ago, when the allied Switzers broke the yoke of their Austrian oppressor. On the other side of the lake at Stanz they still lovingly show you the birthplace and



MOUNT PILATUS

the relics of Arnold of Winkelried, who made way for liberty at Sempach by burying the Austrian spears in his body. Further to the south there is Tell's chapel, and the famous meadow of Rutli, where the great oath was sworn out of which the Swiss Republic was born. The very air is tremulous with the echoes of the past, which still reverberate among the hills. Not even the vile-smelling smoke of the Swiss locomotives—the vilest in all Europe—can destroy the aroma of romance which suffuses everything. Religion, romance, poetry, war, history—all that is most sublime in human heroism or most pathetic in human passion—all are crowded in upon the mind, as if it were not enough to have the most perfect natural beauty as a dower, but that of places as of persons the great word holds true—"to him that hath shall be given."

Lucerne, beautiful for situation, and the joy of the whole earth, lives vigorously in the present and confronts with serene and hopeful brow the developments of the future. The streets that lie behind her ancient ramparts are all lit with electricity; the river Reuss has been bridled and bitted and made to drive all the machinery in a composite factory, where the same shafting, driven by the water power from the lake, polishes diamonds in one room, helps to make bicycles in another, and drives the forge-hammers in a third. On the lake naphtha and electric launches flit about noiselessly and swiftly, as if propelled by unseen genii; chalets nestle beneath the crags on the lakeside as the nests which the twittering swallows build under our eaves, whose owners wrest by untiring labour a harvest from their rockbound soil. Deep down in the soft translucent water the fish flash to and fro, and in the noontide heat the swimmer plunges with joy into the liquid coolness of the lake. In the evening the bands play in front of the great hotels, and the strains of their music are heard fitfully on the water as the belated boating parties hasten homeward in the twilight. It is here where for this year the Grindelwald Conference has established itself to discuss among the fairest of earthly scenes the fairest of earthly dreams—the reunion of Christendom—when "they may be one even as we are one."

This month I spent ten days at the Reunion Conference, saying a word as occasion offered for the Civic Church. Dr. Lunn, the president of the Conference, was good enough to ask me to return in September, when three days will be set apart for the consideration of the Civic Church as a practical means of securing the reunion of Christendom. The basis of reunion which has hitherto been favoured by the Grindelwald Conference has always seemed to me much too narrow. It is limited to the so-called Orthodox Christian denominations—that is to say, to those churches which in their creeds profess to assent to the doctrine of the Trinity and of the Divinity of Our Lord. As a basis for the reconstitution of an organic denomination this is too broad; as a basis for securing the co-operation of all men

and women in carrying out the work which the Church was instituted to accomplish—the salvation of the world—it is a great deal too narrow. There is no chance of securing uniform creed, uniform ritual, or uniform church government. Even if the existing sects, whether Roman, Anglican, Greek, or Nonconformist, were not in existence, if the field were cleared of those crystallised boulders of churches which block the path of reunion, the attainment of such uniformity could never be accomplished, and if attained by miracle could never be sustained. Men can no more be all of one sect than they can be all of one stature. Hence reunion on the basis of uniformity either of creed, ritual, or church government is utterly impossible. As long as men are born different with characters which are the net outcome of the influence of hundreds of generations, so long they will worship the Highest in different ways, so long they will formulate their conceptions of the Infinite in different fashion, and so long they will constitute their

church systems according to the prejudices, principles, and necessities of their own elective affinities. All that can be done in the direction of reunion is to slacken the stress or friction of the existing rivalry, to constantly insist upon the superior importance of the welfare of the whole over the particular or personal interests of any single sect or section of a sect. But although it is impossible ever to get all men and churches to agree to preach or to pray or to praise in common, it is not impossible to get their members, and others who are not members, to think, to discuss, and to act together in grappling with the great social and national questions which confront society.

Thus it has always seemed to me that the only practical means of reuniting Christendom is to begin the other way about. Instead of seeking to get the churches to unite and form one church, the true plan is to form a civic or municipal or national union, comprising all existing churches and all who will co-operate with them in any given geographical or social unit, which would undertake in common those works of utility and of righteousness which can only be undertaken by the collective action of all those within any given area who are willing and ready to sacrifice some of their time, means, or energy for the realisation of the Divinely inspired prayer—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." This central federal body would no more interfere with the independent life and action of each of the existing churches than the Federal Council at Berne interferes with the freedom of action of Lucerne. The Civic Church, or local federal centre, round which all existing organisations, religious and humanitarian, could gather, would have nothing whatever to do with any subjects excepting those expressly delegated to it by the churches or societies whose representatives constitute its council. This spiritual counterpart of the Town Council, which will endeavour constantly to realise ideals not as yet sufficiently recognised as to be embodied in Acts



ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED.

of Parliament and entrusted to the administration of the secular authorities, I call the Civic Church. Those who constitute it can call it what they please. In Switzerland the association that comes nearest to the idea of the Civic Church is the Society for the Public Benefit—an excellent society to which we owe it, among other benefits, that the green meadow of the Oath, where the three men of Rutli swore to free their native land of the Austrian oppressor, was secured for all time as a public possession. In Brighton this association is called the Civic Centre; in Rochdale and Manchester, a Social Questions Union; in Glasgow, an Association for Improving the Condition of the People; and always and wherever a true helper exists, the members of the Helpers' Association constitute the germ of the Civic Church. For the essential and root idea of the Civic Church is, that in every community there must

be some person, if not some definite organisation, which will take trouble to look after the welfare of the whole community, as the different churches take trouble to secure the salvation of the individual souls of their respective congregations. It is astonishing how much difference there is between different communities—how much even the most advanced communities differ from each other to their own disadvantage. A town that is very public spirited in one department of public affairs, will lag lamentably behind its neighbours in other departments; and, what is still more extraordinary, will all the time be unconscious that it is behind the times.

What is wanted is a new edition of the old creeds brought up to date and adjusted to our social organism. We want a new Westminster Confession of Faith, dealing not with metaphysic and polemic, but with the actual needs of the communities in the midst of which we live

and move and have our being. We want a Normal Standard of Social Necessaries, which will be ready to hand as a handy mete-wand or measuring-stick, by which every one may gauge how far his town or district falls short of the standard that some other communities have already attained; and we want in every town or district a living centre of earnest men and women who will care for the welfare of the community as the earnest pastor cares for the souls of his flock. The function of the Civic Church is thus, as it will be seen, exceeding broad. It is not to supersede any existing organisation, but to bishop them, to organise all the progressive and righteous forces in any district so as to keep conscience in the saddle, to direct the aspirations of the community in the most promising line of progress, to keep the local authorities up to the mark and the local electorate fully informed of the moral bearings of the questions before it. Surely these are great and manifold responsibilities, which are not likely to grow less because no one is undertaking to discharge them.

I am therefore glad to inform my friends and Helpers that by the kindness of Dr. Lunn I have an opportunity of bringing the whole subject fully before the Reunion Conference at Lucerne in the month of September. On Saturday, September 9th, the whole evening will be devoted to the consideration of the question, when I hope we shall have representatives present from the various Civic Centres in England and Scotland and also from the Society for the Public Benefit in Switzerland. Saturday night will be devoted chiefly to a description of the work that has already been actually accomplished in the formation of Civic Centres, and a record of experiences which may be helpful to others. On Sunday afternoon, we shall, weather permitting, hold a camp meeting under the trees on the mountain side, when the subject will be the aspiration how best to unite all the existing agencies which have been formed or are being formed



WOODEN BRIDGE, LUCERNE.

for bringing about the salvation of the community. On Monday evening the concluding meeting of the Conference will be given up to the same question.

I hope that there may be a goodly muster of Helpers and sympathisers at Lucerne on September 9th. The Helpers' Association and the Civic Church movement might receive a great fresh impetus from the Conference if it is adequately attended and the subject is properly presented. My wife and I hope to be at Lucerne, all being well, on September 3rd—Cromwell's Day—and will be delighted to see as many of our friends and Helpers as may be able to spend a week on the most beautiful of the Swiss lakes in the promotion of one of the most fascinating of all causes.

THE UNFAITHFUL GUARDIANS AND THEIR LADIES' COMMITTEE.

"I found the Workhouse (at Buckingham) in a dirty, untidy, and discreditable condition."—Mr. MURRAY BROWN, H.M. Inspector, 1893.

THE Workhouse at Buckingham may have been discreditable, but it is less discreditable than the Board of Guardians, whose infidelity to its duty is thus exposed by the Inspector of the Local Government Board. For the Guardians, of Buckingham have been guilty of the indescribable folly of first making their workhouse a disgrace to the county, and then of making a public exhibition of their own pride, prejudice, and stupidity, by resenting the sensible and practical advice of the Ladies' Committee, which they themselves appointed to look after the work they had shown themselves utterly incompetent to perform.

The Ladies' Committee, of which Miss Holland, one of my Helpers, was the Hon. Sec., were no sooner appointed than they set to work in a businesslike fashion. After three months' careful study of the workhouse, they drew up a report, which the Guardians refused to consider, but the gist of which I publish, in order that other parts of the country may know the shame of Buckingham, and that reformers everywhere may be encouraged to press for the appointment of Ladies' Committees, to whom it is evident we must look for the practical improvement of our poor law administration.

It is a disgrace to England that such a state of things as is revealed by this Report should have been allowed to exist, and it is a still greater disgrace that, instead of being humiliated by this exposure of the inhumanities perpetrated under their authority, the Guardians—all of whom are men, and one of whom is a clergyman—cashed the Ladies' Committee. They will have no more meddling women in Bucks Union to suggest that paupers should have screens before them when they die, and pocket handkerchiefs and nightshirts. "Good heavens!" cries the Bumble of Bucks, "what are we coming to?" Poor Bumble! what he has come to is very obvious, as he is himself beginning to discover somewhat tardily. Here, however, is the Report:—

Being aware that you are about to appoint an assistant matron, we earnestly hope that you will choose some one that is experienced in nursing. We consider the matron has already so much to do in the way of general management that it is important she should have efficient help given to her in nursing the sick and infirm.

We also beg to call your attention to the death of two women named Marks and Jones. We do not consider sufficient attention was bestowed upon their latter hours; that no screen was placed around their beds; and that in the case of Caroline Jones medical aid was not given to her for four days after her last seizure. We venture to say that had either of the women been in homes of their own, however poor, they would have had more attention. We think that a screen should at once be provided, and that orders should be given for its use when persons have to be washed in bed, in severe illness or approaching death.

The illustrations in this article are taken by permission from the sumptuous volume, "Switzerland," Poetical and Pictorial, a collection of poems by English and American poets compiled by Henry Eberli, with eighty-seven illustrations. Mr. Eberli was an old Helper of ours when he was in England, and I am delighted to see this evidence of his devotion to England and to Switzerland. The book is published at Zurich, but my publisher, Mr. Marshall, 125, Fleet Street, E.C., will be very glad to receive orders for it. The book, which is bound in cloth, half gilt, and contains over five hundred pages, is published at 10s.

We also wish to call your attention to the lack of garments for the use of the sick and infirm people when compelled to get out of bed. We find in other Workhouses inexpensive garments are provided. Your Committee will be pleased to assist the Matron in the cutting and making of such garments, should you give the necessary sanction for the same.

We also think that a small bed towel should be provided for the use of those persons who have to take their meals in bed. It would add much to their comfort and cleanliness.

We also find that pocket handkerchiefs are not allowed to the inmates. We feel that in regard to cleanliness this is an error. We would suggest that handkerchiefs be purchased, and that at least one per week be given to each inmate.

We would next suggest that the scrubbing of the stone floors, staircases, and passages be relegated to the men. This would enable the women to devote time to laundry and needlework.

We think that the porter might assist or superintend this work, and also that he should be requested to keep his present pantry (which we note you purpose removing) in a better and cleaner condition, and that he be requested not to cut the bread for the inmates more than one hour prior to the serving of the same.

We also wish to call your attention to the girls and young children in the House. The present care-taker of the youngest children (F. Cross) we consider to be mentally incapable of the work, and that a more efficient person should be appointed at once. We also consider that a day-room similar to the one now occupied by the boys should be arranged for the girls and young children. The stone floor, bare walls, and generally dreary aspect of the room now used by them, and the entire absence of home life, is deleterious in view of their future lives.

We note your refusal to allow us to visit the sick and infirm men. We much regret this, as we find it is done in other Workhouses. In view of this refusal being continued, we respectfully ask you, who is to visit them? Surely they need cheering as much as the women.

We also beg to call your attention to the diet now given to the sick and infirm women and children. We are astonished to see the amount of food that is daily left. We do not consider this to be because a surfeit of food is given to them. We venture to say it is because it is not suitable. (1st) It is never varied; (2nd) It is not served in a way to commend itself to those not in robust health.

We would suggest that a thorough alteration be made in the diet, subject to the approval of the Local Government Board and the Medical Officer. We should also like to suggest that the bread now left be made into puddings and given to the children for supper. As housekeepers, we can vouch for the economy of these puddings, and that they are always eaten with relish.

We feel that the question of a change of diet requires much thought, and we would suggest that with a view to this you should appoint four Members of the Board to meet your Medical Officer for the House and ourselves to thoroughly discuss the same, all resolutions to be then placed before you.

There is one thing upon which we should like to have a very clear understanding, viz.: Is it necessary that we should always be accompanied by an official when visiting the inmates?

THE WASTED WEALTH OF KING DEMOS.

IV.—HIS ARISTOCRACY. A PLEA FOR AN OLD ENGLAND PARTY.

A SENSE of the immensity of the wasted wealth of King Demos grows upon the mind. I have already described his Unoccupied Mansions, his Patrols eager for fresh service, and his treasure of past Glories. This month I have to describe a different class of wasted wealth, not less precious and not less capable of reclamation than any of the others—to wit, the Aristocracy of the land. Here is treasure trove indeed, which everyone has hitherto recognised as being capable of destruction by King Demos, but comparatively few have recognised as being capable of being exploited for his needs.

The present moment is propitious for proclaiming the fact, for already the air is rent with the discordant notes of the Liberal wind instruments as the expert practitioners are tuning up for the purpose of sounding once more in the ears of the British people the stirring slogan of "Down with the House of Lords!" For these astute and sanguine performers are destined to a great and a grievous disappointment. The English people are not exactly in a mood to rise in their might and go on the war-path to take the scalps of the House of Lords, merely because that body, acting in accord with the majority of the English electors and the majority of the English Members of the House of Commons, asks that the latest revised version of the Home Rule Bill should be submitted to the constituencies before the Bill is finally forced upon the Constitution by a majority varying from fifteen to fifty Irish votes.

THE OLD TURK'S HEAD.

The House of Lords has long and deservedly been the favourite Turk's head of the popular party in England. For sixty years and more they have constantly set at defiance the wishes of the voting majority of the English constituencies, and as constantly it has been the natural and necessary resource of the popular party to get up the steam for a General Election by denouncing the selfish obstruction of a handful of interested and headstrong aristocrats. But this year, when almost for the first time in the life of this generation the veto of the Peers has been bespoken in advance by a majority of the English electors, the attempt to send round the fiery cross is worse than an anachronism—it is idiotcy.

But it is not of the British aristocracy entrenched in the Gilded Chamber that I speak when I invite King Demos to regard them as a portion of his wasted wealth. There is little or no wealth for Demos in the hereditary House, although there is no saying what may yet be discovered there if the Commons proceed much further in the fatally facile path of closing debate before it has begun by the guillotine, which thrusts whole clauses holus bolus through the division lobby, without even so much as the formality of a word being said in explanation or defence. But there is an infinite store of wealth for Demos in the peers themselves, in their ancestral position and in their ancestral possessions, and to this subject I now address myself without delay.

FROM THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

It is rather odd that I, of all men, should have to point out the possibility of utilising the English noble in the service of the democracy. For I was brought up in the strictest sect of the Radical Republicans. My father, before he went to college to prepare for the Congregational

ministry, served his apprenticeship as a cutler at a Sheffield forge, in the dark and evil days when the Cutlers' Union, a Vehmgericht enforcing its decrees by rattening and murder, had not yet developed into the modern Trades' Union. Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law rhymist, with his passionate impeachment of the lords of the soil who made dear the bread of the poor, gave poetic expression to the deep inner conviction of every north-country Radical, who to this day, in their heart of hearts, believe that it will never be well with England until she is rid of the Lords. Many a time and oft I heard my father remark, when I was a boy at his knee, that it would be a blessed day for England if the whole British aristocracy could be placed on board a ship and sunk in mid-Atlantic—a variant from the usual prescription for healing the woes of Ireland, which might perhaps have been equally efficacious. Reared with such traditions, it was inevitable that I should have thrown myself heart and soul into the two recent campaigns against the House of Lords which took place when they mutilated the Irish Land Act and resisted the enfranchisement of the county householder. My "Fifty Years of the House of Lords," which was circulated by the hundred thousand, is an impeachment of the Upper Chamber, which is all the more unanswerable because it is based entirely upon their own acts and deeds. It is therefore a somewhat strange irony of fate that I should now have to take the initiative in appealing to the peers to grasp the opportunity of their great position, and in pointing out to King Demos the immense possibilities of good that are latent in the historic peerage of Britain.

A PRACTICAL SECOND BEST.

My antecedents are at least a sufficient guarantee for the fact that I have not approached the consideration of the subject with any lurking prejudice in favour of the peers. The same simple but inexorable logic that led me to make my pilgrimage to the Vatican, leads me to publish this article about the Peers. I am of a practical turn of mind, and all means seem to me important only so far as they lead to the end. My father's prescription of the Atlantic may have been the best solution of the problem of the House of Lords. But as there exists no power capable of conducting our peers across the gangway of the ship destined to be scuttled in mid-ocean, we must fall back on second bests. After having done your level best to destroy your enemy, and having failed, the next thing to do is to see if you cannot make terms with him, so as to exploit him and his for the good cause. As long as there is even an off-chance of exterminating your adversary you naturally refuse to treat, but when it is quite palpable that he refuses to be exterminated, at least in your lifetime, men of a practical turn of mind reconsider their position and ask whether or not they can more easily attain their end by adopting a less unpromising policy.

SURVIVAL AS AN ARGUMENT.

Side by side with this argument there operates another, and that is a respect for that which has been and that which still is, not because of any particular reverence for age as such, and certainly not from any reluctance to reform anything to any extent where reform is needed,

but because there is a strong presumption that there must be much saving salt in an institution which keeps its savour for centuries and for millenniums. The barque that has weathered a thousand storms and still rides triumphant on the waves, has given proof of the soundness of her timbers and the fidelity of her workmanship, which we cannot have in the newer craft that are spick and span. The time may have come for sending her to the ship knacker; it may be absurd to propose to fit the old sailing ship with boilers and patent compound engines and double screws, and the attempt to put new wine into old bottles is not always to be commended—at least if you put too much new wine into too old a bottle. But there has been a *raison d'être* for all things, even for the Turkish Empire and Mrs. Grundy, and if you cannot get rid of them, you must e'en make the best of them, or they will make the worst of you. As it is with the Pachas, so even my most intransigent of Radicals may admit it may be with the peers. Failing the Gladstonian bag and baggage prescription, which might be excellent if it only could be administered, what do you propose to do with the British aristocracy?

THE PARLOUS POSITION OF THE PEER.

The peer is for the most part a poor creature, and one greatly to be commiserated by the benevolent. For nearly a hundred years he has been the favourite cockshy of every popular demagogue. Even to this day the Home Ruler's great hope is that when all other chances fail he may get a rise out of the peers by ingeniously combining the cry of Home Rule with "Down with the House of Lords!" The peers have lost heart in themselves; they have lost faith in their order; they are almost afraid to ask for leave to live. Radicalism has insulted them, Demos has humiliated them, it has become an article of faith with half the nation that they are enemies of the people, and the whole trend of modern democracy threatens to leave them stranded high and dry, hopeless anachronisms which can ask for nothing more than to be gracefully and painlessly put out of existence. What with being bullied by the Liberal party and being used as catspaws by the Tory party, alternately to defend and to betray the institutions which they most prize, the position of a peer is not enviable. The relative importance of England compared with the rest of the English-speaking world shrinks daily, and nowhere outside these islands is a hereditary peerage to be found among English-speaking men. The British noble, like the bulls of Chillingham or the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, is a curiosity with a very narrow habitat. You can find him within these four seas and nowhere else in the whole world. This, although increasing his value as a curio, cannot be said to give him the old consciousness of his right to swagger in the foretop of the State in directing the destinies of the English-speaking race.

HIS LAST CHANCE.

But in these late days, if the peer but knew it, there has been a diversion of the hostile forces which pressed him hard. For the last forty years, the middle class, with the purse of capitalism at its back, made war upon the aristocracy. The Free Traders have smitten the great landlords a mortal blow; their rents have dwindled, and are dwindling still, to zero. Prosperous ironmasters or American capitalists sit in the palaces of our nobles, and even Quarter Sessions have been abolished by the Conservatives themselves. But even now, when the pride of the peer is humbled in the dust, and his enemy exulteth over him continually, the tide of war has rolled from his castle gates and is now beginning to assail the

fortresses of his ancient adversaries. Modern Socialism strikes not at the peer so much as at the capitalist. It is a protest against the unearned increment of mere wealth acquired without effort, and spent without any sense of the stewardship of money. It is aimed far more directly at the employer of labour and the stockholder, at the trading capitalist and the banker, than at the landlord—at least at the landlord of agricultural land. The peer has thus obtained a respite. When the forces of social democracy are assailing what the Americans call the gold bug, the peer, if he did but know it, has an opportunity of reasserting himself which may never occur again in his history.

RESPISED—AND WHY?

For it is a simple fact, which anyone can verify who cares to ask any of his friends among the peers, that the stewardship of money is recognised much more systematically even by the average landlord than by any but the most philanthropic capitalist. Take, for instance, the case of two men, each with a million sterling in their hand to invest; one buys a great estate with a historic seat, the other buys consols. They may be both men of average philanthropy, but at the end of the year the owner of consols will have received £25,000 net, of which, if he is very generous, he may distribute £5,000 in charity or in works of piety, whereas the purchaser of the landed estate would count himself very lucky if he could reckon upon receiving £10,000, the whole of the remaining £15,000 being as it were automatically distributed in benefactions, subsidies, rates, expenses of maintaining what is virtually the county museum and the county park and other expenditure, the chief and sometimes the whole advantage of which is reaped by his poorer neighbours.

The charges with which custom, tradition, and the law have saddled the landowner are, at least, twice and often ten times as great as those which press upon the holder of consols. Hence the predatory Socialist, who is going about seeking whom he can devour, finds much more to attract him in the middle class capitalist than in the aristocratic landowner.

THE TIMIDITY OF ANACHRONISMS.

The peers are, however, such feeble folk, and so afraid to call their souls their own, that they seldom venture to dwell on this fact even to themselves, and they never dare to tell the truth to Demos. What a difference there is between people who feel they have a right recognised by public opinion and the movement of the times to do what they want to do, and those who are painfully conscious of their being anachronisms who are merely suffered to survive! Take, for instance, the contrast between the Chief Constables and the peers. In the olden days when the feudal system took root and flourished on English soil, the peer was as conscious of the natural necessity for his existence as our Chief Constables are to-day. They were, indeed, in those days constantly discharging the duty of Chief Constable in their respective domains. But nowadays while the Chief Constable is everywhere hungry for more work, confident of his ability to do it, eager not to lose any and every chance of magnifying his office for the service of the community, the peer, nervous and timorous, never dares to propose when we are reshaping English institutions that any new powers should be entrusted to him, or that any fresh responsibilities should be fitted upon his shoulders. It is the old story of the Land League and the Castle Government of Ireland. The Castle Government is so conscious that its existence is contrary to modern ideas that it is

afraid to shoot even when it knows that it is right; the Land League was so certain that it was the real representative of Ireland that it did not hesitate to kill even when it was not sure whether it was in the wrong.

THE LATE LORD CARNARVON.

The peer whom I knew best and loved most was the late Lord Carnarvon. A fine and noble soul, full of natural piety and of quiet invincible courage, he never was rightly appreciated by his contemporaries. He did his duty and did it nobly, but no man could have been more saturated through and through with the conviction that it was all of no use, that the Destinies had decreed that England should fall a prey to the demagogue and the democrat, and that soon all this famous and stately remnant of the old English nobility would be but as the wreckage that strews the beach after the vessel has foundered in the storm. Yet, notwithstanding that deep, disheartening conviction, Lord Carnarvon fought on, never faltering in his struggle for what he considered the rights of his order and the interest of his class, with which, in his opinion, were inextricably bound up the welfare of Britain and the very existence of the Empire. I refer to him as the prominent example in our time of the peer who, though no craven, never had heart to hope, and who, while fighting on with indomitable spirit, never believed it was possible that the shadow would go back on the dial of Ahaz, or that the English nobles would ever again be welcomed to their old place in the guidance and governance of the English world.

WITHOUT FAITH NO SALVATION.

Therein he was mistaken. The English noble has still before him a career as brilliant as that of the peers who signed the Magna Charta or who conquered France at Agincourt and Crecy. He may, if he has it in him, still rule England, under other forms, no doubt, but not less really and truly than his ancestors ruled it in the days of the Plantagenets and the Tudors. Feudalism is dead, no doubt, and the arrogance of caste which it engendered. But the English noble may yet become the leader and chief of the democratic masses, and command, amid the plaudits of an admiring and grateful people, the homage due to one who acts up to the great principle of *noblesse oblige*. But it is necessary, first of all, for the peer, as for the commoner, to have faith in himself and faith in his cause. At present he has neither. He despairs; and to the despondent there is no sunrise of success. If they do not believe in themselves who know themselves, how can they expect us to believe in them who know them not? Without faith there is no salvation for soul or for aristocracy.

POSSIBILITIES BEFORE THE PEERS.

I do not propose to waste time on the House of Lords. It is the only relic of feudalism which excites popular discontent. As the Church would be stronger if disestablished, so the peers would be infinitely more powerful if they dissolved the Upper Chamber. But of that I need not speak in this connection. Nor do I wish to insist upon a readiness to sacrifice the hereditary House as a condition precedent to beginning their new career under democratic auspices. It follows no doubt as a corollary from the principle "Let not your good be evil spoken of," but it is not essential to our main position.

That position is briefly this. That in England at this present time there is absolutely nothing to hinder any English noble who is worth his salt being installed by popular acclamation as veritable ruler of any of our

English shires—if only he will take the trouble to help the people instead of spending his time in amusing himself and friends of his own caste. If, as in olden times, they will live for the people, the people will be only too willing to die for them. We are face to face in their case with an abdication of influence, as a result of the loss of power that is as discreditable as it is unusual. Yet, notwithstanding all their sulks and all their frivolity, our nobles could still rule us if they pleased to take their functions seriously, and perform their duties with a due sense that to be a leader a man must not be a despot, and that to rule a people one must know their needs and understand their wants.

A NEW INNINGS, AND ITS CONDITION.

I have recently returned from a short cycling tour in France. There the châteaux are empty or in ruins. The noblesse is impotent or non-existent. Where its shadow lingers it is fiercely assailed by the envy of a democracy of which it cannot be said, even by its bitterest enemies, that "it dearly loves a lord." Everywhere the contrast was most marked. In France the noble has had his last innings, and can play no more. In England he may still, if he pleases, go to the wicket and prolong the game, and make as good a score as ever his ancestors did in the past. But to do this he must play the rules of the game and obey King Demos, even when he proposes to guide his steps.

THE POPULARITY OF THE PEER.

Mr. Labouchere is said to have declared, in his dry humorous way, that he would never consent to abolish the House of Lords, because he could not hope to hold his own if a duke were to come out against him as Tory candidate at Northampton. Mr. Labouchere is right. Even now, with all the prejudice against the Oligarchical Chamber, which naturally results from its insensate opposition to the needs and wishes of the nation, if it were destroyed to-morrow, oligarchs would be at a premium in all the most democratic constituencies in Great Britain. There can be no better test than this of the permanent ingrained respect which the ordinary Englishman has for the noble. It is idle saying that it is all snobbery. Snobbery itself has to be explained, and the English Radical wirepuller's craving to have a candidate with a handle to his name arises from the fact that men with titles have done good service for the people.

THE TRADITION OF SERVICE.

Our nobles have still the tradition of service. A few conspicuous examples which seem to discredit their order are in reality conspicuous because of their contrast to the general average. Take a peer with an income of £20,000 and an ordinary financial magnate with a similar revenue, and you will find that the former usually does twenty times as much unpaid work for the community as the latter. In many cases the unpaid work which peers do for their fellow-men is almost incredible.

Talking over this subject the other day with the Earl of Meath, he told me an anecdote illustrating its truth which I take the liberty of repeating here. Lord Meath said that the Duke of Westminster was one of the peers who were literally weighed down by an ever-present sense of their obligations to the community. "Some short time ago," said Lord Meath, "I spent a delightful afternoon wandering through the beauties of Cliveden—the place which the Duke of Westminster recently sold to Mr. Astor for £300,000. Shortly after, I had occasion to call upon the Duke to ask him to take the chair at some public meeting in which I was interested. The Duke

looked over his engagement book and said he was very sorry he had not a spare afternoon. 'But,' I replied, 'I don't want it immediately; any time this season will do.' The Duke answered, 'But I have no spare afternoon the whole season. I have every day filled up with public engagements of one kind or the other.' I said, half wonderingly, 'Do you really mean to say that every day during the whole of this season you have an engagement of a public nature, and you have not a single day left for yourself?' Then the Duke, somewhat apologetically, turning over the leaves of his note-book, said, 'I beg your pardon, I find I have one day I had reserved for myself which has no public engagement. You can have that if you like. You see,' he added somewhat plaintively, 'I had reserved that day in order to see Cliveden. If I had not done so I should have no chance of visiting it this year.'" Lord Meath said, "Of course, I assured the Duke that on no consideration would I deprive him of his one solitary day, and I left marvelling at the amount of public work which is thus unobtrusively discharged." It would be interesting to know how many holders of consols and other scrip devote even so much as one afternoon a month to the furtherance of other people's welfare than their own.

RENT AS RULERS' WAGES.

The Duke of Westminster's engagements are no doubt as exceptional as his revenue. But most noblemen are more or less in the same position of closely-watched slavery—dignified by the name of power. The old idea, no doubt, of the lands settled on the feudal barons, was that they should in return do the governing of the region that paid them rent. It would be interesting to know how many of our peers, after these long lean years of low prices and of agricultural depression, have any rent at all after meeting the various charges of the estate, rates, maintenance, etc. The case of Irish peers is perhaps exceptional. "What do you think," said an Irish noble to me one day, "I draw from my Irish estates? I cannot afford to live on them. That would be too extravagant. I let the Castle, and what do you think my net annual revenue is?" Of course I could not say, but surmised that it was small. "Small!" he rejoined; "it is a minus quantity. I not only receive nothing, but I have absolutely to subsidise it to the extent of £2,000 a year from my wife's private income!" Another well-known peer, who is universally respected and deservedly popular, told me the other day that he had estates in four counties, from only one of which did he draw any net revenue; it was the one estate where he had not a residence. The cost of maintaining the great baronial keeps or the modern castellated palace—even if, as in the case of the Duke of Westminster, you never can find time to visit it—is enormous. When they are rated at anything like their actual value they become so many white elephants, and are now rapidly passing into the hands of Americans and Jews.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF THE PEERS.

The noble is the hereditary custodian of the art treasures of his county. He has its only picture gallery under his charge, and its museum of historical antiquities. Sometimes he has a costly library to keep; almost always he has to maintain the only park and gardens, which afford object lessons to the country-side in horticulture, arboriculture, and landscape gardening. He often owns the only edifice in the shire with any architectural pretensions, and he has to subscribe to every church, every school, and every town hall on his domain. He is often lord-lieutenant, always a magistrate, and often a member

of the County Council. At every turn he is confronted by a public duty, or reminded of some social obligation. Many nobles do their work badly, but none of them are ever permitted to forget that it lies at their door waiting to be done. If they do it in a fashion more or less perfunctorily, still it is because they do it, and have gone on generation after generation doing it, that they continue to this day as a permanent element in English society.

THE CHANCES OF A PEER.

No one can wander through our English country side without being impressed by the enormous stock-in-trade which the British noble has at his command if, discarding the adventitious and unpopular prerogatives of his caste, he were but to go into business on his own account. To begin with, his house is universally regarded as the natural seat of authority and of influence. Whenever he chooses to exert himself, his shortcomings are excused, and any approach towards success is hailed with gratitude and surprise. All positions of public trust and public usefulness are open to him the moment he expresses a wish to occupy them. When a mere youth, rival wirepullers fight for the honour of having him as their candidate for the county seat. Everything that other men have to spend their lives for, and attain, if at all, with an infinity of toil and trouble after the best part of their life is past, is heaped upon the young peer as if it were his natural right. To all his virtues local gossip is very kind; to all his faults a little blind. No matter how bigoted, how besotted, or how imbecile a peer may have been, his successor has no trouble in securing all the kudos, all the prestige, and all the influence which have been won by a long succession of devoted public servants.

WHAT MORE IS WANTED?

What more then, it may be asked, can you desire? Much every way. The position of the peer is one of infinite potential usefulness, but in reality in many cases how little use is made of it! What are scores, nay hundreds, of our peers doing which shows that they have the slightest sense of the immensity of the dower England has heaped upon them for having done her the honour of being born? It is true that there are some peers who make their country seats the centre of all good work, the pharos of the country side, the meeting-place of all who do anything for the shire. But how many are there whose stately residences are mere lordly pleasure houses, the home and haunt of every unworthy and sensual indulgence, the abode of gluttony and of indolence and of self-amusement—the very last place in the whole land where you would seek for a man, much less for a leader of men! Instead of a worthy ambition to live and die for England, there is little but peevish repinings at the drift of events and an insolent querulousness over the decisions of King Demos! What is wanted is that the better nobles should bring the sentiment of their caste to bear upon those who are living unworthy of their high vocations, and that there should at last be formed among the peers, especially among the younger peers, a definite party which might well be called the Old England party, that would manfully endeavour to make every English noble once more the natural chief of the people among whom his lot is cast to dwell.

THE OLD ENGLAND PARTY.

The present Duke of Rutland and others endeavoured to found a Young England party some fifty years ago, which, notwithstanding the help afforded it by Mr. Disraeli, failed to make much mark upon English social or political life. But in its essence the Young England movement aimed right, although its eye was not single,

and it was born too soon. We who live on the eve of the twentieth century can avoid its mistakes and aim more directly at the heart of things.

What, then, is the dominant principle of the proposed Old England party? Simply the old familiar principle of *noblesse oblige* applied in a new sense. The claim to overrule the will of the people by a hereditary Chamber is untenable and need not be discussed. Not in the House of Lords, but in their own houses, must the work of the Old England party be accomplished. It will have no success if the noble does not definitely put out of his head all the nonsense which leads so many to maintain an attitude of more or less resentful opposition to the advent of democracy. King Demos has set up his throne amongst us, and he has come to stay; nor will he brook much longer the insolence of subjects who, because they have handles to their names, imagine they have a divine right to dictate to him the way he shall go. Equally, of course, the peer must rid himself of all lamentations over the dear dead past, which returns no more. If he does not up and be doing, and act in the living present, he too will be added to the past and the dead, and to those things which, having died unlamented, go down to the pit with no hope of any resurrection.

LOYALTY TO KING DEMOS.

The peer who would join the Old England party must, first and foremost, accept the sovereignty of King Demos. Would that we had a pope who could compel the allegiance of our peers to the democracy, as Leo XIII. has compelled the allegiance of the French clergy to the Republic! After having thus loyally bowed to the inevitable, they can ask themselves how far they can help the new monarch to rule his realm wisely and well, and what they can do in the position in which it has pleased God to call them to make the advent of the new era more peaceful and more happy than it could possibly be if they were to hold aloof and sulk in their tents. If they honestly do these two things they can hardly use their senses for an hour without seeing that they have an unequalled opportunity of making themselves indispensable to their new Sovereign.

WHAT KING DEMOS WANTS.

King Demos wants several things. He wants to have the labourer settled on the land, so that our fields may be made as garden-like as those of Belgium and Switzerland. He wants social equality to follow on the heels of political equality. He wants all his boys and girls to have as fair a start as possible on the ladder of life. He wants his poor old veterans to be made as comfortable as possible in their closing years, and he wants to cast out the demon of ecclesiastical arrogance, and sectarian side which is fast making the State Church to stink in the nostrils of many constituencies, especially in the country districts. Now in all these things the peer can help Demos far better than Demos can help himself, and at the same time the peer helps Demos he is also helping himself.

HOW THE PEER CAN HELP DEMOS.

To begin with, it would be simply putting silver and gold into the pockets of the English nobles if they could by any manner of means contrive some method of converting their untilled acres into such gardens of plenty as those familiar to every traveller who whirls through the region devoted to the *petite culture* in middle Europe. It is a difficult thing to say how it is to be done, but it is easier for the noble to secure a common agreement among all those who are on the land, and without whom and against whom the agrarian reformer will find it impossible to do anything but mischief. Even if the

experiment fails and Hodge cannot be transformed into the little peasant proprietor of the Continent, the fact that the lord at the castle did his level best to help him to make the trial will be remembered to his credit in the great day of account.

IN DESTROYING CASTLE.

But if the peers, opportunity of dealing with the land question is one of doubt and difficulty, that is not the case with what after all is one of the most deeply-implanted instincts of the human heart—the desire for social equality. The peer can attain this, so far as it is attainable, as nobody else can. Not all the Revolutions of France have obtained for the *bourgeoisie* or the peasant the *entrée* into the exclusive drawing-rooms of the Faubourg Saint Germain. No Act of Parliament can give the village watchmaker a social equality with the village squire. But the peer who is at the head of the social pyramid can, if he pleases, work this miracle. Not, of course, in its entirety. The most revolutionary peer could not make the ablest school teacher a welcome guest on equal terms in the exclusive circles confined to the oldest county families. But without being revolutionary he can do much towards the annihilation of the hateful caste and class barriers which deface English society, especially society in the country. As M. Gambetta established the Third Republic by asserting the right of the *nouvelles couches politiques* to place and power, so the peers can keep themselves at the head of the country for an indefinite period by recognising the *nouvelles couches sociales* which are at present without their gate.

HOW IT MIGHT BE DONE.

"What then," I think I hear some peer say, "am I to invite my farrier to lunch, and dine with the scavenger?" Not at all. The service of King Demos is not hard, and his burden is light. All that the peer, who wishes to carry out this programme, has to do is to revive the old custom which gave entry to the castle to all who were doing service for the castle, substituting those who are doing service for England for the vassals who did the governing in ancient days under their over-lord. The whole social life of many an English county would be changed if instead of the noble limiting his rites of hospitality almost exclusively to the county families or to personal friends, or to the members of some smart set, he were to determine to use that hospitality as a means of bringing him into personal and living relations with all those public servants who are serving England within the radius of his influence. Why should not the peer make himself a court in his own county, to which no one should be admitted save those who were doing something for England and the country; in which the Chief Constable would have the *pas* before the idle lord, and the hospital nurse and the school teacher would be preferred before the heads of the oldest and richest county family who were doing nothing for the people? What fresh life it would infuse into the country-side if receptions were held regularly in every country seat to which the only credential that would admit was active service for the public weal! At such receptions the peer would soon discover who amongst those who flocked to his hall it would be advisable to admit to the circle of those who are invited to stay at the castle. By this means the woof of English life could be respun under the auspices and largely by the means of the English noble.

MEN WHO GOVERN ENGLAND.

The English folk who are doing the governing of the district in which the noble's castle stands are at least

some consideration at the hands of the man who the rent and is housed like a prince in their midst. The magistrates and councillors for town and county, town clerks, borough surveyors, chief constables and superintendents, medical officers, chairmen of boards of guardians, school boards, masters and matrons of workhouses, hospitals, governors of prisons, ministers of religion, and school teachers, all those who constitute the staff of the community, these should one and all be made to feel that if no one else in the county stood and appreciated their work, it was underappreciated at the castle. Here and there, indeed, there are peers who are in close personal contact with all those who are doing the governing in the districts, which formerly was conducted under

succeeds, to the Algernons there are seldom successors; and since the good duke passed away, how many persons are there in that strong and self-willed democracy which has built up the industrial, commercial, and political greatness of the north country who ever dream of looking to Alnwick for counsel, for encouragement, or for assistance? It is not that there is any hostility among the northern democracy against the Dukes of Northumberland. After many years living in the land, I can truly say I do not remember hearing an evil word spoken of the lords of Alnwick by any of those who dwell in the county from which they take their title. But even under Algernon how far short they came of realising the leadership which their predecessors had enjoyed as a natural result of their position as wardens of the Marches for the English kings!



ALNWK CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

and leadership of their ancestors; but, broadly, how many shires are there in all where the philanthropist, the reformer, the legislator, or the editor, have any realising the possibility of utilising the local noble in the service of the people?

REMINISCENCE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

I spent almost within the shade of Alnwick Castle. In my early manhood on Tyneside, within a stone's throw of the estates of the Duke of Northumberland. One of the earliest and most intimate of friends was the Duke of Northumberland. Algernon, the late duke, was one of the best of his kind—unobtrusive, public spirited, full of philanthropy, and of the spirit of public service. He was the only person in the county of Northumberland who was not of any other person between the Tyne and the sea. But if to an Amurath an Amurath

PERCIES PAST AND PRESENT.

It is possible that the rent-roll of the Dukes of Northumberland has been greater for the last half century than the revenues drawn by the fighting statesmen versed in northern war who kept watch and ward for England against the Scot. But whereas the Percies of old were in such close, living contact with the borderers whom they had to lead to battle, that of very necessity they were compelled to interest themselves in everything which, to put it on the lowest ground, would impair the fighting efficiency of their vassals, to-day they are under no such compulsion. If perchance here and there the heir of the Percies should make the personal acquaintance of one or other of his untitled neighbours, it is merely an act of choice on his part, such as any one of us may exercise in the choosing of his friends. He is no longer the leader, keep-

ing himself in touch with those who follow him, making his personal influence thrill and burn through the very humblest of his followers. He is simply an estimable country gentleman, with a long rent-roll, discharging in more or less perfunctory fashion such amiable functions as a naturally-good disposition may lead him to undertake.

Yet there has never been a time in my memory when, if the lords of Alnwick Castle had honestly and strenuously attempted to make their dukedom an instrument of service to the democracy in the midst of which they live, they would not have been eagerly and enthusiastically welcomed. Of course, I say as an instrument of service, not if they had sought to use their power to thwart the wishes of the people. But taking the aspirations of modern democracy as I have formulated them in a previous page, what was there that they could not have done if they had but chosen to use their position, their influence, and their wealth towards making the county of Northumberland an ideal for all the other counties of England?

HOME RULE AT HOME.

That surely is no unworthy object of the ambition of the proudest peer. Yet how many are there among all the peers of historic name who will this month troop to the Gilded Chamber in order to record once more their hereditary antipathy to Irish aspirations, who have even so much as thought out what their own counties might be if they were but to attempt to realise the possibilities of their rank, and discharge the responsibilities of their station? "There shall be no Home Rule for Ireland," say their lordships, but what have they thought of the prior question—What about the Home Rule of their own domains? What have they done, or what are they doing to rule their own shires, and to help the population descended from the vassals who were proud to live, and toil, and fight, and die for their ancestors on many a hard fought field? Have they so much as taken the trouble to ascertain by personal inspection the condition of the workhouses that stud the county in which they find themselves estated in palaces furnished with all that wealth can provide or luxury can demand?

THE PEER AND THE WORKHOUSE.

Even if they have, here and there, more or less fitfully looked in upon the casual wards and the infirmaries, and the living rooms of the worn-out veterans of industry, what have they done to form any clear conception as to what has already been achieved in the way of workhouse reform by the more advanced and philanthropic unions in the country? Far be it from me to say one railing word against those peers who have dedicated themselves to the service of the people with a zeal, an industry, and an intelligence which no commoner can rival, and few can equal; but I would like to press home upon each of our English nobles that plain and simple question—What have I done to make life worth living for the old people, the helpless, and the forlorn, who crowd the workhouses in my own county? Here, surely, is a definite, simple, and obvious duty, the performance of which could excite no enmities, provoke no jealousy, and yet would deepen and strengthen the hold which our nobles have upon our people.

Is it that ambition has died out amongst them, or is it merely that half a century of rude handling has left them without even the heart of a man even to aspire to try?

THOMAS CARLYLE'S APPEAL.

I had got so far in the writing of this article when I bethought me that almost the last written words which

Thomas Carlyle addressed to the men of this generation, before he departed from amongst us, dealt with this very question. Returning to my bookshelves, I took down my copy of "Shooting Niagara and After," which may be said to contain the last political will and testament of the Chelsea philosopher, and, turning over its pages, my heart misgave me when I came to the following passage, which says so much more eloquently and forcibly everything I have been trying to say in the foregoing pages. Speaking of the English peer, Mr. Carlyle said:—

In their own domains and land territories, it is evident each of them can still, for certain years and decades, be a complete king; and may, if he strenuously try, mould and manage everything, till both his people and his dominion correspond gradually to the ideal he has formed. Refractory subjects he has the means of banishing; the relations between all classes, from the biggest farmer to the poorest orphan ploughboy, are under his control; nothing ugly or unjust or improper, but he could by degrees undertake steady war against, and manfully subdue or extirpate. Till all his domain were, through every field and homestead of it, and were maintained in continuing and being, manlike, decorous, fit, comely to the eye and to the soul of whoever wisely looked on it, or honestly lived in it. This is a beautiful ideal, which might be carried out on all sides to indefinite lengths, not in management of land only, but in thousandfold countenancing, protecting, and encouraging of human worth, and discountenancing and sternly repressing the want of ditto, wherever met with among surrounding mankind. Till the whole surroundings of a nobleman were made noble like himself; and all men should recognise that here verily was a bit of kingdom ruling "by the Grace of God" in difficult circumstances, but not in vain.

This was a way, if this were commonly adopted, of by degrees reinstating aristocracy in all the privileges, authorities, reverences and honours, it ever had in its palmiest times, under any Kaiser Barbarossa, Henry Fowler (Heinrich der Vogler), Henry Fine-Scholar (Beauclerc), or Wilhelmus Bastardus the Conqueror: this would be divine, blessed is every individual that shall manfully, all his life, solitary or in fellowship, address himself to this.

In such an independent position, acknowledged king of one's own territories, well withdrawn from the raging inanities of "politics," leaving the loud rabble and their spokesmen to consummate all that in their own sweet way, and make Anarchy again horrible, and government of real kingship the thing desirable—one fancies there might be actual scope for a kingly soul to aim at unfolding itself, at imprinting itself in all manner of beneficent arrangements and improvements of things around it.

AFTER TWENTY-SIX YEARS, WHAT RESPONSE?

It is twenty-six years since these words were written, and how much response has there been? No doubt they may have nerved many a young aristocrat to endeavour to make head against the heavy pressure of the conventional futilities in which he is cabined, cribbed, and confined. No doubt these words, or the memory of some of their many echoes, dwell in the hearts of the more earnest and faithful nobles who are striving to fulfil in some measure the ideal which Mr. Carlyle set before them; but take England through and through, of how many of the men who will rally to the support of Lord Salisbury at the coming division, can it be said that even so much as a glimmer of this ideal has shone before their eyes? Alas! I fear but very few. Still there are here and there elect souls in every order, even among the British aristocracy, and if happily they could come together so that they could stretch out helping hands to each other, if it were only in drawing up some kind of ideal normal standard of English country life towards which they would agree in concert to struggle, something of practical value might get itself accomplished.

THE TEACHING OF THE CHILDREN OF DEMOS.

Mr. Carlyle in further developing his scheme suggested that in the matter of education the services of the peers might be invaluable. This brings me to the third aspiration of King Demos which the noble might do much to realise. Demos wants his children to be educated, not necessarily in book learning, but in the faculties which God has given them, and to be trained for the work which they have got to do in this world. Here surely is a wide domain in which those upon whom England in her bounty has showered all the inestimable advantages of her universities with their endowments, and opportunities for culture which no other class possess in the whole world, could have done yeoman service for King Demos. But the first attempt to establish technical education upon any broad scale throughout our land followed immediately upon the dis-

example should be followed by the rest of their class. They might be so useful, in technical education and in elementary education, especially in the encouragement and stimulus which they might give to the whole machinery of our schools if they would but pay, let us say, as much attention to the schoolmaster as they do to their pheasants.

A VISIT TO CLUMBER.

The other day I was down at Clumber. I drove through the famous avenues, past the lake, through the ancient woods, and caught a distant view of the seat of the Dukes of Newcastle. The Duke and Duchess at Clumber are seated in almost regal magnificence in the midst of Sherwood Forest. A short time before my visit they had been entertaining royalty, but when I was there the Duke was away on one of his many tours in caravans or otherwise, and his young Duchess was lavishing her



CLUMBER, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

establishment of the peer and the country gentleman as rulers and governors in quarter sessions. Not until Demos got his County Councils established in place of Lord Lieutenants and the Justices of the Peace as the governing authorities in the counties, was he even so much as able to obtain institutions for teaching his dairy-maids how to make butter, or the house-mothers how to cook the food for their little ones.

A NECESSARY CAVEAT.

Once more let me say that nothing could be further from my wish than to ignore the excellent good work that has been done in this direction, and in many others, by individual peers. The whole drift of this article is not to contend that there are no good peers, but that the time has come to endeavour to bring up the whole body of the nobles to the level of the best of their number, and nothing could be more futile and absurd as a reply to this appeal to point out this noble or that who has done, and is doing, all that I have ventured to suggest. I pay all honour to those men and women, nor can I offer them greater homage than by pleading strenuously that their

interest upon a zoological collection of dogs which form one of the sights of Clumber. There was the throne, but the occupants—where were they?

THE DUCHESS AND THE SCHOOL MARM.

In the county of Nottingham at that very moment there were hundreds of school teachers, men and women, toiling steadily week in and week out, all the year through, at the arduous and somewhat thankless task of teaching the children who are to be the heirs of our empire something of the world into which they were born, and the faculties which Nature had given them, and the tools which they must use when they go forth into the world to subdue it. Contrast the lot of the ordinary Nottingham school marm with that of the Duchess of Newcastle. The Duchess has wealth, luxury, leisure, and support from all the country-side should she endeavour to do anything worthy of the dukedom. But who is there who has even so much as attempted to inspire her grace, all young and inexperienced as she is, with ambition to help the school teacher? The schoolmistress has, on the other hand, an ordinary salary of perhaps £2 or

£3 a week, in return for which she must spend her life buried in the streets of great manufacturing centres, diligently teaching the rudiments to shock-headed boys and girls who come day after day with their primers and their grammars to the day school. If now and then, only now and then, the teacher could feel how welcome she was at Clumber for the work she was doing, the Duchess might find it worth while to bestow a little living sympathy and attention to the toiling humans who are educating the rising generation. It would be work quite as worthy of a duchess, and, if her Grace will but believe it, not less interesting than that which at present occupies her.

HER MAJESTY'S INSPECTORS.

But without going so far down as the humble day-schoolmistress, there are the Government inspectors of factories and of schools. These inspectors are gentlemen of education. They occupy a responsible position, which in itself would mark them out for the attention of every peer who took his position seriously. Her Majesty's inspectors are struggling year in and year out with the difficulties which impede the progress of popular education in every county in England. How many of them, we wonder, are invited in their tours to the castle of the local noble, who, more than any other man in the district, could help them by a wise exercise of personal influence to overcome the obstacles which stand in the way of the education of the people? If our peers realised their position, they would consider it as a matter of course that every inspector should spend at least one night at their castle whenever he visited their shire.

A REMINISCENCE OF RABY.

I spent the first nine years of my journalistic life editing the *Northern Echo* at Darlington. Within a dozen miles of the editorial sanctum stood the stately pile of Raby Castle. Those nine years were not uneventful either in the history of England or in the history of the north country. From 1871 to 1880 the remaking of English educational machinery was practically put in hand, the system of industrial arbitration was established upon a firm footing in the coal and iron trades, and a beginning was made in many other directions of social and political progress. During these nine years I remember two occasions—and two only—in which the then Duke of Cleveland did anything to remind the country-side of the fact of his existence. He may have done other things. Of his private benefactions I say nothing. I am only speaking of the Duke as a public man, and of the impress which his existence made on the mind of a local editor, who was at least keenly alive to all influences which could be reckoned upon as factors in the local life of the district. His Grace unveiled a statue of Joseph Pease in the market-place of Darlington, and he extended hospitality to Mr. Gladstone during the time when he visited Durham in the course of the Bulgarian atrocities agitation. Both of these acts were good in themselves, but then when taken together they make but a poor show as a substitute for what the Duke might have done had he been a Duke in fact as well as in title. The habit of constructing political arguments upon philological derivations has somewhat gone out of fashion; but still the popular idea of a Duke is that he is a man born to be a leader of men. Dukes are rationed and equipped by the nation in accordance with that ancient belief. Is it not time that they endeavoured, as a class, to earn their rations?

THE FUTURE OF THE STATE CHURCH.

I now come, in the course of this hasty and incomplete survey, of the possibilities of utilising the Wasted

Aristocratic Wealth of King Demos, to a branch of the subject which ought to appeal even to those peers who are least in sympathy with modern progress. I suppose that the peers, as a body, may be regarded as members of the Anglican Church, of whose position and privileges they are the stoutest upholders. A dissenting peer is indeed a *rara avis*; but notwithstanding the alliance which makes the noble and the parson sworn allies in resisting the campaign of the Liberation Society, that campaign is not arrested. The Irish Church has gone. The Welsh Church is threatened with a suspension of its privileges. The Scotch Church is marked for disestablishment, and then will come the turn of the English Establishment.

HOW THE NOBLE MIGHT SAVE THE PARSON.

Now it may sound a strange remark from the lips of a Nonconformist and a Radical, but it is a simple fact that, if the peers can agree to take the trouble, they might save the State Church for at least another generation. The real motive which gives strength to the Liberationist Movement is not so much religious as social. The older Nonconformists fought State churches upon biblical principles, and opposed Establishments not so much on the ground of the social injustice, as because they believed their existence was contrary to the divine order. Nowadays, although Nonconformists have not repudiated the fighting faith of their ancestors, their fighting force is drawn from a very different source. As a bishop long ago lamented to me, it is chiefly due to the insane folly of the country parson. Instead of being content with the position, which not even the most acrid Nonconformist would begrudge him, of being *primus inter pares* among the ministers of religion in his parish, he insists too often upon the absurd pretension of being the only accredited herald of the Cross in his parish.

CUTTING THE COMBS OF THE COUNTRY CLERGY.

Day by day the Anglican cleric injects the subtle poison of this unchristian and anti-social venom into the veins of the English social organism. His congregation more or less take their tone from him, and church-going Dick treats chapel-going Bill as if in some peculiar and inscrutable fashion he were his social superior, and entitled to look down upon chapel folk as the pariahs of the parish. It is this poisonous and detestable spirit which works like a social gangrene into village life of England to-day. It is the "side" of the parsons in the country districts which keeps the Disestablishment agitation alive. If the Church has got to be saved, the combs of the country clergy will have to be cut.

As the Legislature has removed one after another all the offensive privileges, such as Church rates, university tests, burial monopolies, and the like, which the clergy used to regard as indispensable to the maintenance of a Christian religion, there is now little left, excepting in the social sphere, for the display of clerical arrogance and intolerance. But on the social side nothing can be done save by those who are the leaders of society. In other words, if the combs of the country clergy have to be cut, and they have to be reduced to a due recognition of their proper position as the ministers of religion, standing shoulder to shoulder with other ministers of religion, it must be done by the peers.

HOW THAT MIGHT BE DONE.

No doubt there are many clerics who would defy all the peers in Burke and Debrett to induce them to give up one tittle or one jot of the sacerdotal presumption which makes Anglicanism so often to stink in the nostrils

of rational men. But the majority are not so, and if every noble were to use social influence and prestige to condemn and punish, so far as can be socially possible, any clergyman in any parish who refused to recognise the other Christian ministers as brothers engaged in a common work, we should see a marvellous sweetening of English life in the next ten years. Nor would it be at all surprising if as the net result of such a plan of campaign against the accursed thing that the Church of England might be plucked as a brand from the burning which it is threatened by the Liberation Society.

Those who are faithful to a high ideal of citizenship, and who do not poison their Christianity with the baneful elements of class ascendancy or sectarian arrogance, should be accorded precedence, publicly and privately, over the highest placed cleric in their county who offended against the fundamental laws of good citizenship. If a peer were to do this he would produce an effect that would surprise a good many people, himself probably most of all.

WHY NOT RECOGNISE KING DEMOS?

I have thus rapidly run through the various ways in which the English nobles might be utilised, regarded from the point of view of the "Wasted Wealth of King Demos." There is nothing impracticable in any of these suggestions. They are all based upon the assumption which probably most peers are ready to accept, namely, that the peers exist, and that it is their duty if they could but utilise their order for the benefit of their country. What then should cause them to hang back? They would not do so if they could but realise the fact that King Demos has come to reign, and come to stay. No doubt, after every change in the English succession a certain number of the nobles who had espoused the cause of the defeated candidate for royal honours—whether it was the nobles who followed Richard III., or those who sided with King James—took some time before they could reconcile themselves loyally to the Tudors or the dynasty that came with the Dutch William. But after a time, when they saw that the new house had come, and come to stay, and was accepted by the nation as its rightful lord, they abandoned their prejudices and more or less sulkily enrolled themselves in the service of the king whom England had definitely chosen. As their ancestors did thus with Tudor and with Guelph, why can they not recognise as loyally the significance of the change that has been brought about in modern England by the establishment of King Demos?

HIS DYNASTY IS ESTABLISHED.

His kingdom is firmly founded amongst us; they cannot overthrow it even if they wished, although, to do them justice, it must be admitted that beyond the fractious and petulant desire of giving an occasional kick against the pricks when they are presented to them in the shape of Home Rule Bills and such like, they manifest but little disposition to attempt to thwart the ruling power. These scenic and more or less stazy demonstrations of the survival of a power that has become an anachronism, and

can only be exercised with peril both to their order and to their country, are but poor substitutes for the steady and resolute discharge of the duties which lie at their doors! Possibly it may encourage some among them who had begun to fear that the nation would resent any attempt on the part of the nobles to resume their ancient rôle in England, to hear a voice, however feeble and insignificant, raised in what they have been apt to regard as the camp of the enemy, bidding them to pluck up heart and do their duty.

THE ALTERNATIVES BEFORE THE PEERS.

Whether that may be so or not, no one who looks over the social condition of England to-day can doubt that it lies with the Peers themselves to say whether or not, in place of a gradual decay and ultimate extinction of their order, we may have to witness a period in which a revived and progressive aristocracy will loyally place at the disposal of triumphant democracy its numerous resources of culture, of influence, and of the hereditary gift of leadership. There are too many problems of great difficulty and of peril lying before our nation in the immediate future for us lightly to abandon any hope, however forlorn it may seem, that those who in times past have done nobly, and deserve well of their country, have left no descendants who are equally capable of playing the man and standing in the breach. Mr. Carlyle, in his "Shooting Niagara," seemed to imagine that penny editors, as he disdainfully called them, would resent the exercise of this local kingship to which he bade our nobles betake themselves.

A LAST WORD FROM THOMAS CARLYLE.

I remember when, not as a penny editor, but as a half-penny one, I repaired as a pilgrim to Cheyne Row and asked Mr. Carlyle what he would have me do to facilitate the coming of the new and better social order of which he had for so many years been as a prophet crying in the wilderness. Mr. Carlyle spoke very kindly and sympathetically, and bade me wait, keeping diligent note the while whenever I was able to discover any man who had sufficient insight in him to see that the existing system was impossible and could not last. Keep, as it were, a muster roll of the elect, so as to help them as far as possible to be in touch one with the other, ready for such time as opportunity might arise when they could act together, and act with effect, in carrying out those ideals of government upon which he had written so much, but which in essence are all summed up in the old phrase, *noblesse oblige*.

Fifteen years have passed since Carlyle gave me that advice, of which I have not been unmindful. Who knows but perhaps the time has come when those who look out upon affairs from what is practically Mr. Carlyle's standpoint, might not discover in the present juncture a propitious moment for attempting that realisation between the aristocracy and democracy which would be effected by the nobles utilising themselves as part of the "Wasted Wealth of King Demos"?

THE LANTERN SERVICES FOR THE SEASON 1893 4.

A SUGGESTION FOR CO-OPERATION.

I HOPE that this season the lantern may be acclimatised in many Churches where it has hitherto been a stranger. For two years past I have frequently insisted upon the advantages which would accrue if only the Churches would take up the lantern as a regular feature of their religious work. But the work has been hindered owing to the difficulty of procuring suitable slides and appropriate lectures. Many ministers have begun lantern services only to abandon them in despair, owing to the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of finding slides or sets of slides that suited them. It is no answer to say that there are thousands of sets of excellent slides dealing with every conceivable subject always on hand for hire from the trade. That is quite true, but it is none the less true that if you who make this objection were suddenly to be summoned to deliver half-a-dozen lantern lectures suitable for such ordinary congregations as meet in our average places of worship, you would be at a loss where to turn for the slides. You cannot give "Jessica's First Prayer" as a substitute for a regular Sunday service, nor will Gustave Doré's Bible illustrations carry you very far. As a result, many who begin lantern lectures give them up after a time, while some of the more persevering take any slides that come to hand, with results which are often the reverse of edifying. Therefore, considering the experience of the past two years, I have come to the conclusion it is absolutely necessary, if the lantern service is to become as much a part and parcel of our religious work as the Sunday-school or the prayer-meeting, that we must get up and issue every winter a set of a score or more of specially prepared lectures with slides ready for the operator.

Can it be done? Yes, if my readers will help. If not, it will be difficult. But I think they will help, and that for more reasons than one. I especially appeal to ministers of religion who have used the lantern and who know from experience the difficulty which we are seeking to overcome. But I also appeal to those who are without any direct means of influencing their fellow-men—invalids, ladies, superannuated veterans, or those who are buried alive in retreats remote from their fellow-men—to help in this matter. How they can help I shall now proceed to show.

Every one is aware of the continually increasing pressure of work that accumulates upon the shoulders of every minister of religion. In large towns the parson, established or non-established, is driven almost to despair by the constant addition of fresh duties. It is about time the overdriven servant of all obtained some relief, and this I propose to secure him by the Lantern Lectures now in preparation. At present in all Nonconformist Churches, and in many Churches of the State, the first demand upon a minister's time and energy is the preparation of two sermons per week. During next winter he may be delivered from half of this bondage for half the year. He cannot preach other men's sermons. But there is no interdict upon his delivering other men's lantern lectures. Not only is there no interdict, but it will be recognised at once as a very agreeable and welcome change to have every Sunday night the discourses of leading men of all branches of Christian work illustrated by specially prepared pictures. No minister can be expected to prepare lantern slides week by week, and as the only sets of

slides in the field are prepared to illustrate other people's lectures, it becomes a matter of course that in all churches using the lantern lectures the minister will be relieved of fifty per cent. of his work of preparing sermons. Of course every minister can, and most ministers will, add some remarks of their own to those on the printed text. For that every opportunity will be afforded, and it is probable the lantern lecture will be announced as "based on the Lantern Lecture on Romance of Waldenses by Pastor Appia"—or whatever the lecture might happen to be—and no one in the congregation will know how much is his own minister's and how much the man's who wrote the original lecture.

Nor is it only overworked ministers that this series will immensely relieve. There are many churches temporarily without ministers, whose pulpits are more or less intermittently supplied. Any competent elocutionist with these lectures in his hand will be able to serve as a supply.

There is no reason, if the suggestion is taken up practically, why there should not be a thousand of these lectures delivered every Sunday night next winter all over the English-speaking land. But if we are to have twenty-four lectures each with from 40 to 50 slides, it is evident that this involves the preparation *ab initio* of from 1,000 to 1,200 slides. Apart from all other difficulties, this entails the selection of from 1,000 to 1,200 pictures, which it is permissible to reproduce as lantern slides. Perhaps one half of these may be already in existence as slides and procurable from the trade. The others have to be selected, and converted into slides. It is here where the unknown and unseen readers of the *Review* might be so helpful. Any reader who knows of the existence of any accessible picture, either painted or engraved, that would be useful as illustrating any of the subjects mentioned in the list given below, is earnestly invited to send particulars of any such picture or pictures to me at once.

If any reader has any engravings, or illustrations, or photographs, which he would be so good as to lend me for the purposes of reproduction, they will be taken great care of, and returned as soon as they have been copied. It might be a very useful Sunday afternoon exercise for the more intelligent children in any house with a good library to make a collection of pictures illustrating any of the subjects named below, or any other subject which parent or teacher might wish to suggest as a suitable theme for a lantern lecture. Publishers of engravings and artists who may be disposed to help, and at the same time to make their works more generally known, are invited to communicate with me—in preparing slides the name of the publisher would be given and the place at which the original can be obtained. Owners of slides or sets of slides illustrating the subjects selected for the first series of lantern lectures, can secure the loan of the whole series in exchange for the gift of an approved set of slides with liberty to reproduce. Amateur photographers who have negatives of views of scenes or places connected with any of the subjects in the list are invited to communicate with me. I shall also be glad of offers to make slides or to colour them.

So much for pictures. There are many readers who might help who take no notice of pictures. Anecdotes or incidents illustrative of the subjects in our text must be

familiar to many of our readers who have accumulated vast stores of reading, but who have never put them into circulation. There is something pathetic in the spectacle of a diligent reader whose head is as a miser's storehouse, chokeful of the garnered gold of lifelong accumulation, who has no means of putting it into circulation for the good of his fellow-men.

For all such persons, here is an opportunity for putting their accumulation at the disposal of their fellow-men. If you have, in the course of your reading or observation, come across any incident or fact or anecdote which would illustrate any of the subjects named below, or suggest a picture for the slide-maker, I pray you to send it in as your contribution to the Lecture Series of 1893-4.

The lectures will all be supplied with appropriate hymns on slides. They will not be supplied in the rotation of the subjoined list, but according as they are in stock.

The subscription for the complete series of twenty-four lectures, with as many sets of slides of forty to fifty per set, will be £5 5s., and subscribers for the series will have the first option in selecting slides. Any person desiring to use single sets of the series can do so, if they are in stock, for 10s. per set, with copyright lecture. Carriage both ways in all cases to be paid by hirer. Copy of lecture with list of slides will be supplied a fortnight in advance. The slides will be sent out so as to arrive on Tuesday, and should be forwarded to address of next hirer, so as to reach him on or before the following Tuesday. All original subscribers to have the use of each set for a week. Subscribers to a single set must return them after one exhibition.

The following is a list of suggested Lantern Lectures which might be produced, some of which indeed are already in hand.

1. The Way of the Cross, or Salvation by Sacrifice.
2. The Church of England and its Services to the Nation.
3. The Nonconformists and their Work. By Rev. Dr. Clifford.
4. John Wesley's Life and Gospel. By Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.
5. Emanuel Swedenborg. By the Rev. Mr. Rendall.
6. The Reunion Conferences at Grindelwald and Lucerne. By Rev. Dr. Lunn.
7. The Social Scheme of the Salvation Army. By Mr. Bramwell Booth.
8. Christianising Central Africa. By the Rev. Dr. Lindsay.
9. The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play.
10. Woman's Work in the Church. By Miss Frances Willard.
11. Joan of Arc. By W. T. Stead.
12. The Police as the Modern Knight Errant.
13. The Civic Church.
14. The Services and the Lesson of the Lifeboat. By Miss Weston.
15. The Temperance Cause. By Lady Henry Somerset.
16. The Child and the State. By Rev. Benjamin Waugh.
17. The Orphan and the Outcast. By Dr. Barnardo.
18. The Romance of the Waldenses. By Pastor Appia.
19. Heroes and Saints of To-day.
20. The Workhouse and the Poor.
21. Cromwell and the Puritans.
22. Our Ragged Scholars. By Mr. John Kirk.
23. Recreative Classes and Night Schools. By Rev. Dr. Paton.
24. How to save Sunday.
25. Christmas Resolutions.
26. The Old Year and the New.

This list may be varied, and I do not undertake to bring all or any of them out unless I secure adequate support. It is no use bringing out 1,200 slides with 25 lectures, unless I know whether or not any one will profit by the expenditure. Intending subscribers, to whom the preparation of such a set would be a benefit,

will do well, if they wish to have the lectures, to communicate with me at once. Unless I receive assurances of adequate support before September 1st, I shall not proceed further with this venture. Orders will be booked in order of receipt. All letters must be addressed—The Secretary, REVIEW OF REVIEWS Lantern Department, 18, Pall Mall East, London.

In this connection I am glad to quote the following interesting observation from the pen of our helper, Mr. Snowden Ward, of the *Practical Photographer*. He is one of our earliest helpers, who is at the present moment in the United States of America taking to himself a helpmeet in the shape of the editor of the *Amateur Photographer*. He has contributed a series of papers on amateur photography to the provincial press. The last of these appeared in July, in which he described the impetus that has been given to lantern work in the last year or two. Mr. Ward says:—

THE LANTERN IN SCHOOLS.

Following the lead, and even improving upon the example of the Yorkshire College, some schools where the teaching is more literary and historical and less scientific, make a practice of illustrating their lessons very fully. In one case an average of three hundred new slides a week is made. In dealing with such a subject as, say, the history of France under Napoleon, every effort is made to get as complete a series of slides as possible. Photographs of places, monuments, etc., historical paintings, illustrations from the best books dealing with the life of the time, and all similar objects, are freely copied by photography and shown by the lantern. The difference in result between a class thoroughly taught in this way and the same class under the very best masters working with text-books only, is something wonderful. The difference it makes to the interest and pleasure of the scholar is also very great.

I must not dwell too much on this use of the lantern, but will conclude by saying that in almost all the great London medical schools and hospitals the lantern has been recently adopted, and that all who wish for the spread of knowledge and who would lighten the task of our much-erammed scholars, should use any influence they have in the direction of securing the universal use of the lantern in teaching.

IN THE HOME.

A good lantern, conjoined with a knowledge of photography, is a source of never-failing pleasure in the home. I say this in spite of the fact that there are thousands of lanterns in lumber rooms—generally sent there because their owners have only possessed one or two sets of slides, usually coloured ones, which they showed when the lantern was new until every one was sick and tired of them.

Tight Lacing as a Cure for Consumption.

In the *Century* there is a very interesting article on "Breathing Movements as a Cure," the writer of which argues out the curious and little suspected fact, that however bad tight lacing may be for women in other respects, it is tended to secure them against consumption. His theory is that before stays were invented, the original type of breathing was abdominal. When woman took to tight lacing she practically rendered it impossible for the lower part of her lungs to extend, whereupon the higher part of her lungs set to work to make up for the deficiency; hence the extension of the apex of the woman's chest, a result that she suffers much less from consumption than man does. The writer of the article does not draw the conclusion that it would be well for man to take to stays as a prophylactic of consumption, and wisely. I would much rather take my chance of consumption than my certainty of stays.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

THE STORY OF SIR RICHARD AND LADY ISABEL BURTON.*

THIS year I noticed at some length Mrs. Butler's tribute to the memory of her husband. I have now to notice a not less remarkable tribute to a not less remarkable man by a woman, who, although not on the same line as Mrs. Josephine Butler, is nevertheless a notable Englishwoman. Those two portly volumes, containing 1,200 pages of small print, constitute one part of the monument which Lady Burton is raising to the memory of her husband. Sir Richard Burton was a remarkable character; a compound, complex polyglot of a human being. He presented an individuality so marked and so unique as to be well worthy of study. But it is still more interesting to know how this strange exceptional mortal succeeded in discovering and retaining a woman ideally fitted to be his wife. She fell in love with him at first sight years before he discovered the existence of her affection; and now, when old and grey-haired, she counts it her supreme joy to proclaim to the world the manifold perfections of her deceased lord. There

is a curious resemblance between Mrs. Josephine Butler's book and that of Lady Isabel Burton—a parallel which is only brought into clearer relief by the contrast which also exists between the two women and the subject of their respective biographies. Canon Butler was a saint. Sir Richard Burton was not. Canon Butler's life was cast within the quiet closes of cathedrals, or within the walls of English educational establishments. Sir Richard Burton's was lived beneath the fierce sun of the hottest countries in the world, amid the wildest men in the savagest centres of Asiatic and African barbarism.

A PARALLEL AND A CONTRAST.

Canon Butler was a blameless and devoted clergyman of the Church of England. Sir Richard Burton was—well, it would be easier to say what he was not than to



Richard F. Burton

IN 1880.

describe what he was. But these two Englishmen were equally products of the marvellously fertile English stock, and both succeeded in securing women almost ideally fitted to be their companions in life. Of Mrs. Butler's experience I need not speak, for even this very month, as will be seen by extracts in another page, she proclaims once more the supreme felicity of her married life. Yet in her way Mrs. Butler was as full of spirit, of daring adventure, indomitable courage, and restless energy as Lady Burton. But these two women, so diverse in so many respects, are most enthusiastic idolators of their respective husbands. One of the great superstitions of society is that clever people make bad husbands or bad wives. It is a singular fact that the two biographies which of recent times have been little more than one long psalm of conjugal felicity relating to households in which commonplace mediocrity was most conspicuously absent. No woman of our century has so strongly marked a character as Mrs. Josephine Butler; no man of our time was more intensely original and absolutely unique in character than Sir Richard Burton. Here we have these two books in which we are told with almost damnable iteration of the perfect felicity which was the prevailing characteristic of their homes.

THE MOST INTERESTING OF ALL PROBLEMS.

Great as is the contrast between the two books, they are both most valuable for the light they throw upon the same problem, they are both authentic human documents recording the result of an experiment in living, which is the most perennially and universally interesting

* Life of Captain Richard Burton, K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S., by his wife, Isabel Burton. With numerous illustrations and maps. Two volumes. Chapman and Hall. 1893.

of all experiments of life. Mrs. Butler and Lady Burton are both first-class witnesses as to the success which has attended their attempts to solve one universal difficulty of the race. That difficulty which may be described more or less pedantically as the co-ordinating of two personalities of different sexes in the unit of wedlock, may be more simply expressed by the familiar formula of How do they get on with their husbands? Both for husbands and wives the answer to that question is far more important than the question as to the precise share an explorer had in discovering the sources of the Nile, or the number of campaigns waged by a general in the course of a war; for these exceptional enterprises are of necessity confined to a decimal-pointed percentage of the human race, whereas the experiences of man and woman in married life appeal to the universal heart of man. The highest and greatest of our race have the same difficulties to overcome, the same problems to solve, the same infinite number of differences small and great to compose, as those which confront the artisan, the labourer, and the scholar in the management of life. Hence for one person who will read with interest the exciting adventures of the geographer, the consul, and the explorer, there are a thousand who will feel attracted to this touching narrative by the widow of how she got on with her husband.

TWO PHASES OF THE SAME QUESTION.

In Mrs. Butler's "Life of Canon Butler" we had one side of the problem stated; in Lady Burton's "Life of Captain Burton" we have the other side. We looked to Mrs. Butler's narrative to tell us how a married life can be happy when the woman is the master mind, where the mother is also an active and weariless public worker, and where of necessity both husband and household are more or less subordinated to the wife's higher duties to the State and the Church. What we ask Lady Burton to tell us is how the problem was solved under different conditions. Lady Burton is a woman of great capacity, boundless energy, and immense force of character. But with all her gifts and graces, she was not the equal of Sir Richard Burton. He was the head, and a very masterful head to boot. Seldom has the experiment of blending two lives into one in the crucible of wedlock been tried with what appeared to be more refractory materials.

A CRUCIAL EXPERIMENT.

Sir Richard was independent, headstrong, original to the verge of eccentricity. He had gipsy blood in his veins, and with it the itch of wandering. He loved daring adventure imperilling life as some men love the wine cup. He was always doing the most reckless things, and he wrecked his career without hesitation whenever he deemed it incidental to the discharge of his duty. He was devoted to work, he toiled at his books as a galley-slave at his oar, he was a marvellous linguist, with a more or less complete mastery of twenty-nine languages; and his tastes often carried him into regions which she was forbidden to enter. She was his superior in rank, and he spent his life in what seemed to her relatives comparative poverty. She was a devout Catholic; he was one of the broadest-spirited eclectic philosophers to whom every religion contains its pearl which it is for the wise man to extract. He investigated everything, including spiritualism, although every seance brought his wife, who never flinched from following his lead, into trouble with her priests. It is difficult to formulate a problem in which, owing to the extreme strength and originality of both the personal factors, and the stormy and adventurous life that they

led, the odds seemed greater against the possibility of arriving at any tolerable equation in marriage; for to all the other difficulties and obstacles to perfect union, add this, above all, that the marriage was childless. Sir Richard Burton worshipped children, but none came to gladden his married life, and the two had to adjust their differences without that constraining influence of the presence of sons and daughters which pervades a home and steadies life with the invisible but invincible potency of atmospheric pressure.

THIS MARRIAGE NOT A FAILURE.

And yet, despite all odds, in face of all difficulties, this marriage, was a brilliant and supreme success. Even after all allowance has been made for the passion of unavailing sorrow over the departed, no one can read these fascinating volumes without feeling that the Burtons' marriage was one that vindicates the possibilities latent in that much decried institution, and that renews our faith in the true human unit which is not man or woman, but is man and woman united in a marriage of affection, and cemented by all the innumerable associations of a common life. To all households and all homes it speaks as with the inspiring note of a bugle, to encourage failing hearts to attempt once more the almost miraculous work of realising the great ideal when they shall be no longer twain but one. If the Burtons who differed so widely, who were tried so roughly, and who had no children, could yet live such a life of unity, each adding to the other the whole force and wealth of an independent and original character, why may not others not so far apart, whose life lies in pleasanter paths, and who have children, not attain to something more resembling the ideal of married life?

THE SECRET OF THE SOLUTION.

The secret of course of this miracle—for miracle true marriage, or the merging of man and woman in the new unit of two in one, is, and must always be—is an open one. The alembic which dissolved all refractory elements of life was love, passionate, faithful, devoted love, of course. Without love there can be no marriage. A loveless marriage is a contradiction in terms, like hot ice or cold fire. Where love is not, marriage is not—the true marriage of the blended life. But love alone, however passionate and noble, cannot stand the daily strain of busy life unless it brings forth fruit, not of self-indulgence and of self-pleasing, but of service and of sacrifice. And observe there must be capacity to be the helpmate. There must be character to begin with. If Lady Burton had been indolent or stupid, if she had been so weak and conventional as to be unwilling to take risks and dare danger, moral as well as physical, she might have loved her husband to distraction, but she would never have been his real wife. Still less could she have helped him to be the man he was and to do the work he did, if she had not loyally recognised his superiority, and exulted in making herself his willing and enthusiastic helpmate, even when he was pursuing a course which commended itself neither to her religious convictions nor to her own instincts.

TO WHOM IS OBEDIENCE DUE?

The old idea that the man *quâ* man must necessarily be the head of the house, and that his wife's supreme duty was to sacrifice her own life for him, is being modified by a more reasonable mode of looking at life. The question who is the head is decided by the head, not by the sex, and if the woman is wiser, nobler, greater than her husband, it ought to be the supreme glory of the latter to serve his wife, to minister to the full achievement of her life-work, and in a word to subordinate the less efficient minus to

the more efficient greater personality with which his life is linked. Canon Butler was a supreme illustration of the possibility of this solution of the problem. He was good and noble; but he was too good and too noble not to recognise that his wife in dynamic influence upon the lives and the souls of men and women was a thousandfold greater than he could ever be. So he made it his pride and glory to be a minister to that hand-maid of the Lord whose saintly fervour and sanctified passion are to-day working invisibly all over the world in the hearts and consciences of millions. But in the Burton household the case was otherwise. There what they of old time would regard as the natural order prevailed. Sir Richard Burton was a man to match whom for native force and original genius and powerful intellect it would be difficult, not to say impossible, whether among men or women. He had his faults—like all men. As was natural with one of his superb independence and great initial velocity, the natural failings of the ordinary man were magnified in him as the lantern magnifies the picture on the slide. But after all deductions are made, he remains almost immeasurably and infinitely greater even than the brilliant lady who shared his life. And as she recognised that, recognised it loyally and enthusiastically, and acted upon her convictions without swerving, her married life became a joy and a splendour unspeakable while it lasted, and a thing to be remembered with pride and gratitude after it came to an end.

LOYALTY AND LIBERTY.

It is not as if Lady Burton in her loving loyalty to her husband effaced herself, crushed her individuality, or abandoned her convictions. Had she done so, she would have been far less helpful to him. What constitutes the charm of both the Butler and Burton marriages was the way in which independence was combined with loyalty. Where the spirit of God is, says the inscription in the Old Catholic church at Lucerne, there is liberty, and as it is in the church so it is in the household. So Richard Burton never dominated over his wife; he left her perfectly free to practise her religion, to speak in public in opposition to his views, to express herself in private or in print as freely as if she were unmarried. But never for a moment was there any doubt in the mind of either as to the right of Sir Richard to decide and the duty of the wife to obey—not because one was man and the other woman, but because the direction naturally and properly belongs to the man at the helm. In Mrs. Butler's case that man was the woman. In Lady Burton's, Sir Richard had no need to quote texts for his right to rule. He was sometimes capricious, arbitrary and trying. But taken as a whole, Lady Burton would be the first to assert that it was not only her right but his duty to exercise that authority which must always be vested somewhere if anarchy and impotence are not to result. There is something of treason to the natural order, which is the law of God, when the more capable allows the less capable to rule, and when the superior intellect, with a wider outlook, allows the helm to be grasped by the inferior mind working on a narrower range. As *noblesse oblige*, so strength and wisdom and genius have their obligations, and these assuredly are not discharged by abdication in order that the less may rule the greater.

A LABOUR OF LOVE.

"I do not begin this work," writes Lady Burton, "the last important work of my life, without fear and trembling. If I can perform this sacred duty—this labour of love—well, I shall be glad indeed; but I begin it with unfeigned humility. I have never needed anyone to point out to me that my husband

was on a pedestal far above me, or anybody else in the world. I have known it from 1850 to 1893, from a young girl to an old widow, *i.e.*, for forty-three years."

And that loyal recognition of his superiority, as frank and loyal as Canon Butler's recognition of his wife's superiority, was the saving element in both marriages.

A FASCINATING VOLUME.

Lady Burton's book is one of fascinating interest. It is a page torn from the records of one of the most eventful lives of modern adventure. Its very faults are virtues. Lady Isabel's loving iteration and reiteration of her husband's transcendent abilities, her complacent reflections upon the immensity of his life's work and the mountainous mass of written matter which he left behind him, and her ill-suppressed resentment at the indifference and neglect with which he was treated by his rulers, all contribute to the lifelike realism of one of the most notable books of self-revelation that have appeared since the journal of Marie Bashkirtseff.

Not that Lady Burton at all resembles the morbid, selfish, miserable girl, whose bowdlerized journal left us so touching but so incomplete a picture of a modern woman. She is only like Marie in the frank expression of her feelings. Both Mademoiselle Marie and Lady Isabel belong to the order of the naked and unashamed. It is not difficult when you have done nothing to be ashamed of, and Lady Isabel at least has every reason to be proud of the romantic story of her lifelong devotion to her ideal man.

ISABEL ARUNDELL.

Isabel Arundell, who afterwards became Lady Isabel Burton, from her childhood up was a subject of strange experiences, which enabled her to understand better than most women the marvellously complex personality of her husband. Her life, like his, was saturated through and through with what it is the fashion nowadays to describe as the psychic element. When a mere child she almost crossed the Borderland, and sojourned for a time on the other side:—

This is what happened to me. In my younger days I had malignant typhus. I appeared to die. I was attended by two very clever doctors, who were with me at my supposed death, which they certified, and I was laid out. My mother's grief was so violent that my father judged it expedient to send for her confessor to give her some consolation. He happened to be the famous large-minded clever Jesuit and theologian, old Father Randal Lythegoe. He consoled my mother for some time, then he knelt down and prayed for me, and then he got up, and put on his stole. "What are you going to do, Father?" said my mother. "I am going to give her Extreme Unction," he said. "But you can't; she has been dead several hours." "I don't care about that," he said; "I am going to risk it." He did so, and about two hours after he was gone I opened my eyes, and gradually came to.—Vol. ii., page 414.

Of what happened during her unconsciousness as of death, she has no recollection, but all her life long she, like her husband, dwelt on the Borderland.

A DISCIPLE OF DISRAELI'S.

She was also much under the influence of Disraeli's ideas. She says:—

Although a staunch Catholic, I was an ardent disciple of Mr. Disraeli. I do not mean Mr. Disraeli as Prime Minister of England, but the author of "Tancred." I read the book as a young girl in my father's house, and it inspired me with all the ideas, and the yearning for a wild Oriental life, which I have since been able to carry out. I passed two years of my early life, when emerging from the schoolroom, in my father's garden, and the beautiful woods around us, alone with "Tancred." My family were pained and anxious about me:

thought me odd, wished I would play the piano, do worsted work, write notes, read the circulating library—in short, what is generally called improving one's mind; and I was pained because I could not. My uncle used to pat my head, and "hope for better things." I did not know it then, I do now: I was working out the problem of my future life, my after-mission. I lived in my saddle pocket throughout my Eastern life. I almost know it by heart, so that when I came to Bethany, to the Lebanon, and to Mukhtara; when I found myself in a Bedawi camp, or amongst the Maronite and Druse strongholds, or in the society of Fakredeens, nothing surprised me. I felt as if I had lived that life for years. I felt that I went to the tomb of my Redeemer in the proper spirit, and I found what I sought. The presence of God was actually felt, though invisible. The author possesses by descent a knowledge that we Northerners lack (a high privilege reserved to his Semitic blood).—Vol. i., page 534.

HER MARRIAGE FORETOLD.

The early saturation of her mind with those mystical ideas rendered it possible for her to be to Sir Richard the helpmate she became. When she was quite a young girl her marriage was predicted by a gipsy of the name of Hagar Burton, who wrote out in Romany the following notable forecast of her destiny:—

You will cross the sea, and be in the same town with your destiny, and know it not. Every obstacle will rise up against you, and such a combination of circumstances, that it will require all your courage and energy and intelligence to meet them. Your life will be like one always swimming against big waves, but God will always be with you, so you will always win. You will fix your eye on your polar star, and you will go for that without looking either right or left. *You will bear the name of our tribe, and be right proud of it. You will be as we are, but far greater than we.* Your life is all wandering, change, and adventure. One soul in two bodies, in life or death; never long apart. Show this to the man you take for your husband.—HAGAR BURTON.

Every word of this prophecy, and indeed these two volumes, are little more than the unfolding of the fulfilment of the gipsy's vision.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

She was staying with her mother at Boulogne when she met her destiny. This is how she tells the story:—

One day, when we were on the ramparts, the vision of my awakening brain came towards us. He was five feet eleven inches in height, very broad, thin and muscular; he had very dark hair, black, clearly defined sagacious eyebrows, a brown weather-beaten complexion, straight Arab features, a determined-looking mouth and chin, nearly covered by an enormous black moustache. I have since heard a clever friend say "that he had the brow of God, the jaw of a devil." But the most remarkable part of his appearance was two large black flashing eyes, with long lashes, that pierced you through and through. He had a fierce, proud, melancholy expression, and when he smiled he smiled as though it hurt him, and looked with impatient contempt at things generally. He was dressed in a black, short, shaggy coat, and shouldered a short, thick stick, as if he was on guard.

He looked at me as though he read me through and through in a moment, and started a little. I was completely magnetized, and when we had got a little distance away I turned to my sister, and whispered to her, "That man will marry me." The next day he was there again, and he followed us and chalked up, "May I speak to you?" leaving the chalk on the wall, so I took up the chalk and wrote back, "No; mother will be angry," and mother found it—and was angry: and after that we were stricter prisoners than ever. However, "destiny is stronger than custom."—Vol. i., pp. 166, 167.

As she afterwards told her mother—

The moment I saw his brigand-dare devil look, I set him up as an idol, and determined he was the only man I would ever

marry, but he never knew it until three years ago, before he went to Africa.

They met shortly after at a dance:—

My cousins gave a tea party and dance, and "the great majority" flocked in, and there was Richard like a star amongst rushlights. That was a night of nights; he waltzed with me once, and spoke to me several times, and I kept my sash where he put his arm round my waist to waltz, and my gloves. I never wore them again.—Vol. i., page 168.

He went away to Africa and elsewhere. For six years he was absent, but his image was never absent from her heart. When he came back he found her again, and then after a time he proposed.

BETROTHAL.

It came about in this wise:—

At the end of a fortnight he asked me "If I could dream of doing anything so sickly as to give up civilization, and if he could obtain the Consulate at Damascus, to go and live there." He said, "Don't give an answer now, because it will mean a very serious step for you, no less than giving up your people, and all that you are used to, and living the sort of life that Lady Hester Stanhope led. I see the capabilities in you, but you must think it over." I was so long silent from emotion—it was just as if the moon had tumbled down and said, "I thought you cried for me, so I came"—that he thought I was thinking worldly thoughts, and said, "Forgive me! I ought not to have asked so much." At last I found my voice, and said, "I don't want to think it over—I have been thinking it over for six years, ever since I first saw you at Boulogne on the ramparts. I have prayed for you every day, morning and night. I have followed all your career minutely. I have read every word you ever wrote, and I would rather have a crust and a tent with you than be Queen of all the world. And so I say now, yes, yes, yes!" I will pass over the next few minutes. Then he said, "Your people will not give you to me." I answered, "I know that, but I belong to myself—I give myself away." "That is right," he answered; "be firm, and so shall I."—Vol. i., page 250.

SIR RICHARD'S DOUBLE.

No sooner did they get engaged than the old passion for travel came upon him, and he departed without even bidding her good-bye, save *en astral*, of which she gives the following curious account:—

We had been engaged for some months. One day in October, we had passed several hours together, and he appointed to come next day at four o'clock in the afternoon. I went to bed quite happy, but I could not sleep at all. At two a.m. the door opened, and he came into my room. A current of warm air came towards my bed. He said, "Good-bye, my poor child. My time is up and I have gone, but do not grieve. I shall be back in less than three years, and I am your destiny. Good-bye."

She never saw him again for three years. During his absence she set herself diligently to work to help him. He told her after when he returned that—

All the time he had been away the greatest consolation he had had was my fortnightly journals, in letter form, to him, accompanied by all newspaper scraps and public and private information, and accounts of books, such as I knew would interest him, so that when he did get a mail, which was only in a huge batch now and then, he was as well posted up as if he were living in London.—Vol. i., p. 331.

RETURN FROM AFRICA.

When he came back he looked ghastly:—

I shall never forget Richard as he was then. He had had twenty-one attacks of fever, had been partially paralysed and partially blind. He was a mere skeleton, with brown yellow skin hanging in bags, his eyes protruding, and his lips drawn away from his teeth.—Vol. i., p. 330.

But his wretched appearance only quickened her devotion:—

Never did I feel the strength of my love as then. He returned poorer, and dispirited by official rows and every species of annoyance; but he was still, had he been ever so unsuccessful, and had every man's hand against him, my earthly god and king, and I could have knelt at his feet and worshipped him. I used to feel so proud of him; I used to like to sit and look at him, and to think, "You are mine, and there is no man on earth the least like you."—Vol. i., p. 331.

WHY SHE LOVED HIM.

The mother's objection to Capt. Burton was invincible. Her daughter, therefore, addressed her a tolerably plain-spoken letter, from which I take the following extracts. After declaring that she loved him alone, and that she would never marry any one else, she says of her beloved:—

He has had twenty-one fevers, temporary blindness, and partial paralysis of the limbs; he has come back with flying colours: but youth, health, good looks, and spirits temporarily broken up from hardships, privations, and dangers, and also many a scar. It surprises me that you should consider mine an infatuation, you who worship talent, and my father bravery and adventure, and here they are both united. Look at his military services, India and the Crimea! Look at his writings, his travels, his poetry, his languages and dialects! Now Mezzofanti is dead, he stands first in Europe; he is the best horseman, swordsman, and pistol shot. He has been presented with the gold medal, he is an F.R.G.S., and you must see in the newspapers of his glory, and fame, and public thanks, where he is called "The Crichton of the Day," one of the Paladins of the age, "the most interesting figure of the nineteenth century," the man *par excellence* of brain and pluck. . . . A master-mind like his exercises power and influence over all around him; but I love him because I find in him so much depth of feeling, and a generous heart; because, knowing him to be as brave as a lion, he is yet so gentle, of a delicate sensitive nature, and the soul of honour. I am fascinated by his manners, because they are easy, dignified, simple, and yet so original; there is such a touching forgetfulness of himself and his fame. He appears to me a something so unique and romantic. He unites the wild and daring with the true gentleman in every sense of the word, and a stamp of a man of the world of the very best sort, having seen things without the artificial atmosphere we live in, as well as within. He has even the noble faults I love in a man, if they can be so called. He is proud, fiery, satirical, ambitious; how could I help looking up to him with fear and admiration? I worship ambition. Fancy achieving a good which affects millions, making your name a national one. It is infamous the way most men in the world live and die, and are never missed, and, like us women, leave nothing but a tombstone. By ambition I mean men who have the will and power to change the face of things. I wish I were a man. If I were, I would be Richard Burton; but, being only a woman, I would be Richard Burton's wife. He has not mere brilliancy of talent, but brains that are a rock of good sense, and stern decision of character. I love him purely, passionately, and respectfully; there is no void in my heart, it is at rest for ever with him. It is part of my nature, part of myself, the basis of all my actions, part of my religion, my whole soul is absorbed in it. I have given my every feeling to him, and kept nothing back for myself or for the world. I would this moment sacrifice and leave all to follow his fortunes, even if you all cast me out, if the world tabooed me, and no compensation could be given to me for his loss. Whatever the world may condemn of lawless or strong opinions, whatever he is to the world, he is perfect to me, and I would not have him otherwise than he is.—Vol. i., p. 333-5.

BETWEEN MOTHER AND LOVER.

In response to this appeal, her mother gave her a very long and solemn lecture, telling her that Richard was not

a Christian, and had no money. As Burton used to say afterwards, her mother and she were both gifted with the noble firmness of the mule, so a state of considerable tension followed. Her mother remained obstinate; her lover insisted that she should follow the dictates of her heart, and marry him despite her mother's objections. She refused; he set off to Salt Lake City, giving her nine months to make up her mind as to what she would do. Of his determination to depart she had telepathic communication before the letter arrived announcing his decision. She went to bed and became delirious, and for six weeks struggled for life, and when she got better decided to marry him *coûte qui coûte*. As she was going to marry a poor man, and to rough it in the midst of savagery, she went to a farmhouse, where she learned every imaginable thing she might possibly want, so that if they had no servants, or if their servants mutinied, she would be able to do everything herself. At last he came back and said to her, "I have waited five years; three of those were unavoidable, owing to my absence in Africa, the last were not. Our lives are being spoiled by the unjust prejudices of your mother; choose now between your mother and me. Choose me, we marry, and I stay. Choose your mother, and I leave the country and return no more. Is your answer ready?" Miss Arundell said, "Quite; I will marry you this day three weeks, let who will say nay."

MARRIED.

Her father agreed, her mother refused; they appealed to Cardinal Wiseman, who approved of the marriage, promised his protection and a special dispensation from Rome, and said he would perform the ceremony himself. Unfortunately he took ill, and they were married by the Vicar-General. The fact of the marriage having taken place was not known to the mother for some time after, but she became quite reconciled to it in the end. What Lady Burton herself felt about her marriage may be inferred from the following extract:—

To say that I was happy would be to say nothing; a repose came over me that I had never known. I felt that it was for eternity, an immortal repose, and I was in a bewilderment of wonder at the goodness of God, who had almost worked miracles for me.—Vol. i., page 343.

After seven months of uninterrupted bliss he was appointed to a Consulateship on the West Coast of Africa. Then came an absence of sixteen long months, during which she battled for him royally at home, looking after all his business, and acting for him in all respects with the Foreign Office, Indian Office, and publishers, as if she were a veritable *alter ego*. But she could stand it no longer, and in 1863 he came back on leave, and she accompanied him to Fernando Po. Lady Burton did not remain at Fernando Po, but returned home. She had one wild spasm of jealousy concerning the chief officer of the brigade of Amazons of Dahomey, in whose army her husband was brigadier-general. The portrait of the lady in question is not calculated to inflame jealousy.

MESMERISM IN MARRIED LIFE.

After a year her husband came back, and, curiously enough, soon after his return, they chose their burial place in Mortlake Cemetery. After a tour in Ireland Burton was appointed to Brazil, and there she accompanied him, going through endless adventures, snakes and all manner of unpleasant creatures. The whole, she managed to get along extremely well. When she was in Brazil, she mentions the fact that her husband used to mesmerise her, and one

mesmerising process was that she never could keep any secrets from him. This is her account of it:—

He used to mesmerise me freely, but he never allowed anyone else, nor did I, to mesmerise me. Once mesmerised he had only to say "Talk," and I used to tell everything I knew, only I used to implore of him to forbid me to tell him other people's secrets, and as a matter of honour he did, but all my own used to come out freely; only he never took a mean advantage of what he learnt in that way, and he used laughingly to tell everybody "It is the only way to get a woman to tell you the truth." I have often told him things that I would much rather keep to myself.—Vol. i., page 451.

After leaving Brazil they were appointed to Damascus, where for some time he exercised great influence for good, which, however, brought him naturally into sharp collision with those whose influence was for evil, to wit, the Jewish gonbees men and the Turkish pashas.

SPIRITUALISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

It was when he was at Damascus that he began to study the phenomena of spiritualism. He hoped much from it, and studied it well, but he could make nothing of it as a religion; it never seemed to bring him any nearer, but he believed in it as in the light of a future frontier of science. He was impressed with the fact that Catholicism was the highest order of spiritualism, and Lady Burton gives a very extraordinary account of a Christian revival that was brought about in Damascus apparently by means of something very closely resembling the ordinary séance. A certain sect of Mohammedans called Shazlis used to assemble at nights together in the house of one of them for Moslem prayer, reading and discussion, when they became conscious of a presence amongst them which was not their own. They used to hear and see things they did not understand. This went on for two or three months before they came to an understanding. Burton heard of this through a Catholic priest, and it interested him enormously. He thought he saw his way in it to the higher kind of religion. Disguising as a Shazli he used to spend much time at their meetings, and when his priest friend was the guide pointed out to them by that spiritual presence, Burton stuck to him, and together they studied this strange revival, with the belief that there was a development something like a new advent. Unfortunately the priest died, and the Turks transported twelve of the most remarkable of the Shazlis; Burton, full of indignation, took up their cause with ardour. He told Lord Granville that there were at least twenty-five thousand Christians secretly longing for baptism, and suggested a method by which they might be protected. These Shazlis are spiritualised mystics, or Sufis.

THE SEEKING SHAZLIS OF DAMASCUS.

At the meetings where the manifestations occurred they had been praying and seeking for enlightenment before the throne of grace for two years. At length they were assured by a vision that the religion which they sought was none other than the religion of Christ. On one occasion forty of them, after an all night of prayer, fell asleep, and according to Burton, our Lord was pleased to appear to all of them separately. They awoke simultaneously, and all declared that they had seen the same vision. They were so delighted they could hardly refrain from running about the street, to proclaim that Christ was God; but they were told that if they did they would all be killed. On another night they prayed that God would give them a guide, whereupon the Priest—Burton's friend—was shown to them in a vision standing with a lighted taper in a

Christian church. He was dressed in a coarse brown serge garment, and had a long white beard. He said to them, "Those who want the Truth follow me." For three months they searched and prayed for him. At last one of them found by chance, in the Superior of the Franciscan order, the personage who had appeared to him in a dream. He gave them instructions and the number of converts rose to 250. Then the Turks fell upon them and banished them.

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE FRANCISCAN.

The following passage is from a letter written by the Franciscan father, and it embodies the result of his cross-examination of each of the converts separately.

He found them unanimous in declaring that on the first night when they witnessed an apparition they had prayed for many hours, and that slumber had overcome them, when the Saviour, Jesus Christ, appeared to them one by one. Being dazzled by the light, they were very much afraid; but one of them, taking courage, said, "Who art Thou, Lord?" He answered, "Speak." They asked, "Who art Thou, Lord?" The apparition replied, "I am the Truth, whom thou seekest. I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Awakening, agitated and frightened, they looked one at the other, and one took courage and spoke, the rest responding simply, "I also saw Him." Christ had once more so consoled, comforted, and exhorted them to follow His path, and they were filled with such ineffable joy, love, faith, and gratitude, that, but for His admonishing them (as He used to admonish the disciples), they could hardly restrain themselves from rushing into the streets and from openly preaching the Gospel to the Infidel City. On another occasion, the Blessed Virgin stood before them with the Child Jesus in her arms, and pointing to Him, said, three times in a clear distinct voice, "My Son, Jesus Christ, whom you see, is the Truth."

BURTON CASHIERED.

It is not surprising that the Turks persecuted them, with the result that the Christian faith spread. And if Lord Granville had energetically supported Captain Burton, instead of sacrificing him in deference to the corrupt Turkish pashas, there might have been a new era for Syria. Captain Burton thought that England might become to Syria, and therefore Syria to Western Asia, the blessing that Syria in the days of the early Church was to Europe, Asia, and all the civilised world. Instead of complying with Captain Burton's request, Lord Granville, as Lady Burton says, ruined the life of the best man in the world with a stroke of his pen. He was ignominiously dismissed at the age of fifty without a month's notice, wages, or character.

Lady Burton was in the Lebanon when the blow fell, and she received a hastily written letter of three lines to the following effect:—

"Do not be frightened; I am recalled; pay, pack, and follow at convenience."

A GUARDIAN ANGEL?

That night she could not rest, and when she heard some one call her three successive times, she jumped up in the middle of a dark night, saddled her horse, and though everybody said she was mad, and wanted to put her to bed, she rode a journey of nine hours across country by the compass, over boulders and black swamps, making for the diligence half-way hence. The diligence was just about to start when she arrived, hot, torn, and covered with dust. By this means she was able to reach Barat twenty-four hours before the steamer sailed. She

was conscious in the whole of this wild ride of the presence of an impelling force called out from herself.

I was thirty miles away from my husband, at the top of a mountain in the Anti-Lebanon, five thousand feet above sea-level, and quite out of reach of news or communication, save the three lines I received by a mounted messenger; and my difficulty was to descend the mountain in the dark, cross the country at dawn, to the probable spot where I could catch the diligence on the road. The power that moved me was therefore so much the stronger, and, as I am a Catholic, I attribute its force to my angel guardian, who is to me an *actual presence*, to whom I constantly refer during the day, and who directs everything I ask him to. When I sit with other spiritualists, they say they can see him. I can't; I only feel the power. However, I am quite sure of one thing, that nothing happens by luck or chance; but that we are moved by our good and bad angels, and that those who are in the habit of meditating or reflecting a good deal, arrive at a proficiency in knowing and understanding their calls.

After this, they were appointed to Trieste, where the rest of Burton's life was spent with occasional trips to England, and journeys abroad as far as India.

"IT."

I have no intention of making this article a biography of Sir Richard Burton, but I must refer to a very extraordinary experience which befell them in 1877, at the time when he was hoping to make a fortune by the development of the mines of Midian. Lady Burton says that for three years, from 1877 to 1880, they were constantly inundated with anonymous letters. "Private letters, papers, and writings would disappear, and, after all hope of recovery was over, they would reappear. I was surprised to find love-letters in my husband's pockets whenever I brushed his coat or dried his clothes. Fortunately, we trusted each other, and I would carry my letters to him and he would bring his to me." In 1879 Burton said to her, "I am sure that this is an intrigue, and a woman's intrigue, which has something to do with money." They used to laugh, and call the evil things which wrote these letters "It," and if they were ever going to make the smallest remark that might be unlucky they used to say, "Hush! It will hear you." Their friends thought they were alluding to an evil spirit. They were really alluding to their uncanny, fleshly, evil genius who, although they did not know it, was nestling close to them, and heard it all.

A DEATH-BED CONFESSION.

After Burton died the mystery was explained. "It" was a lady of whom we are told nothing but that her husband and her daughters moved in the higher society, and that in 1877 she passed as a most intimate friend of Lady Burton. In July, 1891, Lady Burton writes, "I was summoned to the death-bed of a lady whom I thought was a great friend of mine, who, after exacting a solemn promise not to break confidences, told me that she had been 'It.'" Her story was that she was awfully fond of money, and thought that if she could attract Burton, and alienate him from his wife, she could get as much money as she wanted. This fiend of a woman had at that time not only a husband, but a lover, and in pursuance of this design she deliberately set to work to sow seeds of dissension between the husband and wife. They never suspected her, and frequently talked with her about this mysterious "It" who wrote anonymous letters. "'I took a wicked pleasure,' she said, 'in your perfect trust in me.' She had free access to all my letters, papers and writings, and knew my every movement." She had the assistance of an expert as a forger, in copying the letters.

Such was the pitiable tale she told Lady Burton. "If God will forgive you," said the widow, "and if Richard will forgive you, then I will also. May you rest in peace. I did not trust myself to speak more," said Lady Burton. "I left the room quietly, and she eventually died."

CLOSING YEARS.

The second volume is full of pleasant gossip, concerning the people they saw, and what they did in their later life. Lady Burton mentions making the acquaintance of Madame de Novikoff at Marienbad, and says: "I here made the acquaintance of Madame Olga de Novikoff, which certainly kept me from feeling dull, for she was capital company, most amusing, and was to me the most interesting study, and a sort of life which one hears so much of, but which one in England rarely meets."

Lady Burton took her husband to see the Passion Play in 1880, and was much delighted to see the impression which it made upon him. "I can only say," she writes, "that I thank God for having been allowed to see it. What affected him immensely was Christ upon the Cross. He said, 'I never could have imagined Christ on the Cross without having seen it. It made me feel very queer.' With all Richard's cynicism, he was right glad to have seen it."

AT COUNT MATTEI'S.

Then, on another occasion, they went off to see Count Mattei. She was delighted with her visit to what was the most solid, fantastic, handsome castle possible to conceive. She regarded him as the Monte Cristo of his country. Lady Burton thinks very highly of Madame Schmidt, who is now carrying on a Mattei Hospital in London. She is most enthusiastic about Mattei's castle. She says, "Doré with a bad nightmare would be nothing to it. It was grand, bold, splendid, and reckless, but the beds were marble—æsthetic biers—with classic garlands of flowers in marble vases on marble tables; the furniture a marble bench. There were drawbridges, with bolts everywhere, the bedroom doors drawn up at night, showing black bottomless pits in the rock, into which a would-be assassin would fall. The look-out was splendid, wild, and eerie. When I saw the mad allegories on the wall in fresco, I said, 'Is it right to take medicine from such a lunatic? And yet he has cured hundreds and thousands, so I suppose I may.'"

NOTHING IN THEM?

It is interesting to note what she says as to the effect of the globules which are so much ridiculed as having nothing in them but sugar. She took six of the little globules with her first spoonful of soup, but had no sooner swallowed them than she felt that she had a small earthquake going on within her. Her husband said, "Why, it cannot be those miserable little globules. I could swallow the whole bottle." She induced him to reduce himself to six of the small infinitesimals. In a few minutes he was deadly pale and began to stagger about as I did. He said, "No more of that. These are things that ought to be under the eyes of the Count himself or of Madame Schmidt, and so neither you nor I will do that cure." Lady Burton omits to state what these globules were that produced such an extraordinary effect upon the seasoned organs of an African explorer.

LOVE THAT THINKETH NO EVIL.

One very excellent thing about Lady Burton, and that is the determination which she manifests on all occasions to think the best of her husband. His free and easy manner of talking about religion must have sorely tried her on many occasions, but she carefully treasures up every little incident that would justify her in believing that at bottom he really shared her faith.

She mentions an incident at Trieste:—

In the chapel was a large crucifix, and he would at times come in, and remain before it for half an hour together, and go away with moist, sad eyes, and sometimes look over the books or papers.

It is very interesting to notice that, as an indication of this side of Burton's character, to which his wife naturally gives such prominence, he was meditating devoting all his spare time when he came to London to work on General Booth's Social Scheme. She says:—

The last, the chief talk at dinner was about General Booth's article—the first that came out in the *Pall Mall Budget*—of "How to Relieve the Millions." He took the greatest possible interest in it, because (as he said) they could get at people that no clergyman of any church could get at, and it sounded such a sensible plan. He said to me, "When you and I get to London, and are quite free and settled, we will give all our spare time to that." This is the man who is supposed to have killed and crushed everything as he went about in triumph over the world.

BURTON'S CATHOLICISM.

And she is very indignant with his agnostic friends, who protest against her stout assertion that he was all his life a devout Catholic:—

There are people who are ready to stone me, if I will not describe Richard as being absolutely without belief in anything; yet I really cannot oblige them without being absolutely untruthful. He was a spade truth man, and he honestly used to say that he examined every religion, and picked out its pearl to practise it. He did not scoff at them, he was perfectly sincere and honest in what he said, nor did he change, but he grew. He always said, and innumerable people could come forward, if they had the courage—I could name some—to say that they have heard him declare, that at the end of all things there were only two points to stand upon, nothing and Catholicism; and many could, if they would, come forward and say, that when they asked him what religion he was, he answered Catholic.

It is also a curious fact that the people who are most vexed with me on this score are men who, before their wives, sisters, are good Protestants, and who go twice to the Protestant Church on Sundays, but who are quite scandalised if my husband should be allowed a religion, and are furious because I will not allow that Richard Burton was their Captain. No, thank you, it is not good enough: he was not, never was like any of you—nor can I see what it can possibly be to you what faith, or no faith, Richard Burton chose to die in, and why you threaten me if I speak the truth! We only know two things—the beautiful mysticism of the East, which, until I lived here, I thought was Agnosticism, and I find it is not; and calm, liberal-minded Roman Catholicism. The difference between you and Richard is—you, I mean, who married my husband—that you are not going anywhere—according to your own creed you have nowhere to go to—where he had a God and a continuation, and said he would wait for me; he is only gone a long journey, and presently I shall join him; we shall take up where we left off, and we shall be very much happier even than we have been here.

When he lay dying, she insisted upon the administration of extreme unction, and when he died, she lifted up her heart to God in fervent thanksgiving for him. "I knelt down with my broken heart, and said, 'Thy will be done,' and when I rose up I said: 'Let the world rain fire and brimstone on me now.'" So complete was her confidence and her happiness.

These volumes, it may be noted, have a very remarkable dedication, which bears testimony to her belief in this matter. The following is its text:—

TO MY HEAVENLY MASTER,

WHO IS WAITING FOR ME ON HEAVEN'S FRONTIERS.

Whilst waiting to rejoin you, I leave as a message to the world we inhabited, the record of the Life into which both our

lives were fused. Would that I could write as well as I can love, and do you that justice, that honour which you deserve! I will do my best, and then I will leave it to more brilliant pens, whose wielders will feel less and write better. Meet me soon—I await the signal!

Over his bier she said:—

There lies the best husband that ever lived, the best son, the best brother, and the truest, staunchest friend.

Nothing could exceed her idolatrous veneration for her husband:—

To the last breath there was never a saner, or a sounder, or a truer judgment in any man who walked this earth. He saw and knew all the recesses of men's minds and actions.

A HELPMATE INDEED.

The following passage was forced from her by the attacks of some enemies, who pretended that she was not a competent authority as to what Burton really thought or believed:—

Who from 1856 to 1859 kept him so supplied with daily written journals of news, of daily cuttings from the newspapers, that when he returned, people said to him, "How come you so well informed of all that has been passing just as if you had never been away, and you living beyond the pale of civilisation?" "Ah, how?" he said. By many mails he never received a line from any one but me. Who cheered him on in danger, toil, and heart-broken sickness? Who, when he came back from Tanganyika (Africa) in 1859, coldly looked upon by the Government, bullied by the India House, rejected by the Geographical Society, almost tabooed by society on account of the machinations of Captain Speke, so that he scarcely had ten friends to say good-morning to him—who sought his side to comfort him? I did! Then we married. Who for thirty years daily attended to his comforts, watched his going out and coming in, had his slippers, dressing-gown, and pipe ready for him every evening, sat sick at heart if he was an hour late, watched all night and till morning if he did not come back? Who copied and worked for and with him? Who fought for thirty years to raise his official position all she could, and wept bitter tears over his being neglected? I did. My only complaint is, that I believe he would have got infinitely more if he had asked for things himself, and not perpetually stuck me forward; but he was too modest, and I had to obey orders. Who rode or walked at his side through hunger, thirst, cold, and burning heat, with hardships, privations and danger, in all his travels? Who nursed him through seven long illnesses before his last illness, some lasting two or three months, and never left his death-bed day or night, and did everything for him? I did. Why, I was his wife, and mother, and comrade, and secretary, and aide-de-camp, and agent to him; and I was proud, happy, and glad to do it all, and never tired day or night for thirty years. I would rather have had a crust and a tent with him than be a queen elsewhere. At the moment of his death I had done all I could for the body, and then I tried to follow his soul. I am following the soul, and I shall reach it before long. There we shall never more part.—Vol. ii., page 449.

THE STORY OF "THE SCENTED GARDEN."

There is only one thing now to add to make this record of wifely devotion complete, and that illustrates and perfects the whole. When Sir Richard Burton was alive, his wife, recognising in him the superior intellect, loyally helped him, even when she disagreed with him, and never presumed to thwart his wishes or to oppose his plans. After he had published the literal translation of the "Arabian Nights Entertainment," making £16,000 by the transaction, it occurred to him that it might be a profitable business to translate a more distinctly erotic work from the Arabic. He devoted about the last six months of his life to the translation of an Oriental book called "The Scented Garden." He died before he could send it

to the printer, and, in his will, he left his wife absolute control over all his literary remains:—

"In the event of my death, I bequeath especially to my wife, Isabel Burton, every book, paper, or manuscript, to be overhauled and examined by her only, and to be dealt with entirely at her own discretion, and in the manner she thinks best, having been my sole helper for thirty years, etc., etc., etc."

(Signed)

RICHARD BURTON.

Lady Burton up to that time had not read the "Scented Garden," nor did she note the kind of work her husband had been preparing to introduce to the English public. After his death it could only be published at her own responsibility. She was offered £6,000 for the MS., but she decided that loyalty to her husband's memory, and regard for the welfare of the world, justified her in refusing the money, and consigning the MS. to the flames. Even while she did so, she attempted to persuade herself that her conduct was no reflection to her husband's memory. She says, "My husband did no wrong. He had a high purpose, and thought no evil of printing it." But that is only the fondness of a wife. Burton ought never to have translated the book, which would, as his wife saw plainly enough, simply have swelled the mass of Holywell Street literature. She even believed that she would have talked him off printing it had he lived, as she did another MS. on quite a different subject, and he knew perfectly well that if she had her will she would have burned it. Knowing that, he left her full *carte blanche* of doing as she pleased; consequently, she burned it, and she did well.

FAITHFUL TO THE LAST.

The incident brings into clear relief, however, the difference between the wife acting as her husband's

lieutenant, and the woman acting when left free on her own responsibility. A different set of conditions governing the case produced entirely different action, and it is touching to read her declarations that she burned the "Scented Garden" purely out of love "for my husband," and all the censure that was heaped upon her was as

nothing in comparison to his memory, and "our speedy reunion."

She finishes her book with:—

Do not be so hard and prosaic as to suppose that our dead cannot, in rare instances, come back, and tell us how it is with them.

"He lives and moves, he is not dead.

He does not alter nor grow strange,

His love is still around me shed,

Untouched by time, or chance, or change;

And when he walks beside me, then

As shadows seem all living men."

MARY MACLEOD.

He said always, "I am gone — pay, pack and follow."

Reader! I have paid, I have packed, I have suffered. I am waiting to join his caravan. I am waiting for a welcome sound, "THE TINKLING OF HIS CAMEL-BELL."

THE MORAL OF IT ALL.

The moral of the whole story is told in these two charming volumes, which may be commended to all wives and all husbands, and is summed up in the following passage:—

I began to feel what I have always felt since, that he was the

glorious stately ship in full sail, commanding all attention and admiration; and sometimes, if the wind drops, she still sails gallantly, and no one sees the humble little steam tug hidden at the other side, with her strong heart and faithful arms working forth, and glorying in her proud and stately ship. I think the true woman, who is married to her proper mate, recognizes the fully-performed mission, whether prosperous or not, and that no one can ever take his place for her, as an interpreter of that which is betwixt her and her Creator, to her as the shadow of God's protection here on earth.



THE MAUSOLEUM AT MORTLAKE, WHERE SIR RICHARD BURTON IS LAID AT REST.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

NOTICE.—For the convenience of such of our readers as may live at a distance from a bookseller, any Book they may require, mentioned in the following List, will be forwarded post free to any part of the United Kingdom, from the Publishing Office of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, 125, Fleet Street, on receipt of Postal Order for the published price of the Book ordered.

BIOGRAPHY.

ADAMS, CHARLES KENDALL, LL.D. *Christopher Columbus: His Life and His Work.* (Gay and Bird.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 261. 4s. 6d.

This is a volume of the series devoted to the Makers of America. Mr. Adams, who is the president of Cornell University, says, in his preface, that he has attempted to free himself "from the thrall of uncritical admiration," and to deal with the conflicting statements as to the career of Columbus in the spirit of modern criticism and scholarship.

CARLYLE, REV. GAVIN, M.A. *A Memoir of Adolph Saphir, D.D.* (J. F. Shaw.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 448. 7s. 6d. With Portrait.

ERNST, W. *Memoirs of the Life of Philip Dormer, Fourth Earl of Chesterfield.* (Sonnenschein.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 563. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Ernst has succeeded in writing a very interesting biography, containing not a little new information. He has, as far as possible, allowed Lord Chesterfield to speak for himself, and he has been able to publish a number of valuable letters from the Newcastle papers which have not hitherto appeared. The volume contains four steel-engraved portraits and a facsimile letter.

FITZGERALD, PERCY, M.A., F.S.A. *Henry Irving: A Record of Twenty Years at the Lyceum.* (Chapman and Hall.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 320. 14s.

Mr. Fitzgerald intends this volume rather as a review of Mr. Irving's "artistic, laborious work at the Lyceum Theatre," than as a biography, and he has chosen the present moment for its publication, since "the pause which will follow Mr. Irving's long absence abroad seems to mark the close of an era." Mr. Fitzgerald claims to have adopted an independent tone, and he discusses many interesting theatrical questions. An excellent colotype portrait of Mr. Irving is the frontispiece of the volume.

FRASER, SIR WILLIAM, BART. *Hic et Ubique.* (Sampson Low.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 317. 3s. 6d.

Sir William Fraser, whose "Words on Wellington" and "Disraeli and His Day" won him so great a reputation as a raconteur, gives us in this volume a collection of memories and anecdotes so fresh and entertaining as to make the book quite the best of its class that has lately appeared. He seems to have made a practice of jotting down any particularly good story he has heard, any interesting occurrence he has seen, and there is no page which is not thoroughly amusing. From Napoleon I. to Disraeli, from the origin of the Punch puppet-play to the introduction of Mr. W. H. Smith into political life, there seems to be few great men of whom he has not some good story to tell, so large a trifle of which he has not something interesting to say.

PRIDE, DAVID, M.A., LL.D. *Pleasant Memories of a Busy Life.* (Blackwood.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 249. With Portrait.

On resigning the Principalship of the Edinburgh Ladies' College, Dr. Pryde was recommended literary work as a means of regaining strength, and he chose as his subject his own literary and scholastic experiences.

SABCEY, FRANCISQUE. *Recollections of Middle Life.* (Heinemann.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 307. 10s. 6d. With Portrait.

A very interesting volume of literary and dramatic reminiscences, translated from the French by Miss Elizabeth Luther Carey.

ESSAYS, CRITICISMS AND BELLES-LETTRES.

BLAKE, H. G. O. (Editor). *Autumn: From the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau.* (Gay and Bird.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 470. 6s. net.

A new, admirably printed, and neatly bound edition.

BRIDGES, ROBERT. *Milton's Prosody: An Examination of the Rules of the Blank Verse in Milton's Later Poems, with an Account of the Versification of "Samson Agonistes."* (Clarendon Press, Oxford.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 80.

Mr. Bridges here reprints with corrections a tract which he wrote five years ago on the verse of "Paradise Lost," to which he has added, from a tract published in 1889, an examination of Milton's subsequent verse. Mr. Bridges is himself a poet of such great technical skill that anything that he has to say upon the more purely mechanical side of his art cannot but be of the greatest value both to the critic and to the maker of verse. In various appendices he treats of the extrametrical syllable, elision, adjectives in *ablé*, the recession of accent, pronunciation in Milton, metrical equivalence, the use of Greek terminology, and specimens of ten-syllable verse.

HENDERSON, T. F. *Old World Scotland: Glimpses of its Modes and Manners.* (T. Fisher Unwin.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 263. 6s.

A collection of essays on Scottish subjects, many of which appeared in the *National Observer*. Among the most interesting is that entitled "New Light on the Darnley Murder," which is printed for the first time.

JESSOPP, AUGUSTUS, D.D. *Studies by a Recluse, in Cloister, Town, and Country.* (T. Fisher Unwin.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 281. 7s. 6d.

A second edition of an interesting collection of historical essays. Among the subjects of which Mr. Jessopp writes are "St. Alban and Her Historian," "Bury St. Edmunds," "On the Edge of the Norfolk Holy Land," "The Origin and Growth of English Towns," and "The Land and its Owners in Past Times."

LESTED, CHARLES T. *Studies in Life and Literature.* (Digby and Long.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 301. 5s.

A series of short essays, interspersed with sonnets, on such general subjects as intellectual waste, poets, authors, books, modern books, knowledge, statesmen, love, envy, labour, and cookery.

MALORY, SIR THOMAS. *Morte d'Arthur.* Part I. (J. M. Dent and Co.) 4to. Paper Covers. 2s. 6d. net.

There can be no doubt that when completed this edition of Malory's superb romance will be the finest that has appeared. Admirably printed on thick paper, almost every page bears an initial by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, the young artist whose works have already created so much interest; and there are, even in this part, many full page illustrations of extraordinary power from the same hand, which, though somewhat derivative, are of great artistic interest apart from the subject. Professor Rhys is to contribute the introduction to this edition.

RUSKIN, JOHN. *Selections from his Writings.* Second Series. 1860-1888. (George Allen.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 488. 6s.

The second series of "Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin" is a choice volume, printed and bound as such eloquent writing should be. The first series that was issued covered the seventeen years between 1843 and 1860; the present volume deals with Mr. Ruskin's contributions to literature from 1860 to 1888, and it was during this time that he wrote "Unto this Last," "Sesame and Lilies," "Ethics of the Dust," "The Crown of Wild Olive," "Fors (lavigera)," "On the Old Road," "Præterita," and about a score of other works. Here we have in one volume the choicest passages from all these writings carefully arranged under the titles: "Art," "Education," "Ethics," "Economy," and "Religion," and properly indexed. The book contains more intellectual life than a cart-load of others that have lately appeared.

TAINSH, EDWARD CAMPBELL. *A Study of the Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate.* (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 307.

A new edition, complete and largely re-written.

TREE, HERBERT BEERBOHM. *The Imaginative Faculty.* (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.) Fcap. 8vo. Boards. Pp. 48. 2s. 6d. net.

A lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, May 26th, 1893, and now reprinted with a portrait of Mr. Tree, from a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby.

WINTER, WILLIAM. *Shadows of the Stage.* Second Series. (David Douglas, Edinburgh.) 18mo. Cloth. Pp. 367. 2s.

A collection of essays on theatrical subjects, which Mr. Winter has reprinted from the *New York Tribune* and other sources. The papers which will particularly interest English readers are those on "Ada Rehan as Rosalind," "Richard Mansfield in Several Characters," "Ada Rehan's Acting," "The Story of Adelaide Neilson," "Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in Macbeth," "Irving and C. quelin," "Willard as John Needham," "Sarah Bernhardt in Several Characters," "Cognell as Tartuffe," "Helena Modjeska," "Wilson Barrett as Young Hamlet," and "Tennyson."

FICTION.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET." *All Along the River.* (Simpkin.) Three volumes. 31s. 6d.

Three score novels is a lengthy record, and it is to be hoped that the unworked brevity of this story—the third volume is made up of separate tales—and its unusual poverty of incident are not to be taken as signs of lagging pen or failing invention. "All Along the River" is the old story of a young wife betrayed, and of her repentance and confession, but Miss Bradon, although

she has invested her Cornish and Italian scenes with some charm, has been unable to give it any great new interest. The characters are superficial, and though here and there are clever passages of description and social sarcasm, the story seems to lack the care and skill which were so apparent in most of its predecessors.

AVERY, ANNE. *East Maccalls; or, Life To-Day.* (George Stoneman.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 298. 3s. 6d.

BARR, ROBERT (Luke Sharp). *From Whose Bourne, etc.* (Chatto and Windus.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 277. 3s. 6d.

There can be no question that two at least of these three stories are remarkably clever: "From Whose Bourne" itself is smart in its way and cleverly worked out, but it fails to impress one and has not half the snap of "One's Day's Courtship," or "Heralds of Fame." The title-story is, however, the longest, and is interesting as showing the romantic possibilities that lie ready to the novelist's hand in the realm of the borderland. It is the story of an apparent murder, but the discovery of the truth is made by no ordinary detective, but by the murdered man himself, who, anxious to clear his wife from suspicion, returns as a shadow from the spirit-world to suggest by thought transference the truth to the different people who are working at the case. Neither of the other stories is sensational; but are charming studies in the American girl, crisply written and full of humour.

BRONTË, CHARLOTTE. *Villette.* (J. M. Dent and Co.) Two volumes. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. 5s. net.

The fifth and sixth volumes of the delightfully dainty edition of the Brontë novels that Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. are now adding to their charming series of standard fiction. The six illustrations by Mr. H. S. Grieg are successful; and it was a happy thought to print in an appendix to each volume a free translation of the French phrases and conversations which are so abundant throughout "Villette," and which have hitherto marred the enjoyment of so many readers.

COOKE, ROSE TERRY. *Steadfast: The Story of a Saint and a Sinner.* (Sunday School Union.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 384. 3s. 6d.

CRAWFORD, F. MARION. *Pietro Ghisleri.* (Macmillan). Three volumes. 31s. 6d.

It is another admirable story of the fashionable Roman society that he knows so well, that Mr. Marion Crawford gives us in this novel. A very complicated plot, a quite wonderful power of realising his characters, and an unusual gift of writing good conversation, have united to produce one of the best books that Mr. Crawford has written since "Zoraster." Pietro Ghisleri is one of his most sympathetic characters, and the reader is not a little glad when his troubles cease and he gains his desire in as conventional a wedding as ever completed the most ordinary novel. Refinement is, perhaps, the most pleasing quality of the story: Adèle Savelli's implacable hate, her unceasing attempts to ruin the happiness of Pietro and her cousin, are drawn with great power, but always with reticence. The death scene of Lord Herbert Arden, too, is beautifully written. One may add that Messrs. Macmillan have just added Mr. Crawford's last story, "The Three Fates," to their three-and-sixpenny series.

DOUDNEY, SARAH. *Wave upon Wave; or, Strengthened for Trial.* (Sunday School Union.) Paper Covers. 1s.

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GRANT, ROBERT. *The Reflections of a Married Man.* (Warne.) Paper Covers. 1s.

A very amusing and not at all ill-written series of chapters embodying the trivial thoughts and unimportant doings of an average happily-married father of a family. The book belongs to a class of literature which has lately become very popular, and it certainly deserves to be read and laughed over by a large number of people. It is humorous, but not extravagant; and while laughing at its incidents and characters one is not a little impressed by its realism.

GREEN, ANNA KATHARINE. *Marked "Personal."* (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) Paper Boards. Pp. 415. 2s.

The hand of the author of "The Leavenworth Case" has lost much of its cunning. There is, of course, a sensational mystery in her new story, but it is one fairly transparent to all readers of exciting fiction; and it is spun out to a quite inordinate length.

GUNTER, ARCHIBALD CLAVERING. *Miss Dividends and Baron Montes of Panama and Paris.* (Routledge.) Paper Boards. 2s. each.

The indignities to which Mr. Gunter subjects the English language are well known to every reader of "Mr. Barnes of New York." In these two new stories, his style is, if anything, worse than ever: he still writes in the present tense, and some of his phrases and sentences are quite villainous in their vulgarity. But in spite of these drawbacks both novels are very well suited for railway reading: they are exciting, and the sensational incidents, if not particularly original, are, at least, arranged with some novelty. "Miss Dividends" deals in some measure with the early Mormon community; "Baron Montes" with the Panama Canal intrigues.

HARDY, THOMAS. *A Pair of Blue Eyes and The Mayor of Casterbridge.* (Sampson Low.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 2s. 6d. each.

The latest volumes of the very cheap and well-bound re-issue of such of Mr. Thomas Hardy's novels as Messrs. Sampson Low publish. "The Mayor of Casterbridge" is undoubtedly one of Mr. Hardy's finest stories.

HILL, HEADON. *Clues from a Detective's Camera.* (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol.) Paper Covers. 1s.

HOPE, ANTHONY. *A Change of Air.* (Methuen.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 304. 6s.

Mr. Hope's last two books, "Mr. Witt's Widow" and "Sport Royal," were so clever that one turns with some anticipation to his new story. In "A Change of Air" he has got hold of an interesting plot, but his characters are so unreal that it is impossible to read the book with any great pleasure. A party of Bohemians, including a young poet of whom all England is talking, a couple of journalists, and an actress and her mother, take a country house for a year, and the story at first turns upon the results which their rather free and easy behaviour has upon the staid, conventional provincials. There is a good deal of love in the book, a suggestion of tragedy, and an attempt or two at assassination; but, on the whole, its interest is mainly of a light order. Mr. Hope can do very much better work.

HUME, FERGUS. *The Chinese Jar: A Mystery.* (Sampson Low.) Paper Covers. 1s.

A detective story which will more than sustain the bad reputation that the author of "A Mystery of a Hansom Cab" gained with all whose admiration for Gaborion, du Bolsogobey, and Dr. Conan Doyle makes them impatient of slipshod and slovenly writing and construction even in a type of fiction somewhat unjustly despised. Mr. Hume has proclaimed his desire to do good work: he showed in "The Island of Fantasy" a certain ability for the same: why then such stuff as goes to make this volume?

HUNTER, P. HAY. *Sons of the Croft.* (Oliphant.) Long Pos 8vo. Paper Covers. 1s.

IRAM, LEWIS. *Clenched Antagonisms.* (Digby and Long.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 251. 2s. 6d.

Certain phases of the women question have seldom been treated so fully as they are in this book. We have some four central characters: May Egan, a young governess, whose good looks and unprotected position bring her continual persecution, against which she fights time after time until she is overpowered, not by argument or temptation, but by force; Esther Wynne, who gives up her life to redeem the wrong that had been done by her brother; Wallace Wynnot, to whose passion was to be traced May Egan's first sorrow; Maddison, the libertine and man of the world; and John Fan, Esther's lover, narrow and conventional, whose gospel it was that every virtuous woman should close her mind against "contaminating knowledge." In fact, in "Clenched Antagonisms" we have the whole wretched story of a girl's ruin presented faithfully and without embroidery. Evidently the work of a woman, the book is crudely but powerfully written; but the men are painted throughout in too black a hue.

LANZA, MARQUISE CLARA, AND JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY. *Scarabeus: The Story of an African Beetle.* (Cassell.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 283. 5s.

The advantages to the writers of a certain class of sensational fiction of having read Poe's "Gold Bug" are obvious, but it is a pity that the authors of this book should have constructed a story with so many points of resemblance to that famous masterpiece. "Scarabeus" is all about a treasure buried in Africa, and two rings (the stones of which are carved in the shape of a scarabæus), which have to be placed side by side before the position of the treasure can be discovered; the story turning upon the attempts made by two very conventional villains to steal the scarabæus and forestall the rightful owners in the finding of the treasure. In spite of a generous supply of sensational incident, the tale is unexciting and an amateurish affair at best; it cannot for a moment be compared with Poe's work, and all Mr. Rider Haggard's stories—there is some resemblance in "Scarabeus" to "King Solomon's Mines"—are infinitely more interesting and better written.

LEIGHTON, DOROTHY. *As a Man is Able.* (Heinemann.) Three volumes. 31s. 6d.

In this, her first novel, Miss Leighton has come near achieving a very considerable success: she has written a story original in its central idea and striking in its characters, and if its faults are important they are the faults of the beginner and will disappear with practice. Described on its title-page as "a study in human relationships," "As a Man is Able" is another contribution to the literature of the marriage question and goes to prove the necessity for a legal marriage tie as a hindrance to man's inconstancy. A series of unlucky—and totally unconvincing—circumstances induce the young hero and heroine of the book to go to India to live as man and wife without going through the usual ceremony. A few years pass and the man finds himself wearying of his companion; and, falling in love with a young girl, who, unaware of his position, is willing to marry him, he takes advantage of his legal freedom to sever his connection with the woman who had devoted her life to his comfort. It is a pity that the story's tragic conclusion—the man's wife on learning the truth poisons herself—was not reached by some means less unlikely than the accidental meeting and subsequent friendship of the woman he had ruined and the woman he had married; but even this, and similar faults of construction, are unable to prevent the story being much above the average. For the rest, Miss Leighton has a singularly feminine style, and here and there are passages irrelevant to the progress of the story.

LEMON, IDA. A Pair of Lovers. (Smith and Elder.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 265. 4s. 6d.

"The short and simple annals of the poor," Miss Lemon fitly calls her nine stories. All deal with humble life, with the trials, the sorrows and the pleasures of the very poor, and all are told with a skill and power and a sense of knowledge which make them very well worth reading. The first story, "A Pair of Lovers," is, perhaps, the most successful. It is the tale of an old couple over forty years married, but yet full of love and devotion, and is a profoundly pathetic picture. "An Artist of the Pavement" is a story in a lighter vein; and "A Glimpse of the Country" is a moving little tale of the delight of slum children on first seeing the country. Miss Lemon has evidently studied the London poor lovingly and carefully, and these short stories are as good of their kind as anything we have seen.

MELVILLE, HERMAN. Moby Dick; or, The White Whale, and White Jacket; or, The World on a Man of War. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 6s. each.

It is to be hoped that this new edition of Herman Melville, of which these are the third and fourth volumes, will win for one of the most realistic and gifted writers who have ever taken the sea for their subject some of the popularity which is his due. He has in Mr. Clark Russell an enthusiastic admirer, but somehow, on this side of the Atlantic at least, he was never a very great success. Practically Herman Melville wrote only of his own experiences: he had seen all sides of naval and maritime life, had loved them all, and his works are no less remarkable for their literary brilliance than for their absorbing interest and deep knowledge.

OLIPHANT, MRS. The Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent. (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 379. 3s. 6d. New Edition.

OTTOLENGUI, RODRIGUES. An Artist in Crime. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) Paper Covers. 2s.

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SCOTT, SIR WALTER, BART. The Monastery. (A. and C. Black.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 396. 5s.

The illustrations to this, the tenth and latest volume of the new edition of Sir Walter Scott that Messrs. A. and C. Black are now publishing at monthly intervals, are by Mr. John Williamson, and are unusually successful.

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A translation, by Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly, of M. Zola's latest novel. Certain brief passages have been omitted by the author's consent, but they are in no way vital to the progress of the story. In a short preface, Mr. Vizetelly reprints an interview which Mr. R. H. Sherard had with M. Zola on the subject of "Dr. Pascal," and gives a diagram of the Rougon-Macquart genealogical tree.

HISTORY.

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This little work, which appears in a series of "Books Illustrative of Liberal Christianity," may be praised for its simplicity, plainness, and fairness of statement. Its point of view is apparently that of a temperate Unitarian, and it gives a sketch of the first three centuries of Christianity, dwelling chiefly on the growth of the idea of Christ's divine nature, on the formation of the New Testament, and on the rise of the priesthood and formation of the creeds. Mr. Tarrant has taken pains with his subject, but he must not suppose (p. 95) that Lucian wrote in Latin.

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The plan of this directory is excellent, but at present the information, although seldom inaccurate, is often very inadequate. Especially is this the case with the list of booksellers, many shops and even towns being omitted. The directory of publishers, with its short histories of the different firms, is well compiled, but the list of authors will be more useful when a larger proportion of private addresses can be given. But, on the whole, the directory is one for which every "bookman" will be grateful; it is a work that wanted doing, and no doubt, now that it has been commenced, future editions will approach nearer to perfection.

The London Matriculation Directory, June, 1893. (W. B. Clive and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 140.

The Nursing Directory for 1893. (Record Press.) 8vo. Boards. Pp. 96. 5s.

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This beautiful little volume, uniform with the same editor's recent reprint of Hazlitt's "Liber Amoris," contains practically all the more purely literary remains of the young poet and essayist whose friendship for Alfred Tennyson won him so magnificent a monument for all time in "In Memoriam." The two editions that have already appeared have long been out of print and unobtainable, and the present edition, which contains a sympathetic critical and biographical introduction by Mr. Le Gallienne, and is itself limited in its number of copies, arrives at an opportune moment to remind the reader of Tennyson that the subject of "In Memoriam" was not only a friend of the poet but a poet himself of singularly ripe achievement, considering that he was only twenty-two when he died, and a critic and essayist of some knowledge and power. Born in 1811, Hallam was two years younger than Tennyson, but, as Mr. Le Gallienne points out, his was always the stronger personality, and it is difficult to exaggerate the influence which he is likely to have had upon the Laureate's development. The critical essay upon Tennyson's early poems is an excellent piece of work, which it is still useful to read. But the poems, of course, are of the greatest interest. Mainly reflective in tone, they obviously owe much to the influence of Wordsworth. Many of the sonnets, notably a singularly fine one upon Edinburgh, are admirable, as are, too, the sonnets written to Emily Tennyson, to whom Hallam was engaged, and the "Address of Pygmalion." In fact, to re-echo his Editor, Arthur Hallam has left to posterity a precious little sheaf of poems to make sweeter his sweet memory.

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Innocence at the Price of Ignorance. Rabbi Solomon Schindler.
The Money Question. C. J. Buell.
Christ and the Liquor Problem. Geo. C. Brown.
The Realist: Trend of Modern German Literature. Emil Blum.
The Bacon-Shakespeare Case: The Verdict. Alfred Russel Wallace and others.
The Confessions of a Suicide. Coulson Kernahan.
The Charities of Dives. A. R. Carman.
Pure Democracy versus Vicious Governmental Favoritism. B. O. Flower.
- Argosy.**—8, New Burlington Street. August. 61.
The Pyramids of Egypt. Illustrated. Chas. W. Wood.
- Atlanta.**—5a, Paternoster Row. August. 61.
George Elliot's Country. Illustrated. E. Montpellier.
Harriet Beecher-Stowe. With Portrait. Isabella Fyvie Mayo.
On the Novel with a Purpose. Mabel F. Robinson.
- Atlantic Monthly.**—Ward, Lock, Salisbury Square. August. 1s.
Washington the Winter before the War. H. L. Dawes.
The Teaching of the Upanishads. W. Davies.
A Boston Schoolgirl in 1771. Alice Morse Earle.
The First Principal of Newham College: Miss Clough. Eugenia Skelling.
Studies in the Correspondence of Petrarch. Harriet W. Preston and Louise Dodge.
Relations of Academic and Technical Instruction. N. S. Shaler.
Anti-Slavery History and Biography.
- Austral Light.**—1, Union Street, Brunswick. June. 61.
Ireland and Home Rule. Rev. P. Kernan.
Divorce. Rev. G. J. Kelly.
Cremation: A Rejoinder to Mr. H. K. Rusden. J. W. F. Rogers.
- Bankers' Magazine.**—85, London Wall. August. (Double Number.) 3s.
Silver and the Indian Government. R. H. Inglis Palgrave.
Modern Trust Companies. Henry May.
Irish Banks and the Home Rule Bill.
Old Age Pensions.
Private Clubs' Action.
- Belford's Monthly.**—Monon Block, Chicago. July. 3 dols. per annum.
The Flower World at the Fair. Illustrated. Ben. C. Truman.
Etheromania. Dr. Alexandre Guériu.
Evolution of a Library: The Bancroft Library. Illustrated. Hubert H. Bancroft.
Physical Culture—Walking.
- Blackwood's Magazine.**—37, Paternoster Row. August. 2s. 6d.
The Story of the America Cup: International Yacht-Racing. R. Jope-Slate.
Russian Progress in Manchuria.
A French Study of Burns.
In Orally.
Among French Catholics. Lady Stafford Northcote.
Footnotes in Scotland. C. Stein.
Priest-Ridden Ireland.
The Indian Currency Commission.
The *Coup d'Etat*: The Closure and the Home Rule Bill.
- Board of Trade Journal.**—Eyre and Spottiswoode. July 15. 61.
The Rise and Progress of Submarine Telegraphy.
The Franco-Swiss Commercial Rupture.
The Indian Tea Trade.
The Condition of Korea.
- Boy's Own Paper.**—56, Paternoster Row. August. 61.;
"Afloat in a Volcano." Illustrated. New Serial by David Ker.
Electric Bells: How to Make and Use Them. Illustrated. R. A. R. Bennett.
Hints on Boat Sailing and Boat Sails. Illustrated. Franklin Fox.
How to Make a Telephone and fix it up when made. R. A. R. Bennett.
- Butterfly.**—Bonverie House, Salisbury Square. August. 61.
The Ghost as a Man and a Brother. Arnold Gosworthy.
The Feast of the Dead in Japan. Illustrated. Ivan Laylor.
- Cabinet Portrait Gallery.**—Casell. August. 1s.
Portraits and Biographies of W. T. Stead, Lady Randolph Churchill, and W. M. Conway.
- Calcutta Review.**—(Quarterly.) Kegan Paul. July. 6s.
Curio-Hunting in a Bengal Bazaar. Chas. Johnston.
The Turks in Egypt.
The Administration and Administrative Law in Italy. H. A. D. Phillips.
Highly, Past and Present. VII. Shumbhoo Chunder Dey.
The Brooklyn Sculptures in the Indian Museum. Sarat Chandra Mitra.
Some Sketches of Irish Life in 1816-17. A. C. Tine.
The Indo-Chinese Opium Question as it stands in 1893. Robt. N. Cust.
Dupleix—The Siege of Pondichery in 1748.
The Dehra Dún. IV. C. W. Hope.
- Californian Illustrated Magazine.**—5, Agar Street. July. 25 cents.
The Missions of California. Illustrated. Laura Bride Powers.
From Nice to Genoa. Illustrated. Fannie C. W. Barbour.
Reporting with Mark Twain. Dan de Quille.
The Californian Montadura. Illustrated. M. C. Frederick.
The Ambition of Cleveland. Richard H. McDonald, Jr.
The Farmer in California. Illustrated. John R. Grayson.
Alaskan Days. Illustrated. Arthur Inkersley.
The Heart of the Sierras. Illustrated. Lillian E. Purdy.
Salt Lake City. Illustrated. Harry R. Browne.
In the Sound Country. Illustrated. Herbert Heywood.
The Law and the Chinaman. Thomas J. Geary.
- Canadian Magazine.**—Ontario Publishing Co., Toronto. July. 25 cents.
The Birth of Lake Ontario. Prof. A. B. Willmott.
Our Forests in Danger. E. J. Tokes.
At the Mouth of the Grand. Thos. L. M. Tipton.
Humour in the School Room. James L. Hughes.
The Battle of Stony Creek. E. B. Biggar.
- Cape Illustrated Magazine.**—Dennis Edwards, Cape Town. June. 9d.
South African Unity.
The Cape Education Office Report.
- Cassell's Family Magazine.**—Casell. August. 7d.
Work and Play at Charterhouse School. Illustrated. Raymond Bldaway.
The Mystery of Mashonaland.
Pyrography upon Glass. Illustrated. Ellen T. Masters.
Animal Jealousies. Illustrated. Alex. H. Japp.

Cassier's Magazine.—27, King William Street, Strand. June. 25 cents.

Life and Inventions of Edison. VIII. Illustrated. A. and W. K. L. Dickson.
Blower System of Heating and Ventilating. Walter B. Snow.
Leading American Engineers: Chas. E. Emery. With Portrait.
Steam Engines at the World's Fair. II. Illustrated. Geo. L. Clark.
Progress in Heating by Electricity. Carl K. MacFadden.
Great Trains of England and America. II. Illustrated. G. R. Loddan.
Modern Gas and Oil Engines. IV. Illustrated. Albert Spies.

Cassell's Saturday Journal.—Cassell. August. 6d.

People Who are Cruel to Children. Interview with Rev. B. Waugh.
Her Majesty's Prison Inspectors and their Duties: Interview with Major Griffiths.

Catholic World.—Burns and Oates, 28, Orchard Street. July. 35 cents.

The Brute-Soul. Right Rev. Francis S. Chatard.
A Recent Convert's Pilgrimage to Rome. Jesse Albert Lock.
The Sacred Heart Convent at Manhattanville. Illustrated. Helen M. Sweney.
West Virginia, and Some Incidents of the Civil War. Gen. E. Parker-Scammon.

Know-Nothingism in Kentucky, and Its Destroyer: B. T. Webb. Illustrated.
Rev. Thomas J. Jenkins.

The Exterior of Jesus Christ. Illustrated. Rev. Joseph V. Tracy.

Century Magazine.—Fisher Unwin. August. 1s. 6d.

Fez, the Mecca of the Moors. Illustrated. Stephen Bousal.
Phillips Brooks's Letters to Children. With notes on His Home Life. Illustrated.
The Prince and Princess Achille Murat in Florida. Illustrated. Matilda L. McConnell.
Yachting Cup Defenders, Old and New. Illustrated. W. P. Stephens.
Breathing Movements as a Cure. Illustrated. J. Mays.
The Famine in Eastern Russia: Relief Work of the Younger Tolstoy. Illustrated. Jonas Stadling.
The Philosophers' Camp; Emerson, Agassiz, Lowell, and others in the Adirondacks. W. J. Stillman.

Chambers's Journal.—47, Paternoster Row. August. 8d.

How to take out a Patent.
Moses in Literature.
The Trans-Siberian Railway.
What is a Bucket-Shop?
The British Soldier and his Chaplain.
Russian Riddles.

Chautauquan.—Kegan Paul, Charing Cross Road. July. 2 dollars per annum.

Holland House. Illustrated. Eugene L. Dittler.
What makes a Congregationalist? Rev. Addison P. Foster.
Do People Live on the Planet Mars? Wm. James Baker.
Reminiscences of United States Senators. I. Walter Keau Benedict.
The Negro Women of the South. Olive Ruth Jefferson.
New England Cookery in the Olden Time. Fred. E. Keay.

Chums.—Cassell. August. 6d.

Our Express Trains.
The Armies of the Great Powers: Infantry of the Line.
A Chat about Stonyhurst College.

Church Bells.—12, Southampton Street, Strand. August. 6d.

The Church in Liverpool. Illustrated.

Church Missionary Intelligencer.—Salisbury Square. August. 6d.

The History of the Church Missionary Society. Rev. Chas. Holt.
Fifty Years' Work in an Indian Public School. C. W. A. Clarke, and H. J. Tanner.

Uganda: A Reply.

Church Quarterly Review.—Spottiswoode, New Street Square. July. 6s.

The Nicene and Post Nicene Fathers: St. Athanasius.

The Gospel of Life.

Dorothy Sidney.

The Hopes of Humanity.

St. Paul in Asia Minor.

The Gospel of Peter.

John Keble.

The Doctrine of the Prophets.

John Ruskin.

The "Tercentenary" Literature of the Congregational Union.

Classical Review.—270, Strand. July. 1s. 6d.

The Origin of the Greek Aorist in S. F. W. Walker.
On the Youth of Achilles. J. G. Frazer and A. Lang.
Review of the Herodas Literature. R. A. Nelli.

Clergyman's Magazine.—27, Paternoster Row. August. 6d.

Eastern Costume. H. B. Tristram.

Natural Science and Religion. Rev. A. Irving.

Our Work in Rural Parishes. Rev. J. S. M. Mansell-Pleydell.

Contemporary Review.—Lobster. August. 2s. 6d.

Ethics and the Struggle for Existence. Leslie Stephen.
French Plays and English Audiences. George Barlow.

Archdeacon Farrar and the "Ritualists." Canon Knox Little.
Spring in the Woods of Valais. Malame Darmesteter.
The Structure of the Gospel of Peter. J. Reudel Harris.
Lessing and his Place in German Literature. T. W. Rolleston.
Scotland and Dis-establishment. Rev. Dr. Donald MacLeod.
The Associated Life. Walter Besant.
The New Islam. Edward Sell.
The Gray and Gay Race—The French People. Stuart Henry.
The Evolution of Liberal Unionism. Sir G. Osborne Morgan.

Cornhill Magazine.—15, Waterloo Place. August. 6d.

Night Life.
Some Early Meeting-Houses.
Some Portuguese Sketches.

Cosmopolitan.—International News Company, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane. July. 12½ cents.

The Central and Southern Pacific Railway Companies. Illustrated. F. S. Stratton.

Engineering with a Camera in the Canons of the Colorado. Illustrated. B. Stanton.

Omega: The Last Days of the World. Illustrated. Camille Flammarion.

The Swiss Referendum. W. D. McCrackan.

Domestic Service. Lucy M. Salmon.

The Cliff-Dwellers of New York. Illustrated. Everett N. Blanks.

A Medieval Idyl: The Story of Queen Radeagunda.

Critical Review.—(Quarterly.) Shupkin, Marshall. July. 1s. 6d.

Bonar's Philosophy and Political Economy in Some of Their Historical Relations. Thomas Raleigh.

Montefiore's Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion as Illustrated by the Religion of the Ancient Hebrews. Rev. Prof. H. E. Ryle.

Max Müller's Theosophy or Psychological Religion. Prof. Alex. MacAlister.

Wycliff Literature: Communion on the History and Work of the Wycliff Society. Dr. Rudolf Boddensieck.

Dial.—24, Adams Street, Chicago. July 1. 10 cents.

The Literature Congresses.

The Works and Work of Francis Galton. Frederick Starr.

Downside Review.—(Quarterly.) Western Chronicle Co., Yeovil. 6s. per annum.

In Memoriam. Monsignor Lord Petre.

The Date of the Crucifixion.

How a Cathedral was Built in the Fourteenth Century.

Dublin Review.—(Quarterly.) Burns and Oates. July. 6s.

Bishop Lightfoot and the Early Roman See. Dom Cuthbert Butler.

The Hon. Chas. Langdale. Rev. W. Amherst.

Inspiration. Very Rev. Canon Howlett.

Early English Crosses. Miss Florence Peacock.

Early Gallican Liturgy. Rev. H. Lucas.

Evolution and Ethics. Rev. Dr. Klein.

Queen Elizabeth's Intrigues with the Huguenots. Miss J. M. Stone.

Primitive Saints and the See of Rome. Rev. Luke Rivington.

Economic Review.—(Quarterly.) 34, King Street, Covent Garden. July. 3s.

Bimetallism: Its Meaning and Aims. Prof. H. S. Foxwell.

Commercial Morality. Rev. J. Carter.

Christianity and Social Duty: A Rejoinder. Prof. W. Sanday.

The Hull Strike. Rev. W. H. Abraham.

Agricultural Contracts in South Italy. Prof. Francesco S. Nitti.

Ashley's Economic History. W. A. S. Hewins.

Edinburgh Review.—(Quarterly.) Longmans, Green and Co. July. 6s.

The Tell Amarna Tablets.

Walpole's Isle of Man.

The Tragedy of the Cæsars.

The Protection of Birds.

Sir Henry Maine as a Jurist.

Russia on the Pacific.

The Use and Abuse of Wealth.

The Empress Catherine II. of Russia.

The Campaign in the Kunlun Valley.

Church and State in Scotland.

Cardinal Newman and Bishop Lightfoot.

Making a Constitution: the Home Rule Bill.

Engineering Magazine.—Salisbury Court, Fleet Street. July. 25 cents.

The Financial Situation. Matthew Marshall.

Limits of the Natural Gas Supply. S. S. Gorby.

Development of Modern Steam-Pump. Illustrated. Wm. M. Barr.

Weak Points in Trade Unionism. Lawrence Irwell.

Coke Manufacture in the United States. Illustrated. Wm. Glyde.

International Engineering Congress. J. K. Frietag.

Steam Locomotion on Common Roads. Wm. Fletcher.

Mechanical Aids to Building. Illustrated. Geo. Hill.

The Safety Car-Coupler Problem. W. M. Mitchell.

English Historical Review.—(Quarterly.) Longmans, Green and Co. July. 5s.

Legal Execution and Land Tenure. Professor Jenks.

The Taxes of the Papal Penitentiary. Henry Chas. Lea.

The Spanish Armada and the Ottoman Porte. Edwin Pears.

The Royal Navy under Charles I. M. Oppenheim.

Anton Gludely. Principal A. W. Ward.

English Illustrated Magazine.—Edward Arnold, Bedford Street, August. 6d.

Some Ruskin Letters. George Stronach.
The Romance of Modern London. III. Round the Underground on an Engine. Illustrated.
Belvoir Castle. Illustrated. Duchess of Rutland.
Poachers and Poaching. Illustrated.
Yacht-Racing in the Solent. Illustrated. A. E. Payne.
Is Slumming Played Out? Illustrated. Rev. James Adderly.

Englishwoman's Review.—(Quarterly.) 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. July. 1s. 1s.

Hiring Fairs. Lady Gwendolen Ramsden.
Chicago Exhibition, British Section, Women's Department. Mrs. Roberts-Austen.
Women and the Geographical Society.

Essex Review.—(Quarterly.) Fisher Unwin. July 15. 1s. 6d.
Essex Churches. VI. St. Nicholas, Jillingham. Illustrated. F. Chancelor.

James Morrice, M.P. for Colchester, 1586—1593. J. Ewing Ritchie.
Historians of Essex. II. Nicholas Tintal. Illustrated. E. A. Fitch.
The Church Bells of Essex. III. Rev. C. Deedes and E. J. Wells.

Expositor.—27, Paternoster Row. August. 1s.
St. Paul's Conception of Christianity. VIII. Prof. A. B. Bruce.
A Prophet's View of International Ethics: Amos. Rev. John Taylor.
The Church and the Empire in the First Century. II. Prof. W. M. Ramsay.
Weizsäcker on the Resurrection. Prof. W. G. Adeney.

Expository Times.—Simpkin, Marshall. August. 6d.
Charles Secretan. M. Henri HOLLARD.
Our Lord's View of the Sixth Commandment. Rev. Paton J. Glog.
The Gospels and Modern Criticism. Rev. Arthur Wright.
The Son of Man. Rev. R. H. Charles.

Fortnightly Review.—Chapman and Hall. August. 2s. 6d.
An Answer to Some Critics. Dr. C. H. Pearson.
The Wanderings of the North Pole. Sir Robert Ball.
British Farmers and Foreign Imports. Prof. James Long.
The Serpent's Tongue. W. H. Hudson.
The Poor of the World. Samuel A. Barnett.
The Limits of Animal Intelligence. Prof. Lloyd Morgan.
Missionaries in China. R. S. Gundry.
Plays and Acting of the Season. William Archer.
Thomas Paine. Leslie Stephen.
The Needs of the Navy. Admiral Sir Thomas Symonds.
The Loss of the *Victoria*. Admiral Sir G. Phipps Hornby.

Forum.—37, Bedford Street, Strand. July. 50 cents.
More Light on the Pension Scandal:

The Grand Army as a Pension Agency. Col. C. Mc K. Leoser.
Complete History of the Farnham Post Revolt. John J. Finn.
What are a Christian Preacher's Functions? Dr. Lyman Abbott.
The Teaching of Civil Duty. James Bryce.
How the Fourth of July should be Celebrated. Julia W. Howe.
The World's Fair Balance-Sheet. Franklin H. Head.
Chicago's Sanitary Condition. Dr. E. Fletcher Ingals.
An Actor's Memory of Edwin Booth. John Malone.
The Army as a Military Training-School. Edmund Hudson.
Why Theatrical Managers Reject Plays. A. M. Palmer.
American Art Supreme in Coloured Glass. Louis C. Tiffany.
The Russian Extradition Treaty: A Reply to Protests. J. B. Moore.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.—110, Fifth Avenue, New York. August. 25 cents.

Houseboats and River Idylls. Illustrated. Lella Southard Frost.
The Cliff Dwellers' Descendants: The Navajos. Illustrated. M. L. Fogg.
Yumuri: The Cuban Vale of Tempe. Illustrated. Don C. Seltz.
Child-Life in Persia. Illustrated. James Russell.
The Canoeing Season. Illustrated. L. J. Vance.
Lacemaking, Its Revival in Europe, and the Exhibit at the World's Fair. Illustrated. Mercia A. Keith.
Amateur Canoe Building. Illustrated.

Gentleman's Magazine.—Chatto and Windus. August. 1s.

Whitlock's Swedish Embassy. Charles Edwards.
The Barometric Measurement of Heights. J. Ellard Gore.
Rambles in Johnson-Land. Percy Fitzgerald.
"Strangers Yet:" Monkeys. John Kent.
Thule and the Tin Islands. Thos. H. B. Graham.
Angling in Still Waters. John Buchan.

Geographical Journal.—1, Savile Row. July. 2s.
The Annual Address on the Progress of Geography, 1892-1893. Sir M. P. Grant-Duff.
South-West Africa, English and German. With Map and Illustrations. Joachim Count Pfeil.
Historical Evidence as to the Zimbabwe Ruins. Dr. H. Schlihter.
The Pevsot Expedition and Mr. Bogdanovitch's Surveys on Chinese Turkistan. With Map.

Girl's Own Paper.—56, Paternoster Row. August. 6d.
"Blanchyrie and Eglantine." New Serial, by Lily Watson.
Sympathy and How to Show it.
The Flags of Our Empire.
Wives and Daughters of the Royal House of Hanover: Caroline of Anspach.

Good Words.—Isbister. August. 6d.

It Always Rains. Dr. J. G. McPherson.
Tailoring by Steam. Illustrated. David Paton.
Naar-ed-Din Cholla.
Rambles in the Precincts of the Houses of Parliament.
Ruxton, of the Rocky Mountains. J. Munroe.

Great Thoughts.—28, Hutton Street, Fleet Street. August. 6d.

Interviews with Madame Jane Hafling and Lady Henry Somerset. With Portraits. Raymond Blathwayt.
Toynbee Hall and Rev. S. A. Barnett. Illustrated. F. M. Holmes.
John Ruskin on Education. Wm. Jolly.
Socialism and its Leaders. Rev. S. G. Keeble.

Godey's Magazine.—376, Strand. July. 1s.

Some Paris Stage Beauties. Illustrated. Arthur Horablow.
The Luther of India: Buddha Guatama. S. P. Cushman.

Harper's Magazine.—45, Albemarle Street. August. 1s.

The Cock Lane Ghost. Illustrated. Howard Pyle.
Greenwich Village, New York. Illustrated. Thomas A. Janvier.
Italian Gardens. II. Illustrated. Chas. A. Platt.
Riders of Tunis. Illustrated. Col. T. A. Doige.
A Queer Little Family of the Bittersweet. Illustrated. W. H. Gibson.
Black Water and Shallows. Illustrated. Frederick Remington.

Humanitarian.—Swan Sonnenschein, Paternoster Square. August. 6d.

The Morals of Manner and Appearance. Sarah Grand.
The Curse of Drunkenness. Archleacon Farrar.
Morals and Law. W. Schooling.
Ghosts and Ghosts. Rev. H. E. Haweis.
Electricity and Life. H. Newman Lawrence.

Idler.—Chatto and Windus. August. 6d.

The Prince and Princess of Wales's Pets at Sandringham. Illustrated. Ernest M. Jessop.
Memoirs of a Female Nihilist. Illustrated. Sophie Wassiloff.
Henry Arthur Jones. Illustrated. Raymond Blathwayt.
Stories and Story-telling. Illustrated. Andrew Lang.
My First Book. Illustrated. Morley Roberts.

Illustrated Carpenter and Builder.—313, Strand. August. 6d.

Valuation of Property. G. V. Blackburne.
Law for Laymen. W. H. Stacpoole.

Indian Journal of Education.—Madras. June. Rs. 4-8 per annum.

Public Instruction in Mysore, 1891-92.
Madras Athletic Association.
Madras University Examiners, &c., 1893-94.

International Journal of Ethics.—(Quarterly.) Fisher Unwin. July. 2s. 6d.

On Certain Psychological Aspects of Moral Training. Josiah Royce.
The Place of Industry in the Social Organism. Wm. Smart.
On Human Marriage. C. N. Starcke.
Character and Conduct. S. Alexander.
Moral Deficiencies as Determining Intellectual Functions. Georg Simmel.

Irish Monthly.—50, O'Connell Street, Dublin. August. 6d.

Flora Sacra. Little White.
Dr. Russell of Maynooth. XVI. Another Visit to Rome.

Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society.—Guy, Cork. July. 6d.

William Maginn. With Portrait.
The Private Bankers of Cork and the South of Ireland. C. M. Tenison.

Journal of Education.—86, Fleet Street. August. 6d.

Acting in Schools and its Effects. H. Ebrington.
The Use of the Optical Lantern in Class Teaching. J. Dickinson.
High School Sketches. Ann M. Payre.

Journal of the Manchester Geographical Society.—(Quarterly.) 44, Brown Street, Manchester. June.

Canada and the Great North-West. Major-General Sir Francis de Winton.
Uganda: Its Value to British Trade. Capt. F. D. Ingham.
How a Lace Curtain is Made. Illustrated. John Mortimer.
Columbus. Rev. S. A. Steinthal.
Columbus and Genoa. Chevalier Froehlich.

Journal of Microscopy.—(Quarterly.) 20, King William Street, Strand. 2s. 6d.

Phases seen in Organisms found in Decomposing Blood. R. L. Maddox. Illustrated.
The Cultivation of Diatoms by Artificial Means. Dr. P. Miquel.
Saccaromyces: A Sketch of the Modern Methods of Classification. H. C. A. Vine.
The Human Skin: Its Structure and Functions. Arthur J. Hall.
Geology in the Making. Mrs. Alice Bollington.

Journal of Political Economy.—(Quarterly.) University Press of Chicago, U.S.A. June. 13s. per annum.

Development of Scandinavian Shipping. A. N. Kjaer.
Food Supply and the Price of Wheat. Thorstein B. Veblen.

Resumption of Specie Payments in Austria-Hungary. F. Wieser.
Paper Currencies of New France. R. M. Breckenridge.
Emigration. Wm. H. Jeffrey.
The Silver Grievance. J. F. Dunn.
Incidence of Taxation. R. A. Seligman and A. C. Miller.

Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.—(Quarterly.) John Murray, Albemarle Street. June 30th. 3s. 6d.

Hop Cultivation. Illustrated. Chas. Whitehead.
The Progress of Legislation against Contagious Diseases of Live Stock. T. Duckham and Professor G. T. Brown.
Gambling in Farm Produce. Wm. E. Bear.
Management of Devon Cattle. Wm. Housman.
Aubury, Club-root, or Finger and Toe. Illustrated. Wm. Carruthers.
The Spring Drought of 1893. With Maps. G. J. Symonds.

Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute.—Northumberland Avenue. July. 6d.

Incidents of a Hunter's Life in South Africa. F. C. Selous.

Juridical Review.—(Quarterly.) Stevens and Haynes. July. 3s. 6d.

Portrait of Farrer, Baron Herschell.
The New Italian School of Private International Law. II. M. J. Farrelly.
Contingent Right in Bankruptcy. Professor Henry Goudy.
Land Tenure in India. J. W. Macdougall.
Wasting Assets and Dividends. J. Robertson Christie.
Trustees and Mortgagees. A. J. P. Menzies.
Solidarity without Federation. III. G. W. Wilton.

King's Own.—48, Paternoster Row. August. 6d.

Ancient MSS. of the New Testament. Rev. J. Culross.
Bible Account of Creation. Rev. D. Gath Whitely.
Extinct Monsters of Geology. W. Miller.

Ladies' Home Journal.—53, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus. August. 10 cents.

A Niece of Robert Burns. Illustrated. Theodore F. Wolfe.
Ecclesiastical Embroidery. Illustrated. Harriet Ogden Morison.

Leisure Hour.—56, Paternoster Row. August. 6d.

Patience. Illustrated. James Baker.
Among the Birds on Norfolk Broads. Illustrated. Gordon Stables.
The Way of the World at Sea. VII. The Malls. Illustrated. W. J. Gordon.
On the Upper Thames. Illustrated. E. Boyer-Brown.

Library.—Simpkin, Marshall. July. 3s.

The British Museum Catalogue as the Basis of a Universal Catalogue. Richard Garnett.

A Co-operative Catalogue of English Literature up to 1640. Thomas Graves Law.

Notes on the History of Book Production in France. Alfred W. Pollard.
The Working of the Clerkenwell Public Library. James D. Brown.
The Battle of Bibliography. Frank Campbell.
The Duties of a Librarian in Relation to the Readers. II. Midworth.

Lippincott's.—Ward, Lock, Salisbury Square. August. 1s.

Zelary Taylor: His Home and Family. Illustrated. Annah R. Watson.
The Lady of the Lake at the Fair. Julian Hawthorne.
The National Game: Baseball. Illustrated. Norton B. Young.

Literary Northwest.—Merrill, New York. July. 20 cents.

Hamlet Garland. Illustrated. Mrs. Mary J. Reid.
Rude Progress in the United States. Illustrated. Capt. Philip Reade.
The Parliament of Religions. Rev. Marion D. Shuter.

Little Folks.—Cassell. August. 6d.

A Peep into a Feudal Castle. Edith E. Cutbush.

London Quarterly Review.—2, Castle Street, City Road. July. 4s.

Calvin and Calvinism.
An Egyptian Princess: Miss Chennels's Book.
A Literary Chronicle: John Francis, Publisher of the *Athenaeum*.
The Canon of the New Testament.
A Stranger from Over Seas: Louise Chandler Moulton.
The New Volume of State Trials.
The City of York.
The Civil Reorganisation of England.
Christ's Place in Modern Theology.

Longman's Magazine.—39, Paternoster Row. August. 6d.

English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century. J. A. Fronde.
On Leopards. C. T. Buckland.
The Topography of Humphrey Clinker. Austin Dobson.

Lucifer.—7, Duke Street, Adelphi. July 15. 1s. 6d.

Pilgrim Glimpses of India. S. V. Edge.
Theosophy or Psychological Religion.
Cause of Evil. Charlotte D. Abney.
The Foundation of Christian Mysticism. Continued. Franz Hartmann.
Nirvana according to Kant. T. Williams.
Theosophy and Christianity. Annie Besant.

Ludgate Monthly.—53, Fleet Street. August. 6d.

The Elver Thames: Oxford to Kingston. Illustrated.
Young England at School: The Merchant Taylors. Illustrated. W. C. Sargeant.

Herr Sandow and Muscular Development. Illustrated.
Our Volunteers: The London Scottish. Illustrated.

Lyceum.—Burns and Oates. July. 4d.

The Jew in Ireland.
Swift's Latest Biographer: J. Churton Collins.
The Spirit of Mrs. Carew.
The Precursor of Anglicanism: Wyclif.

Macmillan's Magazine.—29, Bedford Street, Strand. August. 1s.

The Tragedy of Mr. Thomas Doughty. Julian Corbett.
A Forgotten Worthy: James Thomson. J. W. Sherer.
The Literature of the Sea.
Old-Fashioned Children. Frederick Ayde.

Manchester Quarterly.—2, Amen Corner. July. 1s.

In Praise of Charles Lamb. John Mortimer.
On Birkdale Shore. Wm. Dinsmore.
Lucas Malet's "Wages of Sin." Edgar Atkins.
The "Caravels" of Columbus. E. E. Minton.

Medical Magazine.—4, King Street, Cheapside. July. 2s. 6d.

Flies and Disease. Surgeon-General Sir William Moore.
Parisian Sanitation. II. The Present Condition. T. M. Legge.
A Doctor's Life in the Army.
The St. John Ambulance Association. Alfred J. H. Crespi.
Three Guy's Physicians: Dr. Mahomed. A Reply. George Mohamed.
Medical Aid Associations. Dr. Leslie Phillips.
Norway as a Health Resort.
The Massacre of the Innocents: A Study in Infant Mortality.

Men and Women of the Day.—78, Great Queen Street. August. 2s. 6d.
Portraits and Biographies of Admiral Sir F. L. McClintock, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and J. E. Redmond.

Merry England.—43, Essex Street. July 5. 1s.

St. Peter for England. Illustrated. Francis Phillimore.
Fifteenth Century England. Rev. John S. Vaughan.
More Letters of Cardinal Newman. Philip Hemans.

Mind.—(Quarterly.) 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. July. 3s.

Idealism and Epistemology. Prof. Jones.
Aristotle's Theory of Reason. F. Granger.
Methods of Inductive Inquiry. Henry Laurie.
On the Distinction between Real and Verbal Propositions. E. T. Dixon.
Assimilation and Association. Dr. James Ward.

Missionary Review of the World.—44, Fleet Street. August. 25 cents.

Missions to Romanists. Rev. W. J. Mornan.
Louis Harms. Rev. James Douglas.
Madrid Undenominational Mission. Rev. Albert R. Fenn.
A Romish View of the British Indian Government. Rev. Samuel Mateer.
The Present Aspect of Missions in India. James Kennedy.
The Religious Condition of Italy.

Modern Review.—4, Bonverie Street. August. 6d.

Iconoclast and Impressionist: August Strindberg. Gustav F. Steffen.
The Dreaded Scourge of All: Leprosy. J. Collinson.
Concerning our Criminal Law.
Kate Weale's New Marriage Law. Ben. Huxton and Kate Weale.
Hypnotising Drunkards. Dr. C. Lloyd Tuckey.
The Democratic Christ. Walter James.

Monist.—(Quarterly.) 17, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street. July. 2s. 6d.

Nationalisation of Education and the Universities. II. von Holst.
Meaning and Metaphor. Lady Victoria Welby.
Reply to the Necessitarians: Rejoinder to Dr. Carus. Chas. S. Peirce.
The Founder of Tychism: His Methods, Philosophy, and Criticism. Reply to C. S. Peirce.
The Foundations of Theism. Prof. E. D. Cope.

Month.—Manresa Press, Southampton. August. 2s.

Catholic Prospects in Uganda. R. L. Keegan.
Boys to Mend: The Industrial School, Plymouth Grove, Manchester.
Primitive Saints and the See of Rome. Rev. S. F. Smith.
A Convert through Spiritualism.

Monthly Packet.—A. D. Innes, Bedford Street. August. 1s.

Chateaubriand. E. C. Price.
Sun-Rays and Star-Beams. V. Agnes Giberne.
Thinkers of the Middle Ages. II. M. Bramston.
Encyclopaedists and Huguenots. C. M. Yonge.

National Review.—W. H. Allen, Waterloo Place. August. 2s. 6d.

Episodes of the Month.
Personal Gratification Bill: The Home Rule Bill. Frederick Greenwood.
Hermann Sudermann. Miss Braddon.
Alexis de Tocqueville: A Study. Professor Dicey.
Fin de Siècle Medicine. A. Symonds Esq.
The Spontaneous Diffusion of Wealth. W. H. Mallock.
Closing the Indian Mints. Sir W. H. Houldsworth.
Guy de Maupassant. George Saltusbury.
The Royal Welsh Land Commission. Lord Stanley of Allderley.
A Fresh Puzzle of Home Rule. Sir Frederick Pollock.
The White Seal. Rudyard Kipling.
Courts-Martial. Judge Vernon Lushington.

Natural Science.—Macmillan. August. 1s.

Rainfall and the Forms of Leaves. Miss Smith.
On the Zoo-Geographical Areas of the World, illustrating the Distribution of Birds. R. Bowdler Sharpe.
Earthworms and the Earth's History. F. E. Beddard.
Some Useful Methods in Microscopy. E. A. Minchin.
Recent Additions to our Knowledge of the Eurypterida. Malcolm Laurie.
Supposed Fossil Lampreys. A. Smith Woodward.
The Origin of Monocotyledonous Plants. A. B. Rendle.
The Recapitulation Theory in Biology. S. S. Buckman.

Nautical Magazine.—28, Little Queen Street. July. 1s.

Morocco, The Straits, and France. F. L. Broadbent.
Steel Boats. Geo. Herbert Little.
Maritime Exhibits at the World's Columbian Exposition.
Marine Weather Records. W. B. Whall.
Admiralty Surveys in 1892.

New Peterson Magazine.—112, South Third Street, Philadelphia. July. 20 cents.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific: The Nicaragua Canal. Illustrated. J. P. Reed.
Californian Women in the World's Fair. Illustrated. Minna V. Gaden.

New Review.—Longmans, Green and Co. August. 1s.

The "G-g" and the Commons. T. W. Russell, J. E. Richmond, and Viscount Cranborne.
Evening Continuation Schools. Lord Battersea.
"Salut Izaak." Izaak Walton. Richard Le Gallienne.
The Silver Crisis in India. Sir Richard Temple.
The Battle of the Nile: a Contemporaneous Account. Captain Charrier.
The Brain of Women. Prof. Ludwig Bismarck.
The Future of the English Drama. Henry Arthur Jones.
Will England become Roman Catholic? "Gallio."
What can the Government do for the Poor at On e? J. T. Dodd.
The Armenian Church: its History and its Wrongs. F. S. Stevenson and G. B. M. Coore.

Newbury House Magazine.—Griffith, Farran. August. 1s.

Buddha and His Gospel. S. S. Pugh.
A Gospel on Church Bells. Henry John Feasey.
Adel: its Church and History. Illustrated. E. M. Green.
Baptisms, Marriages, and Funerals in Greece. Mrs. Delves-Broughton.
Archbishop Magee and His Sermons. Illustrated. Rev. James Silvester.
Crowland in the Fens. E. E. Kitton.
Christian Apologists. Rev. D. Gath Whitley.

Nineteenth Century.—Sampson Low. August. 2s. 6d.

India Between Two Fires. Hon. George N. Curzon.
The Crisis in Indo-China. Demetrius C. Boulger.
Evolution in Professor Huxley. Prof. St. George Mivart.
The Future of Education. Prof. Mahaffy.
"My Stay in the Highlands." Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell.
Recent Science. Prince Kropotkin.
Public Playgrounds for Children. Earl of Meath.
The Abbé Grégoire and the French Revolution. Hon. William Gibson.
The Poetry of D. G. Rossetti. W. Basil Worsfold.
An Open Letter to Lord Methu: The Lynchings in the South. Bishop Fitzgibbon.
Esoteric Buddhism: a Rejoinder. Prof. Max Müller.
The Art of Household Management. Col. Kenney-Herbert (Wyvern).
An Incident in the Career of the Rev. Luke Tremain. Dr. Jessopp.
"How long, O Lord, how long?" Sempstresses' Wages in the East End. W. H. Wilkins.

North American Review.—Brentano. July. 2s. 6d.

The Future of Presbyterianism in the United States. Rev. Chas. A. Briggs.
Divorce Made Easy. Professor S. J. Brun.
Ireland at the World's Fair. Countess of Aberdeen.
How Distrust Stops Trade. Edward Atkinson.
The Anti-Trust Campaign: Albion. W. Tourgée.
Silver Legislation and its Results. Hon. E. O. Leach.
Should the Chinese be Excluded? Colonel R. G. Ingersoll and Hon. T. J. Geary.
Norway's Political Crisis. Professor H. H. Boyesen.
The Fastest Train in the World. H. G. Prout.
French Girlhood. Marquise de San Carlos.
International Yachting in 1893. Geo. A. Stewart.
The American Correspondence of Lord Erskine. Notes by Hon. Stuart Erskine.
Natural History of the Hiss. Dr. Louis Robison.
The Family of Columbus. Duke of Veragua.
Australian Women. Julia F. Nicholson.

Our Celebrities.—Sampson Low. July. 3s. 6d.

Portraits and Biographies of the Queen, Prince of Wales, Princess of Wales, Duke of Teck, Duchess of Teck, Duke of York and Princess Victoria Mary of Teck.

Our Day.—28, Beacon Street, Boston. July. 25 cents.

Four Centuries of Christianity in America. Professor H. M. Scott.
Field Work for Sunday Closing. Rev. W. F. Crafts.
New Black Codes in the Southern States. Joseph Cook.

Outing.—170, Strand. August. 6d.

Our Sailor Soldiers: United States Naval Militia. Illustrated. Everett B. Mero.

Through Erin A Wheel. Illustrated. Grace E. Denison.

Lenz's World Tour A wheel.

Past Suburbans. Illustrated. Francis Trevelyan.

The Racers for the America's Cup. Illustrated. Captain A. J. Kenely.

Overland Monthly.—Pacific Mutual Life Building, San Francisco. July. 25 cents.

Fort Ross and the Russians. Illustrated. Chas. S. Greene.
An Outing with the California Fish Patrol. Illustrated. Phil Weaver, Jr.
Some Hints to the Farmer. Alex. Jelson.
The Panama Canal from a Car Window.

Palestine Exploration Fund.—(Quarterly.) 24, Hanover Square, W. July. 1s. 6d.

Jerusalem, Reports of Herr Baurath Schick.
Peasant Folklore of Palestine. Philip J. Baldensperger.
Narrative of an Expedition to Lebanon, Anti-Lebanon, and Damascus. Rev. G. E. Post.
The Phœnician Inscriptions of the Vase Handles found at Jerusalem. Prof. A. H. Sayce.
Meteorological Report from Jerusalem for year 1892. James Galsheer.

Pall Mall Magazine.—18, Charing Cross Road. August. 1s.

The Follies of Fashion. II. Illustrated. Mrs. Parr.
In Tow: Thames. Illustrated. Reginald Blunt.
How Wealth is Distributing Itself. Illustrated. W. H. Mallock.
Strange Cities of the East: Hué in Annam. Illustrated. Hon. Geo. Curzon.
London Society: A Retrospect.
England's Position in the Mediterranean. Sir Chas. Dilke and Vice-Admiral P. Colomb.

Philosophical Review.—Edward Arnold. July. 75 cents.

Internal Speech and Song. Prof. J. Mark Baldwin.
The Meaning of Truth and Error. Dickinson S. Miller.
German Kantian Bibliography. Dr. Erik Adickes.
Modern Psychology. Prof. E. B. Titchener.

Presbyterian and Reformed Review.—(Quarterly.) 237, Dock Street, Philadelphia. July. 80 cents.

The Trial of Servetus. Charles W. Shields.
Theological Thought among French Protestants in 1892. A. Grétilat.
Homiletical Aspects of the Fatherhood of God. Chas. A. Salmond.
Failure of the Papal Assumptions of Boniface VIII. Alan D. Campbell.
Metrical Theories as to Old Testament Poetry. Edwin Cone Bissell.
John Greenleaf Whittier. James O. Murray.
How were the Four Gospels Composed? W. G. T. Snejd.
The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. John De Witt.

Quarterly Journal of Economics.—Macmillan and Co. July. 2 dollars per annum.

The Problem of Economic Education. Simon Newcomb.
The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers. Carroll D. Wright.
Ethics of the Single Tax. Joseph Lee.
The Risk Theory of Profit. Frederick B. Hawley.
Report of the Connecticut Labour Bureau. Edward Cummings.

Quarterly Review.—John Murray. July. 6s.

The Discovery of America.
Viscount Sherbrooke.
The Battle of Hastings.
National Life and Character.
The Privy Council under the Tudors.
Latin Satire.
Bookbinding.
The Fall of the Ancient Régime.
Political Spies.
The Unionist Campaign: Home Rule.

Quiver.—Cassell. August. 6d.

The Christian Triumvirate of Oporto. Illustrated. Rev. Alex. Robertson.
A Relic of Old Days: Fetter Lane Chapel. Illustrated.
How We Made the Children Happy. Illustrated. F. M. Holmes.
Out with the Coastguard. Illustrated. F. M. Holmes.

Religious Review of Reviews.—4, Catherine Street, Strand. July 15. 6d.

The Late Rev. C. Pritchard, Oxford's Savilian Astronomer. Rev. Edmund S. Pfoolkes.
The Future of the Scottish Establishment.
A Plea for the Sojourn of Home-Clergy with the Church in the Colonies.
Some of Our Hymns. Rev. M. Marshall.
Church Architecture and Acoustics. Rev. Compton Reade.

Reliquary.—23, Old Bailey. July. 1s. 6d.

Touching the Meaning of "Castle" in Certain North Riding and other Place Names. Canon Atkinson.
Some Lincolnshire Bell Customs. Florence Peacock.
The Pre-Conquest Churches of Northumbria. Chas. Clement Hodges.
Tallmans. J. Lewis Audré.
The Dawn of Design. J. Hunter-Duvar.

Review of the Churches.—John Haddon, Salisbury Square. July 15. 6d.

Systems of Church Patronage: The Wesleyan Methodist Church. Rev. W. J. Dawson.
The Old Catholic Congress at Lucerne, 1892. Illustrated. Rev. J. J. Lias.

Toward Christian Economics. Illustrated.
The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Parliament of Religious.
The Reunion Conference at Lucerne: The President's Inaugural Address, etc.
Illustrated.

St. Martin's-le-Grand.—(Quarterly.) Secretary's Office, G. P. O.
July. 9d.

The Post Office and Mr. J. H. Heaton, M.P. Continued.
The Cape Post Office. Illustrated.
Preparing for the Parcel Post in 1883. Walter Webber.

St. Nicholas.—Fisher Unwin. August. 1s.
McMurre. Illustrated. D. C. Gilman.
The Viking Ship. Illustrated. J. O. Davidson.
The Crown Prince of Siam. Illustrated. J. Townsend Smith.
The Boyhood of Edison. Illustrated. Lida Rose McCabe.

Scots Magazine.—Houlston, Paternoster Square. August. 6d.
Home Rule for Scotland. John Roman.
The Minstrelsy of the Merse. W. Shillinglaw Crockett.
The Religion of Robert Burns.
America's Answer to the Disestablishment Cry. Rev. John Campbell.

Scottish Review.—(Quarterly.) 26, Paternoster Square. July. 4s.
The Spanish Blanks and Catholic Earls, 1592-1594. T. G. Law.
The Romance of King Rother. Prof. Allan Menzies.
Andrew Fletcher, the Scottish Patriot. J. R. MacDonald.
The Anthropological History of Europe. J. Beddoe.
Guyana and her Feudal Sheriff. J. Fergusson.
Some Heretic Gospels. F. Legge.
Scottish Culture. J. H. Fullarton.
Barrow and Blind Harry as Literature. W. A. Craigie.

Scribner's Magazine.—Sampson Low. August. 1s.
The Newspaper Correspondent. Illustrated. Julian Ralph.
Types and People at the Fair. Illustrated. J. A. Mitchell.

Seed-Time.—(Quarterly.) 185, Fleet Street. July. 3d.
The Idea of Democracy. Sydney Olivier.
Things from Topolobampo.

Scottish Geographical Magazine.—Stanford. July. 1s. 6d.
The Anglo-Portuguese Delimitation Commission in East Africa. Capt. S. C. N. Grant.
Among the Campa Indians of Peru. D. R. Urquhart.
The Great Barrier Reef of Australia.
The Teaching of Geography in Germany.

Strand Magazine.—Southampton Street. July. 6d.
Buckingham Palace. Illustrated. Mary S. Warren.
Portraits of the Bishop of Marlborough, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, Professor Max Müller, David Murray, and General Lord Roberts.
From Behind the Speaker's Chair. VII. Illustrated. Henry W. Lucy.
Mr. Edmund Yates. Illustrated. Harry How.

Sunday at Home.—56, Paternoster Row. August. 6d.
In the Downs. Illustrated. Rev. T. S. Treanor.
Some Old Houses in Buckinghamshire.
The Hope Grant, K. C. B., and Lady Grant.
Foreigners in London. II. Asiatics and Africans. Illustrated. Mrs. Brewer.

Sunday Magazine.—Isbister. August. 6d.
The Religions of India, as Illustrated by their Temples. Continued. Rev. Chas. Merk.
Constantinople. Illustrated. William C. Preston.
A Pioneer in the Far West: John Horlen. Illustrated. Rev. A. R. Buckland.
Birds of a Feather. Illustrated. F. A. Fulcher.
Dr. Stalker at Home. Illustrated.
Bavarian Dissenters and the Russian Government. II.
A Walk round Lincoln Minster. Precentor Venables.

Sylvia's Home Journal.—Ward, Lock, Salisbury Square. August. 6d.
The Kentish Shrine of Penshurst. Illustrated. C. F. Newcombe.
Keats's Heroines. Illustrated. Katharine Tynan.

Temple Bar.—8, New Burlington Street. August. 1s.
Amelia Ople.
Marlowe's "Faustus."
Henrik Ibsen and Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. Mrs. Alec Tweedie.
Preachers and Sermons.

Atalanta.—August.

With a Rose. Lady Lindsay.
Where the Rainbows Rest. Christian Burke.

Atlantic Monthly.—August.

The Meeting of the Ships. W. Mitchell.
The Breakers. Chas. W. Coleman.

Californian Illustrated Magazine.—July.

Dawn through the Golden Gate. Illustrated. Joaquin Miller.
A Redwoods Idyll. Illustrated. John Vance Cheney.

Theatre.—78, Great Queen Street. August. 1s.

Madame J. Hadling. With Portrait. Wm. Allison.
The Acting of the Comédie Française. F. Spence.
Portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. George Alexander.

Theosophist.—7, Duke Street, Adelphi. July. 2s.

Old Diary Leaves. XVI. H. S. Olcott.
Theosophy at the World's Fair. Wm. Q. Judge.
The Law of Psychic Phenomena.

Thinker.—21, Berners Street. August. 1s.

The Diaspora in Egypt. Rev. P. Hay-Hunter.
The Hebrew of Daniel Compared with that of Ben Sira. Rev. J. E. H. Thomson.
Jonah. Rev. H. J. Foster.
St. Jude's Quotations from Zechariah. Rev. C. H. H. Wright.
The Miraculous Conception and Modern Thought. Prof. J. Orr.

United Service.—(American). B. F. Stevens, 4, Trafalgar Square.
July. 35 cents.

The New Infantry Drill Regulations and Our Next War. James S. Pettit.
The Lessons of the Naval Review. C. H. Rockwell.
The Truth of History. Wm. Howard Mills.
Life at Sea in the Sixteenth Century.

United Service Magazine.—15, York Street, Covent Garden.
August. 2s.

The Loss of the Victoria. Adm. Sir G. Phipps Hornby.
The German Strategist at Sea. Major Sir G. S. Clarke.
The Royal Marine Artillery. Lieut. J. M. Rose.
The Loss of Horses in War. Captain F. Smith.
Sir Charles Napier's Indian Orders. Captain F. A. Adam.
Foreign Post Offices: The United States. C. J. Willdey.
Sailors' Rations.
The United Service Institution Prize Essay.
The German Army Bill. Karl Blud.
The Gndh Police. H. Stanley Clarke.
Some Curiosities of Naval Promotion. W. Laird Clowes.

Westminster Review.—6, Bouverie Street. August. 2s. 6d.

Modern Industrial Warfare. John W. Cunliffe.
The Origin, Perpetuation, and Decadence of Supernaturalism. B. G. M. Browne.
The Colony of Gibraltar. W. Fraser Rae.
Home Rule in Operation. H. G. Keene.
Canada and the Canadian Pacific Railway. J. Castell Hopkins.
Burial Customs. England Howlett.
The Theory and Practice of American Popular Government. F. W. Grey.

Willson's Photographic Magazine.—853, Broadway, New York.
July. 30 cents.

Gustav Cramer: A Biographical Sketch. With Portrait. Sdonia E. Loehr.
Ilo Paper. John A. Tennant.
The Copying of Faded Photographs.
Photo-Dyeing. Ch. Gravier.

Work.—Casell. August. 7d.

Historic Links in the Progress of Electrical Science.
National Workmen's Exhibition of British Skilled Industries.
Poster-Painting. Illustrated. Wm. Corbould.
Woodworking Adopted for Technical Instruction. Illustrated. G. F. Child.

Young England.—56, Old Bailey. August. 3d.
Concerning Some Narcotics. Illustrated. F. J. Battersby.

Young Man.—9, Paternoster Row. August. 3d.

Mr. Walter Besant. Illustrated.
Camping Out. A. A. Macdonell.
The Story of David Gray. W. J. Dawson.
A Visit to a Bank. J. Herbert Tritton.

Young Woman.—9, Paternoster Row. August. 3d.

Women at the World's Fair. Mrs. Fenwick Miller.
How to become a School-Mistress. A. Amy Bulley.
Ruskin's Ideal Woman. With Portrait. W. J. Dawson.
Mrs. Josephine Butler. With Portrait. Albert Dawson.

POETRY.

Century Magazine.—August.

The Poet. Frank Dempster Sherman.
Quatrains. Thos. B. Aldrich.
At Niagara. R. W. Gilder.
August. J. Vance Cheney.

Cosmopolitan.—July.

The Parley of the Kings. Illustrated. H. H. Boyesen.
Dum Vivimus Vigilamus. C. H. Webb.
Were Love but True. Katherine L. Bates.
To Truth. F. D. Sherman.

English Illustrated Magazine.—August.

Caprice. Edgar Fawcett.

Forum.—July.

The Fourth of July. Chas. L. Moore.

Gentleman's Magazine.—August.

In Twilight's Hush. William Toynbee.

Girl's Own Paper.—August.The Birds Sing all the Year. Helen Marion Burnside.
Fidelity. E. Nesbit.**Good Words.**—August.

Summer Daybreak. Arthur L. Salmon.

Harper's Magazine.—August.Polycent and Panline. Illustrated. E. W. Latimer.
The Dead Lover. A Roumanian Folk-Song. R. H. Stoddard.**Leisure Hour.**—August.Sonnet. Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.
Handsome Ned. "Tom Brown."**Lippincott's.**—August.Freedom. Clara Jessup Moore.
The Dream-Ship.
Mortality. Howard Hall.**Longman's Magazine.**—August.Reflection and Presage. Walter Herries Pollock.
Too Many Stars. May Kendall.
Billy's Romance. R. F. Murray.**Magazine of Art.**—August.

Carols of the Year: August. Illustrated. Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Manchester Quarterly.—July.

Sonnet: Beauty and Power. Geo. Milner.

Atalanta.—August.

The Evolution of the Pianoforte. Illustrated. Alfred Alfieri.

British Musician.—1a, Bevis Marks. July. 3d.

Mr. Heath Mills. With Portrait.

Cassell's Saturday Journal.—August.

The King of School-Song Writers: Interview with John Farmer.

Church Musician.—4, Newman Street. July 15. 2d.

Anthem:—"O Praise God in His Holiness," by J. H. Lewis.

Classical Review.—July.

Ancient Metre and Modern Musical Rhythm. C. F. Abdy Williams.

English Illustrated Magazine.—August.

In the Midst of the Music. Illustrated. Chas. Willeby.

Étude.—1708, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. July. 15 cents.

Piano Solos:—"A Twilight Meditation," by T. Leslie Carpenter; "Sara-bande"; "Sequoia Gavotte," by H. W. Patrick; and others.

Girl's Own Paper.—August.How to Improve on the Violin. Gabrielle Vaillant
"The Three Little Clouds." Song, by C. E. Rawstone.**Keyboard.**—22, Paternoster Row. August. 2d.

Infantile Musical Prodigies.

Piano Solo: "Idylle," by Victor Rémaury.

Ladies' Home Journal.—August.

Song: "My Star," by Kate Llewellyn-Fitch.

Leader.—226, Washington Street, Boston. July. 1 dollar per annum.

Song: "To Carherine," by Jacques Offenbach.

Piano Solo: "A Twilight Revery," by Wm. Kuhe.

London and Provincial Music Trades Review.—1, Racquet Court, Fleet Street. July 15. 4d.

The late Henry Fowler Broadwood.

Lyra Ecclesiastica.—40, Dawson Street, Dublin. July. 6d.

The Tonality of Gregorian Chant. Rev. H. Beverunge.

Magazine of Music.—29, Ludgate Hill. August. 6d.

English National Opera. J. F. Runciman.

Music Review.—174, Wabash Avenue, Chicago. July. 20 cents.

Polyhymnia Ecclesiastica. W. Waugh Lauder.

Music and the Church. Dr. Gregg.

Introduction to Interpretation of Beethoven's Pianoforte Works. A. B. Marx.

Merry England.—July 5."Love thy Neighbour." John Oldcastle.
In Her Paths. Frances Thompson.**National Review.**—August.

Old and New Idyllists. Late Earl of Lytton.

New Peterson Magazine.

Her Magic: on receiving Amelie Rives's Portrait. Louise Chandler Moulton.

Our Celebrities.—July.

Poem by Lionel Monckton on the Royal Wedding.

Our Day.—July.

Boston Hymn: "Law and Love," by Joseph Cook.

Overland Monthly.—July.

California Flower Poems. Illustrated. Eliz. W. Denison and Others.

Pall Mall Magazine.—August.Pennarby Mine. Illustrated. A. Conan Doyle.
Day Dawn. Illustrated. Lewis Morris.
Wild Love on the Sea. Illustrated. Hon. Roden Noel.**Scribner's Magazine.**—August.A Sin Offering. W. G. Van Tassel Sutphen.
A Song. Robert Bridges.
Silent Amycia. Edith M. Thomas.**Sunday Magazine.**—August.

Dreaming and Doing. Rev. J. Reid Howatt.

Temple Bar.—August.Of His Lady's Treasures (Villanelle). Ernest Dowson.
Youth. Mary Bowdoin Page.
A Bundle of Old Sermons. Anthony C. Deane.

MUSIC.

Musical Herald.—8, Warwick Lane. August. 2d.

Mr. A. L. Cowley. With Portrait.

Musical Haunts in London. Illustrated. F. G. Edwards.

Part Song (In Both Notations):—"The King and the Miller," by J. Gasker.

Musical Messenger.—141, West Sixth Street, Cincinnati. July. 15 cents.

Anthem:—"Nearer to Thee," by Chas. H. Gabriel.

Musical Record.—Oliver Ditson, Boston. July. 10 cents.

Piano Solos:—"The Oriental March," by J. Carroll Chandler; "O Thou Sublime Sweet Evening Star," by Leon Keach.

Musical Standard.—185, Fleet Street. July 8, 15, 22. 3d.

The Great Italian and French Composers. George T. Ferris.

July 29.

The Great Italian and French Composers: Rossini, G. T. Ferris.

Some Unpublished Letters of Wagner.

Carl Reinecke. Harry Brett.

Musical Times.—1, Berners Street. August. 4d.

"Of the Mastersingers' Gracious Art."

Harvest Anthem:—"O God, Who is Like unto Thee!" by Myles B. Foster.

Musical World.—145, Wabash Avenue, Chicago. July. 15 cents.

Piano Solos: "Polish Dance," by R. Thoma; "Les Deux Yeux," Waltz, by Ion Arnold; "Rosalind Mazurka," by Francis Mueller.

Organ.—149A, Tremont Street, Boston. July. 25 cents.

Organ Music:—"Adagio in F," by J. S. Cramp; "Larghetto," by Adolph Heese.

Organist and Choirmaster.—139, Oxford Street. July 15. 2d.

The Training of Boys' Voices. H. C. Perrin.

Harvest Anthem:—"Thou Crownest the Year," by Dr. C. Vincent.

Organist's Quarterly Journal.—7, Great Marlborough St. July. 6d.

Organ Music: "March in D," by C. A. Harris; "Prelude in F," by T. J. Linekar; "Christmas Piece," by J. Lyon; "Introduction and Fugue," by E. Edwards; "Postlude in D," by J. Bryant.

School Music Review.—1, Berners Street. August. 1d.

Two-part Song (In both Notations): "The Carnevale," by Rossini.

Strad.—186, Fleet Street. August. 2d.

Carl Courvoisier. With Portrait.

Vocalist.—97, Fifth Avenue, New York. July. 20 cents.

The First Principles of Voice Production in Song and Speech. Illustrated. T. Kelly.

Singer's Catarrh. Illustrated. Dr. Whitefield Ward.

Werner's Magazine.—108, East 16th Street, New York.

July. 25 cents.

Place and Power of Personality in Expressions. Rev. W. R. Alger.

Musical Expressiveness. B. I. Gilman.

The Mechanism of Breathing among Singers. Dr. Joel.

ART.

Anglo-Continental.—July.

Pictures at the Paris Salons. Elizabeth A. Sharp.

Art Amateur.—Griffith, Farran. August. 1s. 6d.

The World's Fair. Illustrated.
Lessons on Trees. Illustrated.
Furniture in Crayon. Illustrated. J. A. Barbydt.
Miniature Painting. H. C. Standage.
Modelling in Porcelain Clay. S. G. Le Prince.

Art Journal.—Virtue, Ivy Lane. August. 1s.

"The Flax Spinners." Frontispiece after Max Liebermann.
German Revolutionary: Max Liebermann. Illustrated. F. H. Meissner.
The City of the Golden Shell: Palermo. Illustrated. Whitworth Wallis.
The Royal Palace of Madrid. Illustrated. Della M. Hart.
The Royal Academy of 1893. Illustrated. R. A. M. Stevenson.
Glasgow Art Galleries and Museum. Illustrated. H. M. Cundall.
How to Wear Jewellery. Illustrated. C. R. Ashbee.
Art in the Woman's Section of the Chicago Exhibition. Illustrated. Florence Fenwick Miller.

Atlanta.—August.

The Work of Della Robbia. Illustrated. Helen Zimmer.

Belford's Monthly.—July.

Chicago Artists in Their Studios. Illustrated. Miles Menander Dawson.

Cassell's Saturday Journal.—August.

Why Girls Should be Taught Drawing. Interview with Mrs. Jopling.

Century Magazine.—August.

An Artist's Letters from Japan. Illustrated. John L. Farge.
Contemporary Japanese Art. Illustrated. Ernest F. Fenollosa.
A Swedish Etcher: Anders Zorn. Illustrated. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.

Classical Picture Gallery.—33, King Street, Covent Garden. August. 1s.
Reproduction of "Donna Velata," by Raphael; and eleven others.

Cosmopolitan.—July.

A Turning Point in the Arts: The World's Fair. Illustrated. C. De Kay.

Godey's Magazine.—July.

A Visit to Madame Besnard's Studio. Illustrated. Eleanor E. Greatorex.

Good Words.—August.

Millais and "Once a Week." Illustrated. George Somes Lyster.

Leisure Hour.—August.

A Mosaic Factory. Illustrated. W. J. Gordon.

Lippincott's.—August.

A Philadelphia Sculptor: Wm. Rush. Illustrated. C. Leslie Gilliams.

Magazine of Art.—Cassell. August. 1s.

"A Siesta on the Lido." Photogravure after Eugène de Blaas.
The Salons: The Champs Elysées. Illustrated. Claude Phillips.
Our Graphic Humorists. L. Linley Sambourne. Illustrated. M. H. Spielmann.
Mr. W. Y. Baker's Collection at Streatham Hill. Illustrated. A. T. Story.
J. W. North, Painter and Poet. Illustrated. Prof. H. Herkomer.
Iceland. Illustrated. T. G. Paterson.
Sir John Gilbert's Gift to the City of London. Illustrated.

Quarterly Illustrator.—92, Fifth Avenue, New York. July. 30 cents.

An All-Round Artist: Chas. S. Reinhart. Illustrated. F. Hopkinson Smith.
The Art Students' League of New York. Illustrated. Charles De Kay.
Wilson de Meza. Illustrated. Frank Fowler.
A Clever Woman Illustrator: Alice B. Stephens. Illustrated. F. W. Webster.
An American Landscape: Julian Hux. Illustrated. Alexander Black.
The Illustrations of the Quarter. Illustrated. Perriton Maxwell.
The Summer Studios of American Artists. Illustrated.

Studio.—16, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. July 15. 6d.

Artistic Gardens in Japan. Illustrated. Chas. Holme.
The Leek Embroidery School. Illustrated. Kineton Parkes.
The Antwerp Academy. Illustrated. Alick T. F. Ritchie.
Art Magazines of America. Illustrated.
Pen Drawing for Reproduction. Illustrated. Chas. G. Harper.

THE GERMAN MAGAZINES.

Alte und Neue Welt.—Benziger, Einsiedeln. 50 Pf. Heft 11.

Tobacco and Cigarettes. Richard March.
A Holiday Tour in Switzerland. Illustrated. Continued. J. Odenthal.
Hungarian Gipsy Music: Irma von Troll-Borostyáni.
Our Present Knowledge of the Composition of Hail. Illustrated. Dr. M. Wildermann.

Chorgesang.—Hans Licht, Leipzig. 4 Mks. per half-year.

July 1.

Alfred Krasselt. With Portrait. C. Unglaub.
"Gedanken: "Dem Vaterland," by R. Müller; and "Abendlied," by E. Schultz.

June 15.

Erl Goeppfert. With Portrait. M. Chop.
Chorgesang for Male Voices: "Der Frühling ist Herr der Welt," by G. Baldamus;
"Abendfreuden," by F. Gartz; and others.

Daheim.—9, Poststrasse, Leipzig. 2 Mks. per quarter.

July 1.

The Berlin Electric Railways. With Map. H. von Zobeltitz.
A Half Thirty Years Ago. Illustrated.

July 8.

Pietro Mascagni. With Portrait.
Germany at the World's Fair. Illustrated. Paul von Szczepanski.

July 15.

The Hall of Industry at the World's Fair. P. von Szczepanski.
Batum, a Watering-Place on the North Sea. Illustrated.

July 22.

From the Grille to the Hohenzollern: a Study in Yachts. Illustrated. J. Wille.

July 29.

The Artesian Well Catastrophe at Schneidemühl. Illustrated. H. von Zobeltitz.
The Americans in Jackson Park. P. von Szczepanski.

Deutscher Hausschatz.—Fr. Pustet, Regensburg. 40 Pf. Heft 14.

Our Swallows. Illustrated. Leopold Scheidt.
Felix, Freiherr von Loe, President of the German Peasants' Union. Kurt Franken.
Isindling Firms in London.
Something about Physiognomy.

Deutsche Rundschau.—7, Lützowstr., Berlin. 6 Mks. per quarter. July.

Marco Minghetti, and His Share in the Regeneration of Italy, 1846-1869. Plaminio.
The Literary Soirées of the Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna. II. Lily von Kretschmann.
Syria. Dr. Julius Rodenberg.

From the Diaries of Theodor von Bernhardi (1847-1887). II.

The Berlin Art Exhibition of 1893.
Child Labour and Protection in Germany. Wilhelm Stieda.
Musical Life in Berlin. Carl Krebs.
Political Correspondence: The German Elections, Count Kalnoky and the Austrian Foreign Policy, the Situation in Russia and France, etc.

Deutsche Worte.—VIII. Langgasse 15, Vienna. 50 kr. July.

Landed Property in Galicia. W. Bodzynowski.
Travels in Switzerland. Dr. A. Braun.
"Mutterrecht" and "Vaterrecht." Prof. L. Dargun.

Freie Bühne.—Köthenerstr. 44, Berlin. 1 Mk. 50 Pf.

"Dämmerung." Act II. Ernst Rosmer.
Woman's Rights. Irma von Troll-Borostyáni.
Modern Art in Paris. Walter Leistikow.
Moral Nitrogen. Bruno Wille.
The Berlin Art Exhibition. II. Hugo Ernst Schmidt.

Die Gartenlaube.—Ernst Kell's Nachf., Leipzig. 50 Pf. Heft 7.

Robert Owen and J. G. Rapp and Their Schemes to Improve the World. Dr. J. O. Holsch.
Verdi's Home and Home Life. Illustrated. W. Staden.
The Opening of the World's Fair. Illustrated. Rudolf Cronau.
Kid Gloves and Their Manufacture. Illustrated. H. Lüders.
Giants of the Past. Dr. J. H. Baas.

Gleichheit.—12, Furtbachstrasse, Stuttgart. 10 Pf.

July 12. The Election Results.
July 26. The International Proletariat.

Der Gute Kamerad.—Union Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft, Stuttgart. 2 Mks. per quarter.

Nos. 42, 43, and 44. The Photographic Laboratory. Illustrated.

Internationale Revue über die gesammten Armeen und Flotten.—Verlag von Max Babeuzien, Rathnow. 24 Mks. per annum. July.

The Question of Alsace. Colonel Lissignolo.
The Battle of Spicheren, August 6th, 1870. Lieut.-Colonel Nienstädt.
Erfurt under the Rule of the French, 1806-1814. Concluded. Lieutenant Von Scriba.
The Lower Danube States and the Organisation of their Armies.
The Attack and Defence of Fortified Positions. Continued.
Finland and its Special Political-Military Status in the Russian Empire.

Jahrbücher für die deutsche Armee und Marine.—A. Bath, Berlin. 32 Mks. per annum. July.

The Campaign of 1809 in the Tyrol, in Salzburg, and on the South Bavarian Frontier. Captain Heilmann.
Moltke and Radetzky. Captain A. Dittich.

The Franco-German Paper War on the Subject of Armoured Cupolas. Major-General Schröder.
The Present Condition of Field Fortification and the Instructions Thereon. Lieut.-Colonel Frobenius.
Martial Law. Dr. Dangelmaier.
Cavalry Patrol Service. Captain Junk.
The New Italian Law on the National Rifle Associations and on Military Education.

Die Katholischen Missionen.—Herder, Freiburg. 4 Mks. per ann. August.

St. Peter Martyr Sanz and His Dominican Companions, Martyrs in China. Missionary Bishops Who Died in 1892. With Portraits. Concluded.
On Kilima Njaro. With Map and Illustrations. Continued. Mgr. Le Roy.

Konservative Monatschrift.—E. Ungleich, Leipzig. 3 Mks. per quarter. July.

Peace Congresses and Conferences. Karl von Bruch.
Mining at Mansfeld. Dr. C. Schlemmer.
Letters from Chicago. II.
Schill's March through Mecklenburg. Major-Gen. D. von Schultz.

Magazin für Litteratur.—Lititzow Ufer, 13, Berlin. 40 Pf. July 1.

"Die Erziehung zur Ehe." A Satire. O. E. Hartleben.
Bismarck's Pupil: Gen. Leopold von Goltz. Spectator.

Reminiscences of a Sculptor. Max Klein.
Friedrich Hebbel and the Rousseau Family: Unpublished Letters.
"Die Erziehung zur Ehe." Continued.

July 15.
An Erotic Mystic: Zacharias Werner. F. Pappenberg.
"Die Erziehung zur Ehe." Concluded.

July 22.
The "Height of Bad Taste": the New German Parliamentary Buildings. M. Schmid.

The German: National Character. Concluded. R. M. Meyer.

Monatsschrift für Christliche Social-Reform.—Franz Chamra, St. Pölten. 4 fl. per annum. July.

Universal Suffrage in the Light of Social Politics. Dr. Scheicher.
Aristotle's Theory of Value. W. Hoboff.
The Land Question Congress at Chicago. I. Prof. A. Rohling.

Musikalische Rundschau.—I. Maria Theresienstr. 10, Vienna. 25 kr. July 1.

Italian Operas in Vienna. Max Graf.
The Wagner Museum. Concluded. Dr. A. Seidl.

July 15.
The Concluding Rehearsals at the Conservatorium. F. Kollberg.
From the Bohemian Watering-Places. III. Alis John.

Neue Militärische Blätter.—Dienow a. d. Ostsee. 32 Mks. per annum. Double number. July-August.

Reminiscences of the Franco-German War, 1870-1. Colonel H. de Pouchalon.
The Changes in the Organisation of the Bulgarian Army in 1892.
The Canal des Deux Mers, between Bordeaux and Toulon.
A Sketch of the Battle of Lubeck. G. E. von Natzmier.
General Skobelev and the "Moral" Element: Founded on Episodes in the Turco-Russian War, 1877-8.
The Schichau Firm and the Launch of the Protected Cruiser *Gesien*.

Die Neue Zeit.—J. H. W. Dietz, Stuttgart. 20 Pf. No. 40.

The First Election Results.
The Population Question in France. Paul Lafargue.

No. 41.
The Second Ballot.
The Population Question in France. Concluded. C. Hugo.
The Situation of the Agricultural Labourers in Russian Poland. Dr. Sophie Daszynska.

No. 42.
The New Reichstag.
Socialism in France during the Great Revolution. C. Hugo.

No. 43.
Socialism in France during the Great Revolution. Concluded. C. Hugo.
Cholera and the People's Food. Dr. R. J. Beck.
How Elections are Arranged in France. Gustav Köhl.

No. 44.
Direct Law-Giving through the People and the Fight between the Classes. K. Kauteky.
India and the Silver Crisis. M. Schippel.

Nord und Süd.—Siebenhufenerstr., 2/3, Breslau. 6 Mks. per quarter. July.
August Strindberg. With Portrait. Laura Marholm.
Boetticher versus Schillenmann. Gustav Schröder.
The Development of Speech and Intellectual Progress. Dr. Alex. Tille.
Carl Seydelmann. R. Löwenfeld.

Preussische Jahrbücher.—Kleiststr., 16, Berlin. 2 Mks. 50 Pf. July.
Balt: Emigrants into Germany.
The Contest of Physiology and Ethics in Tragely. Dr. Paul Caner.
Social Protectionist Politics in Prussia. Dr. Karl Oldenberg.
Prussia's Need of "Abiturienten." Dr. R. Bürger.
Public and Private Streets. T. Goeckel.
Goethe's "Pandora." Dr. Otto Harnack.
The Prussian Districts Union and Industrial Education. H. Frauberger.
Political Correspondence: The German Elections, Social Democracy, the Agrarian Problem, the Distribution of Taxation under the Future Communal Rates, Vatican Politics, etc.

Römische Jahrbücher.—Peter Brosteann, Hermannstadt. 12 Mks. per annum. Hefta. 5-6.

Georg Bartha. With Portrait.
The Greek and Roman Churches versus the Clerical Programme of the Hungarian Government.
The Roman Episcopacy and the Education Policy of the Hungarian Government.
The Magyarization of Hungary.

Schweizerische Rundschau.—A. Müller, Zürich. 2 Mks. July.
The Organization of the Administration of the Federal Law. Ständerath Schöb.
Primitive Times in Helvetia. Concluded. Dr. T. Ion Hof.
Alphonse Vuy. (In French.) Ernest Tissot.
Feer-Herzog, A Swiss Merchant and Statesman. T. Bernet.

Sphinx.—Kegan Paul, Charing Cross Road. 2s. 3d. July.

Simon Magnus. Thomassin.
On the Influence of Psychic Factors on Occultism. Dr. C. du Prell.
The Riddle of the Astral Body. L. Deluhard.
The Latest about Tolstoi. Dr. R. von Koeber.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach.—Herder, Freiburg. 19 Mks. 50 Pf. per annum. July 1.

Albert Ritsch on the Kingdom of God. I. Th. Granderath.
The Socialist Movement in Germany. III. H. Pesch.
Pascal's Provincial Letters. VI. Concluded. W. Kreitem.
Russia and Constantinople in the Fifteenth Century. I. A. Arndt.
The "Nonne" Insect Pest. I. E. Wasman.

Ueber Land und Meer.—Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart. 1 Mk. Heft 1.

Saklen and the Payer Memorial. Illustrated. Ludwig Thaden.
Franzensbad. Illustrated. Hugo Gregory.
The Golden Wedding of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Illustrated. Oskar Piepkorn.
Christopher Marlowe. Dr. M. Landau.
Strassburg. Illustrated. Max Lay.
From the Thieves' Album of the Berlin Police. Illustrated. A. O. Klemm.
Germany at the World's Fair. Illustrated.

Universum.—A. Henschel, Dresden. 50 Pf. Heft 23.

The 450th Anniversary of the Leipzig Shooters' Company. Illustrated. Crome-Schwiegen.
Travelling and Guide-books. Dr. E. Eckstein.
Truffles. C. Falkenhorst.
Admiral Knoer. With Portrait.

Heft 24.
The Trend towards the West: A Study in Emigration. Illustrated. Harberis.
Ships and Men in the German Navy. Illustrated. Dr. P. G. Helms, Navy Chaplain.
Dr. Theodor Billroth. With Portrait. Dr. J. Rudinger.

Veihagen und Klasing's Monatshefte.—53, Steglitzerstr., Berlin. 1 Mk. 25 Pf. July.

Chicago and the World's Fair. Illustrated. Paul von Szczepanski.
Picturesque New York. Illustrated. William Try.
American Art. Illustrated. Gustav Gerlach.
The Artist in the Service of American Advertisements. Illustrated. Hans Khardt.
The Welsch Land at Augsburg. H. von Zobeltitz.

Vom Fels zum Meer.—Union Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft, Stuttgart. 1 Mk. Heft 12.

The Vienna Ceiling-Pictures of Anselm Feuerbach. Illustrated. H. Grabner.
Health and Study-Hours at School. Dr. Karl Grus.
The French in Tunis. Illustrated. H. von Engelstedt.
Halls for Cremation at the Present Day. Illustrated. A. Simson.
Through the Oetzthal Alps. Illustrated. T. Petersen.

Die Waffen Nieder!—E. Pierson, Dresden. 6 Mks. per annum. July.
Reminiscences of a Battle-Painter. Verestchagin.
Federation and Peace. Marchese B. Pandolfi.
A Few Figures: A Military Finance Capriccio. M. Brasch.

Westermann's Illustrierte Deutsche Monatshefte.—Brunswick. 4 Mks. per annum. August.

The Wartburg. Illustrated. August Trinius.
Philippine Welsch. Christian Meyer.
Ernst Wichert. With Portrait. Marie Uhse.
Sketches from the Life of the Sculptor, Fritz Drake. Illustrated. Hans Nagel.
The Indefinite Article. Ernst Eckstein.

Wiener Literatur-Zeitung.—I. Spiegelgasse, 12, Vienna. 25 kr. The Art of Reciting.

François Coppée. Marie Herzfeld.
The Rose in Heine's Poems. Paul Bernard.
The Poet in His Works. Stephen Mikow.

Zuschauer.—II. Darschmitt, 16, Hamburg. 1 Mk. 50 Pf. per quarter. July 15.

Reminiscences of My Youth. Hanne Weber.
The Technique of Artists: Creation. III. C. Brunner.
Realism and the Drama. Leo Berg.
Adam Müller-Guttenbrunn. Karl Goldmann.

THE FRENCH MAGAZINES.

- Annales de l'Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques.**—(Quarterly.)
108, Boulevard St. Germain, Paris. 5 frs. July 15.
- The Preliminaries of the Treaty of Rardo. Unpublished Documents on the Relation between France and Italy from 1878 to 1881.
The Variations in the Revenue and in the Price of Land in France in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. Continued. D. Zolla.
The New Issuing Banks and the Premium on Gold in the Argentine Republic. M. L. bordère.
Aids in Newfoundland. Continued. J. Cruchon.
The State and Public Instruction in England. Max Leclerc.
- Association Catholique: Revue des Questions Sociales et Ouvrières.**—262, boulevard St. Germain, Paris. 2 frs. July 15.
- The Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*. Mgr. S. G. Kean.
Rural Savings Banks in Alsace. H. Danzas.
Operations on the Stock Exchange. J. Depoin.
- Bibliothèque Universelle.**—18, King William Street, Strand. 2 fr. 50 c. July.
- The Economic Situation in Europe. Dr. W. Burckhardt.
Rudyard Kipling. Auguste Giarlon.
In Patagonia: Notes of an Explorer. Dr. F. Machon.
Woman's Work, Ancient and Modern. Berthe Vadier.
Anecdotes: Italian, German, English, Swiss, Scientific, Political.
- Chrétien Evangélique.**—G. Bridel, Lausanne. 1 fr. 50 c. July 20.
- The Religious Revival in the Vaud Canton. Continued. Jaq. Adamina.
The Guenée, an Adversary of Voltaire. Concluel. A. Grettillat.
- Intretiens Politiques et Littéraires.**—8, rue St. Joseph, Paris. 60 c. July 10.
- The Association pour l'Art. Charles Shuyte.
The Poet: Movement. IV. Francis Viets-Griffin.
July 25.
- Friend Society and Anarchy. A. Ferdinand Hérold.
Foreign Politics. Henri Malo.
- Journal des Economistes.**—14, rue Richelieu, Paris. 3 fr. 50 c. July.
- Economic Liberty. G. du Puyndou.
Silver. Raphael Georges Lévy.
Land Reform in Algeria. J. G. Henricet.
India and Russia. M. Inostranietz.
A Century of the Cotton Trade in the United States. Daniel Bellet.
Production and the Crisis in Australia. A. Raffalovich.
Discussion on the Conditions under which Labour Exchanges might be Useful.
- Ménestrel.**—2 bis, rue Vivienne, Paris. 10 francs per annum.
July 2, 9, 16, 23, and 30.
- Marie Malibran. Continued. Arthur Pougin.
- Monde Musical.**—3, rue du 29 Juillet, Paris. 50 c. July 1 and 15.
- Notes on the Electric Organ. Illustrated. Continued. A. Pescharl.
- La Nouvelle Revue.**—18, King William Street, Strand. 62 fr. yearly.
July 1.
- The Officers' Social Mission.
The Gospel and Political Economy. T. H. Funk-Brentano.
The Artistic Education of the Algerians. G. Marye.
Modern Sport. IV. G. de Wailly.
The Reforms in French Orthography. G. de Villenoy.
Notes on Foreign Politics. Madame Adam.
July 15.
- Asians and Germans: The Battle of Zorndorf. A. Rambaud.
The Officers' Social Mission.
Astruc de Warens and J. J. Rousseau. V. Rossel.
Folk Legends. F. Mara Tuech.
The Bibliothèque Nationale. G. de Dubord.
The Emancipation of Woman. L. Quesnel.
Raid and Feme e Jugglers. L. de la Marche.
Notes on Foreign Politics. Madame Adam.
- Nouvelle Revue Internationale.**—23, boulevard Poissonnière, Paris.
50 frs. per annum. July 1.
- Review of European Politics. Emilio Castelar.
Notes from the Astral Life. Philibert Audebrand.
The Salon. III. Gustave Haller.
The Drama in Spain. Comte de Sérignan.
The Fête of the Félîtres at Sceaux. François Coppée.
July 15.
- Review of European Politics. Emilio Castelar.
The Pamir Question. S. Ximénez.
The Portraits at the Salon. Gustave Haller.
- Réforme Sociale.**—54, rue de Seine, Paris. 1 fr. July 1.
- Report of the Annual Meeting of the Society of Social Economy.
The Change in the Ideas of Law and Justice from the Point of View of Social Economy. E. Glasow.
Report of the Prizes Given for Virtue in the Family and Fidelity in Labour. M. Welbe.
The Society of Social Economy and the Unions in 1892-93. A. Delaire.
Reports of Labour Meetings and Conferences.
Reports of Visits to Various Social and Industrial Institutions. Louis Barrat.
- Reports of Charity and Thrift at the Meeting of the Central Office of Charitable Institutions.
July 16 and August 1. (Double Number).
- The Separation of Church and State in the United States and in France. Viscomt de Meaux.
The Recent Progress of Socialism in Germany. Georges Blondel.
Economic Teaching in Germany. E. Dubois and E. Perreau.
Programme of the Inquiry into the Condition of Agricultural Labourers in France.
- Revue d'Art Dramatique.**—44, rue de Rennes, Paris. 1 fr. 25 c. July 1.
- The "Parterre" during the Revolution. Victor Fournel.
"Monsieur Chaumont." A Comedy in One Act. G. Falandi.
"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." R. William.
July 15.
- "Le Premier Sentiment de Loulou." Comedy in One Act. Gyp.
Jens Christian Hostrop, Scandinavian Author. Ch. de Casanove.
- Revue Bleue.**—Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. 88 c. July 1.
- Round about the Academy. Edouard Grelier.
Leonardo da Vinci, Artist and Savant. Pierre La-serre.
Reply to M. Sarcey on the Obligatory Vote. Pierre Lafitte.
July 8.
- Jules Lemaitre. René Doumic.
Life Amongst the Koreans. T. H. Rosny.
The Representation of Minorities. Pierre Lafitte.
July 15.
- Guy de Maupassant. Ymille Faguet.
Ponsard and Augier. Edouard Grelier.
A Government which Governs. Pierre Lafitte.
Mendacity in Paris. Louis Paulhan.
Former Rebels in the Pays Latin. André Saglio.
July 29.
- History of Literary Reputations: The Comedy of Chance.
Three Days at Chicago. L. Maurice Bonchob.
- Revue des Deux Mondes.**—18, King William St., Strand. 62 frs. yearly.
July 1st.
- The Italians of To-day. I. Provincial Life in the Northern Provinces. E. Bazin.
Air and Life. H. de Varigny.
Franche-Comté. II. The Austrian and Spanish Domination. V. De Bie.
The Salons of 1893. G. Lafitte.
Sketches of Russian Character. A. Tchekof.
The Youth of Joseph de Maistre. G. Valbert.
July 15th.
- Physical and Moral Temperament. A. Fouillée.
Society in Mexico and the Economical Future of That Country. C. Jannet.
The Evolution of Contemporary Literature. E. Rod.
In Penal Servitude. III. Penal Colonization. P. Mimaude.
The Empress Catherine II.'s Journey through the Crimea. Marquis d'Arago.
The Fur Producing Seals. E. Planchut.
The Artificial Reproduction of Diamonds. L. Dex.
An Enquiry on Egypt. Viscomt Melchior de Vogt.
- Revue Encyclopédique.**—17, rue Montparnasse, Paris. 1 fr. July 1.
- The Exhibition of Portraits of Writers and Journalists of the Century. Illustrated. Raoul Seriat.
The Louvre at the Death of Henry IV. With Plans. P. Bertrand.
Artificial Incubation. Illustrated. Paul Devaux.
Missions in the Sahara. With Map and Illustrations.
July 15.
- The French Press: Its Origin: Théophraste Renaudot and the *Gazette*. Illustrated. Gilles de la Tourette.
The Press during the Revolution. Illustrated. M. Tourneux.
The Press during the Empire and the Restoration. Illustrated. H. Welschinger.
The Press since 1830. Illustrated. Georges Montorguelli.
- Revue de Famille.**—8, rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Paris. 1 fr. 50 c. July 1.
- Primary School Education in France. Jules Simon.
Aerial Navigation: Steering Balloons. G. Tisanther.
A Fantastic Contribution to the History of Men's Clothes in France. Illustrated. F. Roger Milès.
Our Situation in Madagascar. F. de Mahy.
July 15.
- The Customs Policy of France. E. Levasseur.
Unpublished Memoirs of General Rogniol.
New Berlin. Paul Lindenbergl.
Saint-Denis. Achille Luchaire.
Emile Zola. Gustave Larroumet.
- Revue Française de l'Etranger et des Colonies.**—1, place d'Iéna, Paris. 1 fr. 50 c. July 1.
- The Behring Seals: the Anglo-Russian Agreement.
The Tchad Route and the German Pretensions. G. Deminche.

The American Coaling Stations. With Map. A. A. Favvel.
The French Soudan: Col. Humbert's Report for 1891-1892.

July 15.

Col. Humbert's Report. Continued.
The English and Portuguese Companies in South-East Africa. With Map.
The Coaling Stations of the Atlantic Ocean. A. A. Favvel.

Revue Générale.—Burns and Oates, Orchard Street. 12 frs. per annum. July.

Three Weeks with Jonathan: Notes on America. Concluded. H. Ponthière.
Protective Measures in the Agricultural Domain. Ernest Dubois.
Johannes Brahms. William Ritter.
A Project of Law against Alcoholism. André Le Pas.
Edouard Rod. Henri Bonjeaux.

Revue Maritime et Coloniale.—L. Bandoir, 30 rue et passage Dauphine, Paris. 50 frs. per annum. July.

Electric Installations on Board Ships of War. Lieutenant L. Abeille.
Study on the Organisation of the Coast Defences of the United States.
Mechanical Theory of the Expenditure of Force in Marching and Running.
Captain J. Bailis.
Study on the Civil and Military Organisation of China.

Revue Philosophique.—198, boulevard St. Germain, Paris. 3 fr. July.
Judgment and Resemblance. V. Egger.
The Origin and Nature of Organic Movement. Illustrated. J. Soury.
The Problem of the Infinite. L. Relativity. G. Mouret.

Revue des Revues.—7, rue Le Peletier, Paris. 1 fr. July.
The Literary Movement in Sweden. Ola Hansson.
The Ideal Man. J. F.

Revue Scientifique.—Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. 60 c. July 1.

The Use of Statistics in Geography. E. Levasseur.

July 8.

The Evolution of Sentiments. Th. Ribot.
Defensive Arms in Modern Warfare. M. Savinhiac.

THE ITALIAN

La Civiltà Cattolica.—Via Ripetta, 246, Rome. July 15.

Papal Encyclical on Ecclesiastical Colleges in India. Latin Version.
The Revival of Catholic Interest in Municipal Elections.
A Fresh Pontifical Confirmation of Parish Schools in the United States.

La Nuova Antologia.—Via del Corso, 466, Rome. 46 frs. per annum. July 1.

H. A. Taine. A Sketch. G. Barzellotti.
Silvio Spaventa and His Contemporaries. R. de Cesare.
The Recent Revolution in the Ti-ino. A. Galanti.
Brigandage in the Venetian Republic. P. Molmenti.
July 16th.

Art in Italy. E. Panzacchi.
The Recently-discovered Gospel Fragment. A. Chiappelli.
The Ancient Irish Parliament. G. Bgietti.
The Financial Situation. L. Luzzatti.
The Latest Arab Insurrection in Yemen. C. B. Rossi.

THE SPANISH

L'Avenç.—Ronda de l'Universitat, Barcelona. 25 centimes. June 15-30.
Federalist Evolution. L. Xavier de Ricard.

La Ciudad de Dios.—Real Monasterio del Escorial, Madrid. 16 pesetas per annum. July 5.

Jansenism in Spain. Manuel F. Miguélez.
Existence of God and Atheistical Science. Padre T. Rodriguez.
July 20.

Catalonian Literature in the Nineteenth Century. Padre F. B. Garcia.

THE DUTCH

Elsevier's Geillustreerd Maandschrift.—Luzac and Co., 46, Great Russell Street. 1s. 8d. July.

Elchanon Verveer. Johan Gram.
A Visit to Alphonse Daudet. F. and A. Smit Kleiné.

De Gids.—Luzac and Co. 3s. July.

Electoral Law.
Sacred Fables. II. Dr. S. J. Warren.
The Youth of Isaac da Costa (1798—1823.) Dr. W. G. C. Byvanck.

THE SCANDINAVIAN MAGAZINES.

Danskere.—Jungersen, Nygård, and Schröder, Kolding. 8 kr. per annum. July.

Frederik Schlegelmacher and the Romantic School. L. Schröder.
The Exploration of America in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.
S. N. Mouritsen.
The Swedish Public High School. L. Schröder.

Dagny.—Fredrika-Bremer Society, Stockholm. 4 kr. per annum. No. 5.
Care of the Sick in Country Villages.
Ellen Key's Latest Work: "Anne Charlotte Leffler, Duchess of Cajanello."

July 15.

Mammiferous Animals. E. Oustalet.
The Mineral Resources of Japan.

July 29.

Researches and Congresses on Tuberculosis. A. Vernauil.
Contemporary India. Em. Barbé.

Revue Socialiste.—10, rue Chabanais, Paris. 1 fr. 50 c. July.

An Appeal to the Peasants? A. A. Guillot.
What is Socialism? Dr. J. Ploger.
The Independent Labour Party in England. G. Ghisler.
Project for the Reform of the Succession Laws. P. Farnie.
The Rural Proletariat. Concluded. Liverdays.
The Situation in Holland. F. Domela-Nieuwenhuis.

Revue Sociale et Politique.—39, rue Joseph II., Brussels. 5 frs. July.
Collectivism. Dr. A. Schaeffle.

Workmen's Salaries and Expenses in Belgium in April, 1891. A. Julia.

Revue du Vingtième Siècle.—7, Kohlenberg, Bâle. 1 fr. 25 c. July 5.

The Alsatian School at Paris. L. Zorn.
A Social Evolution in Dramatic Art: The Tisserands. A. de Brahm.
The Colmar Club. Continued. P. Kaltenbach.

July 20.

The Work of Pearce.
The Colmar Club. Continued. P. Kaltenbach.

Université Catholique.—25, rue du Plat, Lyon. 20 fr. per annum. July 15.

Taine and Renan as Historians. P. Rugey.
Cardinal Newman and the Catholic Renaissance in England. Continued.
J. Grabinski.
Jesus Christ in the Drama. Felix Vernet.
Johannes Janssen. Continued. Pastor.

MAGAZINES.

La Rassegna.—Via San Carlo, 16, Naples. 36 frs. per ann. July 1.

Popular Co-operative Banks. F. Boubée.
The Italian Banking System. A. Luzzatti.
Parliamentary Government in Italy. Pasquale Turiello.
The Labour Question in England. The Lord Chamberlain.

La Rassegna Nazionale.—Via della Pace, 2, Florence. 30 frs. per annum. July 1.

The Italian Episcopate Accused of Liberalism. A. Mogila.
Stoicism and Christianity. E. Salvadori.

July 16.

The Soudan and the Mahdi. Conclusion. G. Grabinski.

Rivista Marittima.—Tipografia del Senato, Rome. 25 lire per ann. July.
Aluminium and its Alloys. 7 figs. Lieutenant del Bono.
The Loss of the Victoria. With Illustration of the Ship.

MAGAZINES.

España Moderna.—Cuesta de Santo Domingo, 16, Madrid. 30 pesetas per annum. July.

Judicial and Medical Applications of Criminal Anthropology. Cesar Lombroso.
Modern Literary Customs. E. Caro.

Revista Contemporanea.—Calle de Pizarro, 17, Madrid. 2 pesetas. July 15.

Reforms Required in Technical Education in Spain. Conclusion.

MAGAZINES.

Tijdschrift voor het Binnenlandsch Bestuur.—G. Kolff and Co., Batavia. Part 8, No. 5.

Our Colonies and Colonial Administration.
The Examination and Working of Minerals in the Dutch Indies.

Vragen des Tijds.—Luzac and Co. 1s. 6d. July.

Electoral Law. S. van Houten.
Triumph of Wagnerism.
Simplification of Spelling and Declension. Miss F. J. van Uildrika.

THE SCANDINAVIAN MAGAZINES.

Idun.—Frithiof Hellberg, Stockholm. 5 kr. per annum. No. 29 (292).

Queen Ulrika Eleonora. With Portrait. Ellen Fries.

Elpis Melena. Cecilia Balth-Holmberg.

Ord och Bild.—Wahlström, Stockholm. 10 kr. per annum. July 11.

The Stockholm Palace and the New Paintings. Ludvig Looström.

H. Taine. With Portrait. Hellen Lindgren.

Tilskueren.—M. Galaschiot, Copenhagen. 12 kr. per annum. June-July.

The Relation of the New Testament to the Old. G. Brandes.

A New Literature. II. Paul Verlaue. Johannes Jorgensen.

A Night with Paul Verlaine. Sophus Clausen.

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Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index.

A. C. Q.	American Catholic Quarterly Review.	F. R.	Fortnightly Review.	Nat. B.	National Review.
A. J. P.	American Journal of Politics.	F.	Forum.	N. Sc.	Natural Science.
A. R.	Andover Review.	Fr. L.	Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.	N. N.	Nature Notes.
A. A. P. S.	Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.	G. M.	Gentleman's Magazine.	Naut. M.	Nautical Magazine.
Ant.	Antiquary.	G. J.	Geographical Journal.	N. E. M.	New England Magazine.
Arch. R.	Architectural Record.	G. O. P.	Girl's Own Paper.	New R.	New Review.
A.	Arena.	G. W.	Good Words.	New W.	New World.
Arg.	Argosy.	G. T.	Great Thoughts.	N. H.	Newbury House Magazine.
As.	Asclepiad.	G. B.	Greater Britain.	N. C.	Nineteenth Century.
A. Q.	Asiatic Quarterly.	Harp.	Harper's Magazine.	N. A. R.	North American Review.
Ata.	Atlanta.	Hom. R.	Homiletic Review.	O. C.	Our Celebrities.
A. M.	Atlantic Monthly.	I.	Idler.	O. D.	Our Day.
Bank.	Bankers' Magazine.	I. L.	Index Library.	O.	Outing.
Bel. M.	Belford's Monthly.	I. J. E.	International Journal of Ethics.	P. E. F.	Palestine Exploration Fund.
Black.	Blackwood's Magazine.	I. B.	Investors Review.	P. M. M.	Pall Mall Magazine.
B. T. J.	Board of Trade Journal.	Ir. E. R.	Irish Ecclesiastical Record.	Phil. R.	Philosophical Review.
Bkman.	Bookman.	Ir. M.	Irish Monthly.	P. L.	Post-Lore.
C. P. G.	Cabinet Portrait Gallery.	Jew. Q.	Jewish Quarterly.	P. R. R.	Presbyterian and Reformed Review.
Cal. R.	Calcutta Review.	J. Ed.	Journal of Education.	P. M. Q.	Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review.
C. I. M.	Californian Illustrated Magazine.	J. Miro.	Journal of Microscopy.	Psy. R.	Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research.
C. F. M.	Cassell's Family Magazine.	J. P. Econ.	Journal of Political Economy.	Q. J. Econ.	Quarterly Journal of Economics.
C. S. J.	Cassell's Saturday Journal.	J. R. A. S.	Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.	Q. R.	Quarterly Review.
C. W.	Catholi: World.	J. R. C. I.	Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute.	Q.	Quiver.
C. M.	Century Magazine.	Jur. R.	Juridical Review.	R. R. R.	Religious Review of Reviews.
C. J.	Chambers's Journal.	K. O.	King's Own.	Rel.	Reliquary.
Char. R.	Charities Review.	K.	Knowledge.	R. C.	Review of the Churches.
Chart.	Chautauquan.	L. H.	Leisure Hour.	St. N.	St. Nicholas.
Ch. M. I.	Church Missionary Intelligencer.	Libr.	Library.	Sc. A.	Science and Art.
Ch. Q.	Church Quarterly.	Libr. R.	Library Review.	Scots.	Scots Magazine.
C. R.	Contemporary Review.	Lipp.	Lippincott's Monthly.	Scot. G. M.	Scottish Geographical Magazine.
C.	Cornhill.	L. Q.	London Quarterly.	Scot. R.	Scottish Review.
Coa.	Cosmopolitan.	Long.	Longman's Magazine.	Scrib.	Scribner's Magazine.
Crit. R.	Critical Review.	Lut.	Lutifer.	Shake.	Shakespeareana.
D. R.	Dublin Review.	Lud. M.	Ludgate Monthly.	Ser.	Strauld.
Econ. J.	Economic Journal.	Ly.	Lyceum.	Sun. H.	Sunday at Home.
Econ. R.	Economic Review.	Mac.	Macmillan's Magazine.	Sun. M.	Sunday Magazine.
E. R.	Edinburgh Review.	M. A. H.	Magazine of American History.	T. B.	Temple Bar.
Ed. R. A.	Educational Review, America.	Mel. M.	Medical Magazine.	Th.	Theatre.
Ed. R. L.	Educational Review, London.	M. W. D.	Men and Women of the Day.	Think.	Thinker.
Eng. M.	Engineering Magazine.	M. E.	Merry England.	U. S. M.	United Service Magazine.
E. H.	English Historical Review.	Mind.	Mind.	W. R.	Westminster Review.
E. I.	English Illustrated Magazine.	Mis. R.	Missionary Review of the World.	Y. R.	Yale Review.
Ex.	Expositor.	Mol. R.	Modern Review.	Y. M.	Young Man.
Ex. T.	Expository Times.	Mon.	Monist.	Y. W.	Young Woman.
F. L.	Folk-Lore.	M.	Month.		
		M. P.	Monthly Packet.		

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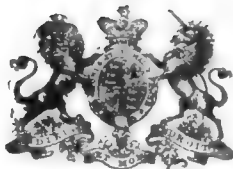
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"As the publication of this case would, I think, do much good, you can make any use you like of this letter, &c. I shall write an account to my relatives living in Tasmania and Queensland, and should suggest your inserting this in the papers there.—I am, dear Sir, yours gratefully, JOHN B. HARDWICKE, Selby Villas, Pottlewell Street, Southend, Essex."

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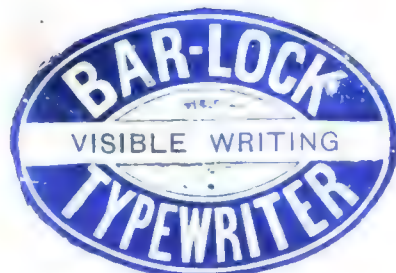
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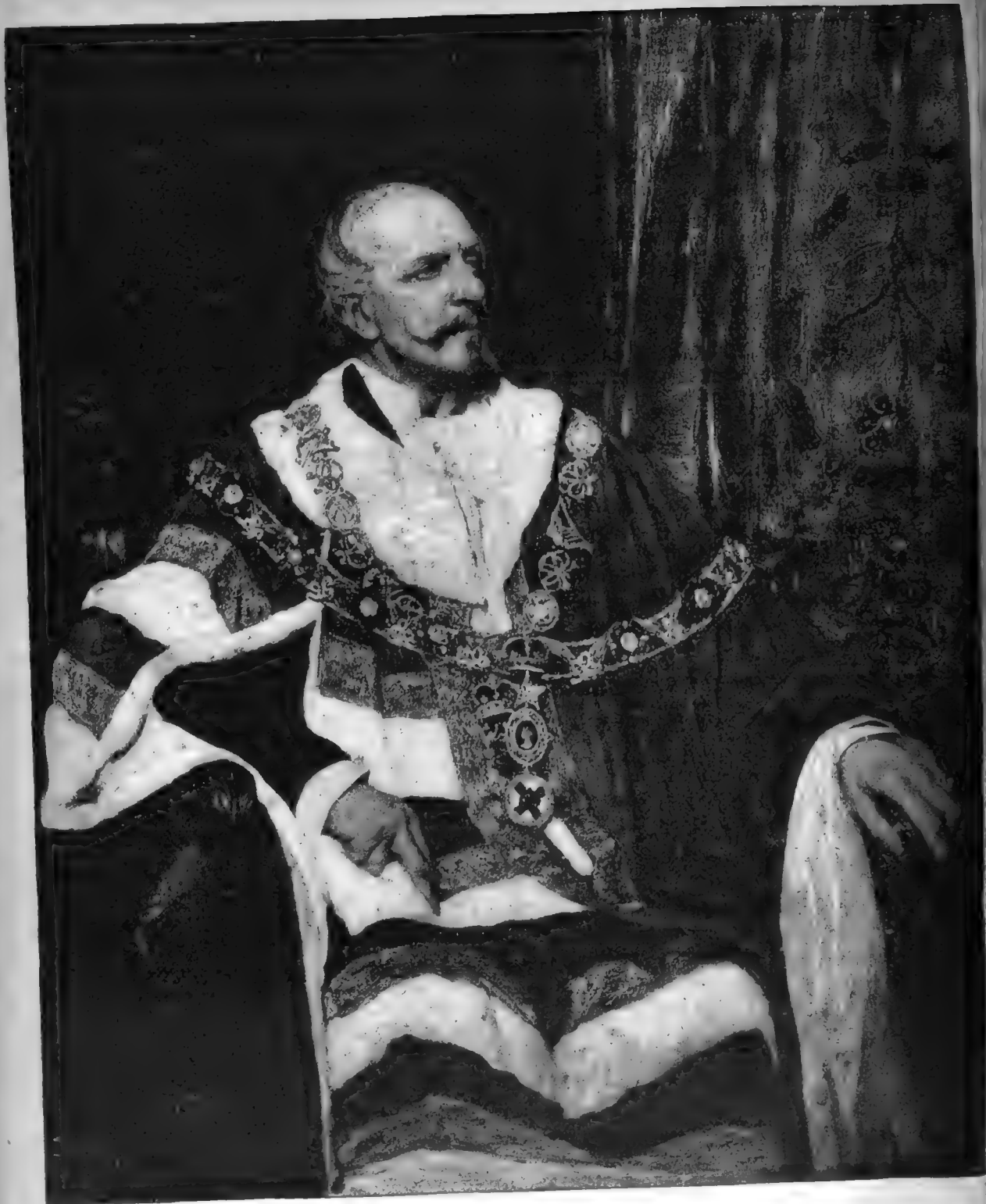
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THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

From a Portrait by M. J. J. Benjamin-Constant. Exhibited in the Paris Salon, 1893.

HARVARD COLLEGE
SEP 25 1893

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, September 1, 1893.

Home Rule
Bill of the
Commons.

To-night the Home Rule Bill is to be read a third time and passed by the House of Commons. Next week it is

to be slaughtered by the Peers, and eager partizans are already straining their ears to catch any echoes of the tom-toms which are beaten daily to incite the indignant electorate to cry, "Down with the House of Lords!" So far the only echo distinctly perceptible is the return of a Unionist by Hereford in place of a Gladstonian M.P., who resigned, sick of the double dose of Clause Nine and the refusal of the Government to espouse the sacred cause of Bimetallism. The outlook is not encouraging to those who would make short work of the Second Chamber. So far from an indignant country

rising in the majesty of its wrath to hurl the Peers into the Thames, it seems probable that if there is to be any demonstration of popular feeling in England, Wales, or Scotland, it will be on the other side.

The Need of a Second Chamber. The curious thing about the present situation is that Ministers have done more than any set of men in this century to convert the electorate to a belief that a Second Chamber is a necessity. They have insisted upon setting up a Second Chamber in Ireland, and Mr.

Gladstone has spent all his eloquence in support of Second Chambers. That, however, is but a small thing compared with the immense object lesson which has been afforded the country of the ease with

which the House of Commons can be gagged and paralysed by the combination of a loquacious minority and a headstrong majority. The country hitherto has believed that the House of Commons could be relied upon to discuss all the clauses of any important Bill fully and carefully, and it was disposed to regard a further discussion in the House of Lords as unnecessary surplusage. The experience of this session has dissipated that illusion. Whether it be the fault of the minority or of the majority, the fact is indisputable that at least one half of the Home Rule Bill has been



MR. C. W. RADCLIFFE COOKE, M.P. FOR HEREFORD.

passed by the House of Commons without any discussion at all. Seeing this, the British elector begins to perceive that there may be something in the "two Chamber superstition" after all. The guillotine in the Commons may prove to be at once the justification and the salvation of the House of Lords.

The Voting Machine.

The process of converting the House of Commons into a mere voting machine has gone on so rapidly that, after having limited liberty of speech, the majority last month

sanctioned a further limitation of the liberty of voting. When the first form of the guillotine was carried, the House at a given moment ceased to debate and voted silently upon all the amendments on the paper. This was not sufficiently drastic for the exigencies of the Ministry. The guillotine brought into use for the closure of the Debate on the Report stage of the Bill deprived the House not only of the right to debate, but also of the right to vote upon the three hundred and odd amendments which were still standing on the paper. The only amendments on which the sense of the House could be taken were those proposed by Ministers; all the others were voted down *en masse*. The result is that the Bill has been got through in August in time to die with the partridges in September, but it will probably be found that the electors grudge the guillotine as the price of Home Rule.

Old Fogey-
dom Ram-
pant.

The House of Commons has landed itself in this deplorable *impasse* chiefly because of its insufferable self-conceit. To begin with, what can be more ridiculous than a Chamber of nearly 700 members with room to seat about 400 comfortably? Or what can be more absurd than setting the whole of these 700 members at work revising the details of a long, complicated measure in Committees of the whole House, without any limitation upon the length of speeches and without any contrivance for expressing their opinion except the cumbrous and tedious process of filing in and out of the Division lobbies? A Chamber in which every member has his seat, and an electric button by which he can vote aye or no without the loss of a moment of time, is surely not beyond the collective wisdom of the grandmother of Parliaments. Neither ought it to be impossible to divide any great measure into sections, referring each section to a special Committee, representing all parties, who would go through all details, only referring to the House, as a whole, questions of general importance. If these Committees were fairly representative of the balance of parties in the House, this arrangement would work no injustice and it would enormously expedite business. This, with a non-party Committee appointed at the beginning of each session to distribute the available time according to the necessity of public business, a competent Chairman of Committees, and a limitation of the length of speeches, might save the House of Commons from perishing beneath public contempt and the mass of its own business. A patent digester that bolts 50 per cent. of its food undigested can

hardly be regarded as up to its work, even at Westminster.

More
Guillotine.

Meanwhile, in the present chaotic condition of affairs, the only remedy possible against obstruction is guillotine, and if that fails then more guillotine. Soon the guillotine will be going always in St. Stephen's as it went *toujours* at Paris in the days of the Terror. It is now announced that if Supply is blocked, Supply is to be thrust through by guillotine delivery, to the great delight of all permanent officials, who, however, may not relish so much the immediate and necessary sequel to such a measure, viz., the reference of all estimates to competent committees with instructions to report to the House only such points as are of too general an interest to be settled in Committee. The application of the guillotine to Supply is a novelty, but there is no reason to believe that Ministers will shrink from ridding themselves in this way of obstructive criticism which is avowedly intended to retard the realisation of their programme.

Mr. Morley has vindicated to the satisfaction of his constituents the conduct of the Government in using the guillotine.

His argument that eighty-two days have been devoted to the Home Rule Bill, and that eighty-two days ought to have been enough, may be sound. He may score a party advantage in heaping all the blame for the scamped work of debate upon the Opposition. But granting the utmost that can be said as to the bad faith and perversity of the minority, it was a minority, and it ought not to have been allowed to practically destroy the House as an arena for debate. The majority have the power, and the majority have the responsibility, and while no reasonable person can object to measures that are necessary for the despatch of public business, a great many people will object to an alternating policy of allowing a saturnalia of obstruction and disorder, and of closing all debate by the guillotine that forbids even a division upon the amendments on the paper. That is not a business-like way of doing business.

Pledges that
cannot be
kept.

There is to be an Autumn Session, in order to enable the Government to make some progress with the Newcastle programme. Mr. Morley told his constituents: "We shall not flinch. We mean to fight it out on these lines all this year"—a variant upon General Grant's famous phrase. What they are going to do in the Autumn Session is, however, not quite clear. Mr. Morley has not rubbed elbows with Mr. Gladstone

so long in the House of Commons without acquiring some of his adroitness in avoiding specific pledges. He spoke vaguely, but in a manner that was intended to convey the idea that the Autumn Session is to be devoted to the Parish Councils Bill. "After this measure," said Mr. Morley—

We have a number of smaller projects. We have given pledges that we will do what we can—and we believe we can do much—to shake off from Wales the yoke of an un-national, and I may say an anti-national, Church. We have given pledges that we will deal with the temperance question to the best of our ability. All these pledges we hope to redeem, and we mean to redeem.

Mr. Morley has forgotten "the tough creeper, and thistle-like plants of strange monstrous growths" which obstruct the legislator's path, to say nothing of "the ferocious black ant" which torments him all the time. Mr. Morley did not name his ant, but there is little doubt that its name is Joe, and its *habitat* Birmingham.

Statistics of the Debate. The discussion of the Bill lasted 82 days, 12 of which were spent on the second reading, when 45 speeches were made for the Bill and 51 against it. The first two clauses were discussed 19 days in Committee. Of the 331 lines of the Bill which have been discussed, 88 lines were added by the Government after the second reading, and 37 were added out of deference to the representations of the Opposition, while 37 lines of the original Bill were struck out. Mr. Morley contends that the amendments added to suit the views of the Opposition were immaterial, and if they were struck out to-morrow, with three or four exceptions, would not make a jot or tittle of difference. That, however, cannot be said of the amendments introduced by the Government, which completely revolutionised the clauses relating to the retention of the Irish Members at Westminster, and to the financial relations between Ireland and Great Britain in the future. So sudden and so complete was the change of front on the vital subject of the retention of the Irish Members that the Liberals at Hereford actually distributed, as the only available electoral ammunition, tracts sent down from the central caucus defending Clause Nine with its unworkable in-and-out arrangement—in happy ignorance of the fact that the in-and-out clause had been abandoned by its own authors!

What is to be done? Before these pages see the light, the Home Rule Bill will be a thing of the past, and everything will have to be begun again. What is to be done? We do not suppose that Mr. Gladstone will propose to consume

another eighty-two days next Session in re-discussing the same Bill all over again. There is a report that he will introduce it in the House of Lords in order to have breathing-time for British legislation in the House of Commons. As this would be equivalent to unceremoniously hanging the question up for another year, Mr. Gladstone is not likely to adopt it, neither is he likely to appeal to the country. Mr. Morley's hint to the electors of Newcastle, "You will have, by-and-by—not very soon, I hope—to decide upon what we have done," indicates plainly enough that there is no intention of immediately appealing to the constituencies. Is there then any middle course? I see only one, and that is the suggestion I made last month. Let the Government introduce a brief Bill empowering an Irish National Convention to frame a Bill for the better government of Ireland, to be submitted, when complete, to the Imperial Parliament for consideration. Why should the Irish not thrash out all these questions for themselves? We should be in a much better position to estimate the chances of a solution of the Irish difficulty if we could have the full free discussion of all the details of the new scheme in Ireland before beginning to discuss the question in Westminster. It would be much more respectful to the Irish to give them an opportunity of saying what it is they really want before attempting to give them what we think they want. The Bill establishing the National Convention need not occupy more than a page of foolscap; it could be discussed and passed in a month, and it would, when thrown out by the House of Lords, afford an admirable fighting programme on which to go to the constituencies. Many Liberals would object to vote for the Home Rule Bill as it left the House of Commons. No Liberal would object to summon into existence an Irish Convention in order that we may be informed, after full and careful consideration, what kind of a Government it is that the Irish really want.

When will the General Election come? The General Election is not to come "very soon," according to Mr. Morley. When will it arrive? Ministers will not dissolve this year if they can help it, and it is improbable that Lord Salisbury, even if he were sent for by the Queen, would advise an immediate dissolution. Whether or not Mr. Gladstone is able to face the House of Commons next year—and neither his sight nor his hearing is as good as it used to be—the Liberal majority will have to force something through that will satisfy the Irish. The House of Lords will, of course, reject that something, whatever it is, and then it is supposed the dissolution will come.

Before it comes Ministers will try to make as good a parade as they can of their legislation; but it is evident, even to the most sanguine, that it will be but a beggarly array of disappointed expectations. The Liberals will blame the Tories, and the Tories will blame Home Rule. The country will blame both, but it will blame itself most of all if it a second time sends up an indecisive majority. A majority of 38 exclusively composed of Irish allies who repudiate as flat blasphemy all suggestions of organic union with the Liberal parties, is not sufficient to force through a great organic change. A majority of 138 would be more adequate. But that at present appears more likely to come on the other side than on ours. In that case the Liberals' chief hope would be in the excessive size of the Unionist majority, and the certainty that the paths of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour will not always coincide.

enthusiastic leader of the forces of the Catholic democracy—has been defeated. M. Clemenceau has to stand the racket of a second ballot. M. Wilson has been elected. There are so few figures in the dead level of mediocrity, which is the characteristic of French politics, that English observers are at some loss to understand the precise significance of the polls.

M. Waddington, addressing a group of newly-elected deputies, pointed out that while everybody was vaguely agreed that certain things were wanted, no one seemed to have any particular idea as to how to get them. "Everybody," he said, "agrees that we want a diminution of expenses, a better division of taxes, the establishment of a serious public debt sinking fund, but nowhere do I find any practical or precise propositions." It is so in other regions than those of



From the Westminster Gazette.]

REPUBLICAN PROGRESS IN FRANCE—THE DECREASE OF THE CONSERVATIVE (BLACK) AREA.

The French Elections.

While we are discussing when our General Election will take place, the French have actually elected their new Chambers. The second ballots are still to be taken, but it would seem that Siam has wiped out Panama, and that the French elector is inclined to give his present rulers a fresh lease of life. The ultimate issue of the elections is somewhat obscure. The result of the first day's polls was as follows:—

Republicans and Radicals—more or less moderate . . .	315
Radicals and Socialists—more or less extreme . . .	30
Conservatives	58
"Rallied" Conservatives	13
	<hr/> 414

140 second ballots are necessary. The Republicans have gained 63 seats, so far, and expect to gain more. M. Jules Guesde has been elected as Socialist representative of Roubaix. The best man in French politics—M. de Mun, the pious, eloquent and

finance. The only fixed and definite idea in the French mind seems to be a determination to keep up the biggest army in Europe. That is clear. Everything else is vague, and especially the question as to the use to be made of that army now they have got it. Here and there observers report a curious antipathy to England, and warnings are raised that France might possibly deem it wiser to "run into something cheap" by attacking England, rather than stake her existence on the dubious issue of a conflict with Germany. There are fools and madmen of the criminal type on both sides the Channel, but such a contingency as that of a French attack upon England can hardly be contemplated as probable except in case a whole nation once more went mad.

The Pope as Grand Elector.

Nothing is more interesting in the French elections than to note the result of the Pope's intervention. The Pope would appear to have gained his end by the sacrifice of his

faithful followers. He has sacrificed his dragoons but gained the pass, and that is probably justification enough in his eyes for the very decided and dangerous step which he took in ordering the French Catholics to execute a right-about-face on the very eve of the election. There is something very fascinating to the human imagination in the spectacle of this aged priest of the Vatican intervening with decisive voice in the electoral arena of Voltairean France. Having put his hand to the plough, Leo the Thirteenth, by a second letter issued on the eve of the balloting, showed that he has no intention of letting go until he has finished his furrow. Many Catholics in France, M. D'Haussonville at their head, had refused to rally to the Republic on various pretexts. They explained away the Pope's counsels, and declared that their zeal for the Catholic Church rendered it impossible for them to support the Republic, which is but legalised Freemasonry. To all such malcontents the Pope replied with as much vigour and effect as if, instead of being Leo XIII., he had been a Mr. Chamberlain, denouncing disaffection in a caucus. "It is both unfortunate and absurd," said the chief pastor sarcastically, "that our counsel should meet with any one who, boasting that he has more solicitude for the Church than we ourselves, arrogates to himself the right of speaking in its name against the teachings, instructions, and prescriptions of Him who is at once the protector and the head of the Church." The Pope, it is evident, will stand no nonsense when he acts as Grand Elector.

And yet and yet, the dear good old Pope will have to learn, like all other men, that there is no such thing as infallibility in politics, and that popes can blunder just as badly as heretics when they take to wire-pulling. In the present instance the general judgment of impartial outsiders no doubt is heartily on the side of the Pope. He is doing to-day what Cardinal Manning urged him to do many years since. But how inconsistent it is, to be sure! The Kingdom of Italy has been constituted longer than the French Republic. The interests of the Church suffer far more grievously in Italy than they do in France from the maintenance of an attitude of irreconcilable hostility to the established Government. But where is the Archpope who has the right to preach to His Holiness of the Vatican the excellent sermon which the latter has just preached to the Royalists of France? Who is there who can persuade the Vaticani "to recognise and loyally preserve the Constitution of the country as it

is established . . . that thus in common fraternal effort they might provide for the prosperity of the "Common Fatherland"? Alas! there is no such potentate, and the unfortunate but well-meaning Leo has to blunder on without the benefit of guidance from any superior authority, such as he by his position is able to give to the Reactionaries of France.

Franco-Italian Animosity.

There is little doubt that if France went to war with Italy, many in the Vatican would eagerly welcome the French invader in the hope that the bayonets of the foreigner might re-establish the temporal power. And the excitement caused by the bloody fracas at Aigues-Mortes was a very disagreeable reminder how easily the two Latin nations might come to blows. Aigues-Mortes is a small town noted for its salt-works, in the south-east of France, not very far from Nîmes. The introduction of some Italian labourers at one of the salt-works led to bad blood between the new-comers and the Frenchmen, who regarded the Italians as blacklegs and knobsticks and scabs, to use the three technical terms employed by the English, Americans, and Australians to describe the workman who works for less than the standard rate of wages. Bickerings rapidly developed into fighting, and as all these southern workmen are armed, it was no mere affair of fisticuffs. When two Frenchmen were killed, the French workmen rose *en masse* and hunted down the Italians as if they had been wild beasts. In vain the police and gendarmes endeavoured to separate the infuriated combatants. The Italians, although outnumbered and besieged in barricaded farmsteads, fought savagely, and it is estimated that fifty were killed and one hundred and fifty wounded on both sides before the arrival of the soldiery stopped the bloodshed. The Italians being cleared out, the mayor issued an astonishing proclamation congratulating the townsmen upon their success and the complete satisfaction of their demands. It is satisfactory to know that this functionary was promptly made to resign, but his proclamation sheds a sinister gleam of light upon the state of French sentiment in the district.

The Agitation in Italy.

The immediate result of the bloodshed in Aigues-Mortes was a series of popular demonstrations against France in the Italian cities, which might very easily have brought about the long-expected war. Angry mobs in Rome attacked the French Embassy, and it was not without considerable display of armed force that the Italian Government was able to prevent the populace from looting the Embassy. In other cities more or less

serious attacks were made upon Frenchmen, and in one case the tramcars of a French company were burned. Fortunately it suited neither Governments to allow the passion of the mob to precipitate a general war, and hence both at Rome and at Paris every disposition was shown to accept the official explanations, and to declare the incident at an end. The *causa causans* of the incident is, however, by no means at an end. That is the influx of foreign labour into France. The French census returns published last month show that the number of foreigners in France rises even more rapidly than the French population declines. In 1851 there were only 63,307 Italians in France, in 1891 their number had risen to 286,042. Forty years ago foreigners of all nationalities domiciled in France only numbered 380,000; to-day they number 1,130,211. The Belgians alone number 465,860. The Belgian, the Italian, and the Spaniard represent to the French workman the danger with which Chinese cheap labour menaces the Australian and the Californian. Hence these attacks on the Italians, of which M. de Rochefort, according to an interesting interview in the *Daily Chronicle*, heartily approves.

The Zurich Congress. When French and Italian workmen were cutting each other's throats on the

Mediterranean, the representatives of the workmen of all nations were engaged in discussing at an International Congress at Zurich how best to impress the *bourgeoisie* and upper classes generally with a sense of the solidarity of labour. As a matter of fact, which is only too patent, there is no such thing. There is far more intense animosity between workmen who undersell each other in the labour market than there is between German and Frenchman. The old national feuds are effete and anæmic compared with the savage hatred that prevails between the unionist and the blackleg. The French salt-workers did not shoot their Italian brothers because they spoke Italian and were subjects of King Humbert, but because they were willing to work for so many francs less per week than the standard wage. The Zurich Congress, however, was notable enough in its way, if only because of the conspicuous superiority of Mr. Hodge, the Scotch chairman, over all the others who filled the chair. The day Mr. Hodge presided, the Congress despatched more business than on all the other days put together. In all future Congresses it would be well to provide that no one but a Scotchman shall occupy the chair. The Anarchists were expelled—not without much preliminary hubbub—after which

the Congress was permitted to despatch its business. These Congresses may do good if they teach the leaders of the European workmen the importance of learning English, and familiarise the workers of the Continent with the practical methods of English trade unionists.

The odd perversity which leads some reformers never to lose a chance of Women at the Congress. tweaking the noses of their best friends

was conspicuously illustrated by the drafting of the Zurich resolution about woman's labour. Notwithstanding the fact that the working women have no more loyal supporters than the advocates of woman's rights, the framers of the resolution demanding legislative protection for women actually prefaced it by a preamble asserting that "the middle-class women's rights movement rejects all special legislation on behalf of working women." Fortunately this calumny was detected in time by the delegates of the British women, and the aspersion was condemned by the Congress. The resolution demanded the following measures for the protection of working women:—

1. A maximum working day of eight hours for women, and of six hours for young persons under 18.
2. Cessation of work for thirty-six consecutive hours in every week.
3. Prohibition of night labour.
4. Prohibition of labour in all trades especially dangerous to health.
5. Prohibition of women working two weeks before, and four weeks after confinement.
6. The appointment of an adequate number of women inspectors for all trades and industries in which women are employed.
7. The above provisions to apply to all girls and women employed in factories, workshops, shops, home industries, and in agricultural labour.

The Coal Strike.

It must be admitted that we have not had much reason to boast of our superior method of settling trade disputes, when our papers are full of narratives of the misery and strife occasioned by the refusal of the Miners' Federation to go to arbitration on the demand for a reduction of wages. The Miners' Federation for some time past appears to have been managed for no other reason than to prove how much more sensible are the miners of Northumberland and Durham than those who belong to the Federation. If Mr. Pickard had but been as sagacious and courageous a man as Mr. Burt, the miners would have been saved a million of money. The loss of wages occasioned by the refusal to arbitrate is but a small evil compared with the savage animosity that such a strike lets

loose. In South Wales, the determination of the men of Ebbw Vale to continue working led to such threats of an intimidatory invasion on the part of the Rhondda miners as to compel the authorities to fill the district with troops, and to prepare for a squalid outbreak of civil war. Fortunately the soldiers being ready to hand, and the distance between the Rhondda valley and Ebbw Vale sufficient to tire out the invading forces before they came to blows, no blood was shed. But the whole episode is disgraceful to the civilisation of the community, and it is much to be regretted that any support should have been given to those who inflicted this grave calamity upon the country by their refusal to submit their case to the judgment of an impartial arbitrator.

The Arbitration about the Seals. While workmen refuse to arbitrate, the diplomatists who represent the older régime, concerning which so many hard things have been said, are congratulating themselves upon the successful issue of the Behring Sea arbitration. The pleadings, which were long and able, have been fully heard, and the decision upon all the material points is virtually unanimous. All the impartial arbitrators, that is to say the representatives of France, Sweden, and Italy, have decided in favour of the British view of the case. One of the American arbitrators voted for the American contention all through, but his colleague voted with the majority on the most vital points. We have now, therefore, gained an authoritative decision by a thoroughly competent court that the American claim to treat the northern end of the Pacific Ocean as an American lake is absolutely baseless, and without any justification either in fact or in international law. That is very satisfactory, for if there is one thing more objectionable than another it is a tribunal which gives an uncertain sound. Not less satisfactory is the unanimous recommendation of the arbitrators that rigorous measures should be taken at once to protect the fur seal from the destruction which threatens to deprive ladies of sealskin jackets before the close of the century. The American Government which seized Canadian sealers in contravention of what is now declared to be the law, will pay compensation, and the two Governments will lose no time in carrying out the other recommendations of the arbitrators. It is probable that Russia and Japan as well as Britain and America will have to be parties to the Seal Protection Act. It will be odd if a Pacific Concert should come into existence for the preservation of the seal as the European Concert was created to

secure the preservation of the Ottoman Empire. Of the two the seal is much the worthier object.

War and Rumours of War.

It is remarked by a writer in *Lippincott* that of all the exhibits at the World's Fair, there is none which attracts such immense crowds as the exhibit of arms and munitions of war. This may be no sign of martial hankerings on the part of Uncle Sam, but simply the love of the unfamiliar. In Europe quick-firing guns are too common to attract a crowd. In the United States, where you may spend a lifetime and never see a soldier, the weapons of his dreadful trade appear to be of all curios the most curious. Here in Europe we are habituated not only to their exhibition, but to their use, although, fortunately, Europeans use them mostly upon the natives of other continents than their own. The French having extorted twenty shillings in the pound from the Siamese, have, as an after-thought, made their claim guineas, and the new demand has threatened a rupture of negotiations which may end in a renewal of hostilities. The Siamese, with great efforts, paid their indemnity and ceded their territory, only to find that the French negotiator sprung new demands upon them, which it is stated practically amount to the recognition of a French protectorate. The French have a giant's strength, and they do not deem it tyrannous to use it like a giant. Lord Dufferin, who has displayed his usual tact and good-humoured wisdom in preventing misunderstandings between England and France, is perhaps the most important public man in the British Empire just now. A single false step or one impatient word on his part, and Europe—and not Europe only—might enter upon the fatal incline which leads to war.

Lobengula, the lord of the Matabele, is in a dangerous mood. He has refused the subsidy he has hitherto received with alacrity from the Chartered Company, and has sent a message to Mr. Rhodes by Mr. Collenbrander, our agent at Buluwayo, that he will pay no damages and make no reparation until the Mashonas at Victoria are given up to him. To emphasise his dissatisfaction, impis are said to have taken up positions on the Toku river west of Victoria, and on the Sebaki, half way to Fort Salisbury. Dr. Jamieson, a shrewd and cool administrator, has telegraphed that the situation is impossible. Mr. Selous, the famous elephant-hunter, has hurried off to the scene of action, and the Bishop of Derry, who is at Cape Town, has indited an eloquent letter, inviting the British to the smashing of Lobengula. It is calculated that

the enterprise could be accomplished for half a million, and it is urged that the money would be well spent. All the same, we sincerely hope that Lobengula will not force matters to an issue at present. It may be necessary to increase the number of fortified posts along the frontier of Mashonaland, and to multiply the number of Maxim guns, for of course we cannot allow the Matabele to raid and massacre our Mashona workmen. But, notwithstanding the bishop's exhortations, the memory of the Zulu war is too recent for any one to undertake with a light heart a campaign against Buluwayo. It is a great consolation to know that Mr. Rhodes is dealing with the dusky Napoleon of the Matabele. He will not use steel if gold will serve his turn.

Uganda and East Africa.

Sir Gerald Portal's plan for the settlement of Uganda has at last been published in the *Times*, from which I reproduce the map overleaf. It is curious to see the old world feud between the Protestants and Catholics reproduced in the heart of a savage continent. Sir G. Portal's arrangement gives to the Catholics

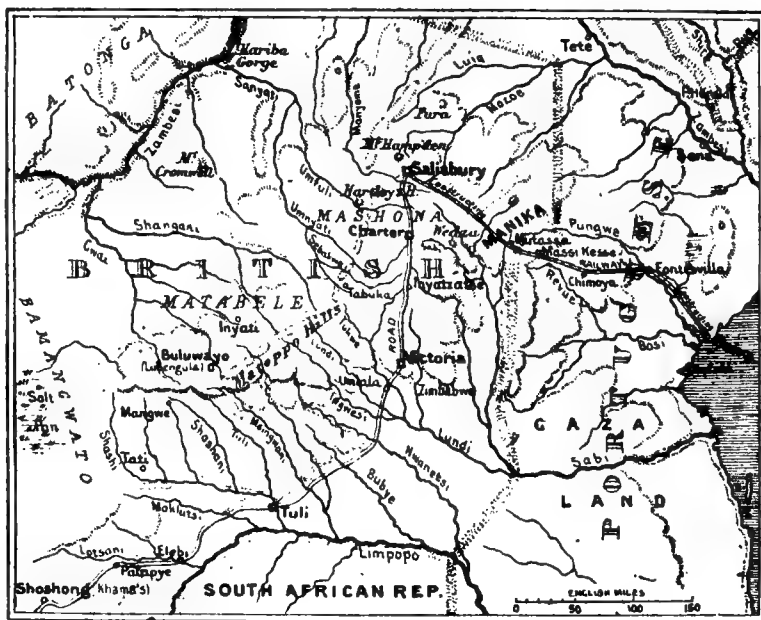
about one-quarter of the country which formerly was Protestant. It is impossible here to question the wisdom of an arrangement which has been agreed to by both the contending Churches at the instance of the British Commissioner. The settlement is probably the best attainable. But Uganda is a topsy-turvy land, where ordinary rules seem no longer to prevail. Otherwise how can it be explained that the Church Missionary Society's agents should have demanded that any native changing his religion should forfeit his estates? It does not seem as if these worthy men had much reason to expect many converts to Protestantism. Fortunately the British State, as represented by Sir Gerald Portal, was wiser than the

Anglican missionaries, and liberty of conscience is officially proclaimed throughout Uganda. This settlement of Uganda will probably necessitate sooner or later—probably sooner rather than later—the absorption of the territory of the British East African Company by the British protectorate of Zanzibar. That company having sunk nearly half a million in a gallant attempt to occupy and administer the immense tract of Africa lying between Zanzibar and the Victoria Nyanza, now declare they can no longer carry on under the limitations which prevent them levying taxes on the country which they are expected to govern. The East African Company saved the situation when the future of these territories trembled in the balance, and it is probable that the whole of the

region under their care will soon be absorbed into the British protectorate of Zanzibar.

Prince Bismarck on the Stump.

The Germans have spent a million and a quarter in East Africa without having much to show for it; but German attention at present is occupied with burning questions nearer home. Prince Bismarck, who has been taking

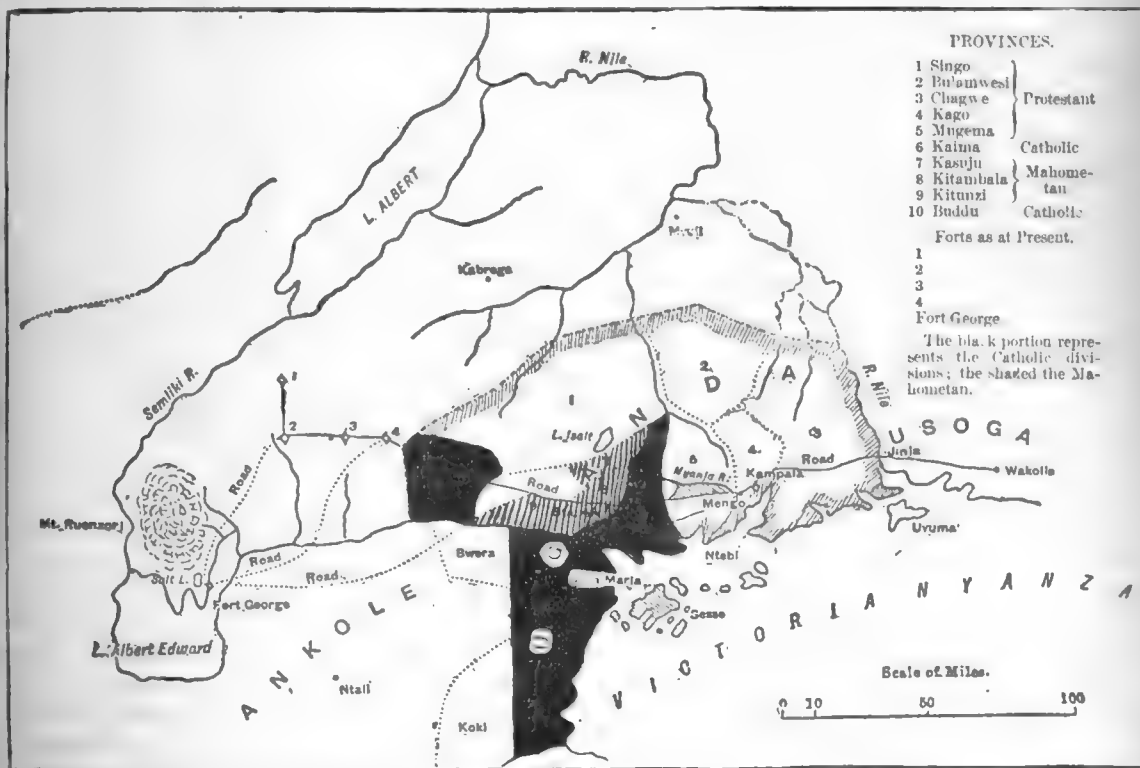


the waters at Kissingen, has been making speech after speech intended to embarrass Count Caprivi, and to excite the alarm of the mediatized states which he embodied under the ægis of Prussia in the German Empire. The Government of Germany, he declares, should be ruled, not by a Chancellor who consults no one but himself and his aide-de-camp, but by the united efforts of twenty-five governments. The Federal Diets ought to interrogate their Ministers as to what they were doing under lock and key in the Federal Council, "just to keep the interest alive." This he indignantly declares is not particularism. It is, on the contrary, particularism of the worst kind to attempt to replace the Imperial by the Prussian Government—"a thing I

should never dream of doing." It is Napoleon at St. Helena over again, with this important difference: that the present-day-vanquished is allowed to grumble and to criticise at large, instead of pouring forth his sorrows to the sympathetic ears of a private secretary.

The death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who was the brother of our Prince Albert, removes one of those German Princes whose worth is much better appreciated in the Fatherland than in this country. For its importance arises from the fact that the new

to the Referendum. By the Referendum, the authorities can appeal to the people to vote "Yes" or "No" upon any specific measure. By the Initiative a certain number of private citizens can compel the authorities to submit any proposal which they desire to see carried into effect to a mass vote. The first topic upon which this Initiative was exercised was rather an odd one. The Jews among their many virtues do not include that of the merciful slaughter of animals. It is contrary to the Jewish religion to put an animal out of pain before you cut its throat.



THE NEW TERRITORIAL DIVISION OF UGANDA.

Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is no other than our own Duke of Edinburgh, who is now a German reigning Prince, and as such, we suppose, will have to take the field or take the sea against France should the long-expected war break out in his time. Another death that occurred last month was that of a very different person—Dr. Charcot, the famous physician of the Salpêtrière, whose death makes one more gap in the rapidly thinning ranks of notable Frenchmen.

One of the most interesting incidents in the history of last month was the first application of the principle of the Initiative in Switzerland. The Initiative is the complement

This offends the German Swiss, and a proposal to forbid the slaughter of all animals which have not been previously stunned, was submitted to a mass vote of the whole of the citizens. In order to carry out such a proposal it was necessary that it should be carried by a majority of cantons as well as by a majority of the citizens. The result was that the proposal was carried by a majority of one canton 11½ voting for prohibition, and 10½ against it. The mass vote was 195,000 to 120,000. It is curious to note that the voting went almost exact, German against French, the German canton of Zurich voting six to one against the Jewish canton of Bern.

slaughter, and the French canton at Geneva voting six to one in favour of it.

Armenia and its Oppressors. The question of the redress of the wrongs of the Armenians has been brought before the attention of the House of Commons and of the British public by representations in the Press. It is satisfactory to find the Government, through Mr. Bryce, recognise their responsibilities in this matter. As a matter of fact we are peculiarly responsible for the prevention of those atrocities with which the Turks from time to time variegated the monotony of their mal-administration. We are responsible first as one of the signatories of the Berlin Treaty, the sixty-first article of which expressly stipulates that the Turks shall govern Armenia decently. Secondly, we are exceptionally responsible because it was owing to Lord Beaconsfield more than any other statesman that the guarantees of the treaty of San Stefano were annulled by the Berlin Congress. Thirdly, we have an explicit and precise obligation under the Anglo-Turkish Convention by virtue of which we "conveyed" Cyprus. Of course we cannot always be re-opening the Eastern Question in order to redress the wrongs of the Armenians, but it would be well if Lord Rosebery and the English Press would endeavour to put a little more pressure upon the Grand Turk. We cannot of course send our ironclads to train their guns upon the Sultan's Palace on the Bosphorus, but Sir C. Ford might be instructed to put a little more pepper into his representations than he would feel justified in doing in default of special instructions to that effect. It is to Russia, however, that the Armenians will really have to look for their protection.

Silver. The action of the Indian Government in closing the mints produced an immediate effect in the United States, where they have been on the verge of a financial crisis owing to the lack of circulating medium. The Silver Act has been now repealed at Washington, and there is a general expectancy all along the line that something is going to happen somewhere, but no one knows where and what. Meantime Mr. W. H. Grenfell felt strongly enough on the subject to resign his seat in the House of Commons rather than support a Ministry which would not be bi-metallic, and Mr. Balfour has gone down to preach the gospel of bi-metallism to the City of London; but so far there has been no sign of grace on the part of the City.

The Bombay Riots. On the 12th of August, Bombay passed through an experience which served as an opportune reminder of the necessity for the strong arm of the British soldier in the midst of the explosive compounds with which our Eastern Magazine is packed. The Prayer Day of the Mohammedans happened to coincide on the 10th of August with the holiday Diewara of the Hindoos. When the Hindoos have a holiday, they beat tomtoms, and the vigorous beating of tomtoms near a Hindoo temple does not conduce to the devotional tranquillity of the worshippers in the adjacent mosques. After standing it for a time, the tomtoming seems to have got upon the nerves of the Mohammedans, and two thousand of them rushed out of one mosque to attack a Hindoo temple. Fierce fighting ensued, and for the next couple of days Bombay was in a state of siege. Thirty-six people were killed, one thousand persons were arrested, nineteen special magistrates were appointed, cavalry, artillery, and gun-boats were held in readiness to reinforce the authorities; but, happily, after two days' effervescence, everything calmed down. There were similar riots in Burma several weeks before, which began there in the killing of a cow, one of the favourite methods by which the Mohammedans outrage the sensibilities of the Hindoos. No one in India ever forgets what is frequently ignored by people at home, namely, that Hindoos and Mohammedans hate each other almost as much as, let us say, the pilgrims of rival Christian creeds who meet at the Holy Sepulchre.

The Labour Question. Parliament being relieved from the pre-occupation of discussing Home Rule, has had an opportunity of considering some other questions which did not exclusively relate to a minority of one-eighth of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. Among others, it has heard and approved of the Ministerial proposals for improving the condition of workmen employed by the State. This was the idea which Sir John Gorst brought back from Berlin, when he asked: "Why not make the State a model employer?" He was thwarted by his colleagues who had charge of the Spending Departments, but the present Ministry is more amenable to the pressure of the friends of labour. The report of the Royal Commission on labour has not yet appeared, but a very interesting document has been published containing the reports of two Sub-Commissioners on the condition of farm labourers in Ireland. Mr. O'Brien reports that a marked and substantial improvement has taken place within the last ten or fifteen years, the facts being)

perfectly clear and unambiguous. The house accommodation, however, is execrable, and on one point the Commissioners make an observation that may well be taken to heart by those who are considering the question raised by our article on the "Wasted Wealth of King Demos :"—

Whatever be the merits or demerits of landlordism, one cannot fail to be struck by the remarkable contrast between the practical outcome of it in England and in Ireland, respectively, in regard to the habits and condition of the labourers. In most of the English districts visited there were signs of the interest taken by the landlord in the condition of the peasantry—signs that he is using his influence to compel and educate the peasant to take an interest in his own condition. In the Irish districts it was quite the exception to find anything of the kind. Even at the lodges of private mansions there was often as much dirt and disorder as would be found in the meanest hovel.

The Weather.

In England last month the one topic which had precedence over all others was the heat. The

oldest inhabitant can hardly recall such a phenomenal summer as we have enjoyed this year. If only for once in a way, it is well that a nation which governs so many tropical countries should have a taste of tropical heat. When the thermometer is over 90 in the shade, we begin to understand many things that happen in what may be

called the red-hot countries which are quite inconceivable to dwellers in temperate climates. Notwithstanding the intense heat, we have been singularly free from the cholera, and so far the much threatened water famine has not occasioned much distress. The cholera seems to be slower on its legs than it used to be. This year it is prowling around Russia and

Galicja, but the dreaded advance westward is probably postponed until next year.

The Russo-German Tariff War.

The Tariff War between Russia and Germany continues, nor is there any prospect of it abating for at least a month to come. The Germans, being more articulate than the Russians, give more free expression to the sense of inconvenience which this commercial war occasions them. Russia, on the other hand, may suffer more, but, being dumb, says nothing. One of the curious results of this quarrel is that Austria and Russia are drawing



H.H. THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA, K.G.

much more closer together commercially. "It is an ill wind that blows no one any good," and the world could tolerate a temporary inconvenience on the Russo-German frontier if it led to the assuaging of the bitterness which has so long prevailed between Vienna and St. Petersburg.

DIARY FOR AUGUST.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

- July 30. Fighting at Rosario, in Argentina.
 31. Close of the International Sanitary and Public Health Congress at Edinburgh.
 Annual Meeting of the British Archaeological Association opened at Winchester.
 Fourth Annual Meeting of the British East Africa Company.
 Foundation Stone of the New Free Library at Southwark laid by Mr. R. K. Causton.
 Demonstration of Miners at Whitehaven.
 The Spanish Budget voted by the Senate.
 Commercial Treaties with Norway and Sweden, Switzerland, and Holland, ratified by the Spanish Senate.
 Aug. 1. Opening of the British Medical Association's Meeting at Newcastle.
 Opening of the Welsh Eisteddfod at Pontypridd.
 The Second Ultimatum accepted by Stum.
 Ecstasy Explosion in Vienna.
 Meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers opened at Middlesbrough.



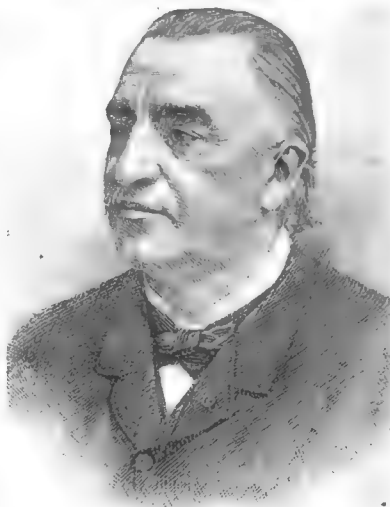
THE LATE MR. ABEL HEYWOOD.
 (From a photograph by Guttenberg, Manchester.)

2. Resignation of Mr. Grenfell, M.P. for Hereford.
 Close of the Bimetallist League Convention at Chicago.
 4. Shock of Earthquake in the Midland Counties.
 Close of the British Medical Association Meeting at Newcastle.
 The Riots at Bangkok raised.
 Annual Meeting of the Hospitals Association.
 Close of the Naval Manoeuvres.
 5. Demonstration at Liverpool to protest against the Gag in the House of Commons.
 6. Opening of the Corinth Canal.
 Opening of the International Socialist Congress at Zurich.
 End of the Norton Forgeries Trial at Paris; sentences of imprisonment on Norton and Ducret.
 7. Extra Session of the American Congress opened.
 Resignation of De Costa, Governor of Buenos Ayres.

- Boat Accident at Port Talbot, South Wales; 22 lives lost.
 Foresters' High Court at Bristol opened.
 Opening of Shoeburyness Meeting.
 Meeting of Volunteers at Aldershot opened.
 8. President Cleveland's Message read in both Houses of Congress.
 Deputation to Mr. Arnold Morley re the Queens-town Mills.
 9. Parnellite Convention at Dublin.
 New Bank Bill passed by the Italian Senate.
 Close of the Libel Action of Allan Bros. v. Mr. J. H. Wilson and Others; verdict for the plaintiffs.
 10. Close of the Conference of German Finance Ministers at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine.
 11. Religious Riots at Bombay.
 Bill passed by the House of Representatives at Auckland conferring Parliamentary Franchise on Women.
 Release of Tim and Luke Delahunty and Joseph Walker, Irish Prisoners.
 Conference of Inspectors of Weights and Measures.
 Halifax Election Petition dismissed.
 Prince Bismarck presented with an address at Kissingen.
 12. Railway Accident on the Taff Vale Railway; 12 killed.
 Close of the Socialist Congress at Zurich.
 New Cabinet in the Argentine Republic.
 14. International Meeting of Railway Servants at Zurich.
 15. Award of the Tribunal of Arbitration on the Behring Sea Dispute.
 Reports of Serious Floods in Hungary.
 Boating Accident on the Shannon River; 17 lives lost.
 16. Opening of the Anti-Alcohol Congress at the Hague.
 The Constitution passed by the Legislative Assembly of Western Australia.
 Commercial Treaty between Great Britain and Serbia ratified.
 Franco-Italian Labour Riots at Aigues-Mortes; seven killed.
 17. Opening of the Congress of the Association of Sanitary Inspectors at Glasgow.
 Rioting in the Ebbw Valley.
 18. Close of the Anti-Alcohol Congress at the Hague.
 19. Co-operative Festival of the Crystal Palace.
 British Day at the World's Fair.
 20. General Election in France.
 Conflicts between Russian and Finnish Troops in Finland.
 21. Close of the Session of the Serbian Parliament.
 Opening of a New Public Library and a Swimming Bath at Westminster.
 Memorial to Scottish-American Soldiers unveiled at Edinburgh.
 Anti-French Demonstrations in Italy.
 Labour Riot in Vienna.
 22. Special Conference at Westminster on the Miners' Strike.
 News received of a Rising in British East Africa.
 Fighting at Corrientes, in Argentina.
 23. Strike Riots in Naples.
 25. Scotch Deputation to Mr. Gladstone re Disestablishment in Scotland.
 The Proposal for the Separation of the Central Division of Queensland rejected by the Legislative Assembly at Brisbane by 32 to 15 votes.
 26. End of the Socialist Trial at Prague; Seven Men sent to Prison and Eight Acquitted.
 28. Funeral of the Duke of Coburg.
 Unconditional Repeal of the Silver Purchase Law Repeal Bill carried in the United States House of Representatives by 241 to 109.
 29. Meeting of the Coal Owners' Confederation at Westminster Palace Hotel.
 Disastrous Cyclone in America.
 30. Conference of Delegates from Working Men's Clubs, at Holborn, to consider the Clubs Registration Bill.
 Demonstration of Cabmen on the Thames Embankment to discuss their Grievances.

BY-ELECTIONS.

Aug. 8. Mayo (West).—
 Mr. Deasy having resigned, a by-election was held, with the result that Dr. Robert Ambrose, Anti-Parnellite Nationalist, was returned unopposed.
 In 1885: (P) 4,790
 (C) 131
 Parnellite majority 4,659
 In 1886: Mr. Deasy (P) was returned unopposed.



THE LATE DR. CHARCOT.
 (From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.)

	In 1892:	
(N)	3,456
(Independent)	609
Nationalist majority	..	2,847
15. Hereford :—		
Owing to the resignation of Mr. W. H. Grenfell, a by-election was held, with the following result :—		
Mr. Radcliffe Cooke (C)	1,604
Sir Joseph Puley (GL)	1,460
Conservative majority	..	44
In 1885 :	In 1886 :	
(L) 1,360	(C) 1,401	
(C) 1,296	(L) 1,136	
Liberal majority	64	Con. majority 265
In 1892 :		
(L)	1,507	
(C)	1,380	
Liberal majority	..	127

SPEECHES.

July 29. Prof. Jebb, at Cambridge, on the Work of the Universities for the Nation.

Aug. 2. Mrs. Henry Fawcett, at Cambridge, on the Social Progress of Women.

Sir Charles Russell, at Hackney, on the Government.

3. Mr. Balfour, at the Mansion House, on the Currency Question.

Mr. Hayes Fisher, at Wallham Green, on the Affray in the House.

Lord Aberdeen, at Aberdeen, on Canada.

5. Mr. Gladstone, at Islington, on Industry and Art.

Mr. Logan, at Knighton, on the Affray in the House.

7. Lord George Hamilton, at Warwick, on the Home Rule Bill.

11. Sir Richard Temple, at St. James's Hall, on Siam.

12. Sir Henry James, at Sheffield, on the Home Rule Bill.

Mr. Sydney Buxton, at Woolwich, on Trade Unions.

16. Mr. Edward Stanhope, at Rochester, on the Home Rule Bill.

19. Mr. Forwood, at Liverpool, on the Government.

21. Lord Cross, at Workington, on the Home Rule Bill.

22. Prince Bismarck on a Greater Prussia.

24. Duke of Devonshire, at Otley, on the Home Rule Bill.

26. Mr. John Morley, at Newcastle, on the Home Rule Bill.

Mr. Atherley-Jones, at Consett, on the Home Rule Bill.

M. Waddington, at Laon, on the French Government.

Sir John Thompson, at Ottawa, on the Behring Sea Award.

27. Prince Bismarck, at Kissingen, on Prussian Particularism in the Ministry.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

July 31. Second Reading of the Elementary Education (Blind and Deaf Children) Bill.

Third Reading of the Isolation Hospitals Bill.

Second Reading of the Irish Education Act (1892) Amendment (No. 2) Bill.

Second Reading of the Married Women's Property Act (1882) Amendment Bill.

Aug. 1. The Statute Law Revision (No. 2) Bill passed.

3. Third Reading of the Housing of the Working Classes Act (190) Amendment Bill.

4. Third Reading of the Land Transfer Bill, of the Trust Investment Bill, and of the Conveyance of Mails Bill.

7. Discussion on the Indian Currency Question.

8. Second Reading of the Public Libraries (Ireland) Acts Amendment Bill.

24. Third Reading of the Elementary Education (Blind and Deaf Children) Bill.

28. Second Reading of the Elementary Education (School Attendance) Bill.

Third Reading of the Industrial and Provident Societies Bill and of the Public Works Loans (No. 2) Bill.

29. Second Reading of the Companies (Winding-up) Bill.

Discussion on Higher Education in Wales.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

July 31. Discussion on the Affray in the House on July 27.

Vote for the Education Department agreed to.

Aug. 1. Civil Service Estimates; Votes for Surveys of the United Kingdom and Public Education in England and Wales.

2. Civil Service Estimates; Discussion on France and Siam; Sir Richard Temple's Motion to reduce the item relating to the Foreign Office discussed and withdrawn.

3. Committee of Supply; Discussions on the Importation of Live Cattle from Canada, and other items.

4. Votes for Civil Service and Revenue Departments, and Discussion on the Administration of Ireland.

7. Report Stage of the Home Rule Bill.



THE LATE MR. JOHN HORNIMAN.

8. Discussion on Canal Tolls and Charges.

Discussion on the Indian Currency Bill.

Report Stage of the Home Rule Bill continued.

9. Report Stage of the Home Rule Bill continued.

10. Consideration of the Lords' Amendments to the London Improvements Bill; Sir John Lubbock's Motion to restore the Betterment Clause carried by 221 to 88.

Amendments to the Home Rule Bill further considered.

11. Report Stage of the Home Rule Bill continued. Third Reading of the Contagious Diseases (Animals) (Swine Fever) Bill.

14. Report Stage of the Home Rule Bill resumed. Third Reading of the Elementary Education (School Attendance) Bill.

15. Report Stage of the Home Rule Bill continued. Second Reading of the Statute Law Revision (No. 2) Bill; of the Copyhold (Consolidation) Bill; of the Trustee (Consolidation) Bill; of the Isolation (Hospitals) Bill; and of the Public Health (London) Act (1891) Amendment Bill.

16. Report Stage of the Home Rule Bill continued. Third Reading of the Shop Hours Act (1892) Amendment (No. 2) Bill.

17. Report Stage of the Home Rule Bill continued.

18. Report Stage of the Home Rule Bill continued.

21. Suspension of the Twelve O'Clock Rule agreed to.

Mr. Gladstone's Closure Resolution agreed to.

22. Report Stage of the Home Rule Bill continued.

23. Report Stage of the Home Rule Bill continued.

24. Report Stage of the Home Rule Bill continued.

25. Report Stage of the Home Rule Bill concluded.

28. Committee on the Navy Estimates; Debate by Mr. Hanbury, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Forwood, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Goschen, and others.

29. Committee on the Navy Estimates continued; Sections 1, 2, and 3 agreed to.

30. Third Reading of the Home Rule Bill moved by Mr. Gladstone; Debate by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Courtney, Mr. Chaplin, and others.

OBITUARY.

Aug. 1. Senator Montgomery, of Nova Scotia, 85.

3. Admiral H. S. Hilyar.

5. Eugène Garraud, actor, 62.

6. Duke de Rohan, 73.

7. James Stillie, Edinburgh bookseller, 89.

Baroness Bolsover, 59.

10. Dowager Marchioness of Huntly.

Miss Gordon.

Dowager Viscountess Miletton, 89.

12. General Sir Edward Hamley, 68.

John Horniman, philanthropist, 89.

14. Bishop Clifford, of Clifton, 59.

Sir Richard Price, Puleston, 79.

Mgr. Leonty, Metropolitan Archbishop of Moscow, 70.

15. Prof. Karl Müller, 75.

Dr. Blanche, 73.

16. Prof. Charcot, 68.

19. Abel Heywood, of Manchester, publisher, 82.

22. Duke, Ernest II., of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, 75.

Mr. Henry G. G. Cadogan, of Teheran.

Rev. Dr. David Thorburn, 87.

Prince Ibrahim.

23. Lieut.-Gen. James Robert Gibbon, 72.

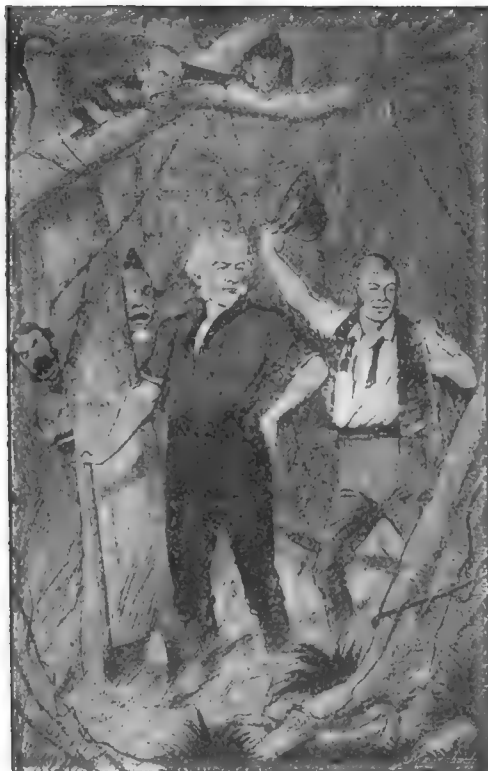
26. Major-Gen. C. C. Johnston, 75.

27. Bishop Chester of Killaloe and Clonfert.

Colonel F. C. H. Clarke, 51.

The deaths are also announced of Mario Uchard, French novelist, 69; Gen. George Washington Morgan, 72; Thomas Archer, author and journalist, 64; Canon Waile, 84; Miss Lelercq, actress; Dowager Countess of Jersey; William Holloway, of the East India Company, 65; Prof. George Washington Cooke, 79; Constantin von Wurzbach, 45; Jules Havet; Rev. E. J. Selwyn; George Makepeace Towle, author, 52; Major-General J. G. Walker, 71; Jovan Marinovich, formerly Serbian Minister in London; General A. G. Gonzales, 76; Rev. Dr. Robert Macdonald, 70; Rev. Foster Barham Zincke, 76; Dr. W. M. G. Hewitt, 65; Prof. Newell, of Maryland;

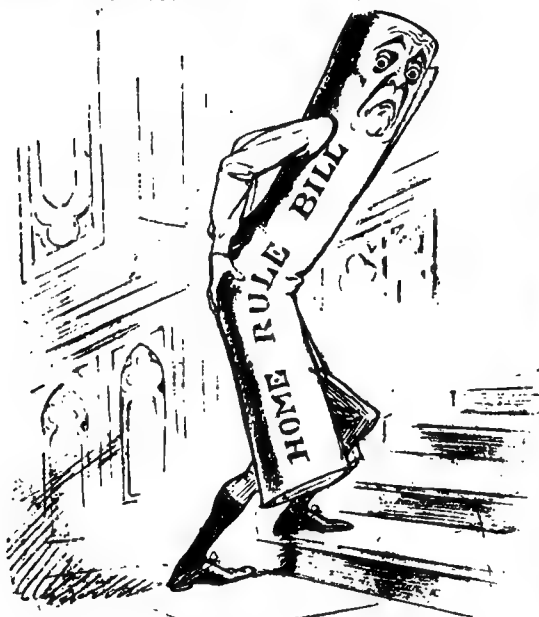
THE CARICATURES OF THE MONTH.



From the *Weekly Freeman*.]

[August 26, 1893.

THROUGH DARKEST OBSTRUCTION.



From the *Pall Mall Budget*.]

[August 10, 1893.

GOING UP TO THE LORDS.

"Coming events cast their shadows behind."



From the *Weekly Freeman*.]

[August 5, 1893.

GETTING HEARTILY SICK OF THEM.

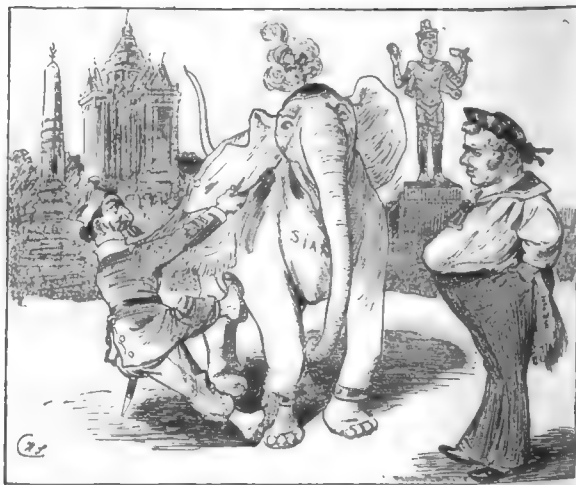
Scene—*Westminster School*.

SCHOOLMASTER BULL: "Now, you little rascals, wot have you been 'done?'"

MASTER SAUNDERSON: "Boo-hoo-o! It wasn't me, sir."

THE QUARRKSOME CARSON: "Please, sir, they called me big brudder Judas!"

SCHOOLMASTER BULL: "I wish you wos both out o' this 'ere School—that I would."



From *UK*.]

[Aug. 11, 1893.

THE SACRED ELEPHANT OF SIAM.

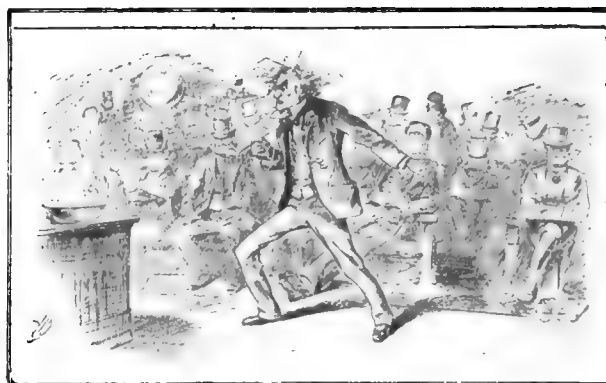
JOHN BULL: Fie, common tormentor of animals! You tear out the poor creature's ear! There will be nothing left for me to do but to tear out the sacred beast's other ear.



From *L'Espresso*.

[July 30, 1893.]

AN ITALIAN VIEW OF THE HOME RULE DEADLOCK.



From *Moonshine*.

GAG! GAG! GAG!

[July 15, 1893.]

THE BUBBLE BLOWER: "Nobody must breathe, or my bubble will burst."



From *Moonshine*.

[August 12, 1893.]

THE REAL BLIND CYCLIST!

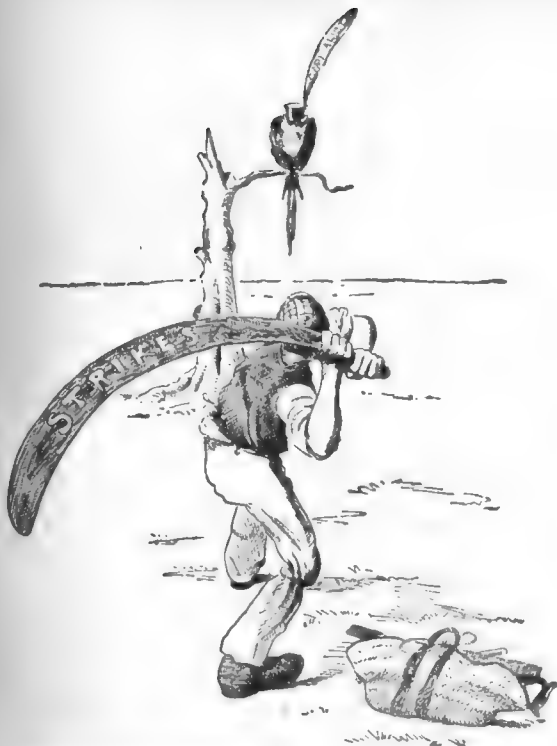


From *Kladderadatsch*.

COURAGEOUS JOHN BULL IN SIAM.

Digitized by Google

[August 6, 1893.]



From the Illustrated Sydney News.]

LABOUR: "See me bring him down!"



From the Illustrated Sydney News.]

[June 10, 1893.]

AN AWKWARD WEAPON.

"Jerusalem! I never thought the confounded thing would come like that."

[June 10, 1893.]



From Fladderadatch.]

THE APOSTLE OF PEACE AT THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST CONGRESS.

"Now, my children, I congratulate you. You seem to be showing me the right way to establish perfect peace."

[August 13, 1893.]



When this clock strikes mid-day, the cannon will be heard and the Triple Alliance will be precipitated to the ground.



UNCLE SAM: "Gosh! I've got this critter lassoed right enough, but how in thunder am I going to get him over the border?"

CHARACTER SKETCH.

MR. WALTER BESANT.

A GOOD many years ago, there was a young man of four or five-and-twenty, who ardently desired before all things to become a novelist. He spent a couple of years, giving to the work all his unemployed hours, over a novel of modern life. He took immense pains with it, re-wrote some of the scenes half-a-dozen times, and spared neither labour nor thought to make it as good as he could make it. When he really felt that he could do nothing more with it, he rolled it up and sent it to a friend with the request that he would place it anonymously in Mr. Macmillan's hands. Mr. Macmillan had it carefully read, and sent the author, still through the friend, his reader's opinion. The reader did not sign his opinion, but he was a Cambridge man, a critic of judgment, a man of taste, a kindly man, and he had once been, if he was not still, a mathematician. These things were clearly evident from his handwriting, as well as from the wording of his verdict. This was to the effect that the novel should not be published, for certain reasons which he proceeded to give. But he laid down his objections with very great consideration for the writer, indicating for his encouragement what he considered points of promise, suggesting certain practical rules of construction which had been violated, and showing where ignorance of the art and inexperience of life had caused faults such as to make it most undesirable for the author, as well as impossible for a publisher of standing, to produce the work. The writer, after the first pangs of disappointment, plucked up heart and began to ponder over the lessons contained in that opinion. The young man has since become a novelist."

This passage was written by Mr. Walter Besant in the year 1884, the "young man" of whom he spoke being none other than himself. Concerning the "novel of modern life" to which he referred, one knows nothing. The author forthwith put it behind the grate, resolutely, if with tears. Nor has the name of "the critic of judgment," the "man of taste," the "kindly man," been preserved; he was, and is, a total stranger, even to Mr. Besant himself. All that one knows is that the young man in question persevered, that he was not discouraged by the failure of his first attempt, that he produced more novels, that he was not in a hurry to publish, and that his name is to-day a household word, and his books a delight wherever the English language is spoken or read. For who has not heard of the man who wrote "All in a Garden Fair"?

I.—EARLY YEARS AND EDUCATION.

Charles Dickens was born at Landport, Portsea, in the year 1812. Walter Besant was born at Portsmouth in 1838. At the very outset of this "character sketch,"

therefore, one is impelled to institute a comparison between the two men—between Dickens, the House of Commons reporter who afterwards became a novelist, and Besant, the *Daily News* leader-writer, who also in due time wrote fiction, and who is as popular in his day and in his way, if not as great, as his famous predecessor. But beyond the fact that both men were born at Portsmouth, and that both will be remembered by future generations as novelists, there is little that is common in their careers. Dickens was the son of a clerk in the Navy Pay Office—of a man who is now chiefly remembered for his perpetual pecuniary embarrassments. Besant, on the other hand, was the son of a merchant—of a man in a sufficiently good position to send his three sons to Cambridge. The older novelist was in his early years a poor neglected lad, set to rough, uncongenial work, with no more than a mechanic's surroundings and outlook, one who had to fend for himself in the miry ways of a great city. The younger, who is happily still with us, was carefully nurtured in childhood, had friends in abundance, and received the best education that an English boy can get. Dickens went to no University; Besant took high honours at Cambridge. The former was a mere reporter in the gallery of the House of Commons at an age when the latter was on his way to an English colony to receive and to fill the important University appointment of Senior Professor of Mathematics. But, widely different as were the careers of these two Portsmouth boys in early life, they both became novelists in the end.



From a photograph by]

[Russell and Sons.

MR. BESANT'S HOUSE AT FROGNAL.

THE BOOKS READ BY BESANT WHEN A BOY.

Let us for a moment try to imagine what kind of life it was that young Walter Besant led while living in his father's house at Portsmouth. That he was a bright, clever, and amiable boy is certain; that he was exceedingly fond of reading is equally certain; that he carefully observed both men and things may not be denied. Happily for him, he had in his childhood the run of a collection of books much more extensive and more carefully chosen than was then, or is now, common among middle-class families. It included Shakespeare, Milton, John Bunyan, Dryden, Pope, Addison, "Gulliver's Travels," Goldsmith, Scott, Wordsworth, Byron, Hume and Smollett, Dickens and Marryat. What more can a boy want? Hard indeed to please is he who cannot make himself happy with these authors. There were also in this library, Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," Bacon's "Essays" and the "Advancement of Learning," Blair's "Sermons," and other solid works; and there was a great collection of plays, including those of Wycherly and Congreve. All these young Besant

eagerly devoured. That the latter are not books to place in the hands of a boy, he readily admits; but, as he will proceed to inform you, they amused him, though there were quantities of things which he understood not at all. "Tristram Shandy," again, struck him as being full of interest, though one half of it was lost to him. Mr. Besant has always appreciated Charles Lamb's sophistical defence of the comedies of the Restoration on the ground that they belong to a region where there is no morality.

"THE MODERN TRAVELLER."

Among other works read by Mr. Besant in his youth—he began to devour books at the age of ten, and he has continued to do so with equal appetite ever since—was a series of volumes entitled "The Modern Traveller." Each of these volumes contained an account, with pictures, of some country. The reading may have been dull on the whole, but it was lit up from time to time by descriptions of picturesque people and of their manners and customs. He read also a collection of voyages, which included the famous voyage of Commodore Anson, with pictures of the islands of Tinian and Juan Fernandez, and of the ship *Centurion* in action. All this it is important to remember in connection with what the novelist himself has called "the Making of the Man."

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

These accounts of travel, stories of voyages, and descriptions of foreign countries had naturally a very direct influence upon the character and the career of the boy who read them. So also did a very different work—"The Pilgrim's Progress." "It seems to me," said Mr. Besant a few years ago, "that this is a book which has influenced the minds of Englishmen more than any other outside the covers of the Bible. While it survives and is read by our boys and girls, two or three great truths will remain deeply burned into the English soul. The first is the personal responsibility of each man; the next is that Christianity does not want, and cannot have, a priest. I confess that the discovery, by later reading, that the so-called Christian priest is a personage borrowed from surrounding superstition, and that the great ecclesiastical structure is entirely built by human hands, filled me with only a deeper gratitude to John Bunyan."

MR. BESANT'S HATRED OF PRIESTHOOD.

Hatred of priesthood in every shape and form has always been a distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Walter Besant. Every man is personally responsible to his Maker: there cannot, in the nature of things, be any human go-between. The great God reigns: he is like a sphere whose centre is everywhere, and circumference nowhere. Priests are often the worst enemies of this sphere: he who is wise will be tied by as few dogmas as may be; and will possess his soul in patience until the end. This, it will be remembered, was the creed of Rabelais; this, to put it very briefly, is the belief of Walter Besant. It is to the early influence of Bunyan that his later attachment to Rabelais is mainly due; and this attachment, which has grown steadily with the years, is responsible for much that is good, wise, and helpful in his teaching.

SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, POPE, AND SCOTT.

The boy read other books. There was "Nicholas Nickleby," for example, a novel "full of tears and of laughter;" there was Shakespeare's "Tempest," a play which he was "never tired of reading"; there was that excellent eighteenth century translation from the Greek, concerning which the great Bentley said, "A very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer"; there

was "Paradise Lost," read, of course, for the sake of the story, a good deal being skipped; and there were the novels of Sir Walter Scott. "I have not read a single one of the 'Waverley Novels' since I was sixteen," remarked Mr. Besant to the present writer a few days ago, "yet I seem to remember them all." And that, as he will tell you at any time, is the grand test of a really good book: that you should remember it.

"THE BOOK OF MAN."

There is yet one more book which the boy began to read—we say *began* advisedly, inasmuch as he is still studying it—and that is the Book of Man. "You may open that Book"—we are using Mr. Besant's own language—"wherever and whenever you find another human voice to answer yours, and another human hand to take in your own. All the books that ever were written are only valuable as they help one to read this Book, and to understand the language in which it is written." Let us pause for a moment to consider what opportunities this boy had at Portsmouth in the far-off "fifties" to look into the Book of Man.

"THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE."

Do not forget that this lad of twelve or thirteen was the son of a well-to-do merchant; that he had an elder brother who at this time had only just recently been declared Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, and who was a Fellow of St. John's College; and that he had a prescriptive right to mix with the best society to be found in the town of his birth. He did mix with it, of course. But, at the same time, he remembered that there were other pages in the Book of Man as interesting and as attractive as any that he might open in the ordinary way, and that these pages still remained to be read. And for that reason he walked about the streets of his native town, with a view to discovering the Voice of the People.

THE PROPHETS: TENNYSON, CARLYLE, MAURICE, AND KINGSLEY.

And here the phrase "lower classes" recalls to one's mind the fact that Charles Dickens, like Walter Besant, was born at Portsmouth. We have already seen that when quite a boy the latter read "Nicholas Nickleby" and other works by the Master, and there can be little doubt that they had a very important influence in the shaping of his career. In later years, while he was at Cambridge, for example, there were of course other influences. The greater prophets of Walter Besant's undergraduate days were Tennyson, Carlyle, and Maurice. Among the minor prophets was Charles Kingsley. "When the history of the ideas of the nineteenth century comes to be written,"—once again we use Mr. Besant's own words—"it will be recognised that Tennyson contributed to form the national mind far more powerfully than young men can now understand. The influence of Carlyle and Maurice was nothing less than Socialistic. Those who at one-and-twenty pored over 'Sartor Resartus,' 'Past and Present,' and 'Chartism,' became distinctly Socialists—not such gentry as bawl the Gospel of Destruction and break club windows, but Socialists of the highest type, to whom nothing of humanity is common or unclean. Charles Kingsley at his best was filled with this spirit, and I have never read him since my undergraduate days, lest I should have lost anything of my old love for the man who wrote 'Hypatia' and 'Alton Locke.'"

THE BOY'S EDUCATION.

All these things—this reading of books, and these wanderings about Portsmouth town—were in themselves an education, although the boy's friends knew it not; for

they drew out that inborn faculty of observation, and that wonderful power of description to which we owe the novelist of to-day. But his regular education was not neglected. His parents sent him to school—to Portsmouth Grammar School, very likely, or, if not to this, to the Proprietary School at Southsea, where his brother had previously been trained. What manner of life it was that young Besant led while at school may not easily be determined. He must have been more industrious than boys in general are, for he excelled at an early age in mathematics, in languages, and in the study of things theological. But although he himself did excellently at school, it must by no means be rashly assumed that Mr. Besant, the man, approves of the system of education which was prevalent when he was a boy. He would fain have a scheme in which body and mind alike are trained and perfected. He would have, in the first place, the absolute devotion of the tutor to the pupil, so that education should not consist in formal lessons, or in books and school only; he would, in the next place, see that boys were instructed in the arts of riding, dancing, music, singing, gymnastics; he would also take care that they had plenty of work for the hands, that they were gaining an adequate knowledge of manufactures and of industries; and, lastly, he would insist upon an intelligent study of God's glorious works on the earth and in the heavens, and these not singly (which makes a boy unpractical and *doctrinaire*), but in company with others. But what (one asks), if this scheme were adopted, would become of games? There would be no more cricket, and there would be no more football. "It makes one sad and sorry"—these words are Mr. Besant's, and not those of the writer of this article—"to think how glorious a creature a perfectly trained young man might be, and what ignorant, stunted, deformed, under-taught creatures are we who have had the 'best' education of our day."

MATHEMATICIAN AND PRIEST IN EMBRYO.

Young Besant left Portsmouth in order to continue his studies at King's College, London, and it was from that institution that he proceeded to Cambridge. It was while he was at King's College, by the way, that some verses by Trench of Dublin appeared in the *Times* on the subject of the battle of Alma, which had recently been fought. The professor of classics asked the students to turn them into Latin. They all did so, and it was Besant's version that the professor selected to send to Trench. Upon leaving King's College, he went to Christ's, at Cambridge, and ere long won a reputation for his great skill in mathematics, and for his attainments in theology and the studies that are therewith connected. His elder brother, William Henry, had already graduated at Cambridge as Senior Wrangler, and as First Smith's Prizeman. There is, therefore, nothing so very remarkable after all in the fact that the subject of this "Character Sketch" should exhibit a great taste for mathematical studies; and, remembering that another of his brothers is a clergyman, one can also understand his early liking for theology.

THE FETTER OF THE WHITE TIE.

There was a time, indeed, when it was thought, and hoped, that Walter Besant would become a clergyman. But, fortunately for the world and fortunately for himself, he mapped out for himself another sort of career. And thus, as he will smilingly inform you, "the Church escaped one more unworthy clergyman, and I escaped what would have been to me the intolerable fetter of the white tie." But would this fetter have really been so intolerable as Mr. Besant thinks? Charles Kingsley wore it through the greater part of a lifetime, yet Charles

Kingsley breathed always in an atmosphere of intellectual freedom, and wrote novels as outspoken and as manly as any that have been produced by Mr. Besant. Mr. Baring Gould, again, is a clergyman; nevertheless, he is perpetually penning stories, and no man gets up to say him nay. Walter Besant, had he become a clergyman, would in all probability have proved a pillar of orthodoxy: he would never have ceased to defend the Church, inasmuch as he would have felt that in no other establishment of the kind was any relief from the fetters of doctrine possible, and inasmuch as the main things which underlie Articles are common to all churches in which dogmas are the accidents of time and of circumstance. But it is idle to speculate what the author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" might have become had he decided to use permanently the word "Reverend" before his name. He chose what was doubtless for him the better part—an appointment in the colonies. He went as Senior Professor of Mathematics to the Royal College in the island of Mauritius.

LIFE IN THE MAURITIUS.

Mr. Besant stayed in the Mauritius for six and a-half years, at the expiration of which time he returned to England on leave of absence. One or two attacks of fever had warned him that a change of residence was imperatively necessary, and he was, moreover, anxious to see his relatives and friends, and to re-visit the scenes of his youth. After more than six years of Mauritius—which, although a nice place, is decidedly dull—a man may be forgiven for feeling a little homesick. It happened in Mr. Besant's case as it has happened in many others, that after a few months of England he did not care in the least to return again to Mauritius. He accordingly made up his mind to stay at home, and although he was offered the post of Rector of the College in which he had been Senior Professor of Mathematics, he steadfastly refused to go back to Africa, and determined to earn his bread in his native land. Those who are curious to know what sort of place the island of Mauritius is, and what manner of life is led there by the inhabitants, will do well to turn up a certain story by Mr. Besant called "They Were Married." In this story the island is described under the name of Palmiste, and the characters—every man, woman, boy, and girl included among the *dramatis personæ*—are drawn from real life. Mr. Besant's home in the Pacific has also been described by him in "My Little Girl."

II.—JOURNALIST, CRITIC, AND HISTORIAN.

This, then, was the fashion in which the first chapter of Mr. Walter Besant's life came to an end. He was now back in London once more—a young man of seven or eight and twenty, clever, cultured, energetic. He had to face that Problem which we most of us have to face: he had to discover the means whereby he might earn sufficient money to secure the necessities of life and such luxuries as should seem to him to be indispensable. It was at this time that he turned to literature.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

But not in the stupid fashion that has always been so common. He did not write a story, or a poem, or a play, and expect forthwith to obtain riches, fame, and position. He had written a novel, it is true, but he did not fervently believe it to be an unsurpassable work of genius, and therefore rail at those who were unable to discern and appreciate its wonderful merits. When Mr. Macmillan sent his first book back with the unfavourable verdict of the mathematician who had "read" it—was this

ly critic of Walter Besant Mr. Dodson we wonder: the author of "Alice in Wonderland" and other delightful books?—he burned it. Mr. Besant entered the field of letters as many another distinguished man has entered—as Dickens entered it, to quote a single example only—by way of the Gate of Journalism. He wrote at first for the smaller magazines—for *Once a Week* and similar publications—then for *Temple Bar* and other more ambitious periodicals. Daily journalism next claimed his attention, and he was fortunate enough in the end to get an appointment as leader-writer on the staff of the *Daily News*—on the paper that had been started by Charles Dickens when Besant was a boy of eight.

JOURNALISM A CLOSE PROFESSION.

"It is well known," remarked Mr. Besant some ten years ago, "that it is an extremely difficult thing for a man to force his way into the upper ranks of journalism. There are, to begin with, so many men before him—perhaps men as good; certainly men who have been trained in a sharp, practical school, who know the lobbies, who are behind the scenes, and can write articles that are full of hidden meanings, suppressions, and hints to those who know. Journalism has become a close profession into which a man must enter early and make of it the business of a life."

Perhaps the profession was less "close" in 1868 than in 1883. At any rate, Besant, as we have already noted, did force his way into the upper ranks. He wrote social leaders—"they would not trust me with politics." Generally, he received his instructions from the Editor—Mr. Hill—in the morning about eleven, wrote his article in the course of the day, sent it down to the office, corrected a proof in the evening, and so got home early to his suburban residence at Shepherd's Bush. Mr. Besant was at this time secretary to the Palestine Exploration Fund—he was appointed to the post, by the way, in 1867—but the duties of his office though arduous left him time for journalistic work. It was only when a new rule came into force at the *Daily News*, and that subjects were not given out until the afternoon, that his final severance from daily journalism took place. This was in 1874.

THE WORK OF A LEADER-WRITER.

If his work in any way resembled Professor Palmer's, Besant must at this time have been an exceedingly busy man. "It is fatiguing work"—so he said in the "Life" of the Orientalist, which he wrote in 1883—"one has to be always ready to produce an intelligent and pleasant article, taking the right view on any subject which may occur. Sometimes there are no subjects, then one must be invented. Sometimes, when the work has been already half completed, a telegram comes in which alters the aspect of the case, or presents a new subject of paramount importance. Then all has to be begun again, with the boy standing at your elbow to snatch the slips as they are completed, and carry them off with the ink still wet to the compositors." But it was work which Mr. Besant liked, and he gave it up only because it interfered with his domestic arrangements, and because it meant for him what was practically an interminably long day. Mr. Hill, as we may imagine, was exceedingly sorry to lose the services of so able a contributor. For young Besant was a brilliant writer, he had a rich fund of shrewd sense, his mathematical training had made him careful and methodical, he was a studious and alert observer who had seen foreign countries, and who had mixed with all sorts and conditions of men, he was a scholar and a gentleman,

and, above all, he could be depended upon. His copy was never late; what he undertook to write he wrote promptly, quickly, and well. It is not every newspaper man of whom the same can with equal truth be said.

THE STUDY OF OLD FRENCH.

While professor in the Mauritius, Mr. Besant made the acquaintance of a scholarly Frenchman, one Léon Doyen. He it was who introduced him to the beauties of old French literature, and especially to the beauties of old French poetry. Now, in order rightly to appreciate these beauties, it is essential that one should be able to read old French, which is a language that bears about the same relation to modern French as does so-called Anglo-Saxon to the tongue spoken by Englishmen to-day. Mr. Besant mastered old French, and studied the literature to which it was the key. But though very delightful—this, by the way, is a point which Mr. Besant is most enthusiastic on—it is neither popular nor lucrative. Hence when he published a book on the subject—Mr. Macmillan was the publisher, and the system adopted was that known as "half profits"—he found that so far from bringing him money, the work, a very considerable volume, scarcely did more than pay its expenses. Indeed, the most ordinary journalist of to-day gets as much for a single paragraph as Mr. Besant—an authority upon the subject, a scholar, a practised writer, and a man thirty years of age—eventually secured for "Studies in Early French Poetry."

MR. BESANT'S FIRST BOOK.

"Studies in Early French Poetry" is a distinctly interesting book, though its interest for us to-day is mainly extrinsic in character. There is a copy of it to be seen at the British Museum, and they have one at the London Library, in the catalogue of which it is attributed, curiously enough, to one Wm. Besant. The only other work entered under Besant in this huge volume—we are speaking of the fourth edition, the catalogue of 1875—is "Jerusalem, the City of Herod and Saladin"—a history written by him in collaboration with the Professor Palmer to whom we have already referred. The edition printed of the "Studies" was not a large one—Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Besant divided just eleven shillings and sixpence between them over it—and the copies purchased by the public are now, like the graves of Felicia Hemans's happy family, "scattered far and wide, by mountain, stream, and sea." You cannot buy the work at any bookseller's shop, except, perchance, in that of a dealer in second-hand books.

A GOOD PUBLISHER TO BEGIN WITH.

What, it will be asked, did Mr. Besant gain by publishing this volume of "Studies"; what advantage resulted in the end from the putting before the world of a book from which neither he nor the publisher got anything like an adequate return in money? The answer to this question is a simple one. He gained much. For, as he told a young man who a few years ago was complaining about the paltry ten pounds paid to him for a volume which had occupied the whole of his leisure time for one year, it is a great thing for a beginner to get his first book accepted by a good publisher. Such a publisher brings it out in a worthy form—the credit of his house compels him to do so; he advertises it, with a view to ensuring a sale; it is reviewed on every hand, because editors know that a good publisher would not send them rubbish; the author is talked about in the papers, and among people interested in books; in a word, he gets what the beginner chiefly wants—he gets an advertisement. Therefore no greater fortune can befall a young author than to have

an early work accepted by Mr. John Murray, by Messrs. Macmillan, or by the Longmans. It afterwards rests with him whether he makes a spoon or spoils his horn.

THE TEACHING OF LANGUAGES.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that Mr. Besant is an excellent French scholar. Once, indeed—it is a good many years ago now—he prepared a sort of French grammar—a “Book of French” it was called, if we remember rightly. Similarly, Mr. Austin Dobson, whose name now suggests nothing beyond *vers de société* and the eighteenth century, once wrote a small manual of English literature—a cram-book for students anxious to join the Civil Service to which he himself belonged. Let us pause for a moment to ask Mr. Besant how the French language may best be taught. “The first thing you want in a language is the vocabulary”—so we are informed by him in “All in a Garden Fair,” which novel, by the way, may be regarded as a sort of informal autobiography—“men who learn many languages begin after the manner of Adam, with the names, not after the manner of the schoolmaster, with the syntax. Those who do not want to learn a language begin with grammar and exercises; this is the way of our schools, and it is the cause of our brilliant success in modern languages.” The former was the way in which Hector Philipon, the kindly French master of “All in a Garden Fair,” taught his two *protégés*, Allen Engledew and Will Massey. “There was no regular teaching; he sat and listened while they talked and read. One may remark that, if he had adopted the method at his school, the girls whom he taught would have really learned French, but he was expected to follow the lines to which his employer was accustomed. That is to say, he read Racine to the girls, and made them write exercises on the experiences of the watchmaker’s aunt and the gardener’s grandfather. Therefore the girls did not learn French at all, and the boys did, though they wrote no exercises at all and knew nothing of the gardener’s grandfather.” The folly and the futility of our present system of teaching modern languages have seldom been exposed more happily or more effectively than in that most delightful novel “All in a Garden Fair.”

THE FRENCH HUMOURISTS.

Five years after the publication of “Studies in Early French Poetry”—in the late summer of 1873—Mr. Besant gave the world a work on the French humourists. It was published by Bentley, and the author was described upon the title-page as M.A., as member of Christ’s College, Cambridge, and as the writer of the “Studies,” to which we have already referred. The preface was penned at the Savile Club—then, as now, one of the centres of intellectual activity in the Metropolis. It is clear, therefore, that at this time Besant, an erstwhile Professor in a Colonial College, the secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and a journalist, had won a fairly good position for himself in the world of letters. Note the fact that he was now thirty-five years old. Note also the fact that in about a year or more he married.

“A VERY TIGHT TIME.”

The date of Mr. Besant’s marriage is always connected in his mind with what he calls “a very tight time” at the Palestine Exploration Fund. It was in the autumn of the year 1874, when the Society had two parties in the field, that of Captain Conder, which drew £200 a month, and that of Mr. Clermont Ganneau, which drew £100 a month. They had got through the summer with great difficulty; and at the beginning of October Besant found

himself with a very small balance at the bank, and with bills about to come in. He applied to his usual resource, the honorary secretaries, but unfortunately nearly all of them were away for their holidays. While he waited for their answers, the expected bills arrived. The treasurer of the Society, to whom he would naturally have gone, was, like the honorary secretaries, out of England. Mr. Besant had therefore to go round among such of the committee as were left in London, and to get advances. Somehow, but with the greatest difficulty, they managed to raise the money to meet the bills. It really seemed at one time that it would be impossible for him to keep his engagement to meet at the altar the lady who was to become Mrs. Walter Besant. Happily, the bills once met, he was able to present himself at the proper place and time. Only the honeymoon had to be cut down to one week.

AN “APPRECIATION” OF RABELAIS.

Pursuing the somewhat zigzag course of this narrative, one has now to revert again to Mr. Besant’s book on the French humourists. This work contains an article on Rabelais—a very remarkable article, when we consider the reputation which the Curé de Meudon has in the main enjoyed in this country. “Beast-man” is the epithet applied to him by a well-known writer, a man whose sincerity is beyond doubt; “a great moral teacher” is the phrase used by Mr. Besant. And this admiration for Rabelais, and this appreciation of his worth, have grown with the growing years. While admitting in 1873 that Rabelais was a teacher the like of whom Europe had not seen, he went on to remark that “it would have been better for France if his book tied to a millstone had been hurled into the sea.” Not on account of the indecency which mars it—that, Mr. Besant, one of the purest-minded of men, regards as nothing—for the filth and dirt of Rabelais do not take hold of the mind, a little cold water washes all off; but “because he destroyed effectually, perhaps for centuries yet to come, earnestness in France.” “Great and noble as are many of the passages in Rabelais”—these were Mr. Besant’s words in 1873—“profoundly wise as he was, I do believe that no writer who ever lived has inflicted such lasting injury on his country.” We hear little or nothing of this charge in the book on Rabelais which Mr. Besant wrote for Messrs. Blackwood a few years later, or in the “Readings” which that firm published for him in 1883. Further acquaintance with the great humourist’s works had had the effect of causing a certain blindness to their faults, and of increasing his kindness towards their virtues. Whether Besant’s verdict be right or wrong, he has certainly done a great deal for Rabelais in this country; and it is equally certain that Rabelais has had a very profound influence upon the novelist himself. It came too late in life greatly to affect his character as a man, but that it shows itself in his writings is clear beyond all dispute. Those who would like to know what manner of man Rabelais was cannot do better than refer to the little monograph already mentioned; those who desire to make some acquaintance with his works should purchase the “Readings,” which Mr. Besant edited in 1883. Either work may be placed in the hands of a woman, or even in the hands of a boy. The same may not be said of the original French or of Urquhart’s translation from it.

HISTORICAL WRITINGS.

It will be observed that Mr. Besant began his literary career by writing criticisms, not by producing creative work. He was for a time, indeed, that *bête noire* of Mr.

James Anthony Froude, a "modern critic." "In criticism," says Mr. Froude somewhere (we quote from memory), "there is a curious inversion of the rule which holds with ordinary employments. The aspirant to literary fame begins upon the Bench, and when he has served a term of apprenticeship there, descends to the Bar and practices on his own account." Besant presently became something more than a critic; he wrote, in collaboration with Professor Palmer, a "History of Jerusalem"—a standard work if we mistake not—he wrote some years later (again in collaboration) a popular account of the beginnings and growth of Constantinople. His recently published work on London is, of course, in everybody's hands; this account of social England as it was fifty years ago, which appeared in Jubilee year, is no doubt equally well known. There are, moreover, his historical novels—"Dorothy Forster," "The World Went Very Well Then," "For Faith and Freedom," "St. Katherine's by the Tower," and others—all books of historical interest and value (although regarded generally as works of fiction), and purchasable in yellow covers at the bookstalls for two shillings a piece. Of these historical novels more shall be said later on; enough has been written here to justify the word "historian" at the commencement of the chapter which we now bring to a close.

III.—NOVELIST.

Besant and Rice! How pleasantly familiar is this collocation of names, and what delightful memories the sound of it brings to one's mind! Dick Mortiboy, "Cardiff Jack," Gilead P. Beck, the Captain.

Mr. Lucraft, Stephen Cobbledick—a whole gallery of characters, every one of which stands out distinct and individual, is recalled by a mere mention of the name of this well-known firm. Twelve books: that is the sum of their achievement. You may buy them in any shop—in yellow covers they will cost you two shillings each, bound in cloth they will run to three-and-six—or Messrs. Chatto and Windus can let you have them all in the form of a library edition at six shillings per volume. It is easy, therefore, to make acquaintance with the works of Besant and Rice.

JAMES RICE.

And who, it will be asked, was Rice? The question is not altogether an easy one to answer. James Rice, who is now dead, is remembered chiefly as joint author with Besant of the wonderful series of novels to which we have just referred. He was a University man; he left Queen's College, Cambridge, in the year 1867; he then entered at the Temple with a view to practising at the Bar; he next bought an unlucky journal called *Once a Week*, which, for a while, he published and edited; he eventually made the acquaintance of Besant, and the

two men wrote novels together; and he died in 1882. This is about all that can be discovered concerning James Rice.

BESANT'S INTRODUCTION TO HIM.

There is scarcely another instance in the whole history of fiction of a partnership carried on so continuously, so amicably, and so successfully as that of Besant and Rice. The two men met each other in the year 1868, and their meeting came about in this wise. Mr. Besant—at that time a journalistic free lance—sent to the editor of *Once a Week* a paper containing an account of a visit to the Island of Réunion and an ascent of the Piton de Neige, the highest peak on the island. For a time he heard nothing, and he was wondering whether he should write and get the article back, when he discovered that it had already appeared. To his intense annoyance he found that it was full of the most exasperating mistakes—not a single proper name in it was spelt correctly, there were numerous "literals," there was, in a word,

everything that is calculated to make an author swear. Mr. Besant swore accordingly. "What does this mean?" he asked: "why do you, the editor of a popular journal, print an article of mine without first giving me a chance of correcting the proofs?" "Come and see me," was the reply—a reply written in a strange handwriting and signed with a name unfamiliar to Mr. Besant—with the name of James Rice.

EXPLANATIONS.

The two men met at the office of *Once a Week*, a room in Tavistock Street. James Rice explained that he had



JAMES RICE.

just bought the paper; that he had found, among other matter in type and passed for press, the article in question; that the author's name did not appear upon it, and that he was not aware of its being uncorrected. Mr. Besant was satisfied with the editor's explanation, and so, it would seem, was the editor with the article which had elicited it, for he at once asked his contributor to send other things—sketches, notes of travel, notes on literature, essays, whatever he liked, in fact—promising, as a sensible editor always does, to consider them, but not, be it observed, guaranteeing insertion. Mr. Besant acceded to Rice's request. He called at the office of *Once a Week* from time to time, bringing with him a contribution, and remaining for a talk. This sort of thing went on for more than two years—that is to say until 1871, when the partnership proper began. As the story of the partnership was told by Mr. Besant himself so recently in the *Idler* it is hardly necessary to repeat it here.

CONCERNING COLLABORATION.

Their ten years' continuous labour was undisturbed by the least jar or disagreement: they worked with perfect accord and without the least difference of opinion. Some foolish newspaper man, anxious, we will charitably assume, to get up a mild sensation, stated a few years ago that a good deal of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" was written by Rice, and that his partner had taken all the glory to himself. This, in spite of the fact that Mr. Besant assumes in his preface to the story "the sole responsibility of the work, for good or bad." But then this journalist did not know Walter Besant.

It may be remarked finally that the surviving partner in the concern does not, in spite of its success, greatly recommend collaboration. Why, one knows not; but a similar thing has been observed at times among persons who have engaged themselves in another sort of partnership. There are men, and women too for the matter of that, who, though happily married, do not persuade their friends to enter wedlock. Perhaps they are of opinion that the disadvantages outweigh the advantages even in the most perfect of unions; perhaps their own is such an ideal one that they question the possibility of another like it ever being made.

THE WORK OF THE SURVIVING PARTNER.

In the case of Besant and Rice, the surviving partner carried on the business of the firm alone. He has so carried it on for more than ten years. These years have been the most prolific in his life. He wrote twelve books when in collaboration; he has produced seventeen since his collaborator died. Here is a list of them:—"All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Captain's Room, etc.," "All in a Garden Fair," "Dorothy Forster," "Uncle Jack, etc.," "The World Went Very Well Then," "Children of Gibeon," "Herr Paulus," "For Faith and Freedom," "To Call Her Mine," "The Bell of St. Paul's," "The Holy Rose," "Armored of Lyonesse," "St. Katherine's by the Tower," "Verbena Camellia Stephanotis, etc.," "The Ivory Gate," and "The Rebel Queen." The titles of three of these books conclude with an "etc.," this means that each of them contains a number of short stories—three or four as a rule. Now these seventeen books fall into three categories. There are, in the first place, the historical novels, books dealing mainly with English life in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—such are "Dorothy Forster," "The World Went Very Well Then," "For Faith and Freedom," "The Holy Rose," and "St. Katherine's by the Tower." The second category contains those books which were written with some distinct purpose in view—"All Sorts

and Conditions of Men" and "The Children of Gibeon," for example. The third, and the larger one, includes the "romances of to-day."

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

"What, first of all, made you take so great an interest in the eighteenth century, Mr. Besant?" This question was put to him a few days ago. "Truly, I know not," the novelist replied; "except that it was the reading of Fielding, of Smollett, and of Defoe. It is a most interesting period, however, and one that naturally appeals to the storyteller, inasmuch as it possesses all the elements of the picturesque, and allows one to put in as much incident as one pleases." It will, perchance, be urged by some that since the novelist ought never to go beyond his own experience—this is Mr. Besant's own rule, by the way, and a very safe one it is—the historical novel in general, and his own historical novels in particular, have no *raison d'être*. "This is by no means the case," he will reply; "the interest of the historical novel, as of any other novel, depends upon the experience and knowledge which the writer has of humanity, men and women being pretty much alike in all ages. When the historical novelist has occasion to describe, he must borrow. And, of course, he will go not so much to the poets, the divines, the historians of the time which he desires to reproduce, as to the familiar writings, the letters, comedies, tales, essayists, and newspapers."

"DOROTHY FORSTER."

This is a favourite theory of Besant's: we will see how he carried it out in the writing of his finest historical novel "Dorothy Forster," a book which, according to many, is the best thing of its kind that has appeared in this country since the publication of "Esmond" in 1852. It deals with the history of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater—he who led the brief but romantic Northumbrian rebellion in 1715. Mr. Besant mastered first of all the history of that rebellion. Then he studied carefully from printed books and from manuscript records the story of the family concerning which he had decided to write. Next he made four journeys to Northumberland, walked from end to end of the county, and saw everything there is to be seen in it. All this had to be done before he could put pen to paper, so to speak. As to the manners of the people in the early eighteenth century and their language—these things he had learnt already by the perusal of endless volumes written during the period which he had to reproduce. And here it may be well to note that it was not the essays of Addison and of Steele that he found the most valuable to him, but the writings of smaller men, of hacks it may be, of those who, not being artists, failed to exercise the faculty of selection, and so left a rich store of materials behind them for the future historian or novelist to use. It was for this reason that Mr. Besant so warmly recommended a little volume of selections from the *Athenian Oracle*, which the present writer published some eighteen months ago, describing it—the original work, we mean, not the reprint—as a "treasury, a storehouse" of information, covered the period in question. The four scrubby volumes of the *Oracle* occupy an honoured place in Mr. Besant's library at Froggnal End. Near them are *The British Apollo* and the works of Tom Brown, Ned Ward, Tom D'Urfey, and other eighteenth-century scribblers, whose writings are richer in amusement than in edification.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."

Take another of the historical novels—"For Faith and Freedom." This is a story of the days of Charles II. and of his brother James. There is in this tale a wonderful

description of slavery as it was in the Island of Barbadoes at the end of the seventeenth century. Now Mr. Besant himself has laid it down as one of the rules of the Art of Fiction that it is impossible to describe what you have not seen; so that if you are going to describe a house, a piece of scenery, a country, you must go there and describe it from personal knowledge (as he did Northumberland in the case of "Dorothy Forster")—or, at least, from the personal knowledge of some one who will describe it for you. How then did he manage in the case of Barbadoes at the end of the seventeenth century? In this fashion. Happening one day to look through the catalogue of a second-hand bookseller—he reads these lists as regularly and as religiously as he reads the *Times*—he saw just what he wanted, a contemporary account of the very place and the very thing he was so anxious to describe. Off he went to the bookseller in question, only to find, to his great disappointment, that the pamphlet had already been disposed of. There was nothing to do but to institute a search at the British Museum. He employed a man to seek the precious brochure there, and in about three weeks (it is not easy to find a thing of this sort at Bloomsbury) the man found it. It was promptly transcribed, and having passed through the alembic of the novelist's brain, re-appeared in the pathetic, grim, vivid piece of writing to which we have referred.

IN SEARCH OF THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Mr. Besant has always taken the keenest interest in all matters which concern the poor. They are the People whose Voice he sought while yet a boy at Portsmouth. He was at that time not only enthusiastic over Dickens, but also on terms of great friendship with a retired naval captain, who made it the business of his life to pick up waifs and strays and to make men of them. Should any reader desire to become acquainted with this most excellent man, he will do well to turn to "By Celia's Arbour," for "the Captain" in that book is drawn from life. But although his thoughts concerning the People, as he calls them, have always been warmly sympathetic, it was not until the year 1882 that he began to take a really active interest in their welfare. He had at that time just discovered "the great and marvellous unknown country" called East London. He had wandered in Stepney, Whitechapel, Poplar, St. George's-in-the-East, Limehouse, Bow, Stratford, and Shadwell; he had discovered Rotherhithe, a place which he afterwards explored with carefulness; he had found out Charrington's great brewery in the Mile End Road; he had come across many wonderful things, and had conversed with many wonderful people. In the end he wrote "All Sorts and Conditions of Men: an Impossible Story"—his most popular work. Everybody has heard of it, and everybody knows that it was the Palace of Delight described in its pages which gave the idea of the People's Palace, now an accomplished fact. True, the real Palace is not what its prototype was: but then it is no easy matter to translate the dreams of the romancer into the hard facts of every-day life. That an attempt should be made to translate them at all in this prosaic, practical nineteenth century England of ours is a wonderful thing—far away the most wonderful that has ever happened in the history of the English novel. The People's Palace, whether it in the end prove a success or a failure, is beyond all question the creation of Walter Besant.

"CHILDREN OF GIBEON."

Leaving social questions alone for a while, Mr. Besant turned his attention to some that are connected with litera-

ture, and followed up "All Sorts" by "All in a Garden Fair." (Nobody but Mr. Swinburne, by the way, is greatly concerned at Mr. Besant's amiable weakness for long titles.) Then he made an excursion into the eighteenth century, writing "Dorothy Forster" and a few short stories; after which he took up another burning social question—the condition of industrial women—and dealt with it in a book which he called "Children of Gibeon." In an age when not one person in a hundred (a thousand would perhaps not be wide of the mark) is able to say whence Sir Frederic Leighton took the subject of "Rizpah," his chief Academy picture this year, it may be useful to point out that the Children of Gibeon (not Gideon, as it is called by some) were a tribe condemned by Joshua to perpetual bondage—to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water for the congregation." Their story will be found in the ninth chapter of the Book of Joshua. Mr. Besant knew—it was, and is alas! certain beyond peradventure—that in all our back streets there are hundreds and thousands of women who are continually occupied in working out life-long sentences of toil, compared to which the tasks of the Egyptians were light, and the daily labour imposed by the slaveowner was merciful; toil coupled with miserable pay, chiefly absorbed in satisfying the rent collector, insufficient food, and deprivation of all that makes life tolerable, not to say happy. This terrible life-sentence, from which there is no escape and of which there is no mitigation, is pronounced upon these poor women at their birth: it is their punishment for the crime of being born. They have been condemned unjustly—not justly, as were the Children of Gibeon—to perpetual bondage. All this, we say, Mr. Besant knew, and knowing it, he seized that picturesque pen which he had once before wielded to such excellent purpose and wrote "The Children of Gibeon." Buy it and read it, if you have not already done so. It is in its way as fine a piece of work as "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." Like that story also it is a Philanthropic or Purposeful Novel. Unfortunately, it has so far failed in its purpose.

THE ART OF FICTION.

To discuss the merits and demerits of Mr. Besant's stories of modern life, of his "romances of to-day," is impossible within the limits that have been assigned to us. Instead of criticising them, therefore, we propose to say something about his attitude towards fiction in general, and his views upon the art of which he is so admirable a master.

For note this thing: Mr. Besant insists, in season and out of season, upon the fact that fiction is an art; that, although a novel by Meredith may not be so great and wonderful as a cartoon by Raphael or as a sonata by Beethoven, yet fiction being one art, and painting and music other and sister arts, those who attain the highest possible place in each are equal. But even if fiction be an art, the rules of which are teachable, it by no means follows that success can be secured without the inborn genius which every true novelist possesses. The storyteller must have the gift of observation; he must acquire the art of description; he must exercise suppression and reticence; his characters must be drawn clearly; he must strive without ceasing to attain style. No reputation worth having can be made without attending to style, and there is no style, however rugged, which cannot be made beautiful by attention and pains. He to whom style is not a matter of indifference will, no doubt, be interested to read the following extr-

from a letter, which was written by Mr. Besant to a literary aspirant—a lawyer's clerk in a little country town—seven or eight years ago :

As regards style, it will be a long time before you acquire one of your own. But go on. Write every day something, and read only the best authors—Thackeray, of course, is one of the best. Kingsley also I would recommend. Scott, also, of course. You should also read George Meredith, who is a great artist, though he wants tenderness.

And he or she who is anxious to become a novelist may care to read the following rules which Mr. Besant drew up and published a few years ago. It is a *Hendecalogue*, no commandment in which ought on any account to be broken.

1. Practise writing something original every day.
2. Cultivate the habit of observation.
3. Work regularly at certain hours.
4. Read no rubbish.
5. Aim at the formation of style.
6. Endeavour to be dramatic.
7. A great element of dramatic skill is selection.
8. Avoid the sin of writing about a character.
9. Never attempt to describe any kind of life except that with which you are familiar.
10. Learn as much as you can about men and women.
11. For the sake of forming a good natural style, and acquiring command of language, write poetry.

At this point we are compelled reluctantly to bid farewell to Mr. Besant the novelist.

IV.—POET AND PLAYWRIGHT.

Poet? say you. Yes; poet. There can be no question about it. It is true that Mr. Besant has never published one single volume of verse, but there are to be found scattered up and down his many novels gems in every respect worthy of their beautiful setting. The best proof of our contention that Besant is a poet will be found in the reading of a few of these fugitive pieces. Take, then, this song from "Dorothy Forster":—

DAPHNE.

Like apple-blossom, white and red;
Like hues of dawn, which fly too soon;
Like bloom of peach, so softly spread;
Like thorn of May and rose of June—
Oh, sweet! oh, fair! beyond compare,
Are Daphne's cheeks,
Are Daphne's blushing cheeks, I swear.
That pretty rose, which comes and goes,
Like April sunshine in the sky,
I can command it when I choose—
See how it rises if I cry,
Oh, sweet! oh, fair! beyond compare,
Are Daphne's cheeks,
Are Daphne's blushing cheeks, I swear.
Ah! when it lies round lips and eyes,
And fades away, again to spring.
No lover, sure, could ask for more
Than still to cry, and still to sing:
Oh, sweet! oh, fair! beyond compare,
Are Daphne's cheeks,
Are Daphne's blushing cheeks, I swear.

Or take these neatly turned stanzas, also from "Dorothy Forster":—

THE USE OF THE FAN.

Learn, nymphs, from wondrous Daphne's art
The uses of the fan,
Designed to play a potent part
When she undoes a man.
As when the silly trout discerns
The artificial fly,

And rises, bites, and too late learns
The hook that lies hard by;
So man, before whose raptured gaze
The fan in Daphne's arms,
Now spreads, now shuts, and now displays,
And now conceals her charms,
Falls, like that silly fish, a prey,
Yet, happier far than he,
Adores the hand outstretched to slay
And dies in ecstacy.

Or take, finally, this ballade, which forms part of "Monks of Thelema":—

"BETTER HAVE LET LOVE'S EYES GO FREE."
Love goes singing along the way;
"Men have blinded and covered my eyes;
I have no night and I have no day.
Dark is the road and black the skies."
Then Love laughs and fleers as he flies:
"See the maidens who've looked on me,
Sitting in sorrow with tears and sighs:
Better have let Love's eyes go free."
Still, he has ears: and where the gay
Songs and laughter of girls arise
(Music as sweet as flowers in May)
Straight to their hearts Love's arrow flies;
Then the music of laughter dies:
Farewell song and innocent glee.
"Not my fault," the archer cries,
"Better have let Love's eyes go free."
Not Love's fault: and who shall say,
Could we but leave him his pretty eyes,
Whom he would spare of the maidens gay,
Whom he would leave in the girlish guise?
Yet 'twere pity should beauty's sighs
Cause her flowers ungathered be:
With silken bandage cover his eyes,
Never let that boy's sight go free.

ENVOI.

Prince, the shaft of his arrow flies
Straight to the heart of her and thee,
Take no pity, although he cries,
"Better have let Love's eyes go free."

Mr. Besant has a theory, which Professor Palgrave supports, that no man can write good prose unless he makes it a practice at the same time to pen verses. The author of the pieces just given may be cited as an example in proof of this theory.

MR. BESANT AS DRAMATIST.

Regarding Mr. Besant as a dramatist very little can be said. This paragraph must, therefore, of necessity be a sort of "Snakes in Iceland" chapter. He dramatised with Rice their first story, "Ready Money Mortiboy," and the play was produced, but it was not successful. It was christened "My Son Dick," and the curious may care to hear that an acting edition of it exists in Lac's Library. The firm wrote an original play together—"Such of Good Man" was the title of it—but it does not seem to have succeeded upon the stage, inasmuch as the authors were afterwards fain to make a book of it. Yet Mr. Besant has always been supremely anxious to gain the plaudits of a theatrical audience. "To sit in a theatre, to see your own noble thoughts nobly rendered; to witness the faces of a large audience all moved by the same emotions; to say to yourself *ipse feci*—it is my handiwork; this is indeed solid and substantial reward. The time is coming again when the best genius of England will be drawn back to the stage, and the writing of dramas will be the chosen life's work of the future Thackeray." Once only has Mr. Besant been successful with a play, and that play cannot be said to be a very important work; it

was, in fact, nothing more than a translation—gracefully made it is true—of De Banville's "Gringoire." It was prepared a good many years ago for an amateur theatrical company that played at Lord Monkswell's house in Chelsea. The company in question included among others the Hon. John Collier and Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, as well as a few ladies. Mr. Besant called his translation "The Balladmonger." Years afterwards Mr. Beerbohm Tree heard of the existence of this work, and expressed a wish to see it. It was shown to him by Mr. Pollock, in whose possession it then was, and in a slightly altered form was accepted by the actor-manager for production at the Haymarket Theatre. It was played as after-piece during the run of "The Red Lamp," and was a great success. This is all that we have to relate concerning Mr. Besant's career as a dramatist.

V.—MAN OF ACTION.

People forget—or rather used to forget—that Mr. Walter Besant is something more than a writer; that he is also what Carlyle professed to prefer infinitely to a writer—a Man of Action. For twenty years the subject of this sketch acted as paid secretary to the Palestine Exploration Fund; then the demands made by his literary work growing more and more imperative, he became honorary secretary to that society for five years more. He founded the Incorporated Society of Authors, a task of very considerable magnitude, and until very recently acted as their chairman. He is secretary of the Arts and Crafts Association. He worked his hardest in connection with the building and the inaugurating of the People's Palace. Clearly, therefore, Mr. Besant is much more than what some people call "a mere literary man."

AT NO. I, ADAM STREET, ADELPHI.

This is not the place in which to discuss the work that has been done by the Palestine Exploration Fund, but there can be no question that Mr. Besant often had a pretty busy time of it at the offices in Adam Street. Many strange persons came to see him there. The most curious (he says) were the men with a crotchet. There was the man who thought that there never were any Jews at all; the man who believed in the Bible being one long allegory both as a whole and in parts; the man who could prove from the Bible conclusively that the earth was flat; the man who had discovered the canon of proportion from the Bible; the man who had a new translation of a text to offer, and so on. Most people can form some idea of this class of callers. Those who find it difficult to do so may, with advantage, read "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," and there study the character of Daniel Fagg. There was one scene enacted in Adam Street which Mr. Besant particularly recalls. This is his description of it:—

We are gathered in the large room of the Palestine Fund Offices. It is filled with antiquaries and scholars; there are members of our Committee; there is Major Conder; there is a detachment from the British Museum; there are Hebraists and antiquaries of all kinds. Among us stands, tall, grey bearded, a handsome man still, blue eyed, calm, self-possessed, the great Shapira, showing his treasure, the priceless copy of the Pentateuch with all the doubtful passages set right—written in beautiful Phœnician or Ancient Hebrew on skins brown with age. He values the document at—how much? Who is to value such a document? Who can set a price upon such a document? A million? Even a million would not represent its value. He is perfectly open, candid, truthful, and straightforward. His story is simplicity itself. The MS. was found in a cave in the Land of Moab. One would expect, perhaps, such discoveries in a cave. As for its authenticity he knows nothing. He asks for nothing more than an examina-

tion. Let Dr. Bond carry it away with him. So it is done. Dr. Bond receives the MS. and carries it away. Then Shapira goes too. Those who are left behind begin to scoff. Conder points out that he knows the caves in Moab where the thing was found, and that they are damp, and that damp is fatal to ink; with other damaging and incredulous suggestions. Then the truth comes out, and we hear that the forger, his great coup missed, has hanged himself, and will commit no more forgeries. One of his little, innocent, child-like fancies, however, remains in our office still. It is nothing less than the coffin of Samson—a plain roll of lead with the strong man's name scratched upon it in Hebrew characters.

AT NO. IV, PORTUGAL STREET.

Mr. Besant's work in connection with the Society of Authors has been, and is still for the matter of that, enormous in quantity—more, probably far more, than any that he had to do for the Palestine Exploration Fund. He made the Society; that is a fact admitted by all. Indeed, it was the feeling that a large number of newspaper-writers had grown to regard the Society as Mr. Besant, and as Mr. Besant alone, that induced him last December to resign the post of chairman which he had held for so long. His visit to Chicago as an English delegate to the Conference of Authors, which has just been held there, is within everybody's recollection.

VI.—WALTER BESANT: SOME CHARACTERISTICS.

It is just seven years ago that a young fellow fresh from the country—new, alarmingly new, to London and London life, new also to the profession (one, by the way, closely connected with literature), which he had somewhat rashly embraced, waited upon Mr. Walter Besant at the offices of the Palestine Exploration Fund in Adam Street, Adelphi. The young man in question was armed with a letter of introduction to his hero—a letter which had been given to him by a friend to whom he then owed, and always will owe, much. His trepidation as he crossed the threshold of the office is a thing to be vividly remembered—not one to be described. He told the gentleman who sat in the outer room, and who seemed to be poring over a huge map, the nature of his errand, and this gentleman—it was Mr. George Armstrong, no doubt—made a communication to the novelist who worked within. The two men exchanged a few words in a low tone of voice, and then—and then the young man was ushered into the inner room, the *sanctum sanctorum*—the room occupied by his long-time hero, the author of "All in a Garden Fair."

"DON'T BE IN A HURRY TO PUBLISH."

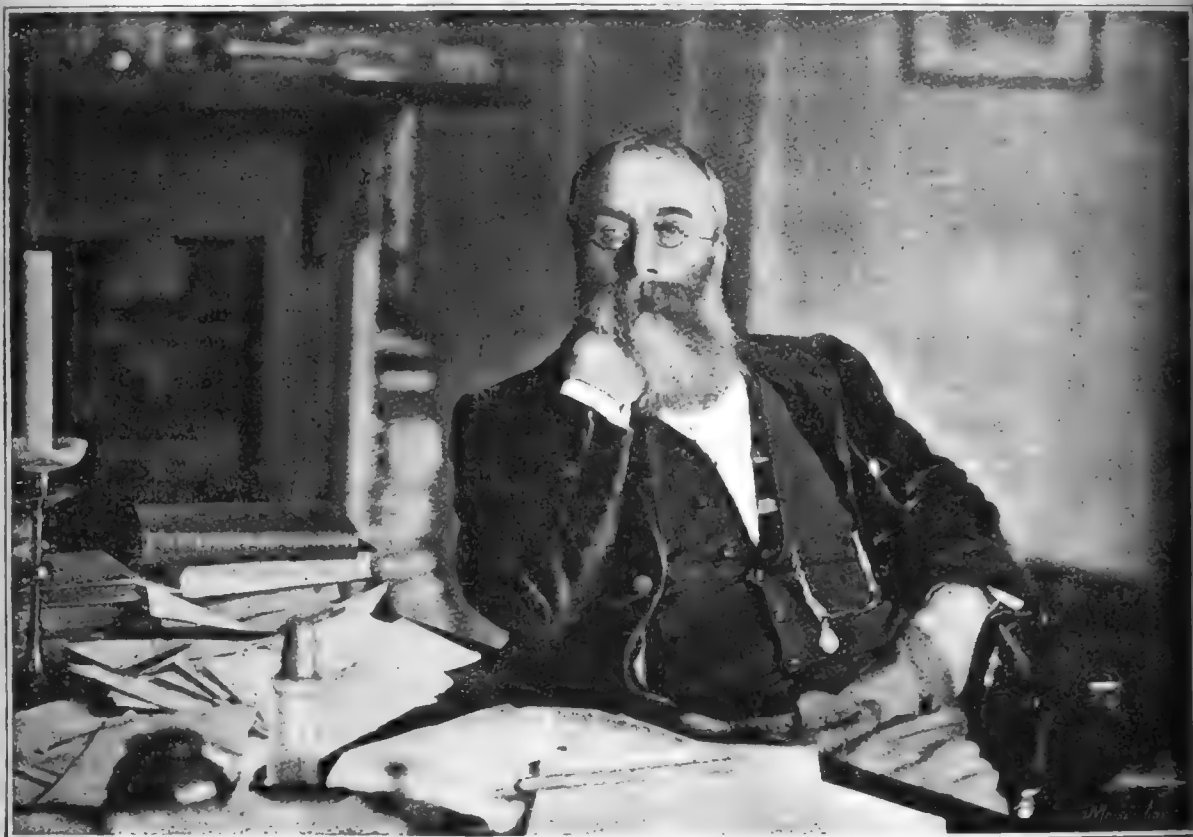
It was a pleasant-faced, kindly, middle-aged gentleman who looked up from his writing as the visitor entered the room. His table was littered with documents; many quarto sheets of blue paper covered with writing lay in front of him; there were proof-sheets about; books filled the shelves—books relating mainly to Palestine; the place conveyed the idea of work, and, above all things, of literary work. A more welcome greeting than that which this young man received from the novelist is not to be imagined. He had entered the room overwhelmed with awe; he left it feeling that he had found a friend, a man to whom he might turn in moments of doubt and of difficulty, a man who was frank and open-hearted, ready and willing to assist with advice and aid all who might be engaged in pursuing the devious and difficult path of literature. There was no show of ridicule or of resentment when this raw youth of twenty-one remarked that he desired to "do creative work," that he wished to follow in the footsteps of his hero, and that he intended to write works of fiction. Nothing of the sort. "Be on

of us"—that is what the kindly novelist seemed to say—"rest assured that you shall receive the heartiest of welcomes. Write books by all means, but *don't be in a hurry to publish.*" This young man from the country has learnt many things since that day, seven years ago, and has forgotten many; but there is one thing that he will never forget, and that is the unaffected kindness, the overbrimming geniality, and the transparent goodness of Mr. Walter Besant, with whom he then, for the first time, became personally acquainted.

URBANITY.

Urbanity—that, to put it in one word, is the first characteristic which comes into one's mind when one

more than once compared Mr. Besant, was probably the greatest worker of the century. But Besant, were the sum total of his labours ascertainable, would, we make no doubt, run him pretty hard—if, indeed, he did not beat the record. That Dickens could do so much was "mainly due to his orderly and methodical habits, to his clearness of mind, and to a capacity for business as wonderful as his genius for fiction." The words are Mr. Besant's. He does most of the things that Dickens did: the only thing that he refrains from doing, and that wisely, as most people will be ready to admit, is going out into society. "I am a working man: what little time I have left over when I have finished my day's work belongs by right to my wife and family, and not to



From a photograph by]

MR. WALTER BESANT IN HIS STUDY.

[Russell and Sons.

thinks of Walter Besant. He is always the same: calm, cultured, polished. A "travelled" gentleman, a man who has seen many countries and many peoples, a University man and a scholar, he never fails to impress those who meet him with a sense of his innate kindliness of heart and of his cultivated charm. Nobody who wanted help—and deserved it—ever approached the author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" in vain.

"TO SCORN DELIGHTS AND LIVE LABORIOUS DAYS."

He is one of the hardest-worked literary men we have among us. Charles Dickens, to whom we have

anybody else." That is what he generally says when questioned upon the point.

To get through so much work as Mr. Besant gets through with so little show of fatigue, and with no detriment to health, implies, as in the case of Dickens, Method. And, as we might expect, he is, of all men living, one of the most methodical. He is a born and trained mathematician; therefore he knows and feels that everything must be in its place, and that whatever is proper to be done must be done, and at the proper moment; otherwise the Result will be an incorrect one. (Any mathematician, by the

way, will tell you that Mr. Besant is one; it is clear from his handwriting, the peculiarities of which suggest one thing and one thing only—the use of symbols.) Thanks to method and order, he is enabled to get through what most folks would regard as an appalling amount of work; he is also enabled to find time for many generous acts—unostentatiously performed, but none the less real and unforgettable.

THE COLLECTION OF MATERIALS.

When Anthony Trollope was asked what sort of thing he would recommend to a young literary man, he replied that it would be “a piece of cobblers’ wax.” Walter Besant does not go quite so far as this; but all the same, he is a firm unbeliever in “fits of inspiration,” in “frenzies,” and the rest of the stock-in-trade of mediocrity. Literature means work; work has to be done; he who would succeed must be industrious. Therefore he is never idle; when he is seemingly the least engaged he is the most observant; he notes everything with a view to the future. There are in the drawers of his writing-table at Frognal End pyramids of brown paper packets, all carefully endorsed, and all filled with material for use in the years to come. Here may be found plots, incidents, characters, descriptions of scenes, proper names—everything, in a word, that the novelist wants. “A lot of rubbish,” says Mr. Besant, smiling, as he closes a drawer; “and I shall never use half of it.” But the fact that he has thought it worth while to collect and preserve all these things is characteristic of the man; and so also is his modest disclaimer of their value.

HIS REVERENCE FOR WOMAN.

Mr. Besant’s feeling towards Woman amounts almost to reverence. She is either a goddess—a superior being who must be placed upon a pedestal, and to whom Man must perpetually offer up incense and bring gifts—or she is the sweet sharer of his domestic joys, in which she has to sit at home by the fireside while Man goes out cheerfully to work and to fight, bringing home his gold and his golden guineas to throw them in her lap. He has been his views from his youth up: you may find them, expressed or implied, in any one of his books. Man is divine, and Woman must reign.*

THE DIGNITY OF THE LITERARY PROFESSION.

Mr. Besant takes a very high view of the Dignity of the profession of Letters. Wherefore he has urged, in season and out of season, the duty of the State to recognise

literary men as it recognises doctors, painters, lawyers, and the like. Not, of course, that Mr. George Meredith would be honoured by having a peerage conferred upon him. But the profession as a whole would be honoured, and would benefit greatly from the increased respect in which it would be held by all sorts and conditions of men. There is a story to the effect that about the time when the People’s Palace was opened by the Queen, Mr. Besant was offered a knighthood—the dignity conferred upon every little provincial mayor who chances to rule the corporation of a town in which the Queen stays. He refused the honour. But he was presented to Her Majesty. “Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings.”

OUR DEBT TO MR. BESANT.

What do we owe to Mr. Besant? The Palestine Exploration Fund, to begin with, a society which has revolutionised the study of the Bible, is indebted to him for twenty-five years’ hard work, during which period its interests were looked after as no other man could have looked after them—is indeed indebted to him for much of its success. Dwellers in the East-End of London owe to Mr. Besant the People’s Palace, the precursor, one hopes, of many other similar institutions in the poorer parts of the Metropolis, and in the provinces. Industrial women are grateful to him for his powerful pleading of their cause—pleading which must in the end meet with its due reward. We who write owe it to Mr. Besant’s untiring energy and unflagging zeal that at length it is beginning to be generally recognised that there is such a thing as property in a book. We owe to him also the Society of Authors, still young, but destined, one is persuaded, to become one of the most powerful corporations in the land. Some of us, individually, owe much to his generous sympathy and friendly aid—never withheld, never asked for in vain—and more, perhaps, to the example which he has consistently set us, of diligence winning success. And the great English reading public—the public which he loves and which loves him, the public for whom he has laboured incessantly for a quarter of a century, *grande mortalitas ævi spatium*—they owe to Mr. Besant a number of delightful novels and other books, all works lofty in aim, pure in tone, and rich in interest. Whether these works will live or not, no man may say. But to feel that he has instructed, entertained, charmed, and improved his generation is to Mr. Besant a sufficient, as it is a present, reward. Long may he continue to wield his facile and graceful pen—our honest, English, manly Walter Besant!

JOHN UNDERHILL.

* Yes, no doubt, but vote?—No, not if Mr. Besant can help it!—Ed. R. or R.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

WANTED, A PROPHET AMOS!

A SAD STORY FROM EAST ANGLIA.

MR. RICHARD HEATH, in the *Contemporary Review* for September, has an article on "Agricultural Depression in East Anglia," which is very sad and mournful reading. Mr. Heath has spent some time in East Anglia studying the social and agrarian condition of the country districts, and he sets forth certain facts which make the reader lament that the prophet Amos has been dead and buried more than two thousand years. The social condition is one which would have aroused the indignation of the Jewish prophets, for land is being added to land, and acre to acre.

A SAD CONTRAST.

The counties are being filled with the luxurious residences of men of great wealth, while the peasants are simply disappearing by thousands from the face of the earth. Mr. Heath says:—

The mansions of the East Anglian gentry, stables, gardens, conservatories, ever increasing in perfection; the family houses of the gentlemen farmers, the costly farm buildings—dairies with all the latest improvements, barns like great halls, bullock-sheds, cow-houses, piggeries, and dog kennels, all of the best—seem to testify that the prosperity of East Anglian agriculture is after all a solid fact. And this its statistics, taken broadly, to a considerable degree support. On the other hand, when examined in detail, and looked at with reference to certain classes, they reveal widespread and long-continued suffering. In fact, East Anglian statistics show that, concurrent with a gradual increase in the wealth of the East Anglian district, there has been a vast destruction of small farmers and labourers, the former beginning about twenty years ago, the latter many years earlier.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

WEALTH UP—MEN DOWN.

The mischief in East Anglia has entirely to do with men, women, and children; it has nothing to do with stock, nor with rent. In the last ten years there has been an increase in cattle, in sheep, and in rental. The only kind of men, however, who have increased, have been bailiffs, farming large holdings. They have increased from 2,490 to 2,971. Side by side we have the striking facts that, in eighteen years, the annual rental of rural set incomes has increased by nearly £1,000,000 sterling, while 7,000 of the farm class, with all who depended upon them, have had to leave their homes and begin life afresh. While 7,000 have gone, more than four times that number of labourers have disappeared, and the wages of those that are left have fallen instead of increasing. In 1873, says Mr. Heath, the landlords' income has gone up £948,000, while the total labourers' income has gone down by £1,348,000.

THE EXODUS OF THE PEASANT.

In the last twenty years, Mr. Heath calculates that from 90,000 to 100,000 persons have been driven out from the East Anglia by the social changes of late years. The Rev. Barham Zincke says:—

The rich increased their riches and their numbers. But the labourers (the best men the world contains or has ever seen) could not better themselves; their numbers, too, had to be reduced. This means that a percentage of them must tramp somewhere or other, friendless and penniless. In many of our Suffolk villages some of us have seen their deserted cottages, which reminded us of the evicted Irish, and of the choked off Scotch Crofters, evicted and choked off through the action of the same Juggernaut system.

ITS EFFECT, ON THE CHURCH.

The result of this dispersion of the people is that those who remain are by no means well affected to existing institutions. Particularly, says Mr. Heath, they dislike the clergy:—

The National Church, which ought to hold up to the nation an ideal standard of morality, sanctions, and has for generations sanctioned by every means, a division of the fruit of the land which, taking into consideration their respective numbers, gives to the class who own the land more than nine times what it does to the class who labour on the land. And thus rather more than seventeen thousand landlords possess estates which, at twenty-six years' purchase, must be worth a hundred millions sterling; while a hundred thousand labourers are absolute lacklands, owning not a single inch of the soil on which they are born and in the cultivation of which they spend their whole lives. And to the support of this flagrantly inequitable system the Church of England gives and always has given, both by precept and example, religious sanction. Who can be surprised that East Anglian labourers have very little faith in the Church and its clergy?

Possibly the continued falling of the price of wheat may bring about a change which the moral influence of the Established Church has never been able to effect. One land agent is said to have 300 farms on his books to let without finding any one to take them. Mr. Heath thinks that if these farms were split up into small holdings they would let with ease; but this they object to; so many farms, larger than any one cares for for mere farming sake to embark their money in, lie idle. Mr. Heath says that the present state of things is transitional, and is not wholly to be regretted, as it gives time for a morality new to modern Christianity, but at least as old in England as John Wycliffe, to make its way in the country.

Sentimentalism and Punishment.

MR. G. R. STETSON, in the *Andover Review*, publishes an article upon the craze which possesses certain persons nowadays in favour of exempting criminals from almost any punishment. He holds that the social consequences of this delusion are very serious:—

The modern development of this so-called humanitarianism in the treatment of criminals has a triple origin: in ethical agnosticism, and in normal and abnormal altruism. The agnostic class, which is rapidly increasing and has become a power, augmented by the obtuse moralists who condone crime and pardon criminals from purely selfish and personal motives, very naturally advocates the minimum of punishment and the maximum of personal liberty irrespective of the rights of others, and in disregard of the claims of a well-organised society. The practical result of extreme humanitarianism is, that crime increases in the almost precise ratio of the increase of leniency in punishment. Against the growing evils of disorder and depravity, the results of moral obtuseness, obliquity, and ethical agnosticism, of the abuse of the pardoning power, and sentimental philanthropy, society has two main defences: forcible repression by law, and removal by an education which shall teach what is required by good morals and good citizenship in the Republic.

In *Macmillan's Magazine* for September there is an interesting paper upon "The Origin of the Redcoats in the British Army." The writer says:—

As the New Model Army created by the Ordinance of 15th February, 1644-45, is the true germ of our present army, so its dress is the true germ of our present uniform.

THE UNION OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S OBJECTIONS.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE'S earnest and eloquent plea in favour of the union of England and America has provoked Mr. Goldwin Smith to make a reply, which is published in the August number of the *North American Review*. Mr. Goldwin Smith, who is as enthusiastic a Disruptionist in Canada as he is a determined Unionist in Ireland, does not seem to see that the day on which Canada enters the American Union ought to be the marriage day of the Republic and the Empire. He is so bent upon connecting the Dominion with the Union that he closes his eyes willfully to the larger question which lies behind. He admits that American sentiment is growing more and more friendly to England, chiefly owing to the circulation of English literature in America:—

Anglo-phobia is slowly giving way in American literature to moral breadth and historical justice, though its traditional force is still great, and in the writings of politicians it is apt to be affected, whether it is felt or not, as a tribute to conventional sentiment.

THE MORAL UNION.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, who is very sarcastic concerning the union of hearts between the English and the Irish democracies, cannot entertain any hope of anything excepting a moral union between Great Britain and the United States:—

A moral reunion of the race, with a common pride in its common history and a consciousness of the part which collectively it has played and may yet play in the development of humanity, seems not very far from realisation. By the opening prospect and the warm sense of returning goodwill the idea of a still closer connection appears to have been generated in some minds. A vision of this kind floats through Mr. Carnegie's paper. But such a thing as a political or even a diplomatic unity of the English-speaking communities scattered over the globe is surely inconceivable. Supposing such a union possible, what definite object would it have? Where would its centre be? Who would direct its policy?

LIONS IN THE PATH.

Mr. Goldwin Smith would not have much difficulty in answering his own questions if he were as intent upon re-uniting the English race as he is upon severing Canada from the British Empire. The first definite object of the Union would be the establishment of a permanent judicial tribunal, which would be to all the English-speaking communities what the Supreme Court at Westminster is to all the States in the American Republic. The precise geographical centre where this Court would be established is a comparatively small detail in these days of electricity and of steam. The policy of the Union would be directed by the representatives of all its members, just as the policy of the United States of America is directed by the representatives of all the States in the Federal Union—and so we might go on. The importance of removing, as far as possible, all the impediments which stand in the way of the freest possible intercourse between the English-speaking race does not seem to have dawned upon Mr. Goldwin Smith, nor does he seem to see that almost every difficulty which he raises against the union of Britain and America might be urged against the union of California and Massachusetts.

HIS "NON POSSUMUS."

That this is so may be seen from the following sentence, in which he sums up the reasons why he declares that anything but a moral reunion is impossible:—

While there are important elements of unity in the race, there are also important elements of diversity arising from the local admixture in unequal proportions of alien blood, from

variety of circumstances attendant on dispersion over two hemispheres, and from the shades of character produced by living under institutions radically, perhaps, the same, yet modified in important ways. Mutual privilege in respect to naturalisation laws might not be impracticable; otherwise, to nothing beyond a moral reunion, it would seem, can we rationally aspire.

KING CHARLES'S HEAD ONCE MORE.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, having demonstrated to his own satisfaction that the conception of a re-united English-speaking race is irrational, at once proceeds to plead for the union of Canada with the United States, a theme which reappears in all his writings as regularly as King Charles's head in Mr. Dick's Memorial. He says:—

To a moral reunion of the English-speaking race, assuming, as we probably may, that the influence of the Irish vote is transitory, there is apparently but one serious impediment. That impediment is the intrusive presence of Great Britain as a political power in this continent, with the constant irritation and frequent disputes which her presence inevitably breeds.

Of the Canadians themselves few, probably, believe that things can remain for ever as they are. During a residence of more than twenty years in Canada I have seldom met with a Canadian who, if he had thought at all freely on these matters, did not in private avow or betray his conviction that a change must some day come.

THE ADVANTAGES OF REUNION.

Many of the advantages of uniting Canada and the United States are equally applicable to the wider reunion for which Mr. Carnegie pleads:—

The advantages of reunion to both parties are manifest and are hardly denied by those who, on what they think higher grounds, oppose the measure. It would exclude war from North America and dedicate the whole continent securely to peaceful industry and progress. It would remove all internal customs, lines, and impediments to trade. It would make the St. Lawrence, the fisheries, the sealing-grounds, and all the privileges which are now the subject of perpetual disputes, the undisputed heritage of all. It would open the whole field, including Manitoba and the Canadian Northwest, to the free flow of population. It would call forth the mineral wealth, now dormant, of the North, by admitting Canadian capital and enterprise to a region which they are now prevented from freely entering by mistrust of a foreign jurisdiction. The commercial benefits which it would confer on Canada by putting an end to the commercial atrophy necessarily attendant on her present state of isolation need not be rehearsed.

AN APPEAL TO WASHINGTON.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is not satisfied by any means with the way in which the American statesman received his overtures. He calls attention to the Canadian policy of the late administration, and asks plaintively:—

In face of such gyrations how can unionist combination and effort be carried on? The first thing needed if continental union is to be brought about will be something like a steady and consistent policy on the part of the Washington administration, combined with a bearing perfectly friendly towards Canada. President Harrison was little studious of sentimental effect, and he never showed Canada the friendly side of the shield. Is a steady and consistent policy possible for a democracy, the government of which is always changing hands? Can party, where it is the ruling power, be so far restrained within the bounds of patriotic duty as to refrain from factious manœuvring when vital objects of external policy are concerned? Have the American people in renouncing immoral aggrandizement also renounced national aspiration? Can local interests, when a great question presents itself, be kept in subordination to the interests of the whole country? These are queries which the treatment of the Canadian question by the American Government and Congress in the coming years will go far to answer, and the answer will not be devoid of instruction as to the probable future of government by the people.

ANOTHER VIEW OF MR. CARNEGIE'S SCHEME.

Writing on the "Reunion of the English-Speaking Nations," the *Leisure Hour* says:—

It is a grand idea, and worthy of the attention of statesmen and of philanthropists. Some of Mr. Carnegie's projects may be considered as merely sentimental and Utopian, but in the main the notion of Anglo-Saxon influence ruling the world will commend itself as the best hope for the future. The interests of trade and commerce, and the conflicts of capital and labour, may be hindrances, but these are not insuperable.

Apart from commercial and political influence, the goodwill of the better classes of the American people may be counted on. Take two incidents in proof of this. During the last war in China, when the English attack on the Taku forts brought our troops into peril, the American admiral joined in the fray, though supposed to remain neutral, uttering the memorable words, "Blood is thicker than water." On a more recent occasion, when Captain Kane succeeded in taking H.M.S. *Calliope* safe out of the hurricane at Samoa, a splendid feat of seamanship, when other vessels were stranded, as the English steamed past an American warship they were loudly cheered by the American crew, though at the moment they were themselves in imminent danger. The interchange of courtesies, in time of peace as well as of war, proves that the hearts of soldiers as well as sailors would soon beat in sympathy, and as descendants of the old stock in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and of Blake and Cromwell, when England was alone against the world, and was feared and courted by all nations.

One strange error defaces the proposals of Mr. Carnegie for reunion. He thinks it necessary to have uniformity of internal government among the Confederate nations, and advocates the abolition of monarchy as one of the conditions of reunion. He is utterly wrong in this, and it is the only criticism we at present make on his scheme. England is a monarchy only in name, and is a truer republic than the United States with its elected president. The cost of royalty is insignificant compared with that caused by a presidential election in the United States. Think also of the passions and tumults that would distract the State if a Republican president were created for Old England. If we are to have reunion, each part of the great confederacy must be free to work out its own internal constitution and government.

THE ULTIMATE DESTINY OF MANKIND.

THE UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD.

MR. G. C. SIBLEY, in the *American Journal of Politics* for August, maintains that the ultimate development of political society will be the formation of the United States of the World under a great government somewhat similar in character to that which now exists in the United States of America. The following is the picture of what would happen when such a federation of the world gets itself into being:—

Under the great constitution such men as Grover Cleveland, Gladstone, Bismarck, and Castelar would be nominated for supreme president, while presidents, emperors, and kings would be elected senators. Ambassadors and ministers would be no longer necessary, and those able men who now represent their countries in such capacities, together with princes and governors of states, would be representatives in the great congresses. The Supreme Court would be the highest court of judicature in the world, and would determine such matters as the "Eastern Question" and the "Behring Sea Controversy."

After the supreme government was fully organised, and in operation, then should begin the codification of the unwritten laws of nations. We would consolidate, systematise and adapt to the great government, the splendid labours of Grotius, Puffendorf, Bynkershoek, Burlamaqui, Vattel, Wheaton, Kent and Story, and in a condensed and comprehensive form have a code of laws which should operate throughout the world, enacted by the great congress of nations. One system of currency would be common to all countries, and weights and measures be uniform. Under that great constitution the

Nicaragua Canal and a bridge across Behring Strait would be constructed by private enterprises, having charters from the supreme government, and the stockholders would comprise capitalists from the Cape of Good Hope to St. Petersburg; from Cape Horn to Iceland, from New York and London to Peking, Calcutta and Constantinople. Railroads would be projected from the Atlantic seaboard to Paris, through Alaska and Siberia, crossing the bridge at Behring Strait.

HOW TO BE YOUNG THOUGH OLD.

THE EXPERIENCE OF SEPTUAGENARIANS.

A PARAGRAPH which I inserted in a recent number of the *REVIEW* calling attention to Signor Sebastian Fenzi's rhymed brochure on "The Secret of Health in Old Age" has elicited a response which has somewhat surprised me. I had some difficulty in obtaining the pamphlets from Italy, and some delay took place in supplying them to correspondents; but I can now forward them by return of post to any who care to send on seven stamps and their address.

Signor Sebastian Fenzi was rather hurt at my describing him as an old man. He is only seventy-one, it seems, and not seventy-five, and the idea he was old does not seem to have occurred to him. The fundamental principle of the regimen which he prescribes is that of an hour's vigorous gymnastic exercise, followed by a cold sponge bath every morning before breakfast. He says:—

Reaching life's middle course—(as Dante says)—
We feel that waning are youth's palmy days,
And that unless we stimulate vitality,
No chance have we to meet partiality
From Time, that grim and cruel here by degrees
All gnaweth and consumeth as it flies.

'Twas this that brought me to reflect, and I
Did there and then determine I would try
And single out what best can suit the thought
That Mother Nature to suggest had sought.

The course of brushing, athletic exercise, and washing which he advises is all set forth in verse. The result seems to be excellent. He is an athlete as strong at seventy-one as he was when forty, and as capable of as active exercise.

Another septuagenarian—a Major Menars—writes from Somersetshire:—

S. F. is a man well known in Italy, and his name is familiar to me through his occasional contributions to the *Medium*. Having been born on the 24th of October, 1822, he is not seventy-five years old. I have no wish to compete with him or any one else; I am only too glad to hear of any old man succeeding in keeping himself green. I was born in 1818, and shall be seventy-five at the end of next month, and in my younger days in India had anything but good health. Total abstinence since 1850. At first, in illness, I gave in occasionally, but in 1860 I read up and adopted Homœopathy, one of the many things the many (the Papists, leaners on authority) judge *a priori* instead of testing. Homœopathy enabled me to become an absolute abstainer; no stimulant, nervous (tea, smoking, etc.), or intoxicant of any kind. I am up at 5 A.M. all the year round, and before my ablutions exercise myself for about an hour with dumb-bells weighing 12 lb. each. Twice a week I am out on the tramp for five or six hours without stopping, and on other days from two to three hours. I have taken neither "fish, flesh, nor fowl" since 1875. I am a freelance—take no pledges and belong to no societies (vegetarian or otherwise). I take resolutions and keep to them as long as I see right. In "Italian Readings," by Aristide Provençal, Pisa and Livorno, 1884, is a biographical notice of S. F.

"THE LIKENESS OF THE PERFECT MAN."

A GLIMPSE OF WHAT HE WAS AND WHAT HE MAY BE.

THERE are few fallacies more widely spread than the complaisant assumption made by those who have never studied the subject, that we know all about the laws of the human mind. As a matter of fact, there is no department of Borderland that is so full of mystery as the relation that exists between mind and matter, and there are few fields of research which promise to yield such rich results as those which relate to what may be called the new psychology.

MR. F. W. H. MYERS.

§ Of English workers in this field Mr. F. W. H. Myers is *facile princeps*. He has for years been engaged in a *magnum opus* entitled "Subliminal Consciousness," every chapter of which opens out vistas of almost incalculable extent, and every page of it teems with suggestions calculated to shake even the most common-place mind from the moorings of that self-complaisant ignorance which imagines itself to be wisdom. The last issued number of "The Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society" contain two new chapters of this great study of the subliminal consciousness, to only one of which do I propose to call attention here. The seventh chapter, which is devoted to "Motor Automatism," I do not refer to, beyond stating that it contains the most extraordinary story of a murder committed two hundred and eight years ago, which was written automatically by a person who knew nothing at all about the fact that any such murder had ever been perpetrated, the source of the information professedly being a woman who was burnt alive for her share in the murder. The accuracy of the communication was subsequently verified. Of this and many other hardly less remarkable illustrations of information communicated by automatic handwriting I will say nothing, but turn to the paper on the "Mechanism of Hysteria."

A HELPFUL ANALOGY.

Without following Mr. Myers through his paper, I wish to call attention to the luminous suggestion with which it concludes. Mr. Myers points out that patients suffering from long established hysteria suffer from a gradual loss of consciousness which narrows the range of the perceptive faculties in a very extraordinary degree. Persons suffering from advanced chronic hysteria suffer from a loss of feeling more or less general. One side of one limb will become anæsthetic, and can be pinched or injured without its owner having any consciousness of the injury that is being inflicted upon his person; that is to say, whereas a person in normal health is conscious of any injury inflicted upon any part of his person, advanced hysterical patients find the range of their consciousness narrowed so that you can thrust a pin into parts of them without their feeling anything. A similar narrowing of their range of consciousness takes place in their eyesight; some patients lose the sight of one eye or both, others become colour-blind, others again become so extremely short-sighted that they can only see objects that are held close to their eyes; in like manner others who when doing their ordinary work are quite capable of exerting the normal strength of a healthy person, when they are asked to use their strength consciously, as for instance to squeeze a dynamometer, are as weak as babies.

REMINISCENCES OF A LARGER LIFE.

Such hysterical patients suffering from pseudo-paralysis, colour-blindness, short-sightedness, and utter inability to put forth their strength consciously when their attention has been called to it, are nevertheless capable under

the influence of a suggestion from a stronger will of feeling in limbs which had become anæsthetic, of seeing colours correctly, of seeing objects distinctly at a distance, and of exercising their ordinary normal strength. Even when they are not exercising those faculties under influence from without, they have occasionally flashes of recollection, gleams as it were of a larger life that they have lost, recollections of a state of existence in which their consciousness was normal; that is to say, when they felt where feeling had ceased to exist, saw when now hopelessly blind, and had power which they now are incapable of exercising. Such a patient affords Mr. Myers with an admirable illustration of what we are in our normal state.

OUR LOST OR LATENT SENSES.

We too have faculties—telepathic, clairvoyant, etc.—which can be occasionally evoked by suggestion in the hypnotic state; we too occasionally remember a state, as in dreams and elsewhere, in which we had a far wider range of consciousness than that which is limited by our five senses. But inasmuch as we have as a race sunk into a condition analogous to that of the hysteric patient, we agree to look upon these lost powers of ours with the same indifference or incredulity with which the unfortunate victims of this distressing malady regard everything that reminds them of the higher and the wider life which they once possessed. In a hysteric patient the disintegration of personality, the gradual narrowing of the field of consciousness can be observed by outsiders, but the patient himself is almost entirely indifferent to it. He is a wreck, a mere atrophied fragment of a human being, sometimes not possessing ten per cent. consciousness of a healthy normal human being. He does not distress himself about the lost 90 per cent. of faculty and consciousness, and therein also he is only too exact an analogy to the majority of human beings.

THEIR POSSIBLE RECOVERY.

To suggest to most men that there is latent within them, or that their personality ever possessed, a range of consciousness as infinitely transcending that which we at present possess, as the consciousness of an ordinary healthy man transcends that of a paralytic, blind, anæsthetic, hysterical patient, excites ridicule and contempt—rather than an aspiration after a recovery of the lost senses. Mr. Myers holds the inspiring faith that we at the present moment have the use of a mere fraction of what he calls our pre-terrene faculties, and he sees in the extraordinary potency of subliminal action fresh witness to the existence of its habitual residence within us, in readiness, if we can contrive to summon it, to subserve our highest needs. In the progress and development of our conscious life we have lost faculties that existed in our ancestors—lost them so completely that we do not even desire to recover them. Mr. Myers concludes his wonderfully suggestive paper by the following eloquent passage, in which, after describing the poor hysterical who will pass their days in re-reading the same newspaper, re-knitting the same pattern, with no apparent desire for progress or outlook beyond the present hour, he says:—

POOR HUMAN HYSTERICS.

Might not this tale be told, *mutato nomine*, of the whole race of mortal men? What assurance have we that from some point of higher vision we men are not as these shrunken and shadowed souls? Suppose that we had all been a community of hysterics; all of us together subject to these shifting losses of sensation, these inexplicable gaps of memory, these sudden defects and paralyses of movement and of will. Assuredly we

should soon have argued that our actual powers were all with which the human organism was or could be endowed. We should have thought it natural that nervous energy should only just suffice to keep attention fixed upon the action which at the moment we needed to perform. Nor, again, should we have been astonished at our capricious lack of power over our organisms, our intermittent defect of will. We should have held, and with some reason, that the mystery as to how our will could ever move any limb of our bodies was far greater than the mystery as to why certain limbs at certain moments failed to obey it.

DEFECTS ACCEPTED AS NORMAL.

And as for defects of recollection;—is the reader inclined to think that the hysterical *memory* could never have been accepted as normal? That some guess of a more continuous consciousness, of an identity unmoved and stable beneath the tossing of the psychic storm, must needs have been suggested by all those strange interruptions?—by the lapses into other phases of personality, by the competing fields of reminiscence, by the clean sweep and blank destruction of great slices and canties of the Past? I ask in turn how much of guess at an underlying continuity has been suggested, I do not say to the popular, but even to the scientific mind, by life broken as we know it now?—by our nightly lapses into a primitive phase of personality? by the competing fields of recollection which shift around the hypnotic trance?

A POSSIBLE RESURRECTION.

Nay, if we had been a populace of hysterics we should have acquiesced in our hysteria. We should have pushed aside as a fantastic enthusiast the fellow sufferer who strove to tell us that this was not all that we were meant to be. As we now stand—each one of us *totus, teres, atque rotundus* in his own esteem—we see at least how cowardly would have been that contentment, how vast the ignored possibilities, the forgotten hope. Yet who assures us that even here and now we have developed into the full height and scope of our being? A moment comes when the most beclouded of these hysterics has a glimpse of the truth. A moment comes when, after a profound slumber, she wakes into an *instant clair*;—a flash of full perception, which shows her as solid vivid realities all that she has in her bewilderment been apprehending phantasmally as a dream. Is there for us also any possibility of a like resurrection into reality and day? Is there for us any sleep so deep that waking from it after the likeness of perfect man we shall be satisfied; and shall see face to face; and shall know even as also we are known?

THE LOGIC OF THE MOLE.

ON "THE DELUSIONS KNOWN AS RELIGIONS."

MR. GRANT ALLEN writes very charmingly in the *Cornhill* on the mole, that four-footed engineer, concluding with the characteristic declaration that the more closely Nature is studied, the more clearly does it appear that her gospel can be compendiously summed up in the familiar phrase "Let the Devil take the hindmost." The same author writes in the *Fortnightly* on "Immortality and Resurrection." It is a very clever paper, full of facts and suggestions, but it reminds us at every turn of the subject of the essay in *Cornhill*. For here we have the mole turned sociologist and philosopher, with a pen in his hand moralising over the absurdity of people who will persist in talking of sun and moon and stars, which he, good mole that he is, has never seen; no, nor his father before him. There is no one so simply, so superbly arrogant as your mole, when it comes to be a question of astronomy and of the laws of light.

THE SOUL "A CURIOUS BLUNDER IN PSYCHOLOGY."

Here, for instance, is Mr. Grant Allen's engaging method of dismissing the soul of man as a curious blunder in psychology:—

Now how did this odd and baseless idea of a surviving ghost or spirit after death arise at all? Clearly, it is a result

of the crude and unscientific nature of early psychology. Unaware of the true relation of subject and object, and of the true theory of cerebral action, primitive men were of opinion that each of us possesses inside himself, in addition to the outer and visible man, another and smaller man, called the *soul* or *spirit*. I will not attempt here to decide at full by what reasoning this curious blunder in psychology first arose. . . . It must suffice to say that a number of facts, such as the existence of the breath, the phenomena of dreams, the peculiar conditions of fainting, sleep, epilepsy, and catalepsy, and other similar observations, suggested inevitably to the minds of early men the quaint notion that the human being was of a dual nature, consisting of two parts, one material and physical, the other immaterial and "spiritual," that is to say, partaking of the character of breath or wind. This latter or inner man is supposed to leave the body during sleep or the fainting condition, and to return to it again with waking or the revival of consciousness. It is also popularly conceived, even among educated and civilised people, to depart from the body at the moment of death, and to lead thenceforth a somewhat separate existence as a ghost or spirit. This primitive and long-lasting misconception, the parent of all the delusions known as religions, is due to ignorance of the physiological facts that the act of breathing is merely a function of the lungs, and the act of thinking merely a function of the brain and nervous system. Misapprehension of these points has led to the curious notion that the ghost, spirit, breath, or soul can exist apart from the body to which it belongs, and can even survive it.

Could any master-mole of them more complacently dispose of the sun in mid heaven? Mr. Allen is so full of compassionate scorn for the superstitions and "the false psychology which gave rise to the grotesque notion of a life after death," that he naturally feels impelled to empty the vials of his contempt upon that particular form of the "delusions known as religions," called Christianity.

CHRISTIANITY A RETROGRESSION TO BARBARISM.

It surged up from below, he tells us, from the dregs of the world, a religion of a lower type, which constituted a retrogressive movement from Hellenism towards barbarism.

Early Christianity was in all its essentials a special development of the common religious ideas of Asia Minor and Syria. It was the creed of Adonis, the creed of Attis, dressed up afresh and applied with minor differences to a certain historical or mythical personage, said to have lived in Galilee about the beginning of the Christian era. Of this personage himself we know really nothing but the name or names; every supposed fact or incident related of him is merely one of the common and universal incidents related of all the other gods. Christianity, in displacing the civilised religions of Greece and Rome, brought with it into Europe various ideas properly belonging to a lower and Asiatic stage of culture. It brought with it the ugly practice of burial, in place of the sane and wholesome practice of cremation. It brought with it the vulgar Jewish conception of Resurrection, in place of the elevated though erroneous Platonic idea of Immortality. It brought with it the hateful oriental notions of asceticism and repression, in place of the graceful and artistic Greek ideals of happiness, beauty and equal development. By means of these false notions it has retarded the progress of the world for at least half-a-dozen centuries; and it is still doing its best to retard the progress of the world in future. But the forces which tend towards civilisation are growing at last too strong for it, and reason and common-sense are beginning to overthrow the domination of the ascetic oriental creed of unwholesome restraint and unnatural repression.

What a curious belated echo is this of *Feenker's* "Infame," of which Voltaireans are now not a little ashamed! Whether it is a case of survival or of reversion, it is an interesting psychological curiosity. We can now imagine the kind of treatise that might be written by a mole on the laws of light.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

MRS. BESANT'S REPLY.

In *Lucifer* for July 15th, in the first part of an article upon "Theosophy and Christianity," Mrs. Besant answers in her own words the question which many people have been asking concerning the position which she maintains at present in relation to the Christian faith. She says:—

DIVINE BECAUSE HUMAN.

Closely allied to the idea of a personal God is the view taken of Jesus, as the incarnate Son of God. "What do you believe about Christ?" is the next question which comes from the Christian's lips. "Do you deny the divinity of Christ?" The answer comes straight and clear; "We do not deny the divinity of Jesus; we affirm the divinity of every son of man."

Every world-religion has its divine incarnations, its "Word made flesh"; in all ages this incarnation has been styled the Christ, the anointed, and it is round this Ideal Man that the hearts of men have clung, instinctively feeling that he is the promise of the future, and that where he stands in the present all men shall stand in days to come. But if we want to understand the difference between the Christian view of Jesus the Christ and the Christs of Theosophy, we must take these views in connection with the view of humanity as a whole of which they are severally the result.

ALL MEN POTENTIAL CHRISTS.

The Theosophic view regards man as essentially divine, but the divine in him crusted over with a thick veil of matter; this divine essence in man is the Buddha, the Christ, and it is the "light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Through the veil of matter the light shines dimly, but in the lowest and the vilest some gleams of light are seen from time to time. Every man is a potential Christ, and the work of evolution is to render this potential Christ an active one; man's strength wells up from the divine within him; it is an essential property, not an external gift; the light is there—his work is to render his lower nature translucent, and to let it shine.

CHRIST INCARNATE IN ALL MEN.

That the Christ is "God in man" inclusively and not exclusively might well be argued—for those who take the *New Testament* as an authority—from the Fourth Gospel. Neoplatonism throughout, this view of the meaning of the Christ comes out very plainly in chap. x. 34–36. Jesus had been accused of blasphemy, in that he made himself God; his answer was a claim to rank as God *because* he was man, and divinity was inherent in humanity.

It was not in virtue of a unique position, but in virtue of a common humanity that Jesus is here made to claim to be divine; he identifies himself with man, instead of standing with a gulf between himself and his race. And so Paul, writing to his Galatian converts: "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you."

Men have thought to exalt Christ by degrading man, whereas that which is the Christ—not limited to an individual but the Soul triumphant—is the very light and life of men. This is the Esoteric truth that has been hidden under the exoteric veil, and those on whom the beauty of this conception has dawned will no longer have any sense that they have lost their Christ when they see him incarnate in every son of man.

Mrs. Besant, in *Lucifer* for August 15th, continues the exposition of her views upon the difference between Christianity and Theosophy. These differences, it will be seen, are much more in phrase than in fact. Mrs. Besant says:—

A DISSENT FROM CHRISTIANITY.

As these conceptions of man's real nature become clear and definite, it is manifest that our whole method of dealing with men will change, and the popular ideas of virtue and vice, with heaven as the reward of virtue, and hell as the penalty of vice, will appear to us to be at once puerile and inefficient. And here we come into conflict with popular Christianity.

For if man's heart be naturally corrupt, if that which is deepest in him be evil and not righteous, if he turn naturally towards the bad and can only with difficulty be turned towards the good, then it seems reasonable to allure him to the distasteful good with promises of future happiness, and to scare him from the fascinating bad with threats of future pain. Whereas, if man's nature be essentially noble, and the Divine Ego which is his very self be only blinded with matter, and even in its darkness seeks for light, and in its bondage yearns for liberty, then all this coaxing with heaven and threatening with hell becomes an irrelevant impertinence, for man's innermost longing is then for purity and not for heavenly pleasure, his innermost shrinking is from foulness and not from hellish pain.

MORE IN PHRASE THAN IN FACT.

But let us grant that something more than the presentation of a great Ideal is necessary to stimulate the progress of the less-developed souls. Then let us teach them, and prove to them, that pain follows the evil-doer as his shadow, or as the cart-wheel follows the ox. Let us make them understand that they are in a universe of law in things moral as in things physical, and that suffering and degradation are the fruits that are ripened from the blossoms of sin. Not misery in a far-off hell, which they can escape at the last moment by a prayer, but misery here on earth where the wrong was done, and where must be restored the equilibrium they have disturbed. Let us teach them Reincarnation, that brings the Soul back to the scene of its transgressions, and Karma, the Great Law, that sets each man reaping the harvest he has sown. Thus may be chipped away the crust of ignorance that hinders the shining forth of the Light within them, and thus their responsiveness to the Ideal will increase.

THE CHRIST WITHIN.

As the incarnation of the Ego in animal man is the Esoteric truth underlying all legends of divine incarnations, so the work of that Ego with its human tabernacle is the Esoteric truth underlying the doctrines of atonement, imputed righteousness and divine grace. The Ego, uniting with itself the lower nature, gradually purifies it, makes it at one with itself, and constantly pours its own strength into the human personality, inspiring it, guiding it, lifting it, glorifying it. The Christ is builded from within by this slow process through countless incarnations, every step being made by the joint efforts of the higher and lower natures, which from being twain are gradually welded into one. Thus is taught a magnificent self-reliance, thus is built up by ever-renewed effort a strong and perfect man. Here, perhaps, is the strongest point of contrast between the Esoteric Philosophy and popular Christianity, and as this touches conduct and the spirit of our life, it is of the highest importance. Is man to rely on a force external to himself, or is he to seek strength in himself? On his answer to that question depends his future.

If this is the strongest point of contrast between Theosophy and Christianity, then the difference is small indeed, because, although Christianity teaches man to rely on a force external to himself, while Theosophy teaches him to seek strength in himself, the difference is practically immaterial the moment you begin to define what you mean by self. What the ordinary man means by self is his conscious self, but that conscious self is very different indeed from the Divine Ego from which, the Theosophist teaches, man must draw the supply of light necessary for him to attain his true development. The doctrine of the Divine Ego which the Theosophists teach can with very little exercise of subtle reasoning be proved to be identical with that kingdom of Heaven which, is within you, upon which the Gospels and the Quakers constantly insist. The light and strength of the Divine Ego lie as much outside the ordinary conscious self as the kingdom of Heaven which is within us lies outside the ordinary carnal nature of unregenerate man.

THE CONQUEST OF PASSION.

MR. RUSKIN'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

MR. GEORGE STRONACH, in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for August, publishes some letters which Ruskin addressed to a young student of his, full of kindly feeling, sound common-sense, and, what is more generally needed, earnest Christian counsel.

HARD WORK AND HARD PLAY.

The following passages on the resisting of temptation may be read with advantage by everyone. The first extract is from a letter written in August, 1854:—

You say you must work hard to keep you from evil. Will not hard play do as well? I don't think God has put any passions in the human frame which may not be subdued in a healthy manner, as long as it is necessary to subdue them—I wish you would ask a clergyman about this.

I would accept your promise with gratitude, if I thought that it would be safe for you to make it. But I believe there is no means of preserving rectitude of conduct and nobleness of aim but the grace of God, obtained daily, almost hourly—waiting upon Him and continual Faith in His immediate Presence. Get into this habit of thought, and you need make no promises. Come short of this, and you will break them, and be more discouraged than if you had made none. The great lesson we have to learn in this world is to *give it all up*: it is not so much resolution as renunciation—not so much courage as resignation that we need. He that has once yielded thoroughly to God will yield to nothing but God.

INSTANT FLIGHT FROM TEMPTATION.

In November, Mr. Ruskin wrote again to the same correspondent on the same subject, as follows:—

After a very fatiguing day, I can only—for it is near midnight—write you this line to say I accept your promise, and am about to pray for you that you may be enabled to keep it. Only remember that no human strength can keep it except by instant flight from all temptation—*instantly* turning the thoughts in another direction. No reasoning or resolution will stand. To turn away the eyes and thoughts is the only way.

If you have not been hitherto enabled to do this, you will find that in perfect chastity, of thought and body, there is indeed a strange power, rendering every act of the soul more healthy and spiritual, and giving a strength which otherwise is altogether unattainable. Spenser has set it forth perfectly under the image of the all-conquering Britomart. When I say “no human strength can keep it, except,” etc., I mean that not even by flight—human strength can conquer without perpetual help. But God has appointed that His help shall be given only to those who “turn their eyes from beholding vanity”; nay, it is by this help that those eyes are turned. I can only say a *word* on the question of your letter to which this leads.

USE THE BIBLE.

I never met with but one book in my life that was clear on the subject of works and faith, and that book is the Bible. Read it only on this subject. And I think you will come to the conclusion that though works are not the *price* of salvation, they are assuredly the *way* to it, and the only way. I do not mean the Way in the sense in which Christ is the Way, but the way in the sense of the Strait Gate. For Christ the Door is not strait, and Christ the Way not narrow. But the short of it is—Christ says—“When ye have *done* all that is commanded you, then say we are unprofitable servants.” He does not say—Do *nothing* that is commanded you, and all is right if you say you are unprofitable.

WORK, WORK, WORK!

Read the Sermon on the Mount. It is work, work, work, from beginning to end. And I believe all the divisions of Christians are caused by their hatred of the simple text—“Whoso heareth my words and *doeth* them.” The Romanists substitute paying and praying for doing—the Scotch, believing for doing—the English, reverence for doing—and so on. Plain

taking up of the hard, heavy cross is the last thing with them all. Strive always to *do*—acknowledge continually that it is Christ which worketh in you, both to will and do. And you will soon know the doctrine whether it be of God.

FRIENDSHIPS BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN.

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, in the *Nineteenth Century*, has an article entitled “The Conduct of Friendship,” in which he discusses among other things the question of friendships between men and women. He thinks that the difference of sex itself is well nigh an insuperable hindrance to attachments between persons of the same age; this is accentuated in youth by the difference of education, and in maturity by the limitation of aim and scope. He points out that the exclusion of women from public life, from politics, and from commerce shears away a great province of employment in which woman's interest can never be other than altruistic. The education also makes a difference, and Sir Herbert says that a man is conscious of a voice, inanimate, which finds no sympathetic echo in the woman, for from her the Greek poets have been sedulously sealed away. The whole scheme of a boy's education is laid apart from the girl's, what wonder then if there is a lack of harmony, without which friendship is not? Another difficulty is that which begins in friendship often ends in love. It is interesting to notice that Sir Herbert Maxwell admits that one great difficulty in the way of friendship between men and women would be got over if women took part in business, politics, and commerce:—

But there is another respect in which the training of young people of the wealthier class not only builds up a barrier between their lives, but sends the whole current of their thoughts into separate channels. From the day a boy goes to school he is aware of the existence of a certain kind of evil of which a girl never suspects the existence until she has grown up. The boy knows it is evil, but he learns also that in the eyes of the world there is no disgrace incurred if it is yielded to; that, on the contrary, public opinion condones it. It is the subject of constant conversation among the young, and often of arch allusion among older men, and thus, unless he is of peculiar constitution, it occupies a great deal of his thoughts. The finger cannot be laid on any circumstance of modern society which so completely severs the outset in life and separates the tone of mind of the two sexes. And it endures through life; for though a woman's purity is acknowledged to be beautiful and worthy of worship, it is held to be inevitable—looked for as matter of course, like the purity of a crystal. We prize it, but we do not wonder at it, for it is secured by sedulous training and the habit of watchfulness; it implies no mortal encounter with evil. But a man's purity does stir our marvel, for it means a living martyrdom.

Surely this is the language of extreme exaggeration. Men and women are a great deal more like each other than is conventionally supposed to be the case, and this is specially true of the subject on which Sir Herbert Maxwell is writing. I only marvel that any writer as cultivated and as experienced as Sir Herbert Maxwell could possibly speak about the virtue of a woman as implying no mortal encounter with evil. That kind of cloistered virtue is at least as rare as the living martyrdom about which he speaks so eloquently. Besides which, if what he says is true, surely there is all the more reason for lessening the pangs of that living martyrdom by extending to men the benefit of the sedulous training and habit of watchfulness which has worked such wonders for women. Sir Herbert Maxwell's remark, however, is suggestive, inasmuch as it indicates what is undoubtedly one of the greatest obstacles in the way of that friendship between men and women, which is the great desideratum of social intercourse.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY THE HEADMASTER OF HARROW.

In the *New Review* for September, the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon replies to the article on "Our Public Schools, their Methods and their Morals," which appeared in the *New Review* for July. Mr. Welldon complains that the critic deals out with indiscriminate censure. He admits that our public schools are not immaculate. There are some which lack intellectual life and energy, but with all their faults they excite above all other institutions a touching and abiding affection in the hearts of the great majority of the boys who have passed under their influence. After specifying the various points from which he dissents from the writer of the article to which he replies, Mr. Welldon says that he agrees with him in thinking that in the competition for Entrance Scholarships, the sons of poor parents should stand upon the same level, at least, with the sons of the rich. He suggests that the question might be solved by giving the rich boys the status and character of scholars in their public schools, while reserving the emoluments of scholarships for the poorer. Mr. Welldon laments that in the ancient schools tradition is so fatally strong. He tells the story of the headmaster who, being asked what is the greatest difficulty which he had to contend with in administrative reform replied, "The Conservatism of my Radical teachers."

Public schools, says Mr. Welldon, are much more humane places than they used to be. Fights are dying out, and the young are guarded to-day in a greater degree than ever before from the savagery which has been the scourge and disgrace of public schools. The birch has lost its historic dignity. Replying to the sneer at the educational deficiency of the schools, Mr. Welldon says:—"It may safely be inferred from the results of examinations at the Universities, or for the Army and the professions, that the ignorance of public school life is exaggerated."

On the painful question of impurity which prevails at some schools, Mr. Welldon says:—

It is not true, according to my experience, that "some of our public schools almost provoke the punishment of the Cities of the Plain." It is not true that horrible iniquities "are a matter of jest among the boys at the schools themselves." I do not deny the need of unremitting vigilance in regard to the moral welfare of a school. Purity is a subject which should be seldom on a schoolmaster's lips, but never out of his mind. Where several hundred human beings of immature years are taken out of their own homes and away from the influence of their mothers and sisters and set down for many months of the year in a society which has many noble characteristics but some inevitable drawbacks, it is pretty certain that certain evils will occur. But I doubt whether an equal number of men in any circumstances commit less evil than the boys in a public school. One is apt to forget how few are the boys who do grave wrong, what an infinitesimal portion of the school they are. The writer advances serious charges; they may be just, but they are not supported by evidence. It happens that I can appeal to statistics. It may be assumed that the amount of evil detected among boys will bear a certain relation to the amount of evil they commit; and taking the school which I know best, in the years when I have known it, I find that the number of boys who have got into serious trouble and disgrace of any kind during their school lives does not amount to two per cent. But how strange it is that a writer should fancy he can solve in two or three sentences the moral problem which lies so deep in human nature! Has he attempted it? I cannot help asking, and does he know what anxious care is brought to bear upon it by schoolmasters? He cannot think they are indifferent to it.

THE INDEX EXPURGATORIUS.

HOW IT IS WORKED IN ROME.

FATHER CLARKE, in the *Nineteenth Century* for September, describes in detail the mode in which the Vatican deals with books before them on the Index Expurgatorius. As Father Clarke says:—

The story is one full of interest to non-Catholics as well as to Catholics, not only on account of the importance of the question, but because it presents a very suitable opportunity for explaining the *modus operandi* of tribunals of faith, and the character and authority of the sentences they pass on propositions laid before them for decision.

Books can be condemned either by the Congregation of the Inquisition, or by the Congregation of the Index, or by both. Professor St. George Mivart's papers on "Happiness in Hell" were condemned by both. The following is Father Clarke's account of the Congregation Index, and the way in which it does its work:—

The members of the Congregation of the Index are some six or seven cardinals appointed by the Pope. It has a prefect, or president, an assistant, and a secretary, the last named being always a Dominican. It has attached to it a number of consultors, selected from the ranks of the secular and regular clergy of Rome. Its method of procedure is naturally a replica, more or less, of that of the Congregation of the Inquisition, and its sentences are, in a majority of instances, supplementary to sentences already passed in the older Congregation. A large proportion of the books condemned by it have previously been condemned by the Inquisition. Sometimes, however, it takes the initiative, and it then proceeds as follows: A book is denounced by some zealous Catholic to the Cardinal Prefect as hurtful to souls, and the denunciation is laid before the secretary of the congregation. The denouncer, or delator as he is technically termed, has to give full reasons for his complaint. The secretary has then to examine the book for himself with care, and to associate with himself two advisers, chosen by him with the consent of the Holy Father or the Cardinal Prefect. If their collective judgment is against the book, a further adviser has to be selected who is an expert in the special subject of which the book treats. He has to give in a detailed report to the secretary, marking the particular passages to which exception can be justly taken. After this a preliminary meeting of the body of consultors is held, the secretary being present with at least six consultors who are familiar with the topics discussed in the book. Finally a general meeting of the cardinals composing the congregation is held, whose procedure is exactly the same as that of the Congregation of the Inquisition. There is the same full discussion, the same reference to the consultors, and finally the same report of the proceedings and of their result to the Pope, with a view to his approval of the sentence passed.

In the decree recently passed respecting the articles of Professor Mivart there is a condemnation by both tribunals. The decree of the Inquisition condemning them is mentioned in the decree of the Index, and yet the Index, instead of merely placing them in consequence on the list of prohibited books, has added a separate condemnation of its own. The decree condemns and proscribes St. George Mivart's "Happiness in Hell," and says:—

"Wherefore let no one henceforward, of whatever rank or condition, venture to publish in any place or language, or to read if published, or to keep in his possession, the aforesaid works thus condemned and proscribed, but let him be bound to hand them over to the Ordinaries of the place, or to the inquisitors of heresy, under the penalties laid down in the index of forbidden books."

This decree is decisive respecting the general tendency of the articles in question. It proscribes the doctrine that they teach as in opposition to Catholic dogma. The controversy is now happily at an end. *Roma locuta est: causa finita est.*

MR. JOHN MORLEY.

A FANCY PORTRAIT BY ADMIRAL MAXSE.

ADMIRAL MAXSE, stirred to wrath by Mr. T. P. O'Connor's application of the word Judas to his friend, Joseph Chamberlain, pours forth his wrath in the pages of the *National Review*. His article entitled "Judas" is a vindication of Mr. Chamberlain and the Unionists, but the most interesting part of this vigorous expression of opinion is that in which the Admiral devotes his energies to the dissection on the political career of Mr. John Morley. I quote the following passages, which represent what may be described as the other side of the shield to that which I portrayed in my Character Sketch of the Chief Secretary.

AN EMINENT RADICAL, FORSOOTH?

Could Mr. John Morley be described as an eminent Radical? He was never known as a politician at all until Mr. Chamberlain took him up. He was essentially a literary recluse: with, however, an inordinate ambition. His opinions were his religion. The man who differed from them was a bad man with whom there could be no terms: Mr. Morley became inflated with a righteous wrath, and in private life excommunicated friend after friend. He sat at the feet of Auguste Comte (all experience came to him through the literary medium), and imbibed from him his views on human government—not on religion. Under his teaching great nations became an abomination. Comte's cardinal doctrine is that they are to be subdivided into small ones, or (to quote Mr. Frederic Harrison) "into real national units, of which Scotland, Ireland, Bohemia, and Bavaria would be among the largest—sufficiently manageable to govern themselves peacefully." Of all the fantastic notions espoused by the philosopher and preached by the fanatic, this one—that the more men are partitioned off from each other by arbitrary frontiers and divided by customs and principles and varied interpretations of morality, the better,—is the most grotesquely absurd. It is essentially the fiction of the bookworm; of the man who has never been out in the world and known men. How is it that this doctrine of Dissolution finds favour in England? Alas! because our only protection from the philosopher-craze consists in an appeal to a class so ignorant that the very term "dismemberment" is a mystification.

A RIGHT HON. AFFRONT TO THE NATION.

Mr. John Morley might quite consistently have figured as a Swiss, or a Swedish, or a Belgian Minister; but that he should occupy the position of a British Cabinet Minister is a gross affront to the nation. He is thus in power within the citadel of the Empire whose dissolution he desires. As a journalist he never ceased to deery our influence abroad; he invariably urged a policy of poltroonery and the abdication of all responsibility outside our island limits; he helped to sacrifice Gordon in Egypt; and, more than any man, he insisted upon our cowardly abandonment of the Soudan. Indeed he was not content with the course of scuttling already undertaken, he pressed at a public meeting for the "withdrawal of our troops at the earliest possible moment." He was probably the single Englishman who was content with Majuba Hill; needless to say that he urged abject surrender. A very curious characteristic in Mr. Morley is that he regards the exercise of physical force with a superstitious horror; but it is chiefly odious to him when it is exercised on behalf of any constituted authority. He can "sombrely acquiesce" in the moonlight outrage of Ireland, and palliate such exercise of physical force as was displayed in the September massacres of the French Revolution. Any insurrection against authority commands his sympathy; and, although he objects to having his own house broken into, and is a rigid economist in regard to the rights of property, the sight of a criminal pursued by a constable renders him indignant with the latter.

THE FATHER OF A NIGHTMARE.

Whenever—if ever—the secret history of these times is written, it will, I think, be found that Mr. John Morley has had more to do with the scheme of setting up an Irish Parliament than any other person in the United Kingdom. Mr.

Gladstone's is essentially a mind liable to impregnation, and then it is alarmingly prolific. I always predicted that whenever Mr. Morley had the chance he would obtain a great ascendancy over Mr. Gladstone. His intellectual interest and literary information, his vehement disapprobation of ordinary English ideas, his loathing of responsibility abroad, his tempestuous fits of moral indignation (to say nothing of his personal charm of manner and delightful talk)—all these qualifications made him an attractive and soon an indispensable adviser to the septuagenarian, who must have perished politically of barrenness but for the sustenance of another person's ideas and convictions. I believe that England's present nightmare is due to these two men having met.

A FENIAN M.P.

Mr. Morley has been the prime instigator of the disastrous measure which threatens the disruption of the United Kingdom and civil war in Ireland. To him it is chiefly due that we have entered a period of national agony and suspense which will outlast the present generation. No terms can be sufficiently severe to expose and denounce his conduct. If he were properly appreciated, he would not be able—howsoever estimable he may be in private life—to show himself upon a public platform in England, or in Scotland, or in loyal Ireland. He could only fitly represent a Fenian constituency.

Jew-Baiting in Ireland.

In the *Lyceum* for August 15th, the Editor returns to the consideration of the reason which seems to justify caution in encouraging the settlement of the Jews in the country. He says:—

But we do not indulge the hope that our protest on the head, or indeed any other protest whatever, will prevent the evil of which we gave warning. If Ireland is found a suitable field for the operations of the Jewish money-lender—and with the transfer of the ownership of land to the peasantry it will become a suitable field—the Jew will remain, and will multiply amongst us. It is of importance to make acquaintance with one who is thus likely to be a persistent neighbour. To afford our readers an opportunity of making this acquaintance, I propose giving some account of the Jew as he appears among the civilised nations of the "Aryan" races. As we proceed we may be able to suggest some explanation of the hatred which has pursued, and still pursues, the Jew among so many civilised communities. Should we be able to do this, our remarks may help to indicate some means of forestalling and obviating this rancour amongst ourselves.

Should Hypnotism be Monopolised by M.D.'s?

DR. JUDSON DALAND, in *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* for September, protests against the unlicensed practice of hypnotism. He lays great stress upon the evils which might arise from hypnotism when in the hands of vicious and criminal men. He says:—

I protest most earnestly against the practice of hypnotism by any but physicians. Public exhibitions do incalculable harm. Professional magnetisers still claim their share of victims, and the use of this tremendous power should not be looked upon as a parlour amusement, incapable of doing injury in France, Russia, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland have already recognised the danger, and have passed restrictive laws.

Multiple Voting in Belgium.

MUCH is expected, says the *Christian at Work*, of the proposed new suffrage law of Belgium. It is to be based upon four qualifications—intelligence, age, matrimony, and property. Graduates of colleges and universities may vote twice at each election. A married man who has reached the age of thirty-five may also vote twice. A married man who possesses a certain specified amount of property may vote three times. At the present time there are only about 120,000 legal voters in Belgium. Under the proposed plan there will be 1,200,000 voters with a voting power of 1,800,000 votes one day.

ENGLAND AND THE SOUDAN.

AN APPEAL FROM FATHER OHRWALDER.

ONE of the most interesting articles in the magazines for September is that entitled "A Talk with Father Ohrwalder," which appears in *Blackwood*. The writer gives a very interesting account of the eminent Father whom he interviews at length, but, curiously enough, without recognising that he was doing his work just like any other good interviewer, neither better nor worse. Some vague suspicion of this crossed his mind, and he recoiled from the idea, but he went on with his work. All this is very silly. A good interviewer is simply a gentleman who holds a conversation with another, the only difference being that in the case of the interviewer, the general public are admitted to share in the communications which he is able to obtain from his subject.

The *Blackwood* interviewer gives a very vivid picture of Father Ohrwalder, and reproduces carefully what he says, noting the while the fiery flash of his eyes, and the passionate tone of his voice. When asked what was the condition of helping the Soudan, Father Ohrwalder exclaims:—

"England, my friends, I tell you England is the only possible condition! Ah, if you in England did but know the power of your name in the heart of the Soulan! I speak of what I know, and I bid you believe me, there is but one chance for those poor millions of slave-bound, crushed, and helpless beings,—one and one only, the protection of England. Until England, as a nation, awakes to the consciousness of the power of her name and the gravity of her responsibility in the Soudan, there is nothing on earth that can bring a ray of hope to that poor country."

"But," we suggested, "surely the destruction of Hicks Pasha's army, the fall of Khartoum, the murder of Gordon, and the failure of the Nile expedition for his relief, must have irretrievably shattered the prestige of England in the Soudan?"

"Not in the least," he emphatically replied.

Father Ohrwalder proceeded to explain that, notwithstanding the injury that had been done to our prestige by our disasters, they had been fully retrieved, and at this moment the Khalifa was filled with an overpowering sense of the power in England.

The interviewer remarked that there was very little chance of England intervening in the Soudan at present; whereupon—but I had better quote textually what he says:—

"Ah, well!" observed Father Ohrwalder; "It may be as you say. But unless I am greatly mistaken, it will not be very long before the force of circumstances will compel your country to conquer the Soudan; unless, indeed, you are prepared to sacrifice all that you have done in and for Egypt, and intend to retire from your present position."

"And supposing England did so?" we inquired.

The Father shrugged his shoulders as he smilingly replied—

"Oh, then, of course, her influence is for ever destroyed in Egypt and the Soudan, and she will never again be able to interfere. But," he added, with a sudden burst of vehemence, "it is not possible—England never can prove so false to herself. It would be a crime—a crime in the sight of God and of this African humanity—of which England could never be guilty."

"You speak strongly," we said, "and yet you are not an Englishman yourself. Are there no other nations who could achieve in the Soudan what you expect from England? What about France, Germany, Italy, or even Austria, your own country?"

"None," was the emphatic reply. "If you had lived in those distant regions of the Soudan so long as I have, if you had

mingled in the daily life of the natives, listened to their conversation, and become acquainted with their ideas, you would know that the name of England is with them an almost magical spell, and that England is synonymous in their minds, with freedom, prosperity, and civilisation. They scarcely even know the name of any other European country—I am speaking, of course, of the ordinary Soudanese peasants; and if any nation has a call from heaven itself to release these wretched people from slavery and oppression, to restore the distracted country to peace and security, and to lay the foundations of its future greatness and prosperity, that nation is England. Ah! would that I had the opportunity and power of stirring up your great country to a sense of its might and of its responsibility! Would that I could make every Englishman feel that he has a solemn mission from God in this matter! Would that I were able to impress upon his conscience the misery which the Mahdi and the Khalifa have spread throughout the Soudan! The accursed slave traffic was never so rampant in Africa as it is at this present moment. The slave-market at Omdurman is one of the largest and most frequented of any that have ever been known. It is so uncommon thing to see a thousand women and girls exposed for sale, in one day.

GENERAL HAMLEY AND HIS CATS.

THE writer of a very appreciative character sketch of General Hamley in *Blackwood's Magazine* contains a passage of more than general interest. Many people knew General Hamley, no doubt, but the number that knew him were but as a drop in a bucket compared with the number of those who know cats, and who will be more attracted to the departed soldier on account of his affection for these household pets than for the part which he took in storming the earthworks at Tel-el-Kebir. The writer says:—

No account of General Hamley would do him justice which did not allude to his affection for cats. The cat in effigy, or in water-colours or crayons, was as common on the tables and walls in his rooms as the bears about Berne. Cats in all characters and situations were showered on him in Christmas cards by ladies who flattered that amiable weakness. He was hand-in-glove with all the cats of the clubs, whether, as he said, they were regular or merely honorary members. He lived on terms of daily familiarity with the cat who used to reside in a hutch behind the "United Service." As he walked home in the peaceful night by lamplight he could never pass a cat on a door-step without stooping to scratch it. In his most earnest talk at one of the windows in the Athenæum dining-room, he would stop himself and lay his hand on your arm, if he saw one of his feline friends stretching itself and polishing its claws tiger-like against the trunk of a tree. We remember at one of the annual *Saturday Review* dinners at Greenwich, by an odd coincidence, four men chanced to be seated together, all devoted to cats. Two of them had written monographs on the noble animal, but Hamley was the most enthusiastic of the four. We have seldom heard him in greater *verve* or force as he illustrated his psychological analysis of the qualities and virtues of his favourites with a flow of anecdotes and recollections. One of these he gave in the letter in "The Story of the Campaign." On the march from the Alma to the Katcha, "I carried a small black kitten, which one of our people picked up on the bank of the river, on my holsters for some time, feeding him with biscuits, but during my absence from the saddle he made off." What a pleasing trait that is in his character!

In the *Modern Review*, Gail Hamilton discourses once more upon the Maybrick case, and Mrs. Wolstenholme Elmy delivers her soul vigorously concerning the heresies of Milton when the poet ventured to deal with the sacred women.

THE HEREFORD ELECTION.

HAS IT ANY POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE?

A CORRESPONDENT in Hereford, in a position to form a good judgment on the subject, writes as follows:—

"There were few reasons why Hereford should have been exalted into a sort of national polling-booth, but no sooner did Mr. Grenfell resign than Hereford competed with Westminster the claim to be considered the hub of English political life. For ten or twelve days scarcely a train arrived which did not bring speakers or canvassers or other political officials ready and anxious to make history. Mr. Ratcliffe Cooke, in his election address, was naturally very complimentary to the retiring member, with whom he expressed general agreement, both as regards bimetallism and the Irish question. But practically both sides quietly ignored the currency problem. As an election cry it was felt to be decidedly cumbersome. It required a good deal of explanation, and explanations on election platforms are always to be avoided. What was wanted in Hereford by Mr. Cooke's friends was the short snappy sentence in Mr. Grenfell's letter: 'I cannot,' wrote that gentleman, 'support a policy of Home Rule which recognises the presence of Irish Members at Westminster to vote on purely English matters, whilst giving them at the same time the exclusive control of their own affairs.' This was the battle-cry raised on behalf of Mr. Cooke by men great and small. The cry caught on, and although the Liberal orators made a very good defence of the proposals of the Government, their speeches did not avail much against the cry. Oratory and argument were of little avail—the Unionists, so-called, went to the Tory meetings, the Liberals went to their own, and the waverers and weak-kneed generally stayed at home. Consequently, had it not been for the assistance given by some of the Nationalist M.P.'s in the work of canvassing, it is probable that a very large proportion of the electors would to this day be ignorant of the provisional character of the Ministerial scheme and the many important subjects reserved from the Dublin Assembly. Perhaps in days to come, when our Parliamentary elections are conducted on truly democratic lines, meetings will be arranged at which both sides of a question may be discussed.

"A great deal has been said and written on the subject of the railway vote at this Hereford election. As a matter of fact, it is very doubtful if the introduction of these side issues, important as they seemed at the moment, influenced half a dozen votes one side or the other.

"Sir Joseph Pulley, in the address of thanks to his supporters issued after the election, animadverted very strongly on the tactics pursued by the victors. He described them as 'an unparalleled combination of misrepresentation and abuse, religious intolerance inflamed by Orange bigotry and social and other pressure, amounting in some cases, I am sorry to say, to actual intimidation.' Coming from a genial and kind-hearted man, whose political career has hitherto been remarkable for its freedom from the use of epithets as applied to opponents, these words could not fail to attract attention. Unhappily in some respects they had considerable foundation in fact. For instance, there is no doubt that some of the Irish delegates employed with direful effect upon the waverers a good many of the stock Orange arguments. Equally beyond question is the fact that much social pressure was exercised during the contest, and that this sometimes degenerated into actual intimidation there is little doubt. Nevertheless it was not intimidation of this kind which lost the seat to the

Government. In a constituency where parties are so evenly divided, the step taken by Mr. Grenfell could not fail to shake the confidence of many wavering Liberals. These, added to the not insignificant number of electors whose votes are usually cast on the see-saw principle, amply account for the difference between the Liberal and Tory polls of 1892 and 1893."

The following figures show how slight is the change that transfers the seat at Hereford:—

1885	1886	1892	1893
(L.) 1360	(C.) 1401	(L.) 1507	(C.) 1504
(C.) 1296	(L.) 1136	(C.) 1380	(L.) 1460
L. Majority 64	C. Majority 265	L. Majority 127	C. Majority 44

OUR ELIZABETHAN SAILORS.

MR. FROUDE ON THEIR METHODS AND MORALS.

IN *Longman's Magazine* for September, Mr. Froude publishes his third lecture on "The English Seamen of the Sixteenth Century." There is a good deal in it which lets some curious light upon the national character, and goes somewhat far to explain the epithet, "Perfidious Albion," which is so freely supplied to us by our neighbours. One of the things to which he calls attention was the privateer fleet under the direct patronage of England, and which preyed upon Spanish shipping in the Channel. Mr. Froude says:—

This fleet was the strangest phenomenon in naval history. It was half Dutch, half English, with a flavour of Huguenot, and was commanded by a Flemish noble, Count de la Mark. Its headquarters were in the Downs or Dover roads, where it could watch the narrow seas and seize every Spanish ship that passed which was not too strong to be meddled with. The cargoes taken were openly sold in Dover market. If the Spanish ambassador is to be believed in a complaint which he addressed to Cecil, Spanish gentlemen taken prisoners were set up to public auction there for the ransom which they would fetch, and were disposed of for one hundred pounds each. If Alva sent cruisers from Antwerp to burn them out they retreated under the guns of Dover Castle. Roving squadrons of them flew down to the Spanish coasts, pillaged churches, carried off church plate, and the captains drank success to piracy at their banquet out of chalices. The Spanish merchants at last estimated the property destroyed at three millions, and they said that if their flag could no longer protect them they must decline to make further contracts for the supply of the Netherlands army.

The rest of Mr. Froude's paper is devoted to an account of the way in which Sir John Hawkins deceived the Spaniards by pretending that he had quarrelled with Elizabeth, and was willing to play the part of the traitor to his own country; he all the while being simply anxious to extricate the English seamen kept in prison by the Inquisition. The intrigue was a very daring one and was carried out by the most bare-faced lying that could be imagined. Mr. Froude says:—

You will observe the downright directness of Cecil Hawkins and the other parties in the matter. There is no wrapping up their intentions in fine phrases, no parade of justification. They went straight to their point. It was very characteristic of Englishmen in those stern dangerous times. They looked facts in the face, and did what fact required. All really happened exactly as I have described it: the story is told in letters and documents of the authenticity of which there is no the smallest doubt.

IN *Macmillan's Magazine* there are two articles upon very different subjects—one on "The Letters of Henry, the Fourth of France," the other upon "George Fox." Both are good reading.

WOMEN IN ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS contributes to *Harper* for September a very lively account of a "General Election in England." He went through the general election in one of the southern counties in attendance upon a Conservative candidate. His description of the election is very interesting, and very brightly written. The only important part of his paper is that in which he criticises, from an American point of view, the conduct of women in English politics. He says:—

The part the women play in an English election is one of the things which no American can accept as an improvement over our own methods. It may either amuse him or shock him, but he would not care to see it adopted at home. The canvassing in the country from cottage to cottage he can understand; that seems possible enough. It takes the form of a polite visit to the tenants, and the real object is cloaked with a few vague inquiries about the health of the children or the condition of the crops, and the tractlike distribution of campaign documents. But in town it is different. The invasion of bachelor apartments by young Primrose Dames is embarrassing and un-nice, and is the sort of thing we would not allow our sisters to do; and the house-to-house canvass in the alleys of Whitechapel or among the savages of Lambeth, which results in insult and personal abuse, is, to our way of thinking, a simple impossibility. The English, as a rule, think we allow our women to do pretty much as they please, and it is true that they do in many things enjoy more freedom than their British cousins, but the men in our country are not so anxious to get into office, greedy as they are after it, as to allow their wives, in order to attain that end, to be even subject to annoyance, certainly not to be stoned and hustled off their feet or splattered with the mud of the Mile-End Road. Any one in England who followed the election last year knows to the wife of which distinguished candidate and to the daughters of which cabinet minister I refer.

I have seen women of the best class struck by stones and eggs and dead fish, and the game did not seem to me to be worth the candle. I confess that at the time I was so intent in admiring their pluck that it appeared to me as rather less than otherwise, but from this calmer distance I can see nothing in the active work of the English woman in politics which justifies the risk she voluntarily runs of insult and indignity and bodily injury. A seat in the House would hardly repay a candidate for the loss of one of his wife's eyes, or of all of his sister's front teeth, and though that is putting it brutally, it is putting it fairly.

It would not be fair, however, if I left the idea in the reader's mind that the women go into this work unwillingly: on the contrary, they delight in it, and some of them are as clever at it as the men, and go to as great lengths, from Mrs. Langtry, who plastered her house from pavement to roof with red and white posters for the Conservative candidate, to the Duchesses who sat at the side of the member for Westminster and regretted that it threatened to be an orderly meeting. It is also only fair to add that many of the most prominent Englishmen in politics are as much opposed to what they call the interference of women in matters political as they are to bribery and corruption, and regard both elements of an electoral campaign with as pronounced disfavour. The reply which the present President of the United States made to those enthusiastic and no doubt well-meaning women who wished to form leagues and name them after his wife, illustrates the spirit with which the interference of women in politics is regarded in this country. But then it is a new thing with us, and it is only right to remember that from the days of the Duchess of Devonshire's sentimental canvass to the present, Englishwomen have taken a part in general elections; that there is a precedent for it; and when you have said that of anything English, you have justified it for all time to come. The young American girl who would not think it proper to address men from a platform and give them a chance

to throw things at her, must remember that the English girl would not give the man she knew a cup of tea in the afternoon unless her mother were in the room to take care of her. And I am sure the women in My Candidate's campaign almost persuaded me that they, as the political agent declared, did more than himself to win the election. They did this by simply being present on the platforms, by wearing our colours, or by saying a kind word here or giving a nod of the head there, and by being cheerfully confident when things looked gloomy, or gravely concerned when the Candidate was willing to consider the victory already assured.

MR. RUSSELL LOWELL'S LETTERS.

In *Harper* for September, Mr. C. E. Norton gives some extracts from the two volumes of letters of James Russell Lowell, which he has just edited. From this article I make two extracts:—

ON SWINBURNE.

Here is a passage from a letter to Mr. Stedman:—"I have not seen Swinburne's new volume—but a poem or two from it which I have seen shocked me, and I am not squeamish. . . . I am too old to have a painted *hetaira* palmed off on me for a Muse, and I hold unchastity of mind to be worse than that of body. Why should a man by choice go down to live in his cellar, instead of mounting to those fair upper chambers which look towards the sunrise of that Easter which shall greet the resurrection of the soul from the body of this death? *Virginitas puerisque?* To be sure! let no man write a line that he would not have his daughter read. When a man begins to lust after the Muse instead of loving her, he may be sure that it is never the Muse that he embraces. But I have outlived many heresies, and shall outlive this new Adamite one of Swinburne. The true Church of poetry is founded on a rock, and I have no fear that these smutty back doors of hell shall prevail against her."

ON ENGLAND IN 1866.

Writing to Mr. Leslie Stephen in 1866, Lowell thus expresses himself in a letter, which showed how deep was the feeling of resentment occasioned in his patriotic breast by the conduct of England at the Civil War:—

"I confess I have had an almost invincible repugnance to writing again to England. I share with the great body of my countrymen in a bitterness (half resentment and half regret) which I cannot yet get over. I do not mean that, if my heart could be taken out after death, *Delenda est Anglia* would be found written on it—for I know what the land we sprung from, and which we have not disgraced, is worth to freedom and civilisation; but I cannot forget the insult so readily as I might the injury of the last five years. But I love my English friends none the less—nay, perhaps the more, because they have been *her* friends too, who is dearer to me for her trials and for the victory which I am sure she will be great enough to use gently. There! like a true New-Englander I have cleared my conscience, and I can allow a little play to my nature. . . .

"I am desired by the American Eagle (who is a familiar of mine caught on the coins of my country) to request you to present her compliments to the British Lion, and say to him that she does *not* (as he seems to think) spend *all* her time in trying to find a chance to pick out his eyes, having vastly more important things to occupy her mind about. She really can't conceive how they can quarrel when *his* place is on the ground and *hers* in the air—a moral on which she begs him to meditate. She doesn't wish to change, having a natural fondness for large views. 'As for Femians,' she adds, 'tell him to spell it Faintaunts, as we do over here, and he will enjoy his dinner again.'"

THERE is a paper on Siam in the *Californian Monthly* for August, written by E. Carrington, and another paper by Mr. J. Cheney on "William Blake."

THE DEGRADATION OF THE PRESS.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

MR. JOHN G. SPEED, in the *Forum*, writes a very interesting article in answer to his first question, "Do Newspapers now Give News?" He maintains that they do not, and he asserts that there has been visible a very palpable deterioration in the character of the news circulated in the American Republic since Mr. Pulitzer took over the *New York World*. The newspapers have drivelled down into mere scandal-mongering gossips. A table which Mr. Speed has drawn up brings this into very clear relief:—

THE CHANGES OF TWELVE YEARS.

For the purpose of comparing the various kinds of subjects treated in the papers of the different dates, I have made the following table:—

COLUMNS OF READING-MATTER IN NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS, APRIL 17, 1881, AND APRIL 15, 1893.

Subject.	<i>Tribune</i> , 1881.	<i>Tribune</i> , 1893.	<i>World</i> , 1881.	<i>World</i> , 1893.	<i>Times</i> , 1881.	<i>Times</i> , 1893.	<i>Sun</i> , 1881.	<i>Sun</i> , 1893.
Editorial . . .	5.00	5.00	4.75	4.00	6.00	5.00	4.00	4.00
Religious . . .	2.00	0.00	0.75	0.00	1.00	0.00	0.50	1.00
Scientific . . .	1.00	0.75	0.00	2.00	1.00	0.00	0.00	2.50
Political . . .	3.00	3.75	0.00	10.50	1.00	4.00	1.00	3.50
Literary . . .	15.00	5.00	1.00	2.00	18.00	12.00	5.75	6.00
Gossip . . .	1.00	23.00	1.00	63.50	.50	16.75	2.00	13.00
Scandals . . .	0.00	1.50	0.00	1.50	1.00	2.50	0.00	2.00
Sporting . . .	1.00	6.50	2.50	16.00	3.00	10.00	0.50	17.50
Fiction . . .	0.00	7.00	1.50	6.50	1.00	1.50	0.00	11.50
Historical . . .	2.50	2.50	2.75	4.00	2.50	1.50	4.25	14.00
Musical & Drama . . .	2.50	4.00	1.50	11.00	4.00	7.00	0.00	3.50
Crimes and Criminals . . .	0.00	0.50	0.00	6.00	0.00	1.00	0.00	0.00
Art	1.00	1.00	3.00	3.00	2.00	0.00	0.25	1.25

Mr. Speed says:—

So while there has been a distinct deterioration and decadence in the New York newspaper press in the last dozen years, the improvement in Chicago has been steady and noteworthy, and this notwithstanding the introduction and general adoption there of the illustrations that do not illustrate. There is a conventional phrase—"a newspaper is the history of the world for a day"—that is more or less believed in. Nothing could be falser than this. Our newspapers do not record the really serious happenings, but only the sensations, the catastrophes of history.

A PLEA IN MITIGATION.

"The Defence of the Newspaper" is taken up by Mr. C. R. Miller, of the *New York Times*. He says what can be said for the New York press without really meeting the point of Mr. Speed. He says:—

Let me say, however, that a newspaper that intentionally and as a matter of policy purveys matter acceptable to low and vulgar tastes, a newspaper that is habitually unclean, sensational, untrustworthy and ill-bred, deserves all the denunciations that the most violent critics of the press may visit upon it. Lay on, gentlemen, and spare not. But pray discriminate. Don't accuse a newspaper of pandering to low tastes because it prints matter intended for the edification of persons not in your set.

Mr. W. K. Keller, President of the New York Press Club, writing upon "Journalism as a Career" confirms, so far as he goes, the melancholy impression left by Mr. Speed's essay. The world, the flesh, and the devil seem to be having it all their own way in the New York press, judging by the utterances of these competent authorities:—

HAMMON SUPREME!

The domination of the business-office over the editorial department is a development of recent years; the natural consequence of the gradual evolution of journalism into a purely money-making business. A vast majority of the capital invested in journalism was not made from journals or furnished

by journalists. Nearly all the money with which newspapers successful and unsuccessful, have been started in New York, has come from sources entirely alien to journalism itself.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF JOURNALISTS.

Mr. Keller thus describes some of the drawbacks which are to be faced by Americans who contemplate making their living on the press:—

The disadvantages of journalism as a permanent vocation are the limitation to income, the insecurity of place, the comparative impossibility of ever working except for hire, the impersonality of the work, the absolute power which the newspaper has over the newspaper man, the constant drain upon both mental and physical forces, and the fact that old age is almost as fatal to employment as death itself. Another serious disadvantage, and by no means the least, is the jealousy and envy which obtain among newspaper men.

SALARIES OF THE PRESS.

The average income of reporters working for the New York newspapers is really less than two thousand dollars per annum. Copy-readers average about the same. The various heads of departments, such as dramatic, musical, sporting, foreign and exchanges, range from two thousand dollars to three thousand five hundred dollars; editorial writers from two thousand five hundred dollars to four thousand dollars; city and Sunday editors from three thousand dollars to five thousand dollars; and managing editors from five thousand dollars to fifteen thousand dollars.

THE USING UP OF YOUNG LIFE.

Journalism is essentially a business for young men. They rush into it by hundreds, they remain in it by tens. Ninety per cent. of the men who enter journalism leave it before they become old. They remain in it only long enough to make it a stepping-stone to something else less exacting, less limited in remuneration, less insecure in employment. On the staff of the daily newspaper with which I am connected there is only one man over fifty years of age, and the average age of the employes in the editorial department is less than thirty-five.

Where do these men go when they give up newspaper-work? They are to be found chiefly in politics or the theatrical business, two pursuits closely allied to journalism, although the law entices many and strictly commercial pursuits a few. A vast number die in the service before they grow old. The death-rate is high among newspaper-workers. This is a business which knows no Sabbath, no holiday, no day of rest.

The Medical Education of Women.

ALL who have watched the steady, though slow, progress of the movement in favour of affording to women a thoroughly good medical education, will be interested to know that the managers of the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh have resolved to authorise the provision of a qualifying number of beds for the clinical instruction of women students. The women students have been working in a most satisfactory way in the Royal Infirmary for nine months, but the examining board of the triple qualification having decided that the number of beds set aside for the instruction of women students was insufficient, the board of management of the infirmary intimated that the clinical teaching of women students was to be discontinued after October 1st. The Scottish Association for the Medical Education of Women appealed to the infirmary managers to reconsider their decision, at the same time pledging itself to raise a substantial sum of money to aid in fitting up the new wards. This offer is now accepted, and the managers deserve credit for forwarding this rapidly progressing movement. The Scottish Association has not pushed this matter for its own students only, but for all women preparing for the medical profession. The College of the Scottish Association is at 30, Chambers Street, Edinburgh.

A QUEEN'S CHARITY.

THE EVANGELISMOS OF ATHENS.

In the *Nouvelle Revue* of the 15th August Madame Lascaris gives a charming account of Queen Olga's practical charity and goodness of heart, and also throws an agreeable side-light on the manner in which the Athenian ladies of high degree occupy their spare time.

Before King George brought his Russian wife to Greece, charitable institutions were practically unknown in the land of Homer. In times of illness the wealthy Athenians and country gentry were at the mercy of a number of Mrs. Gamps, and for the sick poor no kind of provision was made by the State. As long ago as 1872 a few Greek ladies founded a kind of Nursing Society; three years later Queen Olga consented to become President, and gave out of her private purse the sum of 30,000 drachms for the foundation of a Nursing School. She soon became aware, however, that what was really wanted was some kind of hospital, where the poor could be attended to gratuitously, and which would in itself become a most practical school for nurses. Without losing any time Queen Olga organised a committee, presided over by the Metropolitan of Athens, and in response to the appeal sent out, a sufficient sum was at last forthcoming to begin the Evangelismos, as the hospital was named by wish of the Royal Family. The first stone was laid by the King on the 25th of April, 1884, and the hospital can now accommodate one hundred and thirty in- and sixty out-patients.

The Evangelismos consists of three distinct buildings connected by covered passages. The whole of the management of the hospital is confided to a Council of Administration, composed of seven ladies, who meet weekly and take it turn and turn about to spend the morning at the hospital seeing that all goes well in each department. The wards are spacious and each contains two ventilators; a feature is made of the bathing and hydro-therapeutic appliances. Although not bound by any vow, each nurse is only allowed to enter the Evangelismos after she has gone through a kind of novitiate, fitting her for the duties of her future life. If, after this preliminary trial, she is still desirous of entering the Evangelismos, she is obliged to sign an engagement not to marry for six years.

Every nurse receives a salary of thirty drachms a month, plus a sum of one hundred and eighty drachms at the end of each year. A certain percentage of this salary is kept back by the Administration, and given with compound interest to each nurse in the establishment.

The nursing-staff consists of twenty-six members, and there are two house-doctors and two consulting physicians. Madame Syngros, the wife of a great Athenian merchant, is practically the matron, although she does not live in the hospital.

Entirely supported by voluntary contributions, the smallest sum received passes directly through the hands of the Queen before being given to the treasurer. A certain number of apartments in the hospital have been set aside for paying patients; this has proved a great boon to those strangers who, falling ill in the Athenian hotels, would not be properly nursed were it not that the Evangelismos offers them a safe and comfortable haven for the moderate sum of about eight shillings a day.

Queen Olga is a constant visitor, both to the wards of the hospital and to the Government Infirmaries, which have been established through her energy. As is but natural, she takes an especial interest in the poorer Russian patients, for the Evangelismos makes no distinction of race or creed, although the chapel attached to

the establishment is, of course, Greek Orthodox; but the texts, which, by the Queen's wish, are to be found all over the building, are each but a repetition of the Divine precept, "Love one another."

MR. COBDEN AT HOME.

AN AMERICAN'S VISIT TO MIDHURST.

In the *Overland Monthly* for August, Mr. J. M. Scovel describes a visit which he paid to Mr. Richard Cobden in the middle of the American Civil War. Mr. Scovel visited Paris and London, and thus sums up the impressions which he received from each capital:—

London gives one an impression of stability and of power. Paris is France, and in Paris all France seems to look down upon you, not "from the Pyramids," but from the shop windows.

MR. AND MRS. COBDEN.

Being invited to visit Richard Cobden at Midhurst, he took the train at Waterloo, and drove over from Haslemere to Midhurst, and from thence to Dunford. He is very enthusiastic about his host and hostess:—

Richard Cobden was an exemplification of the truthful saying attributed to Coleridge, that he never knew a "truly great man that had not more or less of the feminine element in him." After accompanying me to the guest chamber, we came down to supper together and enjoyed a substantial meal, not forgetting a rare glass of old Madeira. Of the household I saw only Mrs. Cobden that evening,—a noble woman, with what Tennyson calls "quiet eyes still faithful to the truth." She had been her husband's companion during the bitterest of the strife attending the Anti-Corn Law agitation. In the morning before I left Dunford, we had a conversation which I may yet give the world, but not here. He was answering his letters as early as seven o'clock in the morning. As his five daughters came to the breakfast-room, each one saluted him with a kiss. An artist might gladly paint that picture of domestic happiness and contentment.

ON THE ENGLISH LABOURER.

Mr. Scovel reports at some length many remarks made by Mr. Cobden upon American and English affairs. He says:—

Cobden gave me to understand that a large investment had been made by him (Cobden) in the State of Illinois, and he once cherished the idea of coming to America to live, with an eye to the United States Senate. He soon abandoned the idea, believing the true work of his life was in England. He seemed most solicitous about the condition of the English peasantry, and more ready to converse upon this subject than any other. His fine eyes filled with tears as he explained to me the fearful ignorance and destitution among so many thousands who could never hope to turn a furrow of land which they might call their own. It was here the character of the man shone clear as day. He said there was no class in England, as there was in America, who, if they did not at first own their land with thrift and reasonable economy could soon become owners in fee of as many broad acres as they could cultivate. He talked on this subject till after midnight, deploring the fact that the English peasantry were divorced from the land on which they lived. He named his neighbour, Lord Lincolnfield, who owned a park with twelve miles of stone fence protecting it, its owner too rich to spend the half of his income, and rich enough to buy all the land within a day's ride of him.

The last political prediction I heard Cobden make was, that the laws regulating the tenure of lands must change (and while he might not live to see it I would), I would live to see a revolution which would for ever settle all disputes between English landlords and tenants. This question of elevating this disfranchised class, he said, was the one nearest to his heart.

That revolution has not yet taken place, but as the writer is still living, Mr. Cobden's claims to be a prophet may yet be vindicated.

THE CHINESE CONQUEST OF EUROPE.

A VISION OF 1899.

MR. W. W. CRANE in the *Overland Monthly* for June, in a paper entitled "The Year 1899," sketches for the consolation of the Caucasian the campaign which the Chinese and Asia generally undertook for the conquest of Europe and America. On the American side there is no need to dwell, beyond remarking that the Chinese prepared for their campaign by fraternising with the negroes. Notwithstanding this, and notwithstanding the landing of a horde of a million Asiatics on the Pacific Slope, the Chinese did not make much headway in the Western Continent. It was far otherwise in Europe. The following extract will give the reader an idea of Mr. Crane's lively imagination.

THE ASIATIC LEAGUE.

Two immense armies had gathered on the borders of Europe:—one in Asia Minor and the other around the northern shore of the Caspian Sea. The first, made up of Indo-Chinese, Hindoos, Afghans, Beloochees, Persians, Turka, Arabs and Turkomans, was directed by a Hindoo prince, and a dervish from Bokhara who claimed descent from Tamerlane. The other was all Altaic, and was led by a Chinese general and Kara Hoolakoo. Over both camps floated thousands of black felt banners, and every man in either host was arrayed in a uniform of the same ominous colour. Before the end of April both armies advanced at the same time.

THE CONQUEST OF RUSSIA.

A hastily collected and ill-organised force of Russians trying to withstand the first wave of the Altaic deluge near Saratoff, was almost annihilated, and the scattered fugitives who escaped spread terror far and wide in their flight. The panic was like that caused by an earthquake or a tidal wave. No further organised resistance was offered anywhere. The two great human floods rolled on unchecked, living on the country, butchering all who could not escape, and leaving desolation behind them. "The blacks are coming!" was the horrified cry in their front, and in the wild rush westward, starvation, exhaustion, and fear brought death to many of those who were flying to avoid it. The invaders destroyed every vestige of Christian civilisation wherever they came, all the different kinds of fanatics joining in a common frenzy of hatred against the sign of the cross.

The commissary arrangements of the whole invading host were controlled by Chinese officials and Hindoos who had served under the British Government. They saw that the captured supplies were kept in good condition and carefully distributed. Accustomed to living on the scantiest fare, the Asiatics would have been satisfied with less than they received. Their natural habits, their slight value of human life, and their wild religious enthusiasm made them soldiers who could hardly be excelled.

THE EXTINCTION OF FRANCE.

The two armies met in Germany and together poured into France, against which the Chinese had long been harbouring a special hatred. In every French city, town, and village not one stone was left on another. The country was overhung by a dusky pall of smoke, beneath which the only visible habitations were the black tents of the destroying host. The people had fled to England, to the north-east, or to the south, and detached masses, said to number five hundred thousand each, were sent to pursue them in the second and third directions. North Africa had joined the league as soon as it showed its strength, and an army from the Barbary States crossed the Straits of Gibraltar, while the invaders from the north were swarming over the Pyrenees. Some of the whites in Spain and Portugal escaped to the neighbouring islands or hid themselves in the mountains, but their number was comparatively small. Here and there bands of men and women, driven to bay and hopeless of quarter, sold their lives at a dear price: but in most cases it was mere butchery, and of

that the black-clad hordes were never weary. They seemed bent on crushing the white race out of existence, and in a little while they had left no visible trace of it between the Mediterranean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. Leaving the Africans to found a New Grenada, the Asiatics returned to France to take part in the preparations for attacking the British Islands.

THE ADVANCE ON BRITAIN.

In England the same preparations had been made, but on a larger scale. Peace had been made with Ireland, and the Irish in large numbers took active part in the work of making ready to meet the common foe. Here too a numerous body of refugees joined the home defenders. From forts, earthworks and entrenched camps, a long line of guns pointed seaward, and every available warship steamed back and forth from Beachy Head to the mouth of the Thames, keeping a close watch on the north-western French ports. The enemy was preparing a flotilla of long and wide boats, in which they expected to row across the intervening arms of the sea. They were working with the never-flagging steadiness of ants and bees, and though broadsides from venturesome ships smashed some of their half-built boats, and made gaps in the swarms of workers, they went on as if it had been nothing more than a peal of thunder. So things stood in Europe at the end of September in that memorable year, 1899.

The Chinese and the Moslems quarrelled, and the remnant of Europe was saved. The paper is interesting chiefly because it brings out so clearly the impossibility of the danger it describes.

PARTICIPATION VERSUS EXTENSION.

AN AMERICAN SUGGESTION FOR OUR UNIVERSITIES.

MR. A. B. HART, in the *Educational Review* for June, thinks that University Extension is not by any means everything that it should be. He proposes to supplement it by what he calls University Participation. He says:—

It is, of course, difficult to lay down with confidence the details of a scheme somewhat complicated and dependent on the co-operation of colleges with school boards, superintendents, teachers, and the general public. But it seems altogether possible to draw up a general plan of teachers' normal courses which shall be offered by colleges, and to which the name "University Participation" might not unreasonably be applied. It should be based on the following general principles:

1. The object should be training, and the training of teachers already in service.
2. The subjects ought to be those commonly taught in primary and grammar schools, with some reference also to secondary schools.
3. The methods ought to be active and scientific, including the use of apparatus, collections, and libraries.
4. The expense must fall in the long run in considerable part on the universities.

A feeling of responsibility in this matter has sprung up simultaneously in several different colleges.

In spite of the many practical difficulties stated, and many others undiscovered, the advantages of university participation are obvious. For the schools the system will facilitate, and in some cases alone will make possible, the remodelling of the curriculum; and it will add daily to the interest and efficiency of the teaching. To the teachers the system promises a relief from the endless monotony of ordinary class exercises, and gives them a broader and surer hold upon what they are doing. The normal schools will be stimulated if it be found that their graduates are, in the power of teaching the ordinary subjects, inferior to those who have had the training courses. To the colleges the system will be of great advantage, for the instructors will gain the clearness of understanding which arises from meeting difficulties suggested to the minds of others, and preparation will be improved. To the country it will aid in the advance of learning, for it will help the study of each subject from the beginning to the highest point of specialisation.

THE NATIONAL PARK OF THE UNITED STATES.

ONE of the best articles in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is that in which M. Léo Claretie describes what he styles "The National Park of the United States." This "park" is as large as a third of Belgium, and is situated in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, shut in on all sides by a rampart of peaks and glaciers, and until the year 1870 nobody seems to have known anything about it.

THE FIRE HOLE, 1870.

On the 19th of September, the very day, the writer points out, when the Prussian army was marching round Paris, a small company, under the guidance of General Washburn, came to a standstill on the borders of the great geysers now known as the Fire Hole. They were seeking for a lost companion, a certain Mr. Everts, who had wandered away and lost himself. For twenty long days the others called his name aloud to the echoes of the Rocky Mountains; they fired shots, and set fire to great tracts of forests, and sent out horsemen in every direction; but when at last they found him he was utterly exhausted and half distraught, having gone through terrible adventures, being without ammunition, without food or covering, sleeping near the springs of hot water during the chill nights, and boiling the roots of thistles for his food, while seeing whole flocks of game cross his path, but being without means to capture them. During the whole of one night he was watched by a Californian lion, having nothing upon his person but an eyeglass, with which he lit dry wood by the rays of the sun. But Mr. Everts's adventures were destined to lead to a great discovery, for while seeking for him General Washburn and his escort came upon what was to them a strange land in their own country. During the nights they were obliged to light great fires, and to keep two sentinels watching lest they should be attacked by lions or Sioux Indians, so wild and lonely was the region of which twenty-two years ago the world knew nothing. Even in 1877 a band of Blackfeet, commanded by the chiefs Looking-glass and Whitebird, massacred eight tourists encamped upon the borders of the Fire Hole.

AFTER TWENTY-THREE YEARS.

To-day this tract of country is furrowed by roads which are traversed by more than 15,000 tourists every summer. They there find comfortable hotels lighted with electric light, horses in relays, service at certain points as good as that in Switzerland, the post, the telegraph, and well-made roads. Travellers come from every quarter of the globe, and the ladies change their toilets three times a day.

It had been known, by the stories of hunters who had escaped from Indian arrows, that all sorts of phenomena took place in the interior of an immense circle of mountains in the Far West; the cowboys, seated by bivouac fires, told of frozen rivers which suddenly began to boil, and of glass mountains containing petrified forests, where were to be seen magnificent palaces, temples with festoons of pearls, battlemented towers, smoking furnaces, hissing cauldrons, walls of gold, terraces of marble and of onyx. Yet all these wonders were hardly more astonishing than the truth.

HELL'S HALF ACRE.

In the National Park of America the mineral world has it all its own way. Some geysers throw up sulphur, so that silver dollars immersed for a few minutes turn up gold, while the petrifications caused by others are white and pink. One old geyser is covered by a solid cap of

stone: it has created its own tomb. In another part of the park the noise and the steam are as if the traveller were approaching a great manufacturing district; but there are no mills, foundries, or factories. The Indian tribes were convinced that the interior of the ground was hell, and that the steam of the geysers was the breath of the devil. One spot rejoices in the name of "Hell's Half Acre," for the soil is red, and woo to anyone who tumbles into a hole, for there have been some sad accidents. One great smoking hill is called the "Tea Kettle," while another rejoices in the name of "Old Faithful," from the regularity of its outbursts. This crater is on the top of a great mound of chalk. The colours of the ground and of the waters are extraordinarily diverse—yellow, red, and green. A large lake, the highest in the world, is really like an immense inland sea, and not far from its shores can be seen the astounding image of the "Sleeping Indian," a huge figure lying upon the mountain side, its profile resembling that of the first Napoleon.

HOW TO GET THERE.

It was on March 1, 1872, that a vote of Congress declared that this wonderful tract of country should be national property for ever. No one can squat upon it, nor purchase land, nor hunt over it; if a tree falls across the road which hinders traffic, it is removed, but no one may touch a branch without permission.

From Chicago the place is reached in forty-eight hours, in trains which are luxurious and comfortable, though there is no important town upon the line except Saint Paul, Minneapolis, etc., etc. On the second morning the engine stops at a point of junction named Livingstone, a little settlement where the trains for the Atlantic and the Pacific meet and cross. A golden rivet is let into the rail at the point where the workmen soldered up the two halves of the mighty line which unite two oceans and two hemispheres. Travellers bound for the park descend here, and branch off on a little local line which links Livingstone to Cinnabar, the terminus of the iron road. In the park there is no railway to desecrate the tract of primitive land."

From Cinnabar the tourists take three mail coaches with eight horses apiece, and enjoy a wild and delightful drive, till they are received at the Mammoth Hotel, now one of the sights of the park, and are taken round, forty at a time, the trip taking seven days. For how many centuries will the United States preserve intact this isolated square of territory, savage, terrible, beautiful, and, except for its roads and sleeping places, absolutely untouched by the hand of man?

A Novelist's View of American Society.

MR. MORLEY ROBERTS, who writes about his first book in the *Idler*, does not speak kindly of the United States of America, only so far as they are unpeopled. He says:—

In speaking as I have done about America, I do not mean to praise it as a State or a society. In that respect it is perhaps worse than our own, more diseased, more under the heel of the money fiend, more recklessly and brutally acquisitive. But there are parts of it still more or less free; Nature reigns still over vast tracts in the West. As a democracy it is so far a failure, as democracies must be organised on a plutocratic basis; but it at any rate allows a man to think himself a man. Walt Whitman is the big expression of that thought, but his fervent belief in America was really but deep trust in man himself, in man's power of revolt, in his ultimate recognition of the beauty of the truth. The power of America to teach lies in the fact that a great part of her fertile and barren soil has not yet been taught, not yet cultivated for the bread which of itself can feed no man wholly

A DREAM OF A PURITAN ROME.

BY MR. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

MR. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT has a paper in the *Pall Mall Magazine* on "Rome in America," which is a curious example of a continued dream. I began the dream, and dreamed in my "Vatican and the New Era" a gorgeous vision of a regenerated Papacy undertaking the Director-Generalship of the world in all good works. Mr. Raymond Blathwayt has continued my dream, and in this article we have a not less imposing vision of Rome, not merely regenerate, but Puritan!

ROME AND THE REPUBLIC.

The article is the result of a visit which Mr. Blathwayt paid to the United States, and he certainly appears to have made good use of his time in sojourning among the prelates and personages of a new world. Mr. Blathwayt says:—

Here the Church is on her trial as she has never been since that moment when she first reared her temples amid the palaces and glories of Imperial Rome. Here, for the first time in the history of the world, and with a sharpness of contrast hitherto unseen, the old and the new are confronted with one another. Here face to face they stand—the Grand Old Church, the Glorious Youthful Republic; and meanwhile the world looks breathlessly on. For a crisis is at hand. This is a tide in the affairs of Rome which, if she takes it at the flood, will lead her on to such fortune as even she has never before experienced.

ROME EMANCIPATED BY AMERICA.

After describing the ideal of a Church, Mr. Blathwayt proceeds to prophesy:—

If all her ideals are carried out in their entirety, it goes without saying that the Church will speedily become an important, if not the most important, political factor in the Republic. She will become a factor that will not permit itself to be left unreckoned with in the calculations of any politician, or body of politicians, desirous of exercising an influence either for good or evil in the States—a factor that more than any other in American politics will go towards the construction and the maintenance of unity in the Republic. Rome, say what we may, and however much we may dislike or seek to explain away or absolutely deny the fact, Rome, nevertheless, is the one great Church—the one vast political as well as ecclesiastical organisation that speaks with authority—with a voice that *will* be heard. And especially must it be remembered that the Church in the Republic I am so fondly depicting will be, not the Church of Mediævalism, or of the Imperial City, or even of the Vatican of to-day. Rome in the Republic will be American Rome; it will be Puritan Rome, it will be emancipated Rome. It will not be Rome as we have hitherto known it, hampered and fettered by canons and rules centuries old, and altogether and hopelessly incompatible and out of touch with the spirit of to-day. It will be Rome Americanised—in other words, frankly democratic. And I believe that the day will come when, if she will but act up to her loftiest ideals, and in accordance with her noblest traditions, Republican Rome, Puritan Rome, will dominate, not the United States only, but the whole English-speaking world.

AND THEN DOMINANT IN THE NEW WORLD.

He concludes his article by declaring that he believes his prophecy will come true, and that Rome, the Mother of the world, is going to be the Church of the United States of America. He says:—

Cardinal Gibbons and his assistant prelates realise the intense importance, if the Church is really to carry out her mission in its entirety, of Americanising and nationalising as rapidly and completely as possible bishops, priests, and people, remembering always that the spirit of the Church is to be the Church of the nation in which she works.

And now is her dream on the very verge of actualisation.

Her prelates are not foreigners; they are not aristocrats; they are Americans to the core, attached heart and soul to the principles of democracy, seeking only to build up each and all into the true union of the Republic. Their one desire is to see a free Church in a free country, teaching to the varied inhabitants of that country the universal brotherhood of man and the all-fatherhood of God, without which, as both they and I hold, no Republic can hope to exist. And if the Church but succeed in the carrying out of these her ideals, she will no longer be the Church in the Republic, but the Church of the Republic beloved of all her children,—Rome, the Mother of the world.

Mr. Blathwayt, by-the-bye, having for the moment ended his interviewing and prophesying, is about to make the tour of the world with a limelight lantern and a boxful of slides. After having interviewed very nearly everybody who was worth interviewing in the Old World and the New, he is now going to describe to the great public what celebrities look like at home—how they talk and what they say. His lecture ought to be one of the most popular of the round the world series.

CONVERTS TO ROME IN AMERICA.

THE *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for July publishes an interesting article by Dr. Richard H. Clarke on "Our Converts." It is for the most part composed of several pages of names of notable Americans who have come over to the Roman Church. Dr. Clarke says:—

The convert element in a Catholic population of 14,000,000 in 1893 is estimated at 700,000, which shows the glorious and triumphant gains of the Church from the Protestant sects. It is a significant fact that few converts have been made by the Catholic Church in this country from the ranks of infidelity, atheism, deism, and other schools rejecting Christianity. The Protestant sects, those professing Christianity and struggling for the light of truth to the best of their opportunities, have yielded up to the Church, from the bosom of error, this goodly army of sincere and devout Catholics. Episcopalians by their love of religious antiquity and episcopacy, Presbyterians by their ardent advocacy of the principle of ecclesiastical authority, Methodists by their intense culture of the personality of God and of the Saviour, Puritans by their hatred of Erastianism and opposition to what they took to be idolatry, the zeal of Evangelicals against mere formal religion, and other sects, while blindly rejecting many revealed truths, yet cherishing some particulars of true religion, have proved themselves nurseries of conversions and promoters of some beautiful features of Christian truth, and probably themselves may prove to be the links by which all Christians will some day be brought into the one fold of Christ. When we consider the extent of this element of converted Catholics only in our own country, there is great and pregnant hope for a united Christendom.

When it is considered that the body of American converts have given to the Church eleven of her eminent members of the hierarchy, and including Bishop Northrop, the son of a convert, twelve, and four of these were archbishops, we must acknowledge, not only the numerous constituency standing at their backs, but also the zeal, the faith, the learning, the charity, the fidelity, the apostolic spirit, which pervade the entire body of American Catholic converts.

THE *London Philatelist* publishes a paper by Mr. E. J. Nankivel on the stamp auction season of 1892, from which we learn that five auctioneers last year sold postage stamps to the amount of £27,000. The highest price paid for a single stamp was £202, which was the sum secured by J. W. Scott and Co for a British Guiana stamp. There were forty-three sales held by five leading auctioneers, producing an average of £200 a lot. Altogether the sum invested in postage stamps during the season of 1892-93 must have considerably exceeded £30,000.

NONCONFORMISTS IN THE CHURCH.

A SUGGESTION BY THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON.

In the *Sunday Magazine* for September there is published an interview with Archdeacon Sinclair, which is very readable, and gives a vivid and interesting account of one of the rising clerics of the day. Archdeacon Sinclair is a Scotchman, comes from the extreme North, and he has charge as Archdeacon of 250 parishes, with a population of a million and a half!

He is a devoted cyclist, but he prefers the tricycle to the bicycle:—

In the August of 1891 he went down on his tricycle to Thurso from London, doing the 730 miles in sixteen days.

In London he has not much time for tricycling.

Here is his "timetable" roughly: he comes down to family prayers at half-past eight o'clock; from 9 to 10 he is occupied with his correspondence; from 10 to 11 is devoted to the service at the cathedral; business letters and interviews engage his attention from 11 till 1, when he dines; from 1.30 to 4 archidiaconal and other business is again his task; from 4 to 5 is given to the second service at the cathedral; then he goes out on business or duty; and when he returns he spends the evening until midnight over business letters or private papers.

Answering a question from his interviewer, the archdeacon says that the morning services in St. Paul's are usually attended by 100 persons; in the afternoon about 400, with the exception of Saturday, when the congregation rises to 700. On Sunday, the morning attendance is 2,500; the same number attend in the afternoon, but the evening service is the best attended, the congregation numbering 5,000, the cathedral being quite full.

Of the interview, the most important part is that which sets forth Archdeacon Sinclair's ideas as to the steps that should be taken to bring about a closer connection between the Church and Nonconformity.

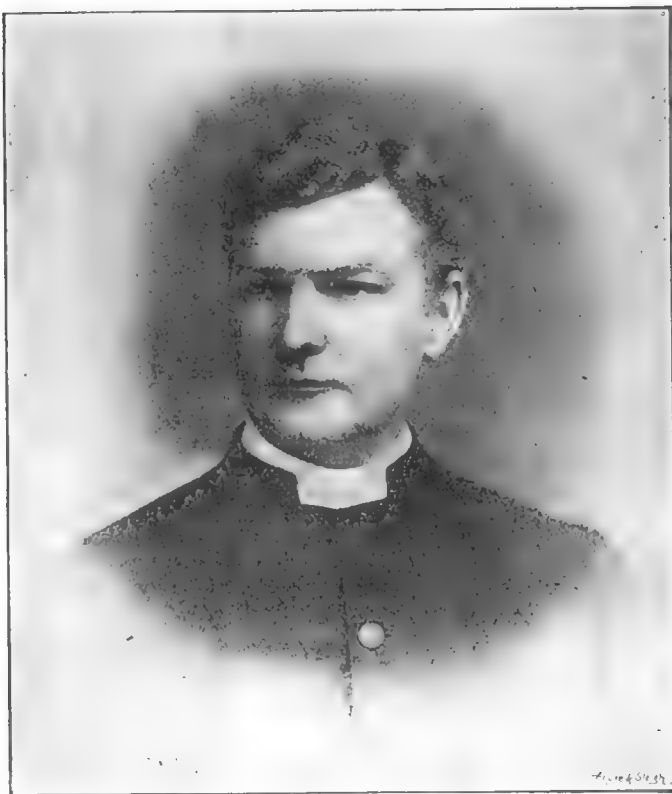
Dr. Sinclair at once confesses that an enormous difficulty stands in the way of any interchange of pulpits or anything approximating to an inter-working which would involve any participation of Nonconformists in the affairs of the Established Church. "A great Organisation like the Church of England," he observes, "sticks very closely to its rules. When the Church will not permit a laymen of its own, who can represent it in mission-house, to preach in its regular pulpits, what hope can be entertained that Nonconformist ministers will be permitted to there appear? Even suppose this difficulty of

the Act of Uniformity out of the way, there would arise the further difficulty of determining what bodies of Nonconformists are more or less in accord with the main principles of the Church of England. The initial objection, however, was all-sufficient. The proposal that Nonconformist ministers should be admitted to Church pulpits would give the most serious offence to the High Church party; and altogether he did not regard it at present as within the region of practical politics.

The support extended by the Nonconformist bodies to the Disestablishment campaign Dr. Sinclair accepted as a great bar to the accomplishment of a real harmony.

"Something, however, might be done hereafter, but in the meantime," Dr. Sinclair said, "can the Nonconformists suggest any plan by which they can be included in the great body of National Christianity? We should welcome the

consideration of such a scheme with enthusiasm. For my own part, I am content at present, speaking generally, to aim at mutual understanding in the bonds of peace, leading to consequences which cannot for the moment be foreseen; but I shall be pleased to hear of any proposal which contains the germ of closer unity and greater usefulness. It has often occurred to me of late that the time has arrived for another conference between the leaders of both sides, such as that held at the Savoy in the reign of Charles II., and that held at Hampton Court under James I. Such a conference, as the minutes show, would be strictly in accordance with the spirit of the resolutions on Christian unity passed by the last Lambeth Conference in 1888."



ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR.

A German Gospel.

THE REV. C. C. STARBUCK, in the July-August number of the *Andover Review*, publishes the first part of an

interesting paper upon "Missions and Colonies." In the course of his remarks he calls special attention to the way in which the German Missions are being used for political purposes:—

The Protestant missions in the German colonies, especially in Africa, are now in especial danger at the hands of their Protestant governors, who are endeavouring to depress them into the instruments of government policy. They want the missionaries to put two things in the foreground,—first, to preach the supreme authority of the Kaiser first, last, and midstmost; second, to teach the negroes that the chief end for which they were created was to work for the white men. After that, they are welcome to throw in at odd times such trifles as faith, hope, and charity, chastity, and care for their families.

HOW LONDON WAS DESTROYED.

THE DOOM OF THE GREAT CITY.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* for August publishes another instalment of Mr. E. Douglas Fawcett's sensational and horrible story, "Hartmann the Anarchist," which describes how London was destroyed by a flying machine which showered dynamite bombs, shot and shell, and blazing petroleum from the clouds. After describing how they smashed an ironclad at sea as a kind of preliminary experiment, the novelist gives the following vivid description of how the work of destruction was begun.

THE RAIN OF DYNAMITE.

The *Attila*, in which Hartmann the Anarchist returned to take vengeance upon London, soared like a great vulture above the clock tower, the blood-red flag being unfurled at its stern, with the legend, "Thus returns Hartmann the Anarchist," amid a salute of four quick-firing guns. A great labour demonstration was being held at the time, and the procession was crossing Westminster Bridge. When the flag was unfurled Hartmann soared aloft and cruised round high above the clock tower in large circles. The story proceeds:—

Once more the quick-firing guns vomited flame, and this time the charge was not blank. And mingling with their almost continuous roar, there now came a crash of appalling magnitude, shaking the very recesses of one's brain. Another and another followed, till the air seemed to beat in waves upon us and our ears became veritable torture chambers. Then followed a rattle like that of a landslide. I looked over to start back with a shriek. Horror of horrors, the great tower had fallen on the crowd, bruising into jelly a legion of buried wretches and beating into ruins the whole mass of buildings opposite. Every outlet from the neighbourhood was being furiously fought for, hordes of screaming, shrieking madmen were falling, crushing and stamping their victims into heaps, and with the growth of each writhing heap the ghastly confusion grew also. Of the Houses of Parliament pinnacles were collapsing and walls were being riven asunder as the shells burst within them.

But this spectacle, grievous of its kind, was as nothing to the other. With eyes riveted now to the massacre, I saw frantic women trodden down by men; huge clearings made by the shells and instantly filled up; house fronts crushing horses and vehicles as they fell; fires bursting out on all sides, to devour what they listed, and terrified police struggling wildly and helplessly in the heart of the press. The roar of the guns was continuous and every missile found its billet.

THE DELUGE OF PETROLEUM.

After spending the morning in devastating Westminster, the *Attila* turned her course eastward and devoted the afternoon to the destruction of the city. The Tower was the first to be destroyed, then a tempest of bombs fell upon the banks and the Stock Exchange, while St. Paul's dome was riddled with shot and fell with a frightful crash. Up to this time no injury was inflicted upon the crew of the destroying vessel; but after St. Paul's was destroyed one of the crew was shot through the throat, and in revenge Hartmann decided to let loose a tank of blazing petroleum upon the mob:—

Down we swept like a hurricane over the yelling, maddened throngs massed in Farringdon Street. Suddenly I heard a sharp cry.

"Stand off!" I had hardly time to draw back when a column of flames shot up the side, reddening the very bar I had been clutching.

"Let go!"—a crash, the column vanished, and a stream of fire like a comet's tail drew out instantaneously in the wake of the *Attila*. It was the petroleum. The first tank had been lighted, its contents shot over the shrieking wretches below!

For full fifty to sixty yards the blaze filled the roadway, and the mob, lapped in flame, were writhing and wrestling within it. A fiendish revenge was glutted.

Leaving the city, the *Attila* turned towards Kensington. The Anarchists in London were kindling incendiary fires in parts of the metropolis; the West-end was looted, and hell was let loose everywhere; floods of blazing petroleum were rained down upon the doomed city.

THE DESTROYER DESTROYED.

The story of the "Cruise of the *Attila*" is finished in the September number of the *English Illustrated*. The narrative describes how after using up nearly all his petroleum and emptying his powder magazines, the Anarchist had only destroyed about one-fifth of the city. Society rallied; his confederates who were caught looting and setting fire to houses were promptly shot, and he received information that his mother had been one of the first victims fatally injured by his aerial campaign. The concluding scene is thus described by a spectator, who watches the aeronaut through a glass:—

"Hallo! he comes up again with a revolver in each hand. He closes the gate of the outer wall of the citadel, and seems to harangue the crew. Is he mad or what? He fires one of the revolvers and a man drops. A mutiny! a mutiny! I see the men rushing up like fanatics. They climb the wall, he shooting the while. Ha! he rushes into the citadel and closes the inner door sharply. They try to follow him but cannot!"—after a long pause—"stay, they have broken the door open, and rush—"

A flash that beggared the levin bolt, a crash shattering the window panes and deafening the ear, a shock hurling us both on our backs, broke the utterance. Then thundered down a shower of massive fragments, fragments of the vast ship whose decks I had once trodden. Hartmann, dismayed by the failure of his plans and rendered desperate by the letter, had blown up the *Attila*!

A Yorkshire Naturalist.

IN *Good Words* for September there is a pleasant written paper describing the life of the Rev. F. O. Morris. The following picture of the greeting between the rector and his birds is very pleasant. Mr. Morris used to get up in the morning somewhat late, but the moment he could leave his bedroom he went to feed the birds:—

He hurries out, breakfastless and in his shirt-sleeves. "Dicky! Dicky! Dicky!" his voice calls; not a strong voice, but a sweet one, able to read the psalms and lessons on Sundays in a way one seldom hears now.

Instantly there is a tumult, much chattering and screaming. There would appear to be a perfect shower of birds. From out the thick, nest-shading, sheltering yews, down from the strong, many-twigg'd elms, from the beeches and the birches, the birds come to greet the man who knows them so well, who knows them almost better than they know each other. Cannot he tell the names of those other countries, their winter homes?

From the little stand kept for the purpose the feathered friends are fed, while the naturalist speaks a word of welcome to one or other, or of advice or friendly counsel.

The birds look at their big father, turning their heads sideways to do so with many quaint bobs and caprices and pirouettes. Blackcaps, gold and green finches, wrens, perhaps even the rare hawfinch, who sometimes condescends, blackbirds with their yellow bills, thrushes, a whole museum of birds might have come to life and flocked to Nunburnholme. His favourite bird, the chaffinch; his favourite flower, the primrose.

And amid all the uproar and morning gossip, it may be scandal, the rector stands watching with a close quick eye for some bird notion he may not have yet noted; still in his shirt-sleeves, breakfastless, and with his great mane of soft silver tossed back from his brow.

THE DOOM OF THE MAN CLERK.

A LAMENT OF A CANADIAN MAN.

In the *Canadian Magazine* for the month of August Mr. J. L. Hayne publishes a very notable article entitled "The Displacement of Young Men." His view is that girls are so much more clever as clerks than men, that the male clerk is doomed to extinction like the dodo, and he thinks the results are most disastrous both to women and to men. The following are the salient passages of a paper which will be read with interest, and possibly with sympathy, by a good many men outside the Dominion of Canada:—

Nearly all classes of clerical work are passing rapidly into the hands of young women. These young women enter the offices with skilful fingers, winning manners, industrious ways, and general aptness to write letters, keep books, count cash, and discharge the multitudinous duties attaching to business life. They do their work satisfactorily and well. Taken altogether, they are neater, better behaved, and quicker than young men. Nor can it be said any longer that physical disabilities render them inferior to young men in clerical positions where endurance sometimes becomes a factor. Experience has clearly demonstrated that these young women can do whatever is required of them, and do it to the satisfaction of their employers. From observation, I should say that two young women now enter the departments at Ottawa and Washington to one young man. What is true of the Civil Service is unquestionably true of all branches of business where clerks are employed. Shops and offices are all but closed to young men, and each year the situation assumes a more fixed form. Into all the lighter branches of labour women are entering in steadily increasing numbers, to the exclusion of men. The result is, that these bright young fellows, capable of doing excellent work, are forced to toil for long hours, often at night, for the munificent salary of \$15 a month. After two or three years of hard and faithful service, promotion to the \$25 a month class is possible; while \$35 to \$50 is the outside figure to which a clerk may aspire if he exhibits special qualifications and sustained devotion to his task. If the next twenty years witness the same relative increase in the number of working girls and women as has taken place since 1870 in this country and the United States, we shall see young men doing the house work, and their sisters and mothers carrying on half the business of the land. As an instance of how the pinch is commencing already to be felt, I might cite the case of a family, consisting of two girls and a boy, all old enough to earn their living. The young man is a wide-awake, industrious and clever fellow; but, while his sisters are in good situations, he finds it impossible to secure an opening in which he could hope to make even the price of his board. This is by no means an exceptional case. Marriages are on the decrease in proportion to the population. Some months ago I took occasion, in writing for an American magazine, to prove by statistics two really grave facts:—First, that the proportion of marriages on the part of young men between the ages of twenty-three and thirty had materially declined during the past twenty years; and, second, that the number of unmarried persons, in relation to the total population, had very materially increased. I hold, after giving the matter careful thought, that the increasing number of working girls, and the falling off in the relative number of marriages, are connected in the relation of cause and effect.

Neither young men nor young women are content to live as did young men and women a generation ago—a thing which is natural and in most respects commendable, but it is only accomplished by the payment of a high price. A part of this price is, that the daughters shall earn their living as well as the sons, and that neither the daughters nor sons shall have the willingness to begin married life on a humble scale. I am honestly in doubt as to whether or not a remedy for this state of affairs can be successfully applied at the present time, or in the near future. Any means at all practicable would have to be educational in character, and should aim to simplify the general conditions of life. Take away this artificial basis

of social and domestic life, this imprudent and wasteful effort on the part of common people to live as if they were opulent, and by that one act you would return half the girls who now work to their homes. I say this because I believe that more than fifty per cent. of all the girls who now toil do not need to do so. Twenty-five years ago only one girl earned her living to ten who do so to-day. Will any one say that necessity has caused this great change? I think not. A very large proportion of the additional ninety per cent. have entered the field of toil in order that their parents may keep up appearances and they themselves enjoy many luxuries.

No girl should work who does not need to. If this rule were observed it would create an opening for at least two hundred young men in this city of Ottawa alone; for there are at least that number in the capital who have no other excuse for working than comes from considerations of cupidity, selfishness and pride. I know something of the circumstances of at least fifty girls who earn their living, and it is the simple truth to say that thirty of them should be at home.

Young women must realise these two things in chief: First, that in working, if they do not need to, they take the places properly belonging to young men; and secondly, that modern notions about the independence of women, coupled with extravagant ways of living, are partly responsible for the conditions which are bringing about a steadily declining marriage rate on the part of young men. In other words, when girls work they intensify the conditions which are filling this country with spinsters and bachelors.

THE ENGINE OF THE FUTURE.

A REVEREND gentleman, writing in the *American Journal of Politics*, publishes an interesting account of what he declares will be the locomotive engine of the future. This engine is the Raub gravity engine, which has been subjected to some very crucial trials on the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway. Mr. Covert says:—

The leading principle underlying its construction may be thus described. It is an engine of 16 by 24-inch cylinders, 62-inch drivers, 62 tons of weight, 2 4-foot boilers with only 900 square feet of heating surface, which competed not only with a conceded average economical gain of 50 per cent. in tractive force against an Erie service engine of 20 by 24-inch cylinder, 5-foot boiler, and 2,000 square feet heating surface, but its system inferred all the requisite means to construct and operate a type of central power engines with a capacity to pull even 10 Pullman cars at an average speed of 75 miles an hour over an elevation of 50 miles and intermediate grades of 100 feet per mile without increasing the standard velocity of the pistons, nor the practicable diameter of her drivers of 6 feet. This momentous engine will henceforth be known as the Raub Gravity Engine, which, besides many other essentials, differs principally from the original central power engine by her introduction of three instead of two cylinders and a compound gliding and rotary flue boiler of 200 pounds standard steam.

Engineers, who naturally distrust parsons when they take to describing locomotive-engines, will attach much more importance to the following extract of the report of the engineer of the New York Central, who, after explaining what the Raub engine did, and how it outpulled and outworked the strongest engine they could put against it, sums up as follows:—

The inferences to be drawn from these trials and observations show clearly a gain in tractive force in favour of the Raub engine, ranging from 12.6 to 100 per cent. in comparison with any ordinary engine of her dimensions, a saving of fuel averaging 50 per cent. and a gain in freightage to 40 per cent., while her ability of speed admits now of sixty miles an hour with a train of 12,000-107, equal 100 tons, equal four Pullmans over grades of fifty feet per mile, and her three cylinder improvement infers a through speed of one hundred miles per hour with a train of seven Pullmans as the result of her doubled tractive force and momentous centrifugal power.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

A CHARACTER SKETCH BY THE HON. RODEN NOEL.

MR. RODEN NOEL, who was a great friend of John Addington Symonds, contributes to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September an appreciative sketch of the fallen prophet of Neo-Paganism. Mr. Noel, who speaks of Mr. Symonds with a knowledge born of a long and intimate friendship, says:—

THE PROPHET OF NEO-PAGANISM.

His nature probably was not originally a devout one, and it had been thrown into violent reaction by the grim and dismal saturnalia of other-worldliness, in connection with which an ancient female relative in his childhood had oppressed, scourged, and fettered him—so he once told me; although from his father, the celebrated doctor, he derived much of his liberal culture and love of art, in addition to a good house at Clifton and a moderate fortune. But among the mountains, during the long solemn winters at those altitudes, in converse with the mountaineers, his character took on a new earnestness and depth, his thoughts width and profundity; yet he had always been a brave man, fighting strenuously with a fate which would have consigned some valetudinarian rich men to the degradation of enforced indolence and mere frivolity; but he fought a long life-battle with one of the most painful of diseases, and died in harness, having produced many books of high value in prose and verse; some of them monuments of industry and a treasury to the student, all of them alive and aglow with the spirit of poetry. Yet his nature, ever eager, swift, and bright, was immeasurably deepened, so it seemed to me, by those year-long communings with nature and simple, frank companions, fresh elemental persons in touch still with their mother earth, and the pure heavens, sun, moon, and stars.

A REACTION AGAINST PURITANISM.

Mr. Noel, in a dissertation concerning Neo-Paganism, tells us that:—

The Neo-Pagan movement is in fact a reaction against the sour and mischievous Puritan view of life, which pronounces pleasure, or certain arbitrarily reprobated pleasures as displeasing to a jealous God, who severely exacts personal worship from his subjects, and punishes the slightest deviation from his arbitrary laws with disproportionate penalties, who bids us treat this earth as a mere unreal and momentary ante-chamber, fraught with allusive illusions, in our passage to a real, never-ending state of existence beyond the grave.

HIS FAITH IN THE DIVINE.

But this reaction, although it carried Mr. Symonds a long way out, did not carry him as far as some people imagine. Mr. Noel says:—

The faith of Symonds, like that of Whitman, in the cosmic divine order is immense, their cosmic enthusiasm in their best moments exalted. My friend told me that when he sat by the white dead form of a beautiful one dearly loved, his faith was absolute that all was right with her as an integral element of the divine universe, though he could not see his way clearly to dogmatise about her individual and personal survival; that the divine, and permanent, and real in her survived he was certain. This no doubt was much the position of Spinoza. But I think the hope of Symonds for individual survival became more definite and distinct toward the end of his life. Even the sonnet sequence of "Animi Figura" shows that; certainly in Whitman, as I understand him, there was a strong and definite conviction to that effect. "My feet are tenon'd and mortis'd in granite." Probably this multiplication and fortifying of faculties is likely in part to occur through the development of what seems a sixth sense in connection with such phenomena as are dealt with by hypnotic experiments and psychical research; though in these Symonds was little interested. He had the utmost reverence for the character of our Lord, and even in the essay I speak of proposes His career as a criterion of conduct.

J. A. SYMONDS IN SWITZERLAND.

Of Mr. Symonds's characteristics, and of his habits in his Swiss exile, Mr. Noel tells us:—

Even when his friends paid him a short visit, he would spare them as little time for lounging, recreation, or conversation as the busiest professional man; but he made up for this by sitting up late conversing, one might almost have said carousing, for he drank freely of the country's excellent Sforzato and Sassella wines with his peasant friends, or with his friends from England, his conversation being brilliant and varied to a degree, ranging from subject to subject with ample and exact knowledge of each, the fruit of accurate, assiduous, and prolonged study. But now and again he would spare a day for an expedition of pleasure with his guests, and as a host he catered admirably for their amusement. He was an excellent Latin and Greek scholar, besides knowing Italian literature intimately, with sufficient proficiency too in French and German. In many arts he was (of their theory at least) master, which rendered his criticism of painting, sculpture, and other arts always intelligent and worthy of respect. He had his faculties at his fingers' ends, and did not labour for expression, which made composition probably easier to him than to many others. But with all his head-work (and he transacted besides much business of a practical kind) he was also, as I have said, intensely emotional; his friendships were numerous, and frequently ardent, which necessarily caused inward conflict, when the ideals established, and conventionally respected in the community of which he was a worthy and honoured citizen, seemed to clash with the impulse that was free, pleasure-loving, and pagan. Now, such a life proved necessarily an exhausting one to a man of precarious health, who was often prostrate for weeks with terrible lung-inflammation attacks, one of which ultimately carried him off. His was, I think, one of the bravest lives ever lived.

WHAT NEO-PAGANISM LACKS.

Before closing the article, Mr. Noel feels compelled to put on record his reasons for refusing to become a Neo-Pagan himself. He says:—

To me Neo-Paganism, though I am in strong sympathy with its revolt in favour of reason, emancipation of conscience, and recognition of the essential dignity of the body, appears to leave out in its reaction elements peculiar to Christianity, so important to human life that they have given a distinctive character to modern civilisation—the significance of sorrow and suffering as educational, and the triumphant claim put in for the lowest and narrowest, the most degraded and despised, among mankind, that they are all equally children of God with the highest, most aristocratic, clever, or religious of the race; nay, that they are, in some sense, even especially blessed. We need faith in the immanent God, who is indeed our very selves, eliminating by transforming the evil, educating, developing, conforming us to the Ideal. But the self-emptying, crucified human God is an integral factor in this idea. Nor could Whitman have seen an aureole around the heads of average, or even degraded men and women, if the aureole had not first been seen around the head of Christ.

In the *Catholic World* for August, an article under the title of "The A.P.A. Conspirators," by the Rev. T. J. Jenkins, gives some account of the methods and aims of the Anti-Catholic propagandists, who took oaths to denounce the Pope, his priests and missionaries, and the diabolical work in the Roman Church.

THERE is a character sketch in *Temple Bar* of the Comte de Paris. It is, however, less interesting than another article by Mr. E. H. Barker, entitled "A Night with the Trappists." Mr. Frederick Dixon tells once more the dismal story of the destruction of the British army at Cabul in 1841. "The Vision of Augustin Nypbo" is a story that might have been suggested, if it were not, by some recent articles on Psychometry.

WOE! WOE! WOE!

JEREMIAH ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

MR. A. J. WILSON, in the August number of the *Investors' Review*, does and overdoes his accustomed rôle of Jeremiah. Mr. Wilson is far and away the most brilliant writer on financial matters on the press, but never was there a financial journalist yet who took so sombre a view of—well, of everything. At present, no doubt, he has cause for chortling in his joy over the disaster which has overwhelmed the Australian banks, and the persistent financial *malaise* in the City. Mr. Wilson is so sure of his facts and of his inferences from his facts that he thus retorts upon critics who have mildly suggested that he was a pessimist:—

THE SCREAMING BABOONS OF THE PRESS.

These shouters of the words "pessimism," "pessimist," remind us of nothing so much as the forest apes who rain cocoa-nuts down on whoever dares to intrude on their haunts, on whatever comes beneath their trees which is new and strange. Facts are strange and horrific things to the hidebound, the limp and idealise mind which this luxurious age appears to have bred. It resents their intrusion upon the false peace of their stupidity, and "pessimism," "pessimist" are their cocoa-nuts. When they have thrown these at the quiet inquirer's head they imagine him crushed. The screaming baboon of the jungle is not more an imbecile than they. Readers of this magazine will be wise in paying no heed to these jabberers.

PEACE! PEACE! WHEN THERE IS NO PEACE.

Mr. Wilson outdoes himself in denouncing those prophets who daub with distempered mortar, crying "Peace! peace! when there is no peace." His description of how things stand is very gloomy:—

All credit is on the strain, the pinch of losses grows harder every day, examples of bad faith and fraud—brutal, unblushing fraud—multiply almost hourly. Nothing is sure just now, except that the prices of almost all public securities are above their intrinsic values, and that nowhere have losses been manfully faced and acknowledged. The markets float on bladders inflated with the breath of liars, and agitation, and sorrow, and loss are with us until these bladders are pricked and the bad air let out. Then, when solid ground has been reached, we may begin to have confidence, and to build anew.

LYING AND THIEVING IN EXCELSIS!

For the City, he tells us, is given over to a saturnalia of liars and thieves:—

Banks and finance houses indulge in a universal system of simulation, nothing is faced out and sternly probed to the bottom. The attitude of City finance houses towards the public has become, these years back, entirely vicious and destructive of confidence. All save the very highest kinds of securities have been looked upon as instruments for plundering. One dire result of this culture of deception and fraud is that the stock markets are burdened with incalculable masses of securities which represent no real values, which are mere products of the thief's ingenuity. Thus have lying and corruption bred rottenness, and until the rottenness is cleared away, until the City makes up its mind to adopt honest ways of doing business, we must expect to have a "crisis" with us *en permanence*. What the investor has to fear is bolstered securities. He ought not to buy for investment any American railroad share, any Argentine Government security, any shares of whatever quality on which there is a liability.

The practice of thieving and lying indulged in at the heart of the Empire bears evil fruit elsewhere, and Mr. Wilson has a very powerful article denouncing Sir William Harcourt's Budget speech, in which he declares that the Empire itself is not very far from bankruptcy!

PREACHING ECONOMY.

Extravagance and waste are everywhere dangerous, and if persisted in with us they will end in making this splendid

empire a thing on which the sun never rises. We may have as a nation to take upon ourselves part of the burden of India to save it from decay and bankruptcy; the danger of loss from defaulting borrowers faces us at all points. Riches so precariously founded preach economy in the State with a voice of thunder. Put the matter in another light. Our own national debt of £700,000,000 odd may be looked upon as a first mortgage upon the empire. Next to it stands the local debts, and the debts and guarantees of our railways. They foot up, these mortgages, to more than another £1,000,000,000; and below them again come the unascertainable sums we have put out in countries not under the British flag. They are at least £500,000,000, so that we have about three thousand millions sterling out on mortgage, of which two-thirds or so is upon the empire itself. This is exclusive of the immense sums embarked in private adventures at abroad or at home, in the form of share capital or in other "unsecured" investments.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE THEN?

Mr. Wilson has little to tell us beyond the fact that we should pay off our debt quicker, reduce our expenditure, and get rid of all State factories. He says:—

I recommend the Chancellor of the Exchequer to turn his attention towards these all-devouring fighting services of ours, and to study how to arrange for the gradual abolition of State-sustained, tax-devouring factories of all descriptions. If economy is practised this empire will probably last out the youngest of us at the worst, and may last a century or two in a fashion. But what most certainly cannot long continue to endure is a concurrence of empire with administrative extravagance and a thoughtless up-piling of debts. This huge empire will only in the true sense become wealthy in proportion as it is taken out of pawn, when the capitalist co-operates with the worker in production, instead of standing towards him as a task-master towards his bondsman. What a change this co-operation might yet create all over the waste surface of the land! But this is a day dream.

INDIA AND THE SILVER QUESTION.

Mr. Wilson deals with the recent action of the Indian Government under the characteristic title, "An Indian Lunacy." He says:—

So the Government of India has nailed up its weathercock. Henceforth, blow the wind whence it may and ever so fiercely, it will always be constant and fair around the treasuries of the dusky empire. We stand dismayed. Can it be indeed true that whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad?

The consequence, therefore, of this attempt to force silver up in price artificially within India must be a surreptitious import of the coins, and of bars, which will have the effect of undermining the stability of Indian finance perhaps more rapidly even than the Government's own wastefulness. Already, we understand, the demand for the uncoined metal has become active in the bazaars all over India. There it will be exchanged by weight, in the ancient Eastern manner, when not coined, and a new instrument of extortion is thus put into the hands of the Hindoo banker.

BENEFICENT BANKRUPTCY.

We should be in no way surprised were the Government of India compelled to retrace its steps before many months are past, and driven to beg the Home Government to come to its assistance, either by taking over a portion of its liabilities or by directly guaranteeing a large emergency loan. Some consummation of this kind is, perhaps, the best that could happen, because thus alone does it seem possible to arouse the people of England to examine into Indian affairs. Brought face to face with a financial catastrophe which would shake the credit of the Empire to its foundation, there might be a chance of reform. There is now none. The critic is as one beating the air; the fools can only hurl their cocoa-nuts at his head. Ungrateful though the task be, it is none the less necessary to insist once more that the true curse of India is, not cheap silver, not a falling exchange, but debt and extravagance.

HOW THE WORLD WILL END.

AN ASTRONOMER'S PREDICTION.

M. FLAMMARION, in the August number of the *Cosmopolitan*, concludes his story concerning the end of the world. It is very interesting, for he not only ends the world, but he ends also the sun and all the planets. After describing how the world gradually became a level plain, he says:—

The last habitable regions of the globe were two wide valleys near the equator, the basins of dried up seas; valleys of slight depth, for the general level was almost absolutely uniform. No mountain peaks, ravines or wild gorges, not a single wooded valley or precipice was to be seen; the world was one vast plain, from which rivers and seas had gradually disappeared.

THE LAST DAYS.

Life in these two last inhabited regions is prolonged with great difficulty:—

These two ocean valleys, one of which was near the bottom of what is now the Pacific Ocean, the other to the south of the present island of Ceylon, had formerly been the sites of two immense cities of glass—iron and glass having been, for a long time, the materials chiefly employed in building construction. They resembled vast winter-gardens, without upper storeys, with transparent ceilings of immense height. Here were to be found the last plants, except those cultivated in the subterranean galleries leading to rivers flowing underground. For thousands of years the genius of man had been almost exclusively applied to the struggle with destiny. The last remaining water had been forced to circulate in subterranean canals, where also the solar heat had been stored. The last animals had been trained to serve these machines, and the nutritious properties of the last plants had been utilised to the utmost. Men had finally succeeded in living upon almost nothing, so far as quantity was concerned; every newly discovered form of food being completely assimilable. Cities had finally been built of glass, open to the sun, to which was conveyed every substance necessary to the synthesis of the food which replaced the products of nature.

THE LAST OF THE MORTALS.

M. Flammarion carries the story on until there were only two people left alive in the whole world: a man in one valley, and a woman in another. Finding all dead but themselves, they mount their air ships, and sail over this silent and uninhabited world. They descend near the Sphinx, and here they die, their souls rising to Jupiter, where all the good mortals seem to have a new lease of life. M. Flammarion then gives wing to his fancy, and describes how in process of time all the great planets will go out, and the sun will become cold and dead.

THE END BUT A NEW BEGINNING.

The end of this astronomer's picture of the future of the universe is as follows:—

Long after the death of the earth, of the giant planets and the central luminary, while our old and darkened sun was still speeding through boundless space with its dead worlds on which terrestrial and planetary life had once engaged in the futile struggle for daily existence, another extinct sun, issuing from the depths of infinity, collided obliquely with it and brought it to rest!

Then in the vast night of space, from the shock of these two mighty bodies was suddenly kindled a stupendous conflagration, and an immense gaseous nebula was formed, which trembled for an instant like a flaring flame, and then sped on into regions unknown. Its temperature was several million degrees. All which here below had been earth, water, air, minerals, plants, atoms; all which had constituted man, his flesh, his palpitating heart, his flashing eye, his armed hand, his thinking brain, his entrancing beauty; the victor and the

vanquished, the executioner and his victim, and those inferior souls still wearing the fetters of matter,—all were changed into fire. And so with the worlds of Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, and the rest. It was the resurrection of visible nature. But those superior souls which had acquired immortality continued to live for ever in the hierarchy of the invisible psychic universe. The conscious existence of mankind had attained an ideal state. Mankind had passed by transmigration through the worlds to a new life with God, and, freed from the burdens of matter, soared with an endless progress in eternal light.

The immense gaseous nebula, which absorbed all former worlds, thus transformed into vapour, began to turn upon itself. And in the zones of condensation of this primordial star-mist, new worlds were born, as heretofore the earth was.

So another universe began . . . These universes passed away in their turn. But infinite space remained, peopled with worlds, and stars, and souls, and suns; and time went on for ever.

For there can be neither end nor beginning.

The Training of Wild Beasts.

MR. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT, in *McClure's Magazine* for July and August, continues the narrative of his experiences and interviews with Hagenbeck, the master of modern menageries. The article is full of interesting facts, and concludes with a vivid description of the training of the animals for the World's Fair at Chicago. Mr. Blathwayt's account of the mastery which Hagenbeck has secured over lions, tigers, and all manner of fierce carnivores by petting and affection is very striking, and would have filled with delight the advocates of moral suasion, whose theories Artemus Ward ridicules so unmercifully. Mr. Blathwayt says that in 1870 one caravan, which took thirty-six days in travelling from Kassala to Suakin, included fourteen giraffes, five elephants, a rhinoceros, four buffaloes, six lions, five leopards, thirty hyenas, sixteen antelopes, twenty-six ostriches and forty-five monkeys, besides other animals. They needed one hundred and twenty camels to carry food and water, and one hundred goats to provide milk and meat. The young elephants were fed chiefly on a kind of cherry, and the larger animals were kept going by perpetual relays of ship biscuits. After they get on board ship many of them die; elephants suffer fearfully from sea-sickness, and cannot eat. On one occasion out of forty shipped in Africa, only twelve arrived alive at Hamburg. Ostriches on board ship have a habit of breaking their legs in a storm; on one occasion out of forty-two, thirty-two perished on the voyage. Several times Mr. Hagenbeck has had to pursue escaped wild animals through the streets of crowded cities, but so far, he seems to have escaped any serious accident. In training the animals they find music a great help; tigers are taught to ride tricycles, lions to drive chariots and ride on ponies, but the crowning triumph of Mr. Hagenbeck was when he caused a Roman chariot to be drawn round the arena by a brace of huge tigers, while a lion with a crown on his head and a royal crimson robe on stood in the chariot; the reins were passed round his shoulders, and two boarhounds walked in the rear of the chariot on their hind legs as footmen.

THERE is as much miscellaneous interesting reading as ever in *Great Thoughts* for September. *Inter alia*, it contains interviews by Mr. Raymond Blathwayt with Mr. David Anderson, the teacher of journalism, and Dr. Dallinger, on science and religion; a continuation of the editor's articles on "The Greater Poets: with Echoes from their Music;" and a sketch of "The Life and Teaching of Robert Owen, the Father of English Socialism," by the Rev. S. E. Keeble.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE NORWEGIAN NOVELIST.

MR. HJALMAR H. BOYESSEN publishes, in the *Cosmopolitan* for August, a very interesting and well-illustrated article describing his interview with Mr. Björnsterne Björnsson. From the report of his conversation I will only quote two passages.

THE TRUE TEST OF PROGRESS.

Speaking of the true test of the civilisation and progress of the country, he says:—

Civilisation must be judged, not by the splendour of your othschields, your Vanderbilts, and your Astors, but by the average intelligence, comfort, and well-being of the great people itself, in field, in mine, and in factory. The progress of civilisation is to be gauged by the admission of an ever larger and larger proportion of the population to that degree of prosperity which will enable them to live decent, laborious, but yet comfortable lives, and not be crushed into mere soulless machines of toil. I am so constituted that I must sympathise with the under dog. It is the many who toil and starve and suffer whose lot I have at heart; it is the poor, the small, who cannot rise and assert their rights—it is these I love; and I believe that that country is the strongest, the greatest and the most civilised which is covered with millions of modest but contented homes; not that in which the splendour of a few hundred palaces is supported by the wretchedness of a million hovels.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

The other extract deals with a different and more delicate subject, namely, the beauty and wisdom of American ladies. Mr. Boyesen says:—

"I have heard it a hundred times that the American ladies were so wonderful. Truth to tell, I really believed it. I came with great expectations. But now, do tell me, what they have in advance of Norwegian women, for instance, except that they are better off, and consequently dress better?"

"They are, as a rule, far more beautiful," said I.

"Beautiful? Well, now, what constitutes beauty? They have soft skin, well-cared-for persons, good clothes. But the soul, the soul, my boy, that gazes out through this transparent covering, is vain, flimsy, self-conscious, and filled with a thousand petty frivolities. Mere regularity of features counts for little with me, if there is no nobility of soul that shimmers through. The American women I have met have, with few exceptions, been of this type. They demand much of life, but they have no idea that life has the same right to demand something of them. They are clever—with a sort of flimsy, superficial cleverness, and they know how to assert themselves and get the most out of their husbands and fathers. But they have been woefully spoiled. They never can get away from their own dear, little, pretty selves; they cannot lose themselves in a great thought, a great idea, and learn the blessedness of living for something better than vanity and flirtation and social tittle-tattle."

"You have, indeed, been unfortunate in your acquaintance with American ladies," I observed, "but you are too hasty in your judgment. The kind of women you describe exists, indeed, here as elsewhere; but I contend that they are not typical of American womanhood."

"Well, I was long disposed to make that admission, but a few weeks ago I attended a Woman's Rights convention, and felt confident that here I should at last find women who had emancipated themselves from the paltry frivolities of their sex. But there too, though there was some good speaking, there was much the same rivalry in dress and much vain display."

"YES, LET HER COME TO US!"

Mr. Boyesen mentions the authority of a friend and neighbour of the poet, that Mr. Björnsson is very good in his personal helpfulness of women who have fallen under the heavy cross which is laid upon the shoulders of women who stray from the straight and narrow path:—

"Björnsson," he said, "is the most large-hearted and unprejudiced man I have ever known. He maintains, truly enough, that there is a monstrous injustice in the penalty which women incur by the same offence which is so readily pardoned in a man. When Björnsson hears of a case where some unfortunate girl has been placed in a compromising position—when a helping hand might perhaps save her from social ruin and restore her to usefulness and self-respect—he says to his wife: 'Caroline, can we not do something for her? Can she not stay with us till we can find her something better to do?' And his wife, who nobly seconds him in this courageous charity, will answer: 'Yes, let her come to us.' Then she writes a letter to the girl in question, and you may imagine how joyously her invitation is accepted. Björnsson then, through his many connexions, exerts himself to restore the girl to her place in society—to straighten, if possible, the tangled skein, or, perhaps, open to her some suitable activity in the Scandinavian settlements in the United States. And to the honour of his neighbours and countrymen be it said, that he exposes himself to no scandalous gossip by such action. For Björnsson's character is so well known, through and through, that even his enemies, who in political controversy will leave him no shred of honour, have too much decency to assail him from that side. He is—he is—well, he is—in that regard, what Aristides was to the Athenians."

The Re-Discovery of the Upper Thames.

A WRITER in *Cornhill Magazine* for September, under the title of "A New River," calls attention to the advantages offered by the Thames above Oxford for the pilgrim for solitude. After stating that the lower Thames is crowded, he continues thus:—

"Oh, for a new river"! is the universal cry. Well, if we only knew it, we have a new river as silent, as secluded, to all intents and purposes, as a South American forest stream, or a Californian creek. People do not always know or appreciate what lies nearest to them; and this "new river" is at an easy distance, for the jaded Londoner can reach it in only one hour-and-a-half from Paddington. An hour-and-a-quarter's train, and then ten minutes' drive, will land you in Port Meadow, Oxford, on the shores of the "Upper River," as the undergraduates call it.

At first, for a mile or two, the pilgrim will find the Thames not unencumbered by picnickers.

An hour or two's further rowing will land you in undreamed-of solitudes, such as would have satisfied St. Jerome and St. Francis themselves, and certainly such as in your wildest aspirations you never dared to hope for. The hum of the city fades from your memory; in an incredibly short time you seem entirely to belong to your new surroundings, to live the life of nature.

The Missionaries of the World.

THE *Church Missionary Intelligencer* for September publishes a letter from Bishop Tucker, written just after the arrival of Sir Gerald Portal at Uganda. The number is also remarkable inasmuch as it contains the missionary statistics of Dean Vahl of the Danish Missionary Society. Outside Europe and the United States £230,000 a year is contributed for Protestant missions to the heathen. With this sum over 700 missionaries are supported. Dean Vahl makes out that, in 1891, two and three-quarter millions was raised for Protestant missions by societies and agencies which have now 5,000 missionaries in the field, and 2,445 female missionaries. The native communicants altogether amount to 1,168,000. Great Britain contributes £1,400,000; the United States £787,000. The largest sum contributed by any other nation comes from Germany, which supplies £129,000. The statistics should be supplemented by others showing how much is subscribed for Catholic missions.

BEETHOVEN'S WOMEN.

Westermann for September publishes an interesting article by Herr A. C. Kalischer entitled "Beethoven's Circle of Women." The writer, however, deals only with the two famous singers who may be said to have imparted the living soul to the master's great creations—Karoline Unger and Henriette Sontag, the first vocalists honoured with the solo parts in the final movement of the Choral Symphony and in the sublime *Missa Solennis* in D, when these works were produced at Vienna in May, 1824.

THE TWO BEAUTIES.

Beethoven's conversation-books, which record the conversations conducted in writing between the deaf composer and his friends, and which are now in the possession of the Imperial Library at Berlin, contain abundant references to the days of rehearsal at Vienna and the visits of the "Two Beauties" to Beethoven's house, and show us the deep and earnest master from his most amiable and genial side. In a letter to his brother, dated September 8, 1822, Beethoven refers to his two new friends:—

Two singers visited us to-day, and as they would kiss my hands, and were both pretty, I offered them my mouth.

At all events, a charming and original intercourse was begun about this time, and the conversation-books of 1823 and 1824 give many interesting details in connection with this friendship and the works on which the master was at that time engaged.

KAROLINE UNGER.

Karoline Unger, the elder of the two friends, was born at Vienna in 1800. Music and art formed the bread of life in her parental home and in the home of her god-mother, Karoline Pichler, and it was small wonder that the child's musical gifts were developed to good purpose in such a favourable atmosphere. Her training was undertaken by Aloysia Lange, Mozart's sister-in-law, Vogl, Schubert's best friend and interpreter, and Ronconi of Milan; and she is variously said to have made her *début* at Vienna in 1819 in Mozart's "Figaro," and, in 1821, in Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte."

HENRIETTE SONTAG.

The date of Henriette Sontag's birth at Coblenz is given as May 13, 1805, and January 3, 1806. She made her *début* at the age of five at Darmstadt, as Salome in Kauer's magic opera, "Das Donauweibchen." She was trained at the Conservatorium at Prague, and made her second *début* with success at the age of fifteen at Prague, as Benjamin in Boieldieu's "John of Paris." In her duet with Eduard Genast (Jakob vom Stapel) in the third act, she was received with great applause; the duet had to be repeated, and the singers were recalled several times. Indeed, Henriette Sontag at once charmed Germany and all Europe by her voice and her beauty. Later, she went to Vienna, and there formed a friendship with Karoline Unger.

BEETHOVEN THE TYRANT.

At the time when Beethoven was about to give to the world his two great works, his intercourse with the two girls was already of a warm and intimate nature. Henriette, who was but eighteen, was destined to be the soprano, and Karoline, she was some six years older, was to take the contralto part. The first rehearsals with the two soloists took place in Beethoven's house, and it soon became evident that neither of the singers was finding the work as easy as was anticipated. They objected to the tempo of the Mass, and desired alterations in the

symphony, Karoline complaining bitterly of a certain high note. But the master could not be induced to yield to their demands, and the singers' enthusiasm was considerably damped for a time, Karoline going so far as to call the composer the tyrant of the vocal organs. Still, as the day of production drew nigh, Henriette's courage increased, but it was otherwise with Karoline. Nevertheless the performance was a triumph, and the heart and enthusiasm of the audience went out to the composer, who stood by the conductor and fixed the tempo for each movement. But the deaf master knew nothing of the applause and enthusiasm which greeted his efforts till Karoline had the happy thought to persuade him to look round and face the people. He bowed his thanks, and then saw that this was but the signal for a still wilder outburst.

LATTER DAYS.

There is no adequate biographical picture of Henriette Sontag, but Goethe was greatly fascinated by her, and addressed several poems to her. She was married to Count Rossi, and died of yellow fever or cholera in Mexico, June 17th, 1854. Karoline Unger became the wife of M. Sabatier of Florence, and died at Florence, March 23rd, 1877, at the age of seventy-seven. Writing in 1873 of the Beethoven days at Vienna, Karoline refers to Beethoven's room as a church to Henriette and herself, and as such they entered it. They made many attempts to sing something for him, but their efforts were futile, for the master was then quite deaf. Karoline still remembered her hasty remark about the high note, and Beethoven's reply: "Learn away, and the note will soon come." It certainly did not fail her on the day of performance; and henceforth Beethoven's words always rang in her ears and spurred her on to fresh endeavour. She had only one letter from the master, and that, together with a letter from Mozart, was stolen from her. Fanny Lewald-Stahr, in her book, "Twelve Portraits from Life" (Berlin, 1888), gives a charming picture of Karoline Unger, but in the Beethoven-Album only the signature of Henriette Sontag appears, and Karoline Unger is not represented.

Music in Dahomey.

ANOTHER interesting article on a musical subject appears in the *Revue Encyclopédique* of August 15. M. Julien Tiersot here discourses on "The Music of Dahomey," not from personal experience in Dahomey, but from a study of the various troupes of Dahomeyans and Amazons that have visited Paris time and again and have given musical performances, and his paper forms a valuable contribution to a general study of musical ethnography.

As was to be expected, the music of Dahomey is of a military and warlike character. At the festivals groups of young women execute extraordinary dances, with vocal and instrumental accompaniment. Most of the instruments belong to the kettledrum family; and indeed nearly all the instruments used are instruments of percussion, so that noise and tumult may be said to be the chief characteristics of the music of Dahomey. Besides, different players often render different rhythms at the same time, and the tumult may be better imagined than described. Sometimes, however, the men and women sing alternately, and then together, but the melodies seem very monotonous, and cannot be considered as art. Again, the voice of a chief will be heard alone, and be answered by all the chorus.

A LADY GEOLOGIST.

MISS MARIA M. OGILVIE, D.Sc.

THE University of London has now enrolled on its list of graduates a large number of women, many of whom have taken high rank in literature and science. Not a few, some of them well known in scientific literature, have obtained the degree of Bachelor of Science; but women Doctors of Science have hitherto been extremely scarce. Only two names have till now appeared in the lists: those of Sophia Bryant (1884) and Charlotte Angas Scott (1885). This year for the first time the doctor's degree has been taken by a woman, Miss Maria M. Ogilvie, in the department of "Natural Science."

As Miss Ogilvie's career has been one of exceptional distinction, and as she gives promise of taking a prominent place amongst geologists, a short sketch of her life and work may be of interest to some of our readers.

Miss Ogilvie comes of a family which has a high reputation in the scholastic life of Scotland.

HER SCHOLASTIC CAREER.

In October, 1873, when eight years of age, she entered the Ladies' College, Edinburgh, and when under twelve years of age she gained a foundation of the value of £300 in a competition open to three Merchant Company Schools. This was the beginning of a series of brilliant successes, including the winning of a gold medal and a £100 scholarship.

MUSIC AND POETRY.

In her earlier years her chief interest centred in music, which she studied for a number of years at school under Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, now principal of the Royal Academy of Music. Occasional studies in Physics, Chemistry, Botany, and Physiology developed a new interest, and Miss Ogilvie resolved, in 1888, to go through a systematic course of training for the requirements of the Science Degree of the London University. She passed the Intermediate Science Examination of London University in July, 1889, and then entered as a student at University College, London, under Professor Ray Lankester (Zoology), Professor Bonny (Geology), and Professor Olivér (Botany). She gained there the gold medal in Professor Lankester's advanced class in Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, and passed the final B.Sc. examination of London University in October, 1890.

HOW SHE BEGAN AS A GEOLOGIST.

In the beginning of the following year Miss Ogilvie went to Germany for the purpose of continuing her studies in Zoology and Palæontology. But it is avowedly against the rules of most German universities to admit women students, and Miss Ogilvie was unsuccessful in

her endeavour to obtain access to the classes and laboratories in the University of Berlin. A few months elapsed before she was enabled to begin work in Munich University, under Professor von Zittel and Professor Hertwig. Every encouragement was there given to her by these professors. During the summer frequent excursions were made into the Bavarian Tyrol with the geological classes under Professor von Zittel and Dr. Rothpletz.

As the immediate result of these excursions, Miss Ogilvie, who had in former years been a keen mountaineer in the northern highlands of Scotland, gave up other studies in favour of field-geology in the Alps. In carrying out her wish to do some original work Miss Ogilvie found a kind adviser in Baron Richthofen, Professor of Geography at Berlin University, who suggested to her as a suitable subject of research the district of St. Cassian in South Tyrol. This has long been classic ground for the geologist; but considerable doubts had from time to time been expressed with regard to the theory that the Dolomites owe their origin to reef-building corals of Triassic age. It was known that the collections of St. Cassian fossils scattered throughout the museums of Europe were insufficiently labelled, having been obtained in great part by uneducated collectors in the district. The fossils from the slipped *débris*, with which the enormous landslips of that district have covered the hill-sides, were thus mixed with fossils from undisturbed beds, and specimens from different localities and from various horizons were thrown together under the general name of "St. Cassian Fossils."

HER WORK AMONG THE DOLOMITES.

Miss Ogilvie therefore began by subjecting the fossiliferous St. Cassian beds to a detailed investigation, collecting fossils from beds actually in position, and from well-known localities. At the same time she mastered the difficulties of geological surveying, and traced out in detail the outcrops of the St. Cassian beds, Schlern Dolomite, etc., over a large area. During her second summer of field work Miss Ogilvie completed maps of three districts, and gave particular attention to the unusually involved relations of faulting and other disturbances affecting the district. The greater portion of her results have been embodied in a paper published in the Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society for February last, under the title of "Contributions to the Geology of the Wengen and St. Cassian Strata in Southern Tyrol." This paper, seventy-eight pages in length, is illustrated by four maps and numerous sections; but we understand that some further facts are to be added and the general aspects of the question discussed by Miss Ogilvie in a paper which will presently be contributed to a German journal. From the work already published it is clear that Miss Ogilvie does not accept the coral reef theory as an explanation of the peculiar features of the district, but regards all the rocks as normal sea-deposits which have subsequently undergone great movements and disturbance. A large number of new species of fossils were discovered by her in the neighbourhood of Cortina, in beds which she has called an Upper St. Cassian horizon.

The difficulties attending this work were very great, and one may well be surprised that they could be so completely surmounted by a woman. The imposing scenery of the Dolomites is well known to Alpine tourists, who, however, mostly content themselves with a general survey from the valley, and an occasional ascent of some noteworthy height. But a geologist must scale every summit, and must track out the various strata, some rising as precipitous walls, some forming gentler slopes



MISS OGILVIE.

and ledges, ascending to the nature and "lie" of the beds. Many of the summits range from eight thousand to nine thousand feet in height.

AS A PALÆONTOLOGIST.

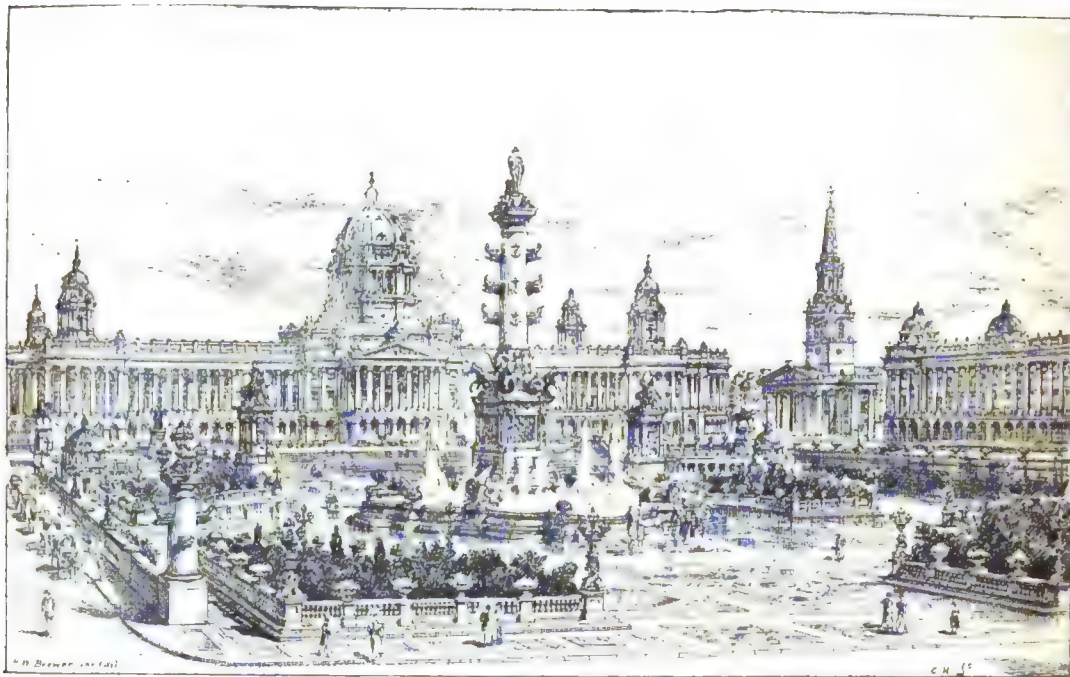
This paper in the Geological Society's Journal served as Miss Ogilvie's "Thesis" for the doctor's degree at London University. It therefore satisfied the examiners, and every one who studies it must be struck by the great amount of work accomplished. When not engaged in field work, Miss Ogilvie had been carrying on a subject of palæontological research, given her at the beginning of her stay in Munich by Professor von Zittel. In the superb palæontological collection, over which this professor so worthily presides, there is a great mass of material still requiring detailed study. The Munich Museum is especially rich in fossils from the "Stramberg beds," an interesting group of rocks which link together the Jurassic and Cretaceous systems. Most of the fossils

IN PRAISE OF LONDON.

MR. GRANT ALLEN having called London a squalid village, and a Quarterly Reviewer having lifted up his heel against the architecture of the Metropolis, it is about time that some one had to say a good word about dear old dirty London, of which we were told last month by vestry officials that its inhabitants are so filthy that they cannot be trusted to have seats in their streets lest they should defile them with unmentionable moral and physical filth!

Sir Lepel Griffin, in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for September, defends London from her traducers, and declares that she is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. This passage is a fair sample of his paper:—

In the natural and inherent elements of beauty London is superior to Paris. In the first place, there is the noble and historical river, by the side of which the Seine is little better than a ditch. Secondly, there is the succession of glorious parks, the lungs of the great city, stretching from Whitehall



TRAFALGAR SQUARE AS IT MIGHT BE.

have been already worked, and monographs upon them have been issued at the expense of the Bavarian Government. But the corals and sponges still remain to be published. Miss Ogilvie's previous biological studies made her well able to undertake the corals, and she has spent, in intervals of her other work, much time and labour on this study. Her monograph is expected to be ready this year, the numerous plates and microscopical drawings in illustration of it being already completed.

Miss Ogilvie has just been appointed one of the lecturers to the London University Extension Classes, and will give lectures on the physical geography and geology of the Alps, with especial reference to the Dolomite region. At the last meeting of the British Association (Edinburgh, 1892) Miss Ogilvie gave an address on the "Landslips of the Tyrol," illustrated by maps and sections. Those who heard this address will have no doubt of her success as a lecturer.

to Kensington Palace, such as are possessed by no other city in Europe. What view is there in Paris so beautiful as that from the Buckingham Palace end of the artificial water in St. James's Park, looking towards the Foreign Office, or that from the bridge over the Serpentine? The Bois de Boulogne is altogether charming; but it is outside the city, and might be rather compared with Richmond Park than Hyde Park. The more notable buildings of London do not compare unfavourably with those of Paris. Westminster Abbey is more beautiful and interesting than Notre Dame, St. Paul's than the Panthéon; while, in spite of some grave defects and over-elaboration of detail there is no modern building in Europe which is superior in dignity, size, and beauty of position to the Houses of Parliament.

But Sir Lepel Griffin is not content with glorifying London as it is. He wishes to construct a new London, which will be even more gorgeous, and by way of beginning he proposes to transmogrify Trafalgar Square so as to resemble the picture which I am permitted to reproduce from the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

WOMEN AS JOURNALISTS.

MRS. EMILY CRAWFORD contributes to the *Contemporary Review* for September a paper on "Journalism as a Profession for Women," which she read at the Conference at Lucerne. Mrs. Crawford thinks well of women as journalists. She thinks that they write well, and have in a greater degree than men the faculty of throwing life into what emanates from their pen.

She then gossips pleasantly concerning various women journalists on the Continent, although she laments that journalism in Paris is well-nigh closed against women. This is partly due, she says, to the pest of gallantry, and to the narrow ideas of the wealthy and well-to-do classes about women's place in society.

Speaking of the qualifications required by women who wish to be journalists, she says:—

The first requirement then is health and a rich reserve of strength. I don't mean the strength of the railway porter, but the vitality which enables one to recoup rapidly after an exhausting bout of work. Women of good constitutions are more elastic in recovering than men. But elasticity is not enough. There must be staying power. It won't do to suffer from headaches, or to feel easily exhausted.

After health, Mrs. Crawford puts typewriting as the most desirable thing.

Learn typewriting. There is no better friend to the journalist and the eye-worn printer than the typewriter, which is invaluable to those who have few opportunities to correct their proofs. More typewriters and fewer pianos! The noise at first is distressing, but one gets used to it. Beside, working in noisy places is so often the lot of the journalist, that he or she must learn to be deaf to all that is not good to hear.

I have been asked by a mother from whom I had a letter, "What is the best preparation for a girl wishing to make a figure as a journalist?" Pulling down her conceit first of all. It is presumptuous in any novice to expect to make a figure at anything. Presently I hope to say something about the moral requirements of the profession, meanwhile I will glance at the educational ones. It is essential that habits of close observation and of punctuality in fulfilling engagements be formed. If the journalist has often to keep irregular hours, he must take care not to oblige others to keep them, and above all to be in time for the printers. An appetite for books is also to be cultivated. I have heard it said: "But life is not long enough for book-reading." It can never be too short for converse with those silent friends. The wider my range of life, the more pleasure and profit I take in books. They soothe, support and foster reflection, without which perception would be barren. Books deepen one's nature by strengthening the subjective part which is the mother of imagination and of emotion. There is no communicative power in a purely objective writer. Recollect that there were few great writers who were not in youth omnivorous readers. All the feminine classic writers certainly were, from Madame de Sévigné to George Eliot.

The great school for the journalist, man or woman, is life, and the great secret of success pegging away. Nothing that it concerns the world to know of should be rejected as common or unclear. The philosophy of what that voice said in the vision of Simon Peter has been overlooked. As there should be no weed for the botanist, no dirt for the chemist, so there should be nothing common nor unclear for the journalist. The woman journalist should not seek, any more than the man, to be on the crests of high waves, but to be ready for them, and, when caught up on them, to trust to their landing her on high ground. One sex is just as well adapted for these high crests as the other. Every virtue that becomes a man becomes a woman yet more. Presence of mind and courage may be needful qualities in the ups and downs of a press career.

It is impossible to emphasise too strongly the practical usefulness of cultivating the moral qualities—ethic feeling (which

should not be demonstrative) and moral sense to prolong into old age bodily and mental vigour. The address and knack which lighten labour are certainly to be sought after; and in youth the rein is to be given to the passion for perfect literary form. But moral strength is the life of life. Adaptability is an ever necessary quality for the journalist. The best way to acquire it is to become at all times a slave to duty, which in principle is immutable, but the application of which is continually varying.

WHY THE WORLD'S FAIR WAS CLOSED ON SUNDAYS.

MR. JOSEPH COOK, in *Our Day* for August, dances with ecstatic delight over the defeat of the Sunday opening at Chicago. He says:—

Sunday closing of the World's Fair, with the nearly certain prospect that this will be the permanent rule of the exhibition, was actually accomplished July 23. The National Commissioners of the Fair, July 12, declared by a vote of fifty-four to six that they had never repealed their previous decision in favour of Sunday closing, and that the local Directory had opened the Fair on Sundays without authority. The Board of Directors themselves, when thus reprimanded and when convinced by experience that Sunday attendance was too small to pay and that Sunday opening diminished the patronage of the Fair by respectable people on week days, resolved on July 13 by a vote of twenty-four to four to close the Fair on Sundays.

He points out that the significance of this decision is immensely increased by the fact that the Sunday openers had a fair field in which to try their specific. Nearly all the newspapers, at least one bishop, and vocal, local public opinion insisted angrily upon the opening of the Fair, and in order to make money the directors opened it only to find that the exhibitors would not exhibit, and, therefore, the public would not come. Full payment for one quarter of the show did not commend itself to the American working-man; therefore, finding it did not pay to keep it open, the directors shut it up, and Dr. Cook rightly insists upon the significance of the fact that even in Chicago, with all its foreign-born citizens, it is impossible to make a Sunday Fair pay.

The West is not as wild as some of its critics have supposed. This victory for the day of rest and worship is of far-reaching, strategic importance to high civilisation, at home and abroad. No more important triumph for Sunday has been achieved in modern history.

After this, perhaps it may be possible to get rid of the seven days' slavery which prevails in American newspaper offices.

MARLBOROUGH SCHOOL is described in an illustrated article in the *Ludgate Monthly*.

MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS have sent me a handsome volume of coloured pictures designed to illustrate Tennyson's heroines. Accompanying the book they sent me particulars of some thirty-two prize competitions in which they propose to give away £2,500. These competitions are in two divisions—the first literary, for original composition in either prose or verse to one of the illustrations in a selected book, or for selection from appropriate quotations from the Scriptures or the poets. The second division, for painting, the prizes are offered for a copy of illustrations in colour or black and white. A special section is reserved for children, and certainly this firm deserve every credit for establishing a system which can hardly fail to develop the amateur among both young and old.

A PLEA FOR A SERVANTS' SUNDAY.

MRS. RUTH LAMB, in the *Sunday at Home* for September, puts in a much needed plea for a servants' Sunday. She is quite right in calling attention to the fact that Sunday feasting may be all very well for the feasters, but it tells very heavily upon the servants:—

The tendency of to-day, especially amongst the wealthiest classes, is to make Sunday the principal visiting day of the week. Parties of every description are now arranged to take place on that day, because the presence and aid of professional vocalists, reciters, musicians, in short, all whose business it is to amuse by the exercise of their gifts, can be more easily secured on Sunday than on any other during the week.

What the Upper Ten do on a large scale, will certainly be imitated by those next and next in the social rank. The custom of ignoring the Sabbath as a religious institution, and dedicating its hours to visiting and recreation only, is fast spreading.

To girls who have been brought up in quiet country homes by God-fearing parents the change must be a great trial. But there is a vast number who regard its privileges in a very different light. First and foremost it is their brief season of absolute freedom from restraint.

Both Christian girls and non-Christian alike resent the addition of extra work on Sunday, and the loss of their Sunday out is at present not compensated by a holiday on any other day of the week. Hence, it is not surprising that Mrs. Lamb should fall back upon the suggestion that our abigails would do well to form themselves into a trade union for the purpose of defending their scanty leisure. She says:—

One hears much of combinations of working men and women for the protection of their common interests, and sometimes of their demanding wages and privileges which it would be ruinous for employers to grant. But I think, were I a domestic servant, I should gladly join a servants' union, which should have for its object the preservation of the God-given, never-to-be-over-valued boon of the Sunday, from the encroachments of those who selfishly devote its hours to so-called pleasure, at the cost of seven days' work per week to all who serve them.

THE SONGS OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

THE August number of the *Music Review* publishes two papers on Indian Music read at the American Musical Congress. Miss A. C. Fletcher's paper is uncommonly interesting:—

The Indian generally sings out of doors, and the din that attends certain classes of songs makes it almost impossible for the untrained ear to catch the melody. A dozen men may be singing with all their vocal force, and half as many more beating the drum with might and main. Add to this the noise of many people, the barking of dogs, and the confusion of a camp, and one can fancy how troublesome it would be to understand all that music stands for to the Indian.

His emotional expression is in his music. Every pleasure is enhanced by melody, and there is no sorrow or dread that is not solaced by music. When his soul is moved he bursts into songs; when he would seek aid from the unseen mysterious forces of nature, he sends forth the messenger of song to find the god or "Power that Makes," and to draw from its infinite source to supply his own need The prayer is always a song or a chant, and the vision when it comes is of some form which signifies to him the approving presence of the "Power that Makes." These vision songs belong solely to the individual; no man ever sings another man's sacred song.

Other songs have the power to entice animals toward the

hunter; these mystery songs have been received in dreams or visions. The religious songs are not all mystery songs; there are tribal ceremonies, religious in character, with elaborate ritual and music very simple in structure. Game and gambling songs are numerous; children have their ditties, which they hand down to still younger generations; fireside tales are interspersed with songs; and many avocations pursued by men and women are lightened by musical cadences. The waltz has a fascination to most strangers, especially if given in costume, the personal decorations, the movements, and the loud singing combining to make a wild and savage scene which the red man has learnt to know is pleasing to his white neighbour.

The text of the love-songs of the Omahas is much more elaborate than that in any other class, and affords an interesting study of the development of the ballad. One class of love-songs is supplied with musical syllables instead of words, and they are sung by the youth as he stands on some vantage point overlooking the lodge of the girl he desires to win. The funeral song of the Omahas is sung by a number of young men, who beat the time by striking two short willow sticks together. In the expression of their sorrow for the dead, they insert a small willow branch through two incisions in the flesh of the left arm, and their blood drips from the leaves as they sing their beautiful major melody. The blood is in token of sympathy for the bereaved; the dead cannot see the ghastly sight. The song is for the departing spirit that it may enter with joy into the future state.

It will thus be seen that the Indian is more concerned with the response of the song to his own mood than with its effect upon his ear as a musical composition; his enjoyment is emotional rather than intellectual.

Mr. J. C. Fillmore's paper in the same review dealt with the Indian songs in their technical aspect, but his study is equally interesting, and is accompanied by many musical illustrations.

WOMAN IN SONG.

By MADAME NORDICA.

In the *Music Review* for August, which, by the way, is an excellent number, several papers read at the American Musical Congress are given. Madame Nordica takes "Woman in Song" as her theme:—

As woman has been the great guide of most musical minds, so has she been also the ennobling and the ennobled theme of the creators of musical works. . . . Queens of Song have guided the masters of music to the haven of triumphant fame.

The drama portrays human emotions; music pictures them and idealises them. The drama pays tribute to the mind; music kneels at the throne of the soul.

The actor and the artist have many advantages denied the singer. When Miss Ellen Terry plays Marguerite in "Faust," for instance, she takes her time in arranging for the jewel scene; whereas in singing the Marguerite of Gounod the time is limited. During one bar the jewel casket is to be discovered, and two bars are allowed to get the earrings in the ears. The singer must get to the mirror, at the same time performing the most difficult feats of vocalisation. The orchestra is waiting, and combining time, tune, the meaning of the music, the facial expressions and the gestures is vastly more trying and more exacting than the art of the dramatic artist.

Women are progressing day by day, and there are living to-day women composers of great originality—Miss Ellicott, Miss Smyth, Maud Valérie White, Augusta Holmes, Mlle. Chamade, Helen Hopekirk, and many more.

Among vocalists there are many names to be remembered with joy. Incidentally it may be mentioned here that the lyric artist receives greater remuneration than any other, and that the highest terms of remuneration ever granted to singers have been awarded to women.

HOW TO STOP RIVER POLLUTION.

MR. FRANK SPENCE, in the *Contemporary Review*, has a short but very sensible article on this subject, the gist of which is that it would be quite easy to prevent the pollution of rivers throughout the country if the Local Government Board would but deal with sewage effluents on the same principles with which the gaseous products of chemical works are dealt with under the Alkali Acts. He says:—

The only measures needful would be to insist that every outflow of waste liquid from sewage works should pass through an open conduit, accessible to the inspector at all hours of the day and night; and to give to the chief inspector under the Alkali Acts a few additional assistants. The administration might well be the same as under these Acts. The chief inspector is necessarily a practical chemist, and the sampling of air and that of water are quite in the same line of work. As it is, he is engaged daily in protecting the air from what may be called gaseous sewage; and, indeed, he has already under his ken two classes of liquid pollutions—namely, hydrochloric acid and the drainage from soda-waste heaps.

The liquid discharges are of such varied character that (as was done in the case of the Alkali Acts) tentative restrictions might be imposed in the first instance, and gradually increased as experience enabled the inspectors to point out to polluters in each case that they were not employing the "best practicable and available means" of purification. For example, it might be required at first merely that every effluent should be made permanently non-putrescent, the test of this being so simple that even a labourer at a sewage works could perform it. (A well-stoppered bottle, half filled with the effluent, then tightly closed and left in a light room at ordinary temperature, should, on being opened, give off no offensive odour, however long the liquor is kept.) What a gain to public health and comfort in all towns, villages, and residences alongside polluted rivers would be secured by this one simple, reasonable, and perfectly practicable requirement!

The present excellent results of the inspection of British chemical works have been achieved almost solely by moral pressure backed by the shadow of the law. It would in fact be a real kindness to local sanitary authorities everywhere to put their sewage treatment under supervision, as it would transform all of them who are mere rate-savers for popularity's sake into local administrators, proud that they had made their effluents colourless, colourless, and suitable for fish life.

Mr. Chamberlain and His Orchids.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* for September has a copiously illustrated paper on Mr. Chamberlain's orchids. The writer says:—

Mr. Chamberlain began the culture and collection of orchids some sixteen years ago, about the time when he built for himself at Moor Green, amidst the prettiest scenery on the outskirts of Birmingham, the house (named in allusion to the family's London connections) which is now known to all newspaper readers as "Highbury." Mr. Chamberlain now has about 5,000 plants of all kinds, and from all parts of the orchid-producing world, and of course the number is being continually added to. They fill thirteen of the eighteen glass-houses ranged along the side of Mr. Chamberlain's handsome yet unpretentious residence.

The greater part of the Parliamentary vacation every year is spent by the Liberal Unionist leader at Highbury, and during the session he frequently passes Saturday to Monday there; when at Highbury almost every minute of his leisure is spent in the orchid-houses. Mr. Chamberlain has a fine library of orchid literature, and there can be little doubt but what the flower appeals to him as much from its scientific as its æsthetic aspect.

When Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain are in London a box of the most beautiful blooms is sent every week for the decoration of their house in Princes' Gate. In addition, two flowers of the kinds best adapted to the buttonhole are sent every day, and

it is with one of these that the Liberal Unionist Leader generally makes his appearance in the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain has taken every means, on the other hand, of obtaining the full enjoyment of the orchids when he is at home. One can go in and out all the houses without once encountering the open air. The drawing-room opens on to a lofty conservatory, filled with the scent of many sweet-smelling flowers.

How Clark Russell Writes his Novels.

In the *English Illustrated* for September Mr. Raymond Blathway gives an interesting account of how Mr. Clark Russell is able to write the sea novels which have so much vogue. The article is for the most part an interview with Mr. Russell:—

Forced by rheumatism to keep much upon his sofa, he dictates all his novels, finding indeed that he can work better so than if he were to pen them with his own hand. "I close my eyes, I realise intensely the whole scene, I see it as in a magic-lantern, I can dramatise the whole thing." He never puts pen to paper till all is carefully planned and mapped out.

There is first a general plot of the story, the dates of which are most accurately thought out; then come the *dramatis personæ*, the name of the vessel, the number and names of the crew, the passengers, with their general characteristics lined out. "I generally choose some one I have observed with attention, who acts as a lay figure right through, and so I do not lose his personality."

And again, no *locale* is ever imaginary in Mr. Clark Russell's books. "Even in writing of the most minute island," he said to me, "I always have an Admiralty chart of that island at my side so that I may be exact in my bearings and soundings."

Then the ship itself; it is not only exactly described—its tonnage, its cargo, its berthing, but there are numerous sketches of it which place it before Mr. Russell's eyes exactly as he imagines it, and so he is enabled to pace the deck, to go below, to dine with the captain aft, to go forward to the men's mess, almost as though he were actually on board the ship itself. There are in addition references to well-known books of travel in which well-authenticated incidents are recorded, to official journals, to anything in fact that may be of use to him in the writing of what many an untravelled critic regards as an impossible occurrence, and which nevertheless has actually taken place.

Mrs. Oliphant.

THERE is a character sketch of Mrs. Oliphant in the *Young Woman*, contributed by the Rev. J. W. Dawson. He says:—

Mrs. Oliphant has been among the hardest literary workers of our time, and her industry is nothing less than amazing. To produce some sixty books in forty-four years is a wonderful record, especially when we recollect the evenness of quality which characterises them. She has lately exchanged Windsor for the Riviera, but such a retirement to sunnier skies by no means indicates a retirement from the arena of her prolonged activities. At sixty-five her hand has not lost its cunning, nor do her later stories evince any lessening of literary power.

If one cannot point to any single book of hers as a book to be ranked with the great achievements of Thackeray or Meredith or George Eliot, one can point to the long series and say with confidence that each is alike good. And the list numbers nearer fifty than forty, to take no count of a dozen other books of history, biography, and criticism.

Now, what is the secret of this prolonged literary success? Its chief element is that Mrs. Oliphant has recognised her own limitations, and has worked within them with a steadiness of industry which is in itself phenomenal. She has taken for her field humble, commonplace and middle-class life, but has so treated the commonplace that it has had all the charm of originality. She has never fallen into the error which so often beset even so great a writer as Dickens, of writing of conditions of society which lay beyond her actual experience.

HENRY IRVING AS HAMLET.

THE CRITICISM OF SALVINI.

In the *English Illustrated* for September, Mr. Henry Irving discourses upon four favourite parts of his. Those Shakespearean parts which he chiefly loves are Hamlet, Richard III., Iago, and King Lear. He is prompted to write this paper by the curious perversity which has prompted some distinguished artists to decry the art of acting. Mr. Irving says that "To leave upon your generation the impression of Hamlet as the man, not as a piece of acting, is perhaps the highest aim which the English-speaking actors can cherish."

This being so, it is interesting to know what Salvini says of the impression produced upon him by Irving's presentation of that part. The passage will be found in the autobiography of Salvini, which appears in the *Century Magazine* for September:—

I was very anxious to see the illustrious English artist in that part, and I secured a box and went to the Lyceum. I was recognised by nobody, and remaining as it were concealed in my box, I had a good opportunity to satisfy my curiosity. I arrived at the theatre a little too late, so that I missed the scene of Hamlet in presence of the ghost of his father, the scene which in my judgment contains the clue to that strange character, and from which all the synthetic ideas of Hamlet are developed. I was in time to hear only the last words of the oath of secrecy. I was struck by the perfection of the stage-setting. There was a perfect imitation of the effect of moonlight, which at the proper times flooded the stage with its rays or left it in darkness. Every detail was excellently and exactly reproduced. The scene was shifted, and Hamlet began his allusions, his sallies of sarcasm, his sententious sayings, his points of satire with the courtiers, who sought to study and to penetrate the sentiments of the young prince. In this scene Irving was simply sublime! His mobile face mirrored his thoughts. The subtle penetration of his phrases, so perfect in shading and incisiveness, showed him to be a master of art. I do not believe there is an actor who can stand beside him in this respect, and I was so much impressed by it, that at the end of the second act I said to myself, "I will not play Hamlet! Mapleson can say what he likes, but I will not play it;" and I said it with the fullest resolution. In the monologue, "To be, or not to be," Irving was admirable; in the scene with Ophelia he was deserving of the highest praise; in that of the Players he was moving, and in all this part of the play he appeared to my eyes to be the most perfect interpreter of that eccentric character. But further on it was not so, and for the sake of art I regretted it. From the time when the passion assumes a deeper hue, and reasoning moderates impulses which are forcibly curbed, Irving seemed to me to show mannerism, and to be lacking in power, and strained, and it is not in him alone that I find this fault, but in nearly all foreign actors. There seems to be a limit of passion within which they remain true in their rendering of nature; but beyond that limit they become transformed, and take on conventionality in their intonations, exaggeration in their gestures, and mannerism in their bearing. I left my box saying to myself: "I too can do Hamlet, and I will try it!" In some characters Irving is exceptionally fine. I am convinced that it would be difficult to interpret Shylock or Mephistopheles better than he. He is most skilful in putting his productions on the stage; and in addition to his intelligence he does not lack the power to communicate his counsels or his teachings. Withal he is an accomplished gentleman in society, and is loved and respected by his fellow-citizens, who justly look upon him as a glory to their country. He should, however, for his own sake, avoid playing such parts as Romeo and Macbeth, which are not adapted to his somewhat scanty physical and vocal power.

The traditions of the English drama are imposing and glorious! Shakespeare alone has gained the highest pinnacle of fame in dramatic art. He has had to interpret him such great artists as Garrick, Kemble, Kean, Macready, Siddons,

and Irving; and the literary and dramatic critics of the whole world have studied and analysed both author and actors. At present, however, tragedy is abandoned on almost all the stages of Europe. Actors who devote themselves to tragedy, whether classical, romantic, or historical, no longer exist. Society-comedy has overflowed the stage, and the inundation causes the seed to rot which more conscientious and prudent planters had sown in the fields of art. To win the approval of the audience, a dazzling and conspicuous *mise-en-scène* does not suffice, as some seem to imagine, to make up deficiency in interpretation; a more profound study of the characters represented is indispensable. If in art you can join the beautiful and the good, so much the better for you; but if you give the public the alternative, it will always prefer the good to the beautiful.

DERELICTS AND THEIR ADVENTURES.

MR. W. J. GORDON, in the *Leisure Hour*, in the course of his interesting articles upon sea-life, refers in September to the subject of derelicts. He says:—

In the North Atlantic alone there are generally sixteen afloat every day in the year, and in one month forty-five were recently reported, five-and-twenty of them in the vicinity of the five "steamer lanes" used by the Cunard, White Star, American, Guion, and National Companies; and yet, dangerous as they may be, collisions with them hardly ever happen in the daytime, and only occur at the rate of eight a year, which speaks well for the carefulness of the look-out that our merchant-seamen keep.

The ways of the derelicts are interesting and peculiar. There was one vessel that broke in half in the North Atlantic just where two currents passed, and one half went north and the other south, and they came ashore with more than a thousand miles between them. The *Manantico*, first reported abandoned on December 8th, 1886, in 39° N. 72° W., was last seen in 28° N. 36° W. on July 12th, 1887, after a drift of 2,600 miles in 206 days. The *Vincenzo Perrotta*, abandoned in September, 1887, in 36° N. 54° W., came ashore at Watling Island in April, 1889, after a drift of 2,950 miles in 536 days. The *Telemach* about the same time drifted 3,150 miles in 551 days. Two schooners abandoned during the same gale in November, 1888, on the American coast drifted 4,400 and 4,800 miles in 370 and 347 days respectively. The *Vestalinda*, abandoned in November, 1891, was last reported in April, 1892, after drifting 2,230 miles in 151 days. One of the longest drifts of abandoned ships on record is that of the schooner *W. L. White*, abandoned in March, 1888, in 39° N. 73° W., which came ashore at Hasker Island, one of the Hebrides, in January, 1889, after a drift of 5,910 miles in 310 days. Obstacles these, for the early destruction of which some means ought to be discoverable. A miss may be as good as a mile, but shaving must be embarrassingly close when it comes to passing, like the barque *Virgo*, between two masts of a derelict in a state of submergence.

Occasionally a derelict is towed into port and sold cheap, to be patched up again and tempt fortune until she makes her second appearance, usually under another name, in the list of total losses. For, account for it as you please, a ship once unlucky is always unlucky, although you may change her name to hide her identity. Even in the Royal Navy there have been ships whose names have been changed two or three times, and they have met with disasters under each designation.

In *Longman's Magazine*, in "At the Sign of the Ship," Mr. Andrew Lang discourses concerning *Borderland*, somewhat justifying the bishops for refusing to give their opinion when asked on the ground that it was no part of a bishop's duty to give away gratuitous advertisements. From this it would follow that a bishop had better keep his mouth always shut, if he should never speak when his advice is asked for fear lest his counsel should be used for advertising purposes—a plausible plea for dumb dogs surely!

MR. LUKE FILDES, R.A.

HOW HE PAINTED "THE CASUALS."

IN the *Strand* for September Harry How selects Mr. Fildes, R.A., as the subject of his illustrated interview. The paper is better illustrated than usual, and the frontispiece of the magazine is a reproduction of Mr. Fildes's famous picture "The Doctor." There is plenty of good gossip in the interview.

TWO LOVERS IN A BOAT.

Among other things, Mr. How tells us how the artist gained his wife:—

Mr. Fildes and Henry Woods went by the Thames to sketch. Henry Woods had two sisters, and they came up on a visit to their brother, and stayed where the two young artists were working. Miss Fanny Woods often sat to one of these artists. She is the girl sitting down in the stern of the boat in the picture of "Fair, Quiet, and Sweet Rest," which was hung on the line and "centred" in the Royal Academy of 1872. The picture was quickly "noticed"—it was the first work of an unknown painter. And 1873 brought "The Simpletons"—two lovers in a boat! But it was not until the summer of 1874 that Miss Fanny Woods became Mrs. Luke Fildes.

"THE CASUALS."

One of Mr. Fildes's most famous pictures is that of "The Casuals." The following is the account of the way in which he painted it:—

Mr. Fildes always had a leaning towards "The Casuals," and in 1874 he painted it. That, too, was a 9-ft. canvas. The picture is too well known to need description here—the mud and slush of the street, the suggested fog, the drunken loafer, the ruffian who "wants work, but wouldn't do it," the long, thin youth in the background, the sham soldier, the wife and husband cuddling up their children, the widow (who perhaps had never been a wife) hastening along, the policeman, and the bitter sarcasm of the "notices"—posted immediately above the poor fellow who holds his little one so tightly to him—"Child Deserted, £2 Reward!" and "Lost a Pug Dog, £20 Reward!" But what stories the artist has to tell of his models for that remarkable work!

MODELS FROM THE CASUAL WARD.

"I used to go out night after night," said Mr. Fildes, "and seek for types. I visited the various casual wards, and soon got to know the inspectors. If I saw anybody who took my fancy I gave him my card, and asked him to come round after he had picked his oakum. You notice that fellow with his head bent down in the picture? He came to see me one morning wringing wet, and after sitting for a few minutes in the hall he was surrounded by a pool of water! Some of these people I had to stand in my studio on brown paper, and put disinfectants round them. The drunkard—that fellow with his hands thrust deep into his pockets—was a perfect character. He would not sit to me without a quart pot by his side, which I had to keep continually filled.

"The policeman I borrowed from Bow Street. The long, thin lad at the back, whom I found in a casual ward, was a stowaway. He was a lad of sixteen, and six feet high. He had tramped everywhere. He stowed himself away on a boat going to America, was discovered, flogged, transhipped on another boat, pitched ashore at Liverpool, walked to London, and slept in the parks till I came across him. One of these fellows in the picture walked up and down outside my house all night, so that he shouldn't be late in the morning! How he escaped the police is a mystery."

"The Casuals" created a great sensation. It made a wonderful impression. Nothing at once so dramatic and real had been seen for years. The status of Mr. Luke Fildes arose at a bound. It was bought by the late Mr. Thos. Taylor, who also purchased "The Widower." Mr. Taylor's collection was eventually sold at Christie's, and "The Casuals" was sold to Sir George Holloway for 2,000 guineas, who stated afterwards that he had made up his mind to buy it, and was prepared to go to £4,000 for it. The picture now hangs in the Royal Holloway College, Egham.

ALL THE OLOGIES.

IN the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for July the Rev. Thomas Hughes, writing on "Anthropology," gives the following extract from an American University treatise on Anthropology, showing how the modern scientists in America divide up the study of mankind into various branches of Anthropology:—

Phenomena.	Science.
All mankind as natural objects . . .	Anthropology.
WHAT MAN IS—STRUCTURAL ANTHROPOLOGY.	
The embryo of mankind and life of the individual . . .	Ontogeny.
The body of man (specific and comparative) . . .	Anatomy.
The functions of the body . . .	Physiology.
Form and colour, weight and number . . .	Anthropometry.
The nervous system in relation to thought . . .	Psycho-physics.
Natural divisions of mankind . . .	Ethnology.
WHAT MAN DOES—FUNCTIONAL ANTHROPOLOGY.	
To express his thoughts . . .	Glossology.
To supply his wants . . .	Technology.
To gratify his desires . . .	Esthetics.
To account for phenomena . . .	Science and Philosophy.
To co-operate in the activities and ends of life . . .	Sociology.
In presence of a spirit world . . .	The science of religion.
THE PAST OF HUMAN LIFE AND ACTIONS IS STUDIED—	
1. In things decayed or dug from the earth . . .	Archæology.
2. In the decipherment of inscriptions . . .	Palaography.
3. In the acts and sayings of the unlettered . . .	Folk-Lore.
4. In written records . . .	History.
SCIENCES HELPFUL TO ANTHROPOLOGY.	
To determine the material of art-products . . .	Mineralogy.
To fix the age of relics . . .	Geology.
In studying the mutual effects of man and the earth on each other . . .	Geography.
To determine man's place in nature and his acquaintance therewith . . .	Botany and zoology.

What People Read in the East-End.

THE *Young Woman* for September publishes an interesting interview with Miss James, the librarian of the People's Palace, as to what people read in the East-End:—

The library will accommodate 250,000 volumes, of which only a little over 12,000 have been gathered. The galleries are reached by spiral iron staircases, and books are sent down to the centre by means of lifts. The cost of the library is between £800 and £900 a year. From 1,200 to 1,400 persons on an average use the library daily, and from 130 to 200 books are issued. The six most popular books in the library are Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit," Haggard's "She," Dumas's "Monte Cristo," Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and Mrs. Henry Wood's "East Lynne." Meredith is occasionally asked for, Hardy frequently—or, at least, his "Tess" and "Under the Greenwood Tree"; we have only these two of Hardy's in the library, and they are very popular. Many try Mrs. Humphry Ward's "David Grieve," but they generally give it up. Amongst women and girls, Edna Lyall, Miss Warner, Miss Fothergill, Hesba Stretton, Miss Braddon, and Mrs. Henry Wood are most popular; whilst Henty, Kingston, Ballantyne, Marryat, Fenn, and Jules Verne are the boys' favourites. Poetry is seldom asked for, except Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning, and Longfellow. Browning is read in the East End to some extent—by the better-educated people.

A NOTABLE "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT.

A SKETCH OF MR. W. J. STILLMAN.

MR. W. P. GARRISON, in the *Century* for September, publishes a very appreciative sketch of Mr. W. J. Stillman, the well-known *Times* correspondent at Rome. The paper is illustrated by a striking portrait. Mr. Stillman is an old contributor to the *Century*, and Mr. Garrison might with advantage have given us a much longer sketch. Mr. Stillman was born in the State of New York in the year 1828, and he very early received an impetus which decided his destinies. He was, says Mr. Garrison, of a restless temperament.

HIS ADVENTURES WITH KOSSUTH.

As if to set a seal on his unrest, fate would have it that the youth of twenty should graduate from Union College in 1848. Though he took at once to landscape-painting under Church, his ardent temperament could not be insensible to the revolutionary glow of the period, and Kossuth's arrival in this country in December, 1851, fully enlisted Stillman in behalf of the Hungarian cause, and gave him his first introduction to the complex "Eastern Question," which was to absorb the best thoughts and the best energies of his life. In 1852 he accepted from Kossuth a perilous mission to Vienna, to bring away the crown jewels secreted by the exiled chief. I have heard him tell how, when his task seemed hopeless and the chance of his arrest unpleasantly good, he chose a stormy night to commit to the Danube his compromising credentials. The boat that hid them in its heel had hardly splashed in the river before he was challenged by a guard, who good-naturedly smiled at his bad German, and let "a foreigner" pass. The amateur revolutionist quickly made his way to Paris, and, taking up his brush again, entered an atelier.

HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH RUSKIN.

This was Stillman's second visit to Europe. His first was in 1849, when Ruskin was midway in the publication of his "Modern Painters," and was hanging out his "Seven Lamps," when, coincidentally, the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was in the first twelvemonth of its existence. Acquaintance with Rossetti and the other leading spirits of this movement made of Stillman a true believer. With Ruskin, whose conversion came later, in 1851, he struck up the warmest friendship, and subsequently named for him his ill-starred first-born. The personal affection outlasted his detachment from the doctrine of that eloquent but incoherent moralist. After twenty years he could proclaim publicly that "Ruskin's art-teachings are utterly wrong." Meanwhile, in 1855, under the double influence of the prophet and the Brotherhood, he founded, with John Durand, the short-lived "Crayon" in New York; and, though he still continued to exhibit at the Academy of Design, of which he had become an associate member, the litterateur began to get the better of the artist.

PAINTER AND PHOTOGRAPHER.

This brought Stillman into familiar and delightful intercourse with Lowell and the Cambridge circle of wits, scholars, and savants. He joined a choice band of them in the Adirondacks in the summers of 1858 and 1859, and there was painted—I believe in the former year—his best-known and most poetic piece, "The Procession of the Pines." Of this company Stillman was the guide, philosopher, and friend. . . . Firearms have always been a passion with Stillman, and they typify his spiritual combativeness, his readiness to engage in controversy. His innate mechanical inventiveness has chiefly been expended upon cameras, for he has practised, experimented in, and written authoritatively about photography for more than a quarter of a century, and twenty years ago he published a manual of the art.

AMERICAN CONSUL AT ROME AND CRETE.

The camera has but confirmed the practical divorce from the palette effected by his acceptance of office in 1861 under the administration of Lincoln. To use his own words:—

It was my misfortune to spend eight years of my life in the consular service of the United States. From the first post,

that at Rome, I was removed to silence my remonstrances against the disgraceful state of our legation there; and, after our usual shopkeeping system, I was sent to a distant station at my own expense, after having been financially ruined by my official countrymen at Rome.

The new station was Crete, where, in the spring of 1865, Stillman was brought face to face with "the unspeakable Turk," at a time when the island was on the eve of a fresh revolt. The history of this episode must be read in his "Cretan Insurrection." His complicity with the insurgents consisted in nothing more than being a sort of postman between them and Europe. Stillman naturally came to be regarded, both at Athens and at Constantinople, as the head and front of the rebellion. The persecution he had to endure in consequence from the local authorities and Mussulman population in Candia made him almost a prisoner in his house, and finally drove him to transfer the consulate to a yacht. As the rebellion languished to its end, the Turkish government obtained from Secretary Fish his removal.

STORMY PETREL 1876.

After the "Cretan Insurrection" Mr. Stillman did nothing so notable as the part which he took in the enlightenment of public opinion on the subject of Turkish misrule. In 1875 and 1876 he spent much time in and about Montenegro and Herzegovina, and his letters undoubtedly did much to pave the way for the subsequent disruption of the Ottoman Empire. Afterwards, when the war broke out, he did yeoman's service as *Times* correspondent in Montenegro. I remember Mr. Gladstone saying at the time that Stillman's correspondence from the seat of war was the only reason in 1877 why he felt it necessary to look at the *Times* at all. After the war was over, he became the regular correspondent for the *Times*, wherever the situation promised to be stormy.

In the service of the *Times*, Athens was revisited in 1885. He revisited also the island of Melos after an interval of a dozen years. He also began with ardour the study of Greek archaeology, especially in connection with the huge constructions which are styled Pelagic, and which he has traced more thoroughly than any one, and pictured with his camera, up and down the Italian peninsula, in Sicily, in the Greek archipelago, and on the mainland.

He is now settled at Rome, but it needs no prophet to foresee that if there is once more unrest in the Balkan Peninsula, or in Austria-Hungary, Mr. Stillman will have to leave the Eternal City, betake himself once more to the regions with which he is so familiar, and dwell among the peoples for whose liberation he has already achieved so much.

Motor Engines for Cycles.

IN *Cassier's Magazine* for August the writer of the article on "Modern Gas and Oil Engines" speaks very highly of the Daimler motor. This motor is built by the Daimler Company of Cannstatt, and uses either gas or gasoline. In Stuttgart it is used for propelling street cars, and on some German railroads for driving inspection cars. It is also found favourable for the propulsion of road carriages, quadricycles and even bicycles. The English firm is Sims and Company, and they are said to be actively prosecuting its introduction to British territory. *Cassier* gives a picture of two riders seated on a quadricycle propelled by a Daimler motor. As there seems to be no danger of being blown up, this motor ought to be popular with cyclists, for it can be turned on and off at a moment's notice. It would be invaluable for steep hills. The writer, however, does not give particulars as to the increase in weight added by the Daimler motor. As you can buy gold too dear, so a cycle motor might be more heavy than its worth.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRISIS.

THE PROPHECY OF THE PESSIMIST.

In the *Investors' Review* for August, Mr. Wilson has two articles—one on "Australian Banks, Failed and Other," the other on "Braggart Queensland." In both of them he prophesies all manner of evil concerning the position in Australia.

A WORSE CRISIS COMING.

The crisis in the Australian colonies has but reached its second stage. In a little while the storm must break out again more fiercely than ever. What should have been done had any real intention existed to deal with the facts as they stood was to throw all these failed banks into liquidation. The whole of the uncalculated capital ought to have been secured absolutely to existing creditors as a first step. That done, it would have been open to capitalists in the colonies or here to create one or two new banks to take up what genuine business these wrecks had left. To these new institutions, under adequate supervision, the collection of the assets of the failed banks might have been confided; or, if that had not been practicable, one or more nursing trusts might have been constituted for the express purpose of holding the assets together until such time as they could have been realised. With might and main, therefore, "reconstruction" was forced through, and the end of a shameful career of chicanery and fraud will be ruin tenfold more irretrievable than could have been caused by honest liquidation. These miserable settlements have little prospect before them but to lie waterlogged with debts for at least a generation.

OVER-BANKED AUSTRALIA.

One great cause of the matter is that Australia has far too many banks for its population. The contrast with Scotland is very marked in this respect:—

Altogether Scotland possesses banking resources to the extent of £118,000,000, but of this sum it may be estimated that not more than £70,000,000 at the outside is directly engaged in banking business within the country. The amount may not exceed £60,000,000, for not only have the Scotch banks £24,000,000 invested in securities, or advanced upon stocks, but they have always large sums employed in the London market—how large there is no means of knowing, but they must aggregate at least £10,000,000. Therefore, the lowest of these estimates may be an exaggeration; but put the total at £70,000,000, and contrast this with Australia and New Zealand. Before the recent smashes the total banking resources of these colonies amounted to £208,000,000. With this money the people had no manufactures to speak of to carry on; their only exports consisted of agricultural and pastoral produce, than which nothing is more precariously profitable, less capable of bearing one year with another high banking charges. And in spite of this prodigious amount of money the colonists were always hard up.

THE PROSPECT OF QUEENSLAND.

In his essay upon "Braggart Queensland," Mr. Wilson says:—

From the very start the Queensland has been the Gascon of Australasia. All his ideas have been coloured by the immensity of his territory. As a bragger he has few equals and no superior.

It was a poor territory, nevertheless, and in great measure a territory unsuited for permanent settlement by the men and women of our northern race sent to occupy it. The letters of the *Times* special correspondent on Queensland and other Australian colonies are as near as possible worthless for the essential purpose of revealing the true economic condition of these settlements and of appraising their actual wealth. And where she can see for herself and speak from her own observation, she expresses invaluable truths. Hers is "the honest eye which sees" when it can get outside the official magic ring. Therefore we think the description given by her of the lot of labour in Queensland heart-moving in its sadness.

THE DOOM OF THE COLONY.

The danger which now threatens these miserable deluded Australian settlers is not merely that of becoming bankrupt in pocket, of ceasing to pay their way. Were their population larger, such is the hatred and contempt felt for the character of the men whom universal suffrage and "payment of members" have brought into power, we should fear revolutions and a period of anarchy. Sparingly peopled as the territories are, the actual danger to some of them is of depopulation. All who can will escape from the debt curse, and seek peace in happier lands. Those who remain will rebel against the demands of the fundholder, or will simply lie down like the over-loaded camel and refuse to get up till the weight is reduced. Queensland will go to pieces.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON ON ART.

In the *Forum* for August, Mr. Frederic Harrison replies to the critics who found his previous dissertation on art too pessimistic. He defends his views with his customary vigour, and preaches an eloquent little homily upon a text in Timothy. Speaking of the defects of our modern art, he declares that they are irremediable. At least—

There is no practicable remedy—or none of the immediate and direct kind. The only true remedy is that contained in the Apostle's words to Timothy:—"They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." And it is as true for the artist or the poet to-day as it is for the divine and the disciple, as it was true for the Apostle's own son in the faith, whom he had left in Ephesus:—"But thou, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness."

Although Mr. Harrison puts his text at the end of his article instead of at the beginning, as most preachers do, he strays from it with as much ease as if he were in the pulpit. The following sentences embody his chief contention:—

We shall, no doubt, again have an age when Synthesis will weigh more than Analysis, and Conception of the Whole more than Observation of the Parts. We shall have again an age of coherent ideas;—and when we have that, we shall have another age of Great Art. It is in vain to look for any very great art, either in literature or in the special arts of form, under the reign of universal Specialism. The camel of Holy Writ will have passed through the eye of the needle long before supply and demand will ever have succeeded in creating a great art. And men will be gathering grapes of thorns and figs of thistles the day that Art Exhibitions promote immortal works. Everything that we love in art had its own time, place, occasion, inspiration. Titian, Velazquez, Rubens, and Vandyke, painted noble gentlemen and ladies in the costumes in which they lived, to hang in their own halls, amidst artistic surroundings of absolute harmony. Your R. A. to-day paints a bill-discounter in a red hunting-suit and breeches and a fur topcoat; he charges him a thousand guineas; and the bill-discounter is very proud. Raffaele and Bartolommeo painted Saints and Madonnas to place over altars; Veronese painted sumptuous groups for Venetian palaces; Rembrandt painted the men and the scenes amongst which his life was passed, exactly as he saw them, and for those who loved them. We have to rack our brains for novel subjects, and first and foremost, we have to satisfy the dealer.

He concludes his article as follows:—

This is not the place, nor have I space left here, to explain all I mean, when I say that art is a mode of religion, and can flourish only under the inspiration of living and practical religion. In the meantime, I would say but one word to the ingenuous youth who aspires to be an *artist* that he should shudder to become a *tradesman*, that he take up his high calling with "love, patience, meekness"—that he hold fast by all that is pure, all that is beautiful, all that is broadly human.

THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY AND KING DEMOS.

VARIOUS NOTES AND COMMENTS. BY PEERS AND OTHERS.

THE article which appeared in the last number of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* has excited very widespread interest and discussion. I posted a copy of the *REVIEW*, with an accompanying letter asking for suggestions, to every peer in the United Kingdom, and to those eldest sons of peers who were old enough to have their own establishments. Most of the peers who answered my appeal—beyond merely acknowledging it—did so in terms of general approval, coupled with the natural and inevitable objection to this, that, or the other suggestion.

LORD GREY'S DISSENT.

There were, however, some who dissented almost entirely, and foremost among these stands the Northumbrian Nestor, Earl Grey, who is as keen a politician in his ninetieth year as Mr. Gladstone is in his eighties. Lord Grey writes:—

I am sorry to say that, although your article contains some remarks in which I concur, I entirely dissent from most of your views. I consider you to be unjust to the British aristocracy and clergy, and to have made a great mistake in neglecting to point out that most of what King Demos has to complain of has arisen from the misuse of the supreme power with which he has been invested by the changes effected in 1866 and since in the constitution of the House of Commons, by which, instead of its former high character, it has been degraded to its present deplorable condition, and now shows itself to be utterly incapable of discharging its high duties with advantage to the nation. If I was still as able to discuss the subject as I should have been twenty or thirty years ago, I should probably have attempted to explain to you my reasons for holding this opinion; but now, when I am fast approaching the close of my ninety-first year, I am quite unable to do so.

THE PEER ONLY GREAT AS A LEGISLATOR.

Some of the peers object so much to the incidental suggestion that they might do well to sacrifice their legislative functions in order the better to exercise their local social sovereignty, as to ignore the fact that the suggestion was not insisted upon, but merely thrown out by the way. Lord Saye and Sele writes from Sunbury House, Reading, contending that the legislative position of the peer is essential to his local prestige. He writes:—

I would gladly see your ideas carried out, but I know they have been tried and have utterly failed. You are wrong in considering the peers as a body to be the great of the land. Except where they are legislators they differ not from other men; they are not more influential, nor are they better nor worse than those around them. In this county (Berks) John Walter and Richard Benyon tower over what you call the aristocracy. In the adjoining county (Oxon) although there was a resident duke, a commoner only a short time ago was the Lord-Lieutenant. There are peers and peers—some are fossils, some mushrooms, some of them are lawyers and some clergymen, and many have been or still are in the Army and Navy and other professions, and the majority of them, I hope and believe, endeavour to do their duty towards their fellows. A baronet is quite as big a man as a peer.

LORD ABERDARE'S WARNING.

Much in the same sense writes Lord Aberdare, from Duffryn, Mountain Ash, South Wales:—

I have read with great interest your paper on "The Wasted Wealth of King Demos," for sending me which I heartily thank you. There are portions of it which do not command my assent, but it does not follow that even to me it would, therefore, seem to be infructuous. Agreeing with much, I

shall refer to one objection, and one only. Your conditional precedent for the utilisation of a lord is that he should cease to be a peer. You do not seem to have asked yourself how much of the influence which you would turn to such good account depends upon the fact that, in spite of the widespread unpopularity of the House of Lords, a peer is still respected as a member of that House and an hereditary one. Such divinity as doth hedge a lord largely rests upon that fact. That feeling may be denounced as superstition, flunkeyism, and what not. It may be held up to scorn as unreasonable and degrading; but there it is, and there it will be for many a long year, growing probably weaker and weaker, as the Demos gets stronger and wiser, but still exerting a power which would be wanting to a mere landowner. I do not deny the influence of the untitled landowner who happens to be at once wealthy, able, and public-spirited. I am only arguing that such a landowner, if also a peer, would loom far larger in the public eye, and therefore have a larger capacity for good. It is painfully true that many peers have fallen short of their duties. But if examples are only too frequent of wasted opportunities, there is happily ample proof of a heightened sense of responsibility in the majority. How many a peer, conscious of the duties attaching to the possession of rank and fortune, is seen to exert an influence far exceeding the measure of his abilities and force of character, which are supplemented by the weight which rank and fortune have given him! The number of such men—men like the late Lord Carnarvon, the Duke of Westminster, and many others—is constantly, and I believe rapidly, increasing. This, of course, is not a question which cannot be decided by statistics. It seems to me, looking back upon more than three-quarters of a century, palpably certain. As for suggestions, I have none to offer. If the territorial aristocracy are so insensible to their duties, so blind to the signs of the times, as to neglect both their fate is assured, and I do not believe that it can be averted by the formulation of any scheme or the foundation of any association. They must, in my opinion, be left to the good influences which pervade society with ever-increasing force, among which I give no small space to views like yours, supported with earnest eloquence, and animated by the desire of conserving all that is good and sound in our body politic.

THE PEER AS A PUBLIC INSTITUTION.

From a peer resident in the home counties, who has large Irish estates, I receive the following expression of opinion, which is interesting and suggestive:—

In a great deal of your article I fully agree. Lord Beaconsfield once said that a peer of England was a greater man everywhere than in the House of Lords, and I have repeatedly acknowledged in public the gratitude which every peer owes to his countrymen for their generous readiness to give him every opportunity of making himself useful if he is willing to embrace it. I speak from twenty-three years' experience when I say that, even in these democratic days, rank, as such, attains if anything more than its due weight for its owner on any public occasion. I entirely sympathise with your view that a peer should regard himself as a public institution with public responsibilities, and that the implied condition of the existence of a leisured class is that its members should devote themselves, individually and collectively, to the public service. Until Mr. Parnell succeeded in ostracising from public life all who were not his supporters I was able to be of some little use as a public man. The Land Act deprived me of the control of the agricultural portion of my estate, to the improvement of which till then I had devoted a considerable sum. It also rendered me comparatively impotent in all matters affecting the quarrels and litigation amongst themselves in which my tenants had previously been only too glad to accept the arbitration either of myself personally or of

my agent. I represented for a time a division of my English county in Parliament, and my eldest son has for more than thirteen years done the same. I have been twice returned unopposed as an elected member for my own district in the County Council, and was offered unsolicited the same honour by a neighbouring district reputed the most radical in the electoral division. I can honestly say that no public call has ever been made upon me to which I have not done my best to respond. Excuse the egotism of this letter. I mention these facts in no spirit of self-praise, but because I believe my case is merely that of dozens of my order who are trying to do their duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call them to the best of their ability. My children have all been brought up to throw themselves into every work around them to which they can add to the comfort and pleasure of their poorer neighbours. They have their reward in the kindness with which their efforts are received. In the House of Lords itself I have never had any difficulty in gaining an attentive hearing upon any question which seemed to me of sufficient importance to be brought forward; and as a moderate Conservative I have had the satisfaction of seeing almost all of the old Liberal friends in both Houses with whom I started in early life now ranged upon the same platform as myself. I am not much afraid of Demos in home affairs if English good-sense is not outvoted by Irish sentimentality. What I do fear is the effect which rash decisions, taken by those who have never thought out the subjects, may have upon our foreign policy, our colonial relations, and above all upon the future of our Indian Empire. If the House of Lords does not exist for the good of the country the reason for its existence is gone. I believe that it does so exist; and I do not feel myself the down-trodden creature to whom you allude in the earlier part of your article.

"BETTER BROWN OR SNOOKS THAN A PEER."

An esteemed correspondent, who writes to me thus from R.Y.S. *Black Pearl*, off Dartmouth, sees the other side of the shield:—

Your article in the last August number of *THE REVIEW* or *Reviews* on the British aristocracy interested me enormously. There is only one thing I want to say, and that is that you seem to me to rather overrate the possible influence of individual peers in their own district. To me they seem a very conscientious rather overworked body, whose exertions are not repaid with the respect that we should give to the efforts of more private individuals. As you say, they keep the county museums and pleasure-grounds, and into the administration of their estates they put all the common-sense, kindness and grit that nearly all Englishmen possess. They have the influence in their native places that wealth is bound to bring with it, but in spite of their good work as county councillors and general purveyors to the public good they are less considered than would be the merest carpet-bagger. One story in illustration of this I heard only the other day. Lord Pembroke, who is one of the most public-spirited of country gentlemen, whose work on his estate is a well-known thing to all his neighbours, and who, besides this, is, as you know, one of the most cultivated and liberal-minded men in England, makes a point of every year making a speech upon some political question of importance to his assembled tenants. He took, a few years ago, as the subject of his discourse, Home Rule, and as it is a question on which he feels very keenly, he took an extra amount of trouble, and delivered an able speech, which made a great impression on the minds of all the educated people who heard it. One of these, Lord Suffolk, was travelling soon after through Wiltshire, when a tenant of Lord Pembroke's got into the railway carriage, and they not unnaturally began discussing the recent meeting at Wilton, both expressing the highest approval of all that Lord Pembroke had said; and Lord Suffolk suggested the advisability of having the speech printed and distributed. "That wouldn't be any use, my lord," answered the farmer; "if it had been Brown or Snooks who'd made the speech the people would pay some attention to it, but as it's by Lord Pembroke, no one would read it—the masses always think the classes are working

for their own advantage, and consequently don't heed them." This is only one of a hundred stories I could tell you had you patience to hear me—it is a particularly good instance, as it is about a really popular man. Perhaps you will wonder why I should write all this to you; only I know you respect all points of view, and mine is that of an onlooker who has seen something of the game. The peers you attack cannot write back and sing their own praises, telling you of all their good actions, and that is partly why I write this.

THE GRATITUDE OF DEMOS!

A South-country peer writes me a private letter, from which I take the following extract:—

I agree with a good deal of what you say, but do not feel hopeful of your suggestions being generally acted on; and even if they were, I doubt the results coming up to your expectations. Provided a landlord does not actually neglect his estates, no one I think is either surprised or aggrieved if he does no more. If, however, he interests himself in local affairs and local institutions, people very soon take it as a matter of course, and show their gratitude by endeavouring to work a willing horse to death. I believe that there are a very great number of county gentlemen who make themselves very useful in their own neighbourhoods; but it is no doubt true that some of the richest and most conspicuous families do little or nothing. This is bad for everybody, and I should be very thankful if it were less common; but some of the most notable examples of it would be strong candidates for almost any constituency, if that is a test of the appreciation of Demos. I do not know the north of England, but I should expect that Lord Londedale would be a much stronger candidate than Lord Percy, and would probably have run Mr. Morley much closer for Newcastle than the highly respectable Mr. Ralli.

LORD WINCHILSEA'S RESPONSE.

Lord Winchilsea dealt with my appeal in a leading article published in his admirable weekly *The Cable*. The article, which is signed, is headed "The Great Opportunity." Lord Winchilsea says:—

We welcome with peculiar pleasure a testimony to the truth of doctrines often advocated in these columns, which, coming as it were from the enemy's camp, and from one who does not hesitate to describe himself frankly as a hostile witness, may be considered as conclusive.

Mr. Stead is, in fact, a Radical of the Radicals, and a loyal supporter of the reign of King Demos, who he believes "has come to stay." But he is also a shrewd observer of his own times; and being honestly desirous to improve them, he is too much in earnest to shut his eyes, merely because he would have had it otherwise if he could, to the vast store of latent energy which resides in a body of men who are members of an order which is coeval with our history, and closely identified with all the triumph of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Lord Winchilsea continues—

Mr. Stead's appeal to the public-spirited among the peers merits, and we hope will receive, far more than a passing attention. He invites them, in fact, to take that foremost place in the country life of England, their assumption of which, he assures them, would be heartily welcomed by King Demos himself, and would be certain at this critical moment to exercise a profound, perhaps a decisive, influence upon their own fortunes. How much might be done if noble lords, especially those who happen to be Lord-Lieutenants of counties, would make their old historical homes the centres, in a true and real sense, of the modern public life of the county, by occasionally inviting members of these different public bodies to meet in conference within their walls upon one or more of the many subjects of importance with which they are called upon to deal.

But our agricultural readers have a more direct interest than they are perhaps aware of, in adding their exhortations to those of Mr. Stead. Whatever else the peers may be, one thing they undoubtedly are—the natural leaders of the agricultural interest. Their fortunes are not as deeply rooted in

the soil as the very oaks on the ancestral estate from which, perhaps, it takes its name, nor is there a service so important, or any which would be productive of more benefit to the community at large, as well as to their own individual interests, than they could render at this moment by laying aside their wonted indifference, and placing themselves at the head of their tenants and labourers, in order to make one great and combined effort in the cause of agriculture.

Obvious, indeed, must be the duty, and great the opportunity, when the trumpet which summons the peers of England to take their rightful place as the vanguard of the social army, sounds from the very heart of the Radical camp, and who shall say whether, if they refuse the call to which honour, duty, and interest alike prompt a ready obedience, it will ever again be renewed?

WHAT ARE THE LANDLORDS DOING?

Lord Cantelupe sends me from The Manor House, Bexhill, some excellent and timely observations:—

I thank you for THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS you have kindly sent me. I have read the article referred to with great interest. I have written out what are my ideas about a peer and a landlord; I consider that it rests entirely with each individual peer to better himself and regain his power by doing his duty. I have only made a few remarks as to how it could be done, as, in fact, I hope to do myself if I live.

Suggestions.

It is no doubt absolutely necessary at the present time to recognise the fact that we are governed by the will of the people, and recognising that fact, it becomes absolutely necessary that all those in high social positions should use their power to direct if possible the will of Demos in the right way. As the article deals chiefly with peers, I will take a peer as my example. Taking it for granted that a peer who has not done anything actually wrong, starts in life with a certain amount of power because he is a peer, I do not think that that power would have much weight with the people unless he devoted himself to find out and understand their wants. If he did this, he would probably gain the confidence of the people, and he would then not have much difficulty in ruling and guiding them. There is no doubt that the power of a peer who is a large landowner, and who lives among his own people, may be very great, and if he acts rightly towards them his influence will be good. It is indeed a sad thing to see so much of our land in such a poor state of cultivation; it is to a large extent due to the enormous size of most of our farms. I have always found that a small tenant keeps his land in far better condition and makes far more out of it than the big tenant. It is only natural, if a man has 700 acres to farm, he may be quite unable through want of capital to keep all his land in a high state of cultivation, while if he only had 100 acres he could very well do so. I think the landlord is very often much to blame. It is very seldom that you come across a landlord of a large estate who goes round himself and sees his tenants, discusses the state of their land, or encourages them in any way to do the best they can to improve their farms. I believe it is quite possible for a good landlord, in conjunction with his tenants, to so improve the condition of his land as to benefit both him and the tenant. In the days of agricultural prosperity, most landlords spent their enormous incomes on luxuries and pleasure outside their counties. I wonder how much of their rents was actually re-invested in their estates? Was there even half of what came from the land replaced upon it? If that had been done, would our land have ever become so poor as it is now—would it really have become almost impossible for us to compete with foreign trade? I think not; I think that if landlords and tenants in those days of prosperity had thought more about the source of their wealth, and had supported it, England's agricultural position would not have been what it is at present. And now in the days of adversity what are the landlords doing?: have they not mostly fled from their homes, their people, and their land, on the plea of poverty—certainly, a true enough one, but not justifiable? Would it not have been a noble and pluckier action to remain in their

homes, living quietly and as cheaply, working as they might easily do to improve their condition and that of their people? What encouragement is there for a poor struggling farmer to work hard to find money for a landlord whom he never sees—a man who cares so little for him that he leaves him to fight the battle alone? I am convinced that it is possible for every landowner to better himself and his estates; it rests with him alone. It is deplorable to see what is going on now in numerous cases: the landlord lives away; he takes all the rents; he spends them elsewhere giving nothing back to and doing nothing for the land and the farmer who gives him his living. Landlords have been chiefly instrumental in bringing about their own downfall; let them now set to work to regain what they have lost, which I believe they could do to a great extent, if they did their duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call them.

TOO LATE!

The most interesting response I have received from any of my correspondents in the peerage is the following:—

I have read your article on the Old England party with the deepest interest, and I cannot express how thoroughly I agree with its sentiments and believe in its teaching; but I fear it is too late! The whole order is divided into two classes: those who retain the idea that they rule by divine right, and the all who oppose that rule are worthless anarchists, whose powers of judging of the views of the great outside world are atrophied by long disuse, and who verily believe themselves to be of different clay from the humanity that surrounds them. These for the most part are crassly stupid; they have intermarried, and seem unable to obtain new light on any subject. Their only intercourse with the people is that subservient parasitic class that grow up around great places, and with the masses they have never come into any sort of contact. The second division is that portion who do not care for any thing but their personal, immediate enjoyment. "What has posterity done for me?" is the motto; "why should I therefore trouble about posterity?" It is a hopelessly vulgar spirit which is spreading fast. For money, as there is none at home get an American heiress; but enjoyment is the beginning and the end. This class is the direct outcome of the Marlborough House influence. The old sense of responsibility used to restrain the lords of great estates from any exhibitions of laxness that were likely to shock the feelings of dependants, and while the loose ideas of the day did not bind very heavy burdens on these great people, allowing, for instance, the erection of small houses nestling among the trees of many great parks for the convenience of the owners' mistresses, still they went to church because it was expected of them; they gave no parties on Sunday, and they retained an idea that it mattered to the world what they were and what they did. All that is gone now, though the mistresses' houses remain, transferred from the home parks to St. John's Wood. If you had an intelligent class to deal with, they could be saved; but you have stupidity and vulgarity to meet, and both are hopeless. They wear the ermine, but have forgotten that they do so because the little beast dies at the least contact with dirt, and lies down broken-hearted to give up the ghost if its coat is soiled. If there existed within its borders sufficient intelligence, the Church and the aristocracy might both be saved; but surely on that "if" hangs the whole history of the world, with all its great volcanic changes. Your "Civic Church" would be a dead letter to peers and prelates, and yet it is written in the only language of the day; but how many have the intelligence to learn the alphabet? I would it were otherwise, for an interlude of the reign of the "wise nobleman" would be a splendid swan song before the inevitable end. But I am thankful for your article, while I do not believe they will heed, though one came from the dead!

THE LATE LORD TOLLEMACHE.

Mr. Frederick Impey, the author of the famous pamphlet of "Three Acres and a Cow," contributes to the *New Review* an interesting article upon Lord Tollemache, the labourers' lord, which is well worth reading in this con-

nation. Lord Tollemache was one of the wisest and best of modern landlords, and was the first to carry out the system of giving labourers allotments, a course which he pursued in spite of the opposition of the farmers, who at first threatened to throw up their farms if he persisted in giving their labourers allotments. He also offended many clergymen by excluding the Church Catechism from the elementary schools which he established, and also because he always gave the Dissenters the land which they needed for the building of their chapels. Mr. Impey says:—

His Conservatism was always of a moderate and conciliatory type. He had, as a young man, given much offence to his political friends in 1832 by supporting the principle of Earl Grey's Reform Bill, on the ground that a dangerous revolutionary feeling would certainly develop amongst the populations of the large towns if they were denied their fair share of political power. It was the same statesmanlike recognition of the altered political condition of the country which dictated Lord Tollemache's remarkable action with regard to allotments and small holdings. Writing to me in 1885, he says:—"It appears that we are advancing rapidly to a democracy. All we must hope and trust is, that whatever happens, it will be conducive to the prosperity and happiness of the mass of the people, and if so, no one ought to complain."

When the movement for giving the labourer three acres and a cow was set on foot, it was largely based upon Lord Tollemache's example:—

Lord Tollemache took the liveliest interest in the progress of the movement, and as early as 1883, before the passing of the Franchise Bill, he separated himself from the mass of the landowners of the country, whether Liberal or Tory, by writing to me as follows:—"Railway directors and dock trustees are given compulsory powers for the purchase of land to enable them to carry out undertakings for the advantage of the public, and for this reason local authorities might be given the same powers for promoting the comfort and welfare of the middle and labouring classes of the district."

The effort which was made to secure voluntary allotments met with his support, but he had little faith in it:—

Lord Tollemache was not unwilling to back up this movement by any means in his power, though he wrote to me, "I have no great confidence in the success of these proceedings"; and at a later period, "I am greatly disheartened at the answers I have received. Landowners cannot at present see that the more they make the new voters owners and holders of land the safer their position will be."

It is this blindness of landowners which constitutes the great dangers of the landed system.

AN EMPHATIC PROTEST.

Mr. W. A. Hedderwick, writing from Park House, Bridge of Allan, says:—

Of all your articles on the Wasted Wealth of King Demos, your appeal to the peers in this month's issue has interested me most. I do not expect there will be any response, and I hope there will be none, for nothing in my opinion could be more adverse to the welfare of King Demos than any movement which might give a new lease of life to such an odious institution as an hereditary aristocracy. The objections to it are manifold, and, with your permission, I mention a few.

1. To confer on any individual a legal right to claim social precedence over his fellow-citizens is simply to confer the right to practise organised vulgarity. You recognise this principle emphatically in the case of the State clergy, and it applies with tenfold force to an hereditary aristocracy.

2. The existence of such a titled and privileged class develops and nurtures an instinct of servility in all other classes. No one will dispute this who admits that an Englishman "dearly loves a lord," or who has witnessed the frantic efforts of the upstart or lickspittle to elbow his way into "Society."

3. The peculiar institution in question sets up a false criterion of merit, which has the effect of debauching the public conscience, or, in other words, corrupting and perverting the moral sense of the nation. Thus the aristocracy are regarded as a body of "chartered libertines," whose moral position cannot be affected by any crime short of sodomy, and even then the authorities, with the public acquiescence, will connive at their escape. It would almost appear that even murder may be committed by a duke with impunity. Recent cases illustrate these propositions.

4. It involves gross injustice to the rest of the citizens, and grave injury to the public interests. In the Army, Navy, or Civil Service, for instance, or even as a candidate for Parliamentary honours, no commoner has a fair chance in competition with one of the chartered libertines. (Of course this is only a phase of the instinct of servility above referred to.)

5. Historically speaking, and in the case of England, the institution is a badge of servitude. Having its origin in the Norman Conquest, it remains as a standing advertisement to all the world that England is a conquered and subjugated nation. The fact that there were titles among the Saxons prior to the Conquest does not affect this position. One would expect a proud and high-spirited race to seize the first opportunity of sweeping away every trace of their humiliation, but they really seem to glory in their shame, for only the other day Tennyson sang of "Norman blood" as the proudest of distinctions.

Instead, therefore, of doing anything to bolster up this debasing relic of feudal barbarism, I think you would be much better employed in declaring, and waging to the bitter end, a war of extermination against the so-called aristocracy and all their works, leaving Nature to provide (as she quickly would) her own genuine nobility of moral and intellectual rank.

A PERTINENT INQUIRY.

Lord W. Compton writes me as follows:—

I am not quite certain that I rightly understand your suggestion to the aristocracy. It is undoubtedly true that the majority of the peers hold themselves aloof from much of the work that is happily going on amongst the people, especially as regards religious work. At the same time they subscribe and do plenty of county work. Your wish is that the aristocracy should hold personal intercourse with the workers, not as patrons from a distance, but as personal friends in their homes. They patronise King Demos instead of serving him—is that your view? I quite agree with it if I have stated it correctly, and agree also that King Demos hates patronage and loves self-sacrificing service. There is a case in point which has often struck me. For many months our peers live in London—a world within a world. Thousand of religious and humanitarian agencies hold meetings as much to obtain sympathy as funds. A titled chairman is eagerly sought. It means an hour or two out of a life of comparative leisure; but how few help!

The Duke of Sutherland writes:—

No doubt it would be greatly to the advantage of the country if all peers could be forced or persuaded to do their duty in a local sense, as some of their number already do. With reference to their legislative functions, why should they not elect, say, 300 of their number, who would form the second Chamber?

ROYALTY EVEN WORSE THAN THE PEEBAGE.

Another earl in the home counties is, however, less sanguine. His letter concludes with a suggestion which makes a novel addition to the "impeachment of the House of Brunswick," of which we used to hear so much when Mr. Bradlaugh was in his prime:—

I have read with very great interest the article you allude to. I cordially agree with every word of it, although it is quite another thing to carry out all its suggestions. The pig-headed Britisher is not easy to move, and this applies especially to the Tory pigeon-shooting landlord. I fear it will be a long time before they will wake up to a sense of their duty. I regret that I cannot at present make any further suggestions, except

to remind you of two excellent articles written about two years ago in one of the magazines, by Mr. Auberon Herbert, entitled "Under the Yoke of the Butterflies," which I think deserve more notice than has been bestowed on them. I fear that these bad times will help to delay indefinitely the bringing about of your ideal. But however much we may wish to blame the shortcomings of the nobility, I venture to think that Royalty is far more blameworthy, owing to its position of social, if not political, head of the nation. One might have hoped and expected that true art in all its forms should be encouraged by Royalties, but they do not. At the State concerts, instead of encouraging the best works of British composers, who I venture to think have a right to expect to be heard, we are dosed with antiquated commonplace excerpts from Italian operas. Mediocrity seems to be the underlying principle in everything undertaken by Royalty. An article from you on this subject might be productive of great good. It would be a very good continuation of your former articles on King Demos.

PEERS CREATED BY KING DEMOS.

Lord Midleton sends me an interesting analysis of the present constitution of the House of Lords, from which it would seem that King Demos has certainly shown his appreciation of his peers by increasing their number materially since he came into possession. The House of Lords had on its roll 401 members in 1830, 433 in 1837; but to-day there are 572 peers in the Second Chamber. Since 1830 there have been 328 new votes added to the House of Lords, of whom 208 were added by Liberal Ministries, and 120 by Conservatives. Mr. Gladstone alone has made 82 peers. It will be interesting to see how many of these Gladstonian peers vote against Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill.

SOME PRESS COMMENTS.

The comments of the press have been somewhat amusing. One well-known editor of a London daily wrote me curtly that he regarded all pleas for the utilisation of the aristocracy as arguments in favour of the personality of the devil. The editor of the *Westminster Gazette* published a "Plea for the Gold Bug," to which I have nothing to say beyond the remark that the comparative merits of the gold bug and the peer cannot be settled by providing the names of half-a-dozen or dozen plutocrats who have founded picture galleries. If we could take our five hundred peers and take the thousands of gold bugs, and see what proportion of each class recognise most their obligations to their neighbours, and to what extent they recognise it, that would be a fair test. But, unfortunately it is impossible, and the case does not admit of scientific demonstration.

A REMINISCENCE OF COBDEN.

The *National Review* says:—

In the August *Review of Reviews* Mr. Stead rediscovers the peers, and finds out that they are not half such bad fellows after all. If they would only let him "run them" he would pull them through—just as he would have pulled the Pope through if his Holiness would have allowed it. Mr. Stead's summary way for restoring power and prestige to the aristocracy is put shortly: "Believe in yourselves and your mission, and freely entertain the local inspectors of nuisances." Fortunately, however, for England, the Peers have never been a noble caste, and consequently would find it very difficult to play at being great nobles, as Mr. Stead seems to desire. The *grand seigneur* never has and never will have a place in England. The House of Lords is not unpopular, as the enemy will shortly discover to their cost; but Englishmen do not like patronage even when most artistically done, and (what is as important) the better sort of Englishmen (which the peers are quite as often as other people) loathe the patronising. Meantime, we entirely agree with Mr. Stead in urging peers and other men of birth and wealth to throw themselves heartily into

politics, local and imperial. They form in both cases excellent leaders, and wise men in England have always realised this. We will make Mr. Stead a present of a little story on this point which may serve him for a motto if he ever republishes his essay. One night in the House of Commons during the forties Mr. Cobden was making an important speech. In the middle he was interrupted by an irruption of the members of the Young England Party who streamed in in all the glory of their white waistcoats and dress coats. He turned to them with an appeal of unusual eloquence, which began, "Your fathers led our fathers at Crecy and Agincourt: why won't you lead us now?" Those were sensible as well as eloquent words, and so far as Mr. Stead's essay echoes them we have no fault to find with it. His advice is indeed singularly apposite at the present moment.

THE GOSPEL OF HATRED AND DISTRUST.

The *Northern Echo* and the *Newcastle Leader* shake their heads in some amusement at the idea of yoking the peer to the chariot of King Demos. *Reynold's*, as befits its traditions, regards the suggestion as flat blasphemy:—

Mr. W. T. Stead's communings with the spiritual world seem to prejudice his sense of things mundane. He has, in a moment of abstraction, devised, strange as it may seem, a sphere of usefulness for the lords of this England of ours. This gang of bloated, overfed aristocrats are, it seems, capable of bringing about the regeneration of England. Mr. Stead suggests that they should throw themselves into the functions of "hereditary leadership," and generally act as commanders-in-chief of the democracy. A nice proposal this, but Mr. Stead may be informed—it is marvellous that he does not already know it—that the democracy of England distrusts, despises, and hates these arrogant, ignorant gentry whom we call the peers.

A TORY PROPHECY.

The *Manchester Courier* moralises over my past from a mountain-top of superior delicacy, wisdom, and man-of-the-world balance, and dwells complacently upon the prospect of my prospective evolution into Toryism, which must be somewhat alarming news for the Tories. Our mentor says:—

We all know Mr. Stead, with his fiery Democratic Radicalism. Most of us regret a certain episode of his career. But the disgusting indecacy, the silly quixotism, and the utter want of man-of-the-world balance and judgment which he then displayed, ought not to blind us to the intense cleverness and insight of the man. To judge from his recent work, with the exception of the "Borderland" nonsense, Mr. Stead is already leaving far behind the eccentricities of his "Sturm und Drang" period. It seems to be a law of nature that the most violent Radicals often make the best Tories as they advance in life, particularly if the world has gone well with them. We trust that this has been the case with Mr. Stead, for his periodical is in many ways a most welcome addition to contemporary literature. Anyhow, it is most pleasing to notice from this whilom Radical so sane and sober an estimate of the present situation that we can only exclaim—Is Stead also among the prophets? Briefly put, Mr. Stead's advice to the peers is to form an Old England party. Possibly a wider acquaintance and a broader charity might teach Mr. Stead that peers, after all, are very much like other men, and that their folly or selfishness is just about the human average. The people would be much better off, he tells us, if the House of Lords were abolished altogether. Mr. Labouchere, it seems, lives in dread of the day when a Duke will oppose him at Northampton, and no doubt he knows his own constituents. But Mr. Stead's argument breaks down at the very point where it might be most useful. It seems to us that the very ground on which the House of Lords may best be defended is the political. If only certain reforms were introduced, including a greater number of life peers and colonial representatives, and if power were given to purge the House of unworthy members, the House of Lords might be of the greatest value even in these democratic times.

SHALL BOUND HOUSES BE FREED?

By A FRIEND.

SINCE the incomplete measure of 1872, no general change has been made in the Licensing Laws of England, although in that time the movement in opposition to the present system of public-house control has been constantly gaining strength, and the outcry against its failure has been steadily growing louder and more insistent, until to-day politicians of every shade, churches of every denomination, and organisations of most diverse character are in absolute agreement that something must be done by the legislature to remedy the everywhere admitted evils arising from the common sale of intoxicating drinks as now carried on. The air is now thick with remedial measures. One Government has tried its hand at a professedly temperance proposal, and another Ministry is attempting to deal promptly and radically with the drink question. Even the publicans are not without a Bill of their own. It might perhaps be said with some show of reason that with so many plans for amending the Licensing Laws before the country, no new one stands any chance of being accepted; but if it can be shown that there is an eminently desirable change possible, which, whilst commending itself to the general public and the moderate drinker, shall at the same time be approved by temperance reformers, and disarm publican opposition, then ample justification is afforded for the publication of such a plan and its due consideration by all who feel called upon to frame an opinion upon the licensing question. The claim of so desirable a remedy to popular attention is enhanced when it is seen that the proposal is immediately practicable of itself, or that it would serve to complement any Government or other scheme for modifying the existing liquor laws.

PAST ATTEMPTS AT SETTLEMENT.

In all the long series of attempts that have been made to render the sale of drink innocuous two features have been always prominent: first, an effort to confine the trade within what the legislature appeared to consider reasonable bounds; and second, to ensure that responsibility should go with privilege. The intention appears to have been that those who reaped the pecuniary benefits associated with the sale of intoxicants were the persons who—whatever otherwise might be affected—should suffer in pocket or in person for any hurtful consequences arising from the accumulation of wealth in this fashion.

THE BREWERS' EVASION OF RESPONSIBILITY.

These primary objects have never been satisfactorily achieved, the one great obstacle and the cause of still further injurious effects having always been the peculiar operations and influence of the manufacturers and wholesale traders in drink. Early in the present century this was manifest, abundant proof of which is found in parliamentary papers of that time. In one of these, the brewers and distillers are shown to have obtained the control of a large number of licensed houses, to have competed with each other for the possession of premises or in the grant of new licences in neighbourhoods already more than fully supplied with drinking facilities, to have palmed off bad beer upon the public through the retailers bound to take whatever might be sent them, and to have connived at, if not to have promoted illegal, disorderly, disgraceful and sometimes even criminal conduct among the frequenters of the retail drink-shops. By placing men in the houses to sell beer at weekly wages; by frequent and even fraudulent transfers, the brewers entirely evaded the responsibilities and penalties the

legislature had placed upon breaches of the Licensing Laws. The Police Committee, reporting to Parliament in the second decade of the present century, say:—

Brewers and distillers, and all who deal in wine and spirituous liquors, make fortunes in proportion to the sale of their respective commodities: the greater the sale the greater the proportionate profit; and it is in evidence before your committee that some of the worst conducted, as well as the most profitable houses in the Metropolis, either belong to particular brewers or are held in mortgage by them; the closer then the connection that is formed between them and the magistrates, the less willing will the latter be to injure the property of the former. The Shadwell case demonstrates that the most disorderly and licentious conduct of the houses belonging to particular brewers does not ensure the loss of the licence; but that if at last, from the notorious infamy of the parties complained against, the magistrates are compelled to interfere, the least possible punishment is inflicted, the tenant is shifted, a real or fraudulent transfer is made, and a new landlord takes possession, to follow the old practices in the same house with aggravated misconduct. The maxim is the house being bricks and mortar cannot be guilty of any moral crime, and the old system is revived with the same profit as before.

THE CHARACTER OF THE "TIED" HOUSE.

Although the majority of witnesses before this committee concur in allowing that there were a far larger proportion of free houses—i.e., licensed premises whose occupiers were free to purchase their supplies from whoever they liked—in the Metropolis than in other parts of the country, yet the evasion of the intention of the legislature that the holder of a liquor licence should be solely responsible for the good conduct of his house, had so largely obtained that it was almost "universal" with most disastrous consequences to the community. At Reading only two of sixty-eight public-houses were free, and at Wallingford four out of eighteen, and elsewhere the "tie" had similarly extended. At these and other places the moral character of the houses in the hands of brewers in the country was "worse than that of free houses," and there was in general "a great difference in the conduct of a brewer's tenant and that of the occupier of a free house, the latter being more tenacious of character, for upon that they can only depend, whereas the tenant of the brewer is generally careless of reputation, trusting to the influence of his landlord to secure to him the continuance of his licence." As to the effect upon the general public of this concentration of the licensing trade within the narrow circle of a few wealthy individuals, far removed from the scene of the distribution of their commodities, "the consequence of this monopoly," avers one witness, "is that the beer is of an inferior quality, and that the poor and middling classes of the community, living in these districts, complain heavily of the badness of the commodity which they are compelled to drink, no other being in the market." The publicans under this system of illegitimate competition were themselves the sufferers, as was made clear by the evidence of a constable, who stated:—"The public-houses in this parish are very numerous, there are more than can make an honest livelihood, without forcing a trade, and several of the publicans," say the committee, "have acknowledged to him that they were compelled to allow disorderly visitors and illegal practices within their houses, for there was not sufficient trade to keep them without."

The Committee make various suggestions whereby "the evils attending the present system may be gradually removed, and the trade taken out of the few hands which in some districts have entirely engrossed it."

They deplore "that the practice is hourly increasing," and they "consider this monopoly to be a great grievance and deserving well the consideration of the legislature in order to limit its further progress, and to relieve the public from its mischievous consequences."

THE FIXING OF RESPONSIBILITY.

Then as in later years the influence of the wholesale monopolist proved too strong to allow of effective legislation, and the problem how safely to allow the common sale of intoxicants without impoverishing the distributors, debasing the consumers, or unreasonably enriching the manufacturers, has yet to be solved. Responsibility for wrong-doing in connection with the sale of drink has never been fairly fixed. The drink-seller, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, has in the majority of instances always been an intangible personage hidden within the ample folds of a distiller's or brewer's mantle. As the Prime Minister stated at Carlisle on November 6th, 1891:—

The publican in a vast number of instances is nothing more than the commission agent of the brewer. His interest in the business is a comparatively limited interest, but the interest of the brewer is a vast interest, and it is because of that that the greatest mischief attaches to the whole question.

The vastness of the modern brewer's interest in the retail liquor trade has been conclusively proved by the lately published Government Returns obtained upon the motion of Lord Randolph Churchill, which go to show that the sale of beer and spirits has practically passed out of the hands of the men supposed to be responsible for the good conduct of the houses, into those of the brewers and distillers who by the system of legal slavery in which they hold their tenants have secured the monopoly of the public custom. The practice of tying the occupiers of the licensed houses by mortgage deeds full of pains and penalties, and confining the trade to the brewer, who so obtained control of the licence and the premises of the retailer, although deprecated by some of those even engaged in the wholesale drink trade, and, as has been shown, condemned by the parliamentary representatives seventy years ago, has progressed unchecked in spite of the protests of the publican victims of the "grinding monopoly" and complaints by the licensing authority, and the public who have likewise suffered from this restrictive combination.

HOW THE EVIL HAS GROWN.

A great impetus was given to this process of public-house absorption by the extensive movement which originated about half-a-dozen years since, the effect of which was to transfer the capital invested in breweries, and their appurtenances, from private individuals to joint-stock companies possessing greatly enlarged funds. So rapidly did this change take place that it is estimated that more than fifty millions sterling was so invested in the three years following the Guinness boom. The capital of the 186 brewery companies registered in Great Britain up to the year 1892 is given as being £88,838,984, of which £69,721,755 belonged to strictly British companies, the remainder appertaining to breweries in the United States and in foreign countries. If the estimate were brought up to date it would probably not be far out were £100,000,000 stated as the sum total of capital of British limited liability brewery companies. Were the whole truth known it would probably be found that a very small portion of this represents actual value. When the artificially inflated prices at which the concerns were placed upon the market are considered, as well as the fact that by a mere stroke of the magisterial pen in the grant

of liquor licences at Brewster sessions, millions of pounds sterling have been put into the pockets of brewers and distillers, for which no financial consideration whatever was given, the value of the genuine property transferred from speculative monopolists to the investing public will be seen to be but small. So far from the accumulation of capital in the liquor traffic being in any way a guarantee for the good conduct of the places where drink is sold, the position to-day is that many thousands of public-houses are in the hands of men who have no money invested in the business to make them careful as to how the houses are conducted; frequent change of tenancies bearing witness to the ease with which offenders escape responsibility for evasions of the terms of their licence. In thousands of other instances the houses have proved pitfalls into which inexperienced persons with their little savings have been inveigled by brewers' agents, only to be ruined either by the payment of heavy interest on fictitious capital, by enforced submission to exorbitant charges above the market price of goods, or by the loss of the licence when the attempt to make a living by breaking the law has proved unsuccessful.

THE QUESTION OF REFORM.

No effective licensing reform is possible so long as the Bound House system is allowed in its present evil exuberance. The publican victims of the great wholesale monopoly, bolstered up by magisterial sanction, stimulated by the forces of competition, and strengthened by repeated accretions of capital, are the first and loudest in their condemnation of a system which turns the retailers of drink into veritable white slaves selling at the bidding of their masters, the brewers, poisonous raw foreign spirits and adulterated beer as the best quality of alcoholic beverages. Here lies the one solid block to temperance legislative progress, and until this be removed little else can be accomplished. The monopoly of the wholesale men must be destroyed.

Instead of being as now practically the privilege of a few wealthy individual non-residents, or unknown shareholders in a limited liability company, who with magisterial assistance manipulate their houses through dummy licensees—or to quote one of the trade speakers "five bob managers"—regardless of the well-being of the nation, the health of their customers or the prosperity of their agents; the sale of drink, where allowed, should be in the hands of real resident occupiers, responsible persons who should be at liberty to purchase food or drink wherever and from whomsoever they pleased, and to sell the same consistent with the existing Licensing Laws free from control by any over-lord.

If the individual were licensed rather than the house, no brewer or distiller could dictate to the publican what sort of drink he should purchase, what price he should pay, or how much in quantity he should sell. He would be free to sell light wines instead of spirits, or slightly alcoholised ale instead of strong beer. He could choose his customers, and reject the disorderly, the drunken, or the dissolute. He might close his public-house on Sunday except for sale off the premises or at dinner time and supper time, or he might even take out a six-day and early-closing licence, and in other ways meet the public demand for a general change in the conduct of licensed houses. The occupier of the house under this proposed system being the owner for the time being of the licence, could, with magisterial sanction, remove his business at will to other premises, and thereby escape the pressure put upon him by the brewer to push the trade at all hazards.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO LANGUAGES.

THE interest which has been aroused by the publication of the examination of my children on the result of their training by M. Bétis on M. Gouin's Series Method of teaching foreign languages (which I have called in the REVIEW the Royal Road to Languages) does not seem to abate.

REPORT OF A GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR.

The following letter from Mr. Richard W. Waddy, M.A., of the Abbey School, North Berwick, who has had the method in practice for the last year, will be read with interest by those who are inquiring as to the usefulness of the method when conjoined with the present examination system. Mr. Waddy says:—

(1) I hold to all I said before as to the pleasantness and interest of the system both for teacher and taught. It rendered our school work distinctly livelier, happier, and more instinct with the real pleasure of learning. There was a sense of freedom from the numbness of dead books, and rules, and exercises that was felt and enjoyed from the first to the last. Personally I never had so pleasant a spell of work.

(2) In the next place, I can say now, what was not in my power before, that the system can be used confidently, even where Government inspectors have to be faced, and examinations prepared for in which written papers only are required, and not conversational facility—though, of course, more attention must be paid to the grammar in this case.

In French, exclusive of a small class of very little boys for whom the teacher constructed easy "Series," which they learned with great pleasure and success, we had three classes under instruction, aged 11½, 13½, and 14½ years respectively.

In all these classes the amount of work done compared favourably with that of former years, whilst the *accent* in all three was distinctly and decidedly improved. In the youngest class, a boy who had learned no French before was constantly at the head of the form, though some of the other boys had been in French for one or two years previously. In the middle class, a little boy of nine was well to the front, though he knew little or no French before joining, and was put in the class for his acquirements in Latin. I consider these two cases, and the fact that in the Senior Class new-comers easily held their own, good instances of the equalising effect of the method amongst boys of unequal age and attainment. In the two younger classes no translation was done, but in addition to a large number of series, formal grammar to the usual amount was easily acquired, and better understood.

The Government Inspector reports that the facility of the classes in these Series was "*remarkable*," and in the class-room he used, of one class, the word "*incredible*." After the first three months little English was used in class, even in the youngest, and the examination, except in formal grammar drill, was conducted in French also. In the Senior Class (14½ years)—with the exception of one lesson a week in French literature to three boys preparing for the Government Leaving Certificate Examination—only Series were studied, the three candidates, however, writing exercises in continuous French prose.

During May and the first half of June the three candidates prepared formal grammar, and the Series were revised by the rest of the class, and some French was translated. With this preparation, two of the three candidates obtained leaving certificates in French (lower grade) in June. I may add that I used to read aloud to this class Mrs. Hugh Bell's little book of French plays, which were translated into English by the boys, who found them very amusing, as indeed they are.

John Kerr, LL.D., H.M. Senior Inspector of Schools in Scotland, examined the school in July, and reported as follows to "my lords":—"French is taught on Gouin's Series System to the whole school. The system is new to me, and I do not feel warranted in giving a decided opinion as to its merits, especially as it is necessarily, in the circumstances, only partially carried out [I have detailed above the only *partial* alterations, which were greatest in the senior class], and has been

in operation only one session. I may say, however, that it seems to me the natural way of acquiring conversational facility in the use of a language, and that it is certainly interesting to the pupils. Even in the preparatory class (average age eight) the accuracy of pronunciation and the ready use of simple common phrases was remarkable. Sentences increasing in number and difficulty are taught from the lowest class upwards, till in the highest a very considerable vocabulary is acquired."

Mr. Waddy continues: "The question of time is, to my mind, the only difficulty in the matter. Granted a sufficiency of time each day, and that a boy can learn a language well and soon after this method, I have no doubt. But so long as a boy is permitted to potter away at two or three languages without devoting time enough for tangible results to any one of them, no rapid or real progress can be hoped for. One language at a time, and plenty of it, during a year is what will be sought for in vain in time-tables constructed for average boys, who are trying to learn several foreign tongues in their own land, in the way by which we have, until the present, understood the learning of languages. It is just this plan of learning languages, one at a time effectually, and not two or three at a time to no purpose, that seems to me a cardinal truth made very plain by M. Gouin."

A CENTRAL SCHOOL OF FOREIGN TONGUES.

So, far, however, the public have not been able to obtain and judge the benefits of the new method; but I understand that so many inquiries have been received from private persons tired of dictionary and grammar, and desirous of availing themselves of Gouin's "mental linguistic locomotive," that a Central School of Foreign Tongues has been established by Mr. Howard Swan and M. Bétis, at Howard House, Arundel Street (near the Temple Station), where classes on the system are now started, and the training courses for teachers will be continued. Afternoon and evening classes will therefore be carried on in French and German—and in Spanish and Italian also, if required—for students or beginners, by M. Bétis and a staff of trained teachers, for two hours or so twice a week, at the fee of twenty-five shillings a month. These classes are to enable students not knowing a word of the language to understand, speak, and write it at the end of a year. It is probable there will be also a class for those who wish to learn a language in the shortest time possible, at two hours a day, five days a week.

For those—and many present day students are in this plight—who read, but as for the spoken language cannot understand nor speak, the oral classes on the Series will give what they require, while oral literature lessons on the modern and classical authors will also be carried on in French and German, for those who knowing the language somewhat wish to improve that knowledge; and any who wish can have private instruction. A free lecture, with demonstrations of the oral lessons, in several languages, was announced for September 4th, and another will be given on Monday, September 18th, at 7.45 p.m.—admission by sending name in advance. An evening teachers' class for London teachers will be held once a week, beginning in October, and applications are invited.

I suppose that foreign notabilities or students who desire to learn English will also be accommodated, as it is to the English language that the Dutch, Norwegian, Japanese, and Indian correspondents who have written to me will desire to apply their teaching.

M. Bétis is still also carrying on his experimental demonstration in boys' public school teaching at Trent College, which will continue till Christmas, when an examination of the kind known to my readers will be held.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

I NOTICE Father Clarke's article on "The Verdict of Rome on 'Happiness in Hell'" elsewhere. There are several articles of considerable interest, which read pleasantly but do not lend themselves to brief notice in the present column. Canon Knox Little replies to Mrs. Humphrey Ward's paper in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*; he calls his paper "Protestant Science and Christian Belief." The Countess of Jersey describes "The Transformation of Japan," and Mrs. Cunninghame Graham, whose pen I am delighted to see once more, describes the life of one George Leslie, a Scotchman, who was converted to Roman Catholicism at the beginning of the 17th century, and died as Father Archangel, a Capuchin friar, in the north of Scotland. He had gone there in order to convert the Aberdonians to Rome. Mr. William Sharp writes an article on "La Jeune Belgique," and gives an interesting account of the literary movement which is so remarkable in Belgium at the present day. Baudelaire, says William Sharp, is the tutelary god of young Belgium. Judging from what Mr. Sharp says, it would not have been a misfortune if young Belgium had never grown up, but had perished in its cradle. Mr. Cole's paper on poaching is a bright piece of description of the facts of one side of the life of the fields.

HOW SHOULD NOVELS BE WRITTEN.

Mr. Benson, the author of "Dodo," discusses this question under the title of "A Question of Taste." Mr. Benson says:—

"There is one Art," to be reached or not reached by one road. The method, the means, the plan of the rightly-constructed book are the exact opposite of an example of this class. First comes the idea, the essence, the plot, be that what it may—the inevitable development (not the portrait), not of individuals, but of types. Next comes the grouping, the scenery, the successive presentations of the march of types. Lastly, the artist, as he is bound to do, looks about him for models from which to draw his type, and when he has found them he draws from them. Every step is vital and essential, the order in which the steps are taken is even more vital still. The construction inevitably consists of three factors: the idea, the grouping, the models to make the type, whereas in the typical English mode the idea is usually left out altogether, the two other factors are taken in the wrong order, and for types are substituted individuals.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF AMERICAN LIFE.

Mr. A. S. Northcote writes pleasantly on "American Life through English Spectacles." He notices the repugnance of Americans to country life as we understand it in England, and comments upon the substitutes which the Americans have invented for their charm of rural life. Mr. Northcote says:—

American daily life and intercourse is more formal than English. The taste for simplicity is growing, I hope and believe, throughout America. In every city the fops to display are gaining in numbers, and the vulgar ostentation which some years back so many foreign writers attributed to almost every American is fast dying away.

The sanguineness of the American is another feature especially striking to an outsider. The whole temper of the people is one of hope.

Of one thing, however, the American as a whole (I except the New Englander) is incapable. He cannot save. The creed of thrift of the German farmer or the French peasant is without a follower among city-inhabiting Americans.

The Rede Lecture, by Professor Michael Foster, on "Weariness," is very interesting reading. Mr. Foster describes the physical phenomena which accompany and cause weariness. He says:—

In every tiny block of muscle there is a part which is really alive, there are parts which are becoming alive, there are parts which have been alive but are now dying or dead; there is an upward rush from the lifeless to the living, a downward rush from the living to the dead. This is always going on, whether the muscle be quiet and at rest, or whether it be active and moving. . . . The failure in power which follows action, and which we call weariness, is due not only to the too rapid expenditure of capital, but to the clogging of the machinery with the very products of the activity. And indeed there are many reasons for thinking that this latter cause of weariness is at least as potent as the former. The sound way to extend the limits of activity is not so much by rendering the brain more agile as by encouraging the humbler helpmates so that their more efficient co-operation may defer the onset of weariness.

STUDY AND THE STAGE.

Mr. Hamilton Aidé protests against the new stage doctrine which has found favour with some people latterly as to there being no necessity for study in an actor's calling. This, he thinks, is a most mischievous theory, and especially mischievous just now, when there is a great revival of the British drama.

Never, perhaps, has the stage, at home and abroad, been as much discussed in England as during the past six months. New ground has been broken, new ideas have taken a certain hold of the public mind; a revolution against restrictions of subject, of treatment, and even of exposition, has broken out; an endeavour to sweep away the old barriers has been met with vigorous resistance, if not with uniform success.

THE MALAY PENINSULA.

Mr. Alfred Keyser explains for the benefit of those French people who have been lashing themselves into a rage that we should annex the Peninsula, that we have as good as done so already. He says:—

The Malay Peninsula is, then, a congeries of States, of which the only ones of any size or importance are Perak, Selangor, Pahang and Johore, all of them, with the exception of the last-named, directly administered by English officers, in the name of their several Sultans, and under the control of the Colonial Government at Singapore. Without any direct act of annexation, the British Government has made itself responsible for the administration of the greater portion of the Malay Peninsula, and to direct attention to the wealth, and at the same time to the wants, of the countries composed in that geographical expression.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE *Fortnightly* does not contain many papers of exceptional importance, with the exception of Mr. Grant Allen's denunciation of the Christian religion, which is noticed elsewhere. The first place in the magazine is given to Mr. W. H. Grenfell's reply to Mr. Gladstone's speech in defence of Mono-Metallism.

THE ORIGIN OF CRIME.

Mr. W. Bevan Lewis, in an elaborate statistical paper stuffed full of figures, discusses the question as to how far crime is the direct product of alcoholism. His more important conclusions are thus expressed:—

Insanity (simple) is probably the result of very complex social factors, not so intimately due to the direct agency of alcoholic excess as is the case with criminal degeneracy.

Alcoholism, on the other hand, tends towards the production of epilepsy and the *epileptoid* states in the offspring, and when indulged in to excess by this degenerate progeny tends to issue in the convulsive forms of insanity so often associated with criminal propensities.

A large proportion of criminals show *epileptoid* features, and are to be regarded probably as the degenerate relics of an ancestry who have passed through the more acute stages of mental derangement.

A large amount of juvenile depravity may be distinctly traced to these epileptoid states inherited from an alcoholic or neurotic parentage.

THE CLIMBING OF HIGH MOUNTAINS.

Mr. W. M. Conway, the mountaineer, who has beaten the record in the Himalayas, describes the training and precautions necessary to reach the highest heights. The Alps, he thinks, have ceased to be a training school for climbers. Their places are taken by the Caucasus, but the passion for climbing, instead of declining, tends ever to increase. He describes his own experiences in the Himalayas, and sets forth the precautions necessary to break his record. He says:—

With such precautions, I think, it may be possible in the Karakoram to reach an altitude of 24,000 feet. I do not prophesy that greater heights will not be attained, but I hardly expect that they will be.

THE MILITARY AND THE MAGISTRATES.

Mr. George Irving discusses the vexed question as to how far it is right to allow our soldiers to be left at the mercy of coroners' juries when they are called out to suppress a riot by the magistrates.

The reform needed is a simple one. In France an officer when requisitioned is told by the civil authority the end to be attained, and then allowed to use whatever means he deems necessary to attain it. If our Parliament could find time to embody some such rule in an Act, and give an officer complete authority as well as responsibility, or, what would be less advantageous, leave both authority and responsibility solely in the hands of the magistrate, there would be an end both of a long-standing unfairness to officers, soldiers, and magistrates, and of senseless questions in the House of Commons, on one subject at all events.

ATHLETICS IN AMERICA.

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney, in a paper on the "Development of Athletics in the United States," tells a very interesting story of the extent to which athleticism has developed within the last twenty-five years. In lawn tennis and in cricket the Americans cannot come up to the English, but in nearly all other branches of athletics American athletes lead the world. In running, the Americans beat us at distances under a mile; over a mile we beat them. Professional sport in America is dead, with the exception of racing. Football has taken the place of baseball in the United States.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Cope Whitehouse discusses "England's right to the Suez Shares," in order to suggest that, considering what we have paid, we have no right to a property which is now valued at £20,000,000 sterling. Mr. Edward Dowden sends some interesting extracts from the autobiography of a loyal Irishman who served as a Volunteer in Germany during the Seven Years' War, and lived on into the beginning of the present century. Major Martin Hume describes the historical associations that cling round about Durham Place, which stood in the Strand, close to the site of the Adelphi Theatre. Mr. A. D. Vandam draws a parallel between France in 1793 and 1893, and Mr. J. T. Bent tells us all about those portions of the Persian Gulf which are under British protection.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

The *Contemporary Review* is a good number, and I notice elsewhere two or three of the more important articles.

PROFESSOR WEISMANN ON NATURAL SELECTION.

The first place is given to a very long paper, in which Professor Weismann replies to Herbert Spencer. Its nature might be adequately indicated by its title: "The All-Sufficiency of Natural Selection." He thus sums up the conclusions at which he has arrived:—

I hold it to be demonstrated that all hereditary adaptation rests on natural selection, and that natural selection is the one great principle that enables organisms to conform, to a certain high degree, to their varying conditions, by constructing new adaptations out of old ones. It is not merely an accessory principle, which only comes into operation when the assumed transmission of functional variations fail; but it is the chief principle in the variation of organisms, and compared to it, the primary variation which is due to the direct action of external influences on the germ-plasm, is of very secondary importance.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE REFORMATION.

Archdeacon Farrar replies to Canon Knox Little in an article which is too much of a detailed problem to be capable of being summarised here. The following passage explaining Archdeacon Farrar's personal position may be quoted:—

In default of other defenders better qualified, I have tried to defend what I believe to be—and have from early boyhood been taught by High Churchmen themselves to be—the doctrines of the Church of which I am one of the least worthy ministers. If she taught the doctrines of Sacerdotalism, of Transubstantiation (or anything at all akin to it), of unconditional priestly absolution, and of the duty of auricular confession, I for one would leave her communion to-morrow, and, in leaving it, would shake the dust from off my feet. I am convinced that so far from holding these doctrines, she has done her utmost to repudiate them. In maintaining what I believe to be her principles, which I only do because I am constrained to do so by an overwhelming sense of duty, I have not consciously overstepped the limits of justifiable earnestness.

MR. ANDREW LANG ON PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

Mr. Andrew Lang has, for some time past, paid considerable attention to the phenomena of "Borderland," and we have one result of his studies in a paper entitled "Comparative Psychical Research." That which strikes Mr. Lang is the curious similarity of character in almost all the stories of psychical manifestation. It is evident that Mr. Andrew Lang finds the evidence too strong to be resisted, as, indeed, every one must who pays serious attention to the subject. Similarity of the phenomena compels him to the conclusion that the psychological conditions which begat the ancient narrative produce the new legends:—

These surprise us by the apparent good faith in marvel and myth of many otherwise credible narrators, and by the coincidence, accidental or designed, with old stories not generally familiar to the modern public.

"EVOLUTION A NOTE OF CHRISTIANITY."

This is the title of an article by Miss E. M. Caillard which may be read as a pendant to Mr. Grant Allen's article in the *Fortnightly Review* on "Immortality and Resurrection." Miss Caillard accepts the origin of Christianity and its capacity to survive as suggesting on Darwinian principles the marvellous, not to say miraculous, capacity. She says:—

A religion which could wake an answering response in Jew, Greek, and Roman, despite their widely different mental and moral constitution, a religion which could satisfy alike the

demands of the most exalted philosophy and the humble requirements of slave and peasant, showed from the first a vital power comparable to nothing that had gone before it. Even the tide of corruption and debasement, with which its apparent triumph threatened to overwhelm it, was powerless to effect more than a fresh and astounding proof of its vigorous life. We shall look in vain for a parallel to this in the history of any other religion; the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" has never had a more striking illustration. Nor does the lesson stop here, for as every change of environment called for fresh adaptation, it brought into action new and unsuspected powers of organic development. A pause in one direction meant an advance in another.

THE TEACHINGS OF THE LABOUR COMMISSION.

Miss Leppington, writing on "The Teachings of the Labour Commission," summarises the evidence from her own point of view. She says the evidence dispels the fallacious assumption that the labour interest is one solid phalanx, representing a united front to the outside world. The masters are divided into three grades, according to the attitude they assume towards the Trades Unions. A few are amicable, many are passive, but most of those who are face to face with the new Unionism are hostile. She thinks the moral is that, instead of centring all effort upon realising some one scheme, we should rather endeavour to ensure to each scheme an open field, where it may work out its own development unhindered. The one practical suggestion she makes is that an agricultural labour colony shall be established as a promising experiment, which can hardly fail but to yield useful lessons to all concerned.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Professor J. Shield Nicholson, writing upon "The Indian Currency Experiment," consoles us by saying that as soon as the full effect on trade has been felt, exchange will be for a time worse than before. Mr. Phil Robinson discourses on the "Sunshine and Rain" of this remarkable year. Mr. Hamerton writes upon "The Foundations of Art Criticism," and generally defends Mr. Ruskin against the attacks of the new critics.

THE NEW REVIEW.

I NOTICE elsewhere Mr. F. Impey's paper on "Lord Tollamache," and the Head Master of Harrow's on "Our Public Schools."

THE COAL WAR.

Mr. Samuel Woods writes an article which will be read by many friends of the miners with sincere regret. He declares that arbitration in wage disputes is a piece of obsolete machinery which may be placed on the scrap board. Mr. Woods thinks that any man must be either grossly ignorant, devoid of experience, or partial to the coalowners, who concludes that the present dispute can be settled by arbitration. In his judgment, conciliation and not arbitration is the only means of settling a dispute between labour and capital. But, surely, the proper thing to do is a combination of both. The Board of Conciliation and Arbitration in the finished iron trade offers the best method of how to combine the two principles. The Board of Conciliation fights down the points of difference to the irreducible minimum, which is then left to an arbitrator to decide. The alternative is a strike, in which, as experience proves, the workman, as often as not, gets the worst of it.

THE OPERA IN ENGLAND.

Playgoers and musicians will turn with interest to the notes and reminiscences of Sir Augustus Harris, who has not hitherto indulged much in autobiographical articles in the monthly Reviews. Sir Augustus Harris

says that where other men keep their yachts, he keeps an opera house, and he gets quite as much out of his baritones and sopranos as others do from their grouse and partridges. The result of his experience is to convince him that, if you scratch a singer you will find a shopman, and that the least competent the aspirant the greater his pretensions. It seems that he lost from £14,000 to £16,000 in one of his Drury Lane opera seasons in 1887. After that he decided to have nothing whatever to do with operas, and he would have been as good as his vow if it had not been that Sir Charles Beresford formed a committee to get half the boxes subscribed for in advance. As a result he has Covent Garden and Drury Lane upon his shoulders.

THE BOMBAY RIOTS.

Sir William Wedderburn, writing on the "Bombay Riots," suggests that the persons to be blamed are neither the Mussulmans nor the Hindoos, but the British Government which prevented them from cutting their throats. The Government of Lord Harris, he says, is not in touch with the people, or with their leaders. The attitude of the Government towards the Congress Movement and the natives generally is unsympathetic, and instead of composing the strife of races and religions, the Government is acting upon the principle of dividing, in order that it may govern. The moral of the Bombay riots, in fact, according to Sir William Wedderburn, is that we should back up the Congress Movement.

OTHER ARTICLES.

There is a very powerful but somewhat disagreeable story, entitled "A Last Scene," by Alfild Agrell. Mr. Edmund Gosse discourses on the poetry of John Donne. Mr. St. John Hope tells the story of "Silchester," the buried Roman City which is being excavated near Reading. Mr. Albert D. Vandam continues his papers on the "Comédie Française." Mr. Rennell Rodd describes his visit to the Monasteries of Crete.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE *National Review* has changed hands. It is now owned by Mr. Maxse, the son of Admiral Maxse, and will be edited by its proprietor, and conducted on the same principles as hitherto, with a difference. It will be as staunchly Unionist as ever, but judging from the present number it will be more of Mr. Chamberlain's type than of Mr. Balfour's. Admiral Maxse's article upon "Judas" I notice elsewhere.

THE BEHRING SEA AWARD.

Mr. A. W. Staveley Hill, M.P., does not like the Behring Sea Award, and for the following reasons:—

While the Regulations do not in any way regulate the killing on the islands, they interfere with and injuriously affect the ocean sealers, but only to a very small extent protect the seal: they seem to justify the criticism that, whilst it was impossible to have selected a more competent tribunal to deal with grave questions of international law, the work of regulating the sealing industry itself would have been more fully placed in the hands of practical men, who might have greater opportunity of arriving at a fair conclusion as to the best mode of dealing with such matters.

THE TUSCAN NATIONALITY.

Mr. Grant Allen has a paper on the "Tuscan Nationality," the point of which is to insist upon—the cardinal importance of the Etruscan blood in the secular development of Italian art and Italian civilisation.

He concludes his paper with the following remarks:—

Is it not a curious refutation of certain modern theories as to the innate superiority of the Aryan race (whatever that may

mean) that the one people in Italy who have thus practically shown themselves most receptive of Hellenic and Semitic civilization should turn out to be the people most universally admitted, alike on linguistic and ethnographic grounds, as of antique non-Aryan or pre-Aryan origin?

THE CRIME OF 1867.

Mr. H. R. Traill is very much disgusted with the British elector. Because that individual is not foaming at the mouth over the iniquities of Mr. Gladstone, he thinks that he has lost all sense of patriotism, and, of course, it is all the fault of Disraeli for enfranchising the British householder:—

But the prospect is not hopeful. Twenty-six years have passed since the crime of 1867, and the political unfitness of the electorate that created it has only now been fully demonstrated. It would almost seem as if the British elector has delayed to demonstrate it thus fully until he could do so with all the dramatic effect of irreparable disaster.

A WARNING FROM WALES.

Mr. A. Griffith-Boscawen, M.P., is scared at the prospect of a Welsh Nationalist Movement. Some men are born timid, but an Englishman must be crossed with a rabbit before he is frightened of Wales. Mr. Boscawen, however, is very timorous. He says:—

The leaders of Welsh Radicalism, firmly intrenched in the County Councils, flattered by Mr Gladstone's mischievous allusions to Welsh Nationality, and aided everywhere by the political Dissenting preachers, are determined to take the law into their own hands, and to have done with England and everything English; and if England does not wish to have a second Ireland in Wales she must look to it, and look to it soon.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN THIBET.

Miss A. R. Taylor is a better traveller than she is a writer. This is the good lady who last winter made a seven months' journey from the Chinese town of Tau-chau, in the Province of Kan-sub, to the interior of Thibet. She got back alive, but although she accomplished more than any man ever accomplished in penetrating into an almost inaccessible region, she is disqualified by the mere fact of her sex from being a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, a distinction which is conferred without hesitation upon any number of stay-at-home travellers who happen to be born male.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood has a curious story entitled "Young Genius." The Hon. Evelyn Hubbard, writing on the "Rupee Difficulty," says:—

The closure of the Mints, with all its risks, may prove a less evil than the imposition of additional taxation, while inaction is practically synonymous with bankruptcy. The Government of India stood between the devil and the deep sea, and small blame to it for seizing the first practicable means of escape.

Mr. W. Earl Hodgson writes on the "Immorality of Evolutionary Ethics."

The Lyceum.

THE *Lyceum* for August contains an article on the "Civilisation of Africa," which is a rather severe review of Dr. Molony's book, "With Captain Stairs to Katango." The same number also reviews Mr. C. H. Pearson's "National Life and Character," and calls attention to "Three Women Poets"; Miss Dora Sigerson, Mrs. Sarah Piatt, and Miss Madeleine Barrie.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE *North American Review* for August is a good number. I notice elsewhere Mr. Goldwin Smith's article in reply to Mr. Carnegie.

THE MEANING OF THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

Dr. J. H. Sanner, writing on "The Issue of the German Elections," takes the somewhat paradoxical view that the appeal to the country which has resulted in carrying a measure on which the Emperor had set his heart was a defeat for the monarchy:—

The rulers of the New Era have ignominiously lost this battle. The defeat of the Emperor's *voluntas* is the one overshadowing result of the recent German elections. It marks an important phase, possibly the turning point, of the great struggle of the German nation for real constitutional government. The apparent annihilation of the *Reichsritter*, the dismal failure of the government to disrupt the mighty party of the Centre, the growth of socialistic and anti-semitic votes, the strength developed by the Poles, the weakness of the Alsatian protest party, the defeat of the free-traders and the increasing contrast between North and South Germany, all these and other favourite topics of the daily press are simply products of temporary coincidences. The effects will not last long. But the victory of the people's right to assert their will in the policy of the government will and cannot fail to impress the future development of the German nation.

AN ANGLO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

Mr. W. Selbie, in a short paper entitled "Our Coming Rival," directs the attention of his countrymen to the possibility of England coming to terms with Russia in order to develop Western Asia. He says:—

Our present attitude on the tariff question should rub the scales from their eyes and should develop an English statesman able to look at things as they are, and not as he has them pictured from the traditions and prejudices of his fathers, and he should say to Russia: "You take Constantinople and Persia; we will keep Egypt and India. We will furnish capital to build your railroads and open up your wheat and oil fields. We will take your produce and give you our manufactures in exchange." That would, indeed, be a great combination, and it would soon embrace more than these two nations. England could make no better bargain than this. She would be in no wise injured by giving Russia what she wanted, and with Russia as her ally would possess her own Oriental realms in peace and quiet. Russia having secured the needed outlets, and having secured a large infusion of English blood, brains, and money, would surprise the world with her wonderful growth and output. This would be stealing our thunder and improving on our special patent "reciprocity," but who shall say that we may not see this thing done? If it is, the future for our farmer is worse than the present.

POSSIBILITIES OF PRAYER.

There is a very curious article by Mr. E. S. Martin under the above head. Mr. Martin has got the idea that prayer may be used scientifically. He says:—

The more rational idea of prayer would seem to be not an argument or entreaty which influences the sentiments of the Deity, but a force which acts directly on some force which is included in God. Of prayer so considered it is as obvious a necessity that the results it seeks should accord with God's will as that the results expected from the control of other natural forces should accord with the laws of nature. Man is not the supreme force of the universe; but he is akin to it. He shares its quality. All things are possible to him if only he can learn how. If he can ever become the reverent master of scientific prayer we may expect to see the rate of his progress indefinitely accelerated. The incurable will be cured then; the impracticable will be done; the secret of perpetual motion will be revealed; the fountain of youth will gush out. The millennium will have come then, but only for those who have learned to know it.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Mr. Justin McCarthy writes strongly on what he calls the "Useless House of Lords." He says:—

I see no countervailing advantage to the country in the existence of the House of Lords. Admitting all the defects, are there actually no advantages? I only give my own opinion, and I say, No—none whatever. I am not now discussing the wider question as to the value of a second chamber in the legislation of a state. I am thinking merely of the House of Lords in its present form, or in any form like to that; and I can only say that I see in its existence much evil to the national interests and no good: no—none whatever.

THE FRENCH PEASANTRY.

The Marquis de San Carlos describes the French peasantry in a brightly-written paper, which concludes as follows:—

It is a sad truth that the French peasant is changing into a hardened materialist. And it is by no means the Catholic cause I undertake to advocate. It is that of religion in the widest acceptance of the word. The Frenchman who gives up the faith of his fathers forfeits all faith, and consequently all moral restraint. It would be preferable to see him kneeling down every morning in the midst of his wheat fields to adore the rising sun, or stealing into the dark oak forest to worship the pale sweet goddess of the night—believing in something, if naught but the immortality of his own soul—rather than to find him a prey to the hard egotism which is dragging him down to the earth that has borne him, without consolation in sorrow or hope for the future.

THE AMERICAN HOTEL OF TO-DAY.

Mr. W. J. Fanning praises up the American hotel. He says:—

The consensus of opinion expressed by unbiassed travellers, both European and American, is clearly in favour of the American hotel, taken as a whole. In its appointments it is far in advance of the hotels of Europe.

On the other hand, General R. C. Hawkins denounces it for its manifold imperfections. He quotes the opinion of a Roman innkeeper, who asserted that—

a good bed, good soups, good bread and good tea and coffee, were the foundations for an acceptable hotel, and he was right. As a rule, the American hotel is a failure in respect to all of these essentials. It is quite unnecessary to write that not one in ten of those products of the kitchen named in the bill of fare are properly prepared or decently served. The vegetables are usually cold and soggy, often slopped with a nasty-looking and worse-tasting sauce; the joints are usually tough and cold; the flesh made dishes (*entrées*), with high sounding French names, neither taste nor smell like anything we have ever seen before; the sweets are often the better part of the dinner; but the fruits, in the majority of instances, are the cheapest and poorest that can be found.

HOW CHOLERA CAN BE STAMPED OUT.

Dr. Ernest Hart publishes an elaborate paper, in which he communicates the mass of evidence that he has accumulated in order to prove that—

water is the chief if not—in Europe—the sole agency in the spread of epidemic cholera. With the scourge close at our gates let me urge upon every community and every responsible authority in America to profit by these lessons before it is too late; to put their houses in order and secure purity of water especially, but also of soil, of air, of habits. This is the best, the only successful, weapon wherewith to protect ourselves against cholera. Quarantine is a sieve rather than a protective armour.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF THE "VICTORIA" DISASTER.

The Assistant-Secretary of the American navy thus draws the moral from the loss of the *Victoria*:—

There are two lessons, however, which it seems to me we can learn with great profit in this country from the late

disaster. The first is the necessity for squadron drills and the practical manœuvring of fleets. There is no amount of theoretical learning which will give the same results as this experience for fleet drill, as it is the only practical way to acquire great skill and ability to handle ships in time of action, and is, moreover, the surest method of acquiring precision in that most important of things in the navy—the art of signalling. This leads to the second and greatest consideration—the importance of the personnel. With all his learning, persistence, skill, and experience, with all the secrets he has wrenched from Nature and learned from art, man has as yet made no machine superior to himself. To spread the light, to promote union, and to perfect its own organisation is now the object and the duty of the Prohibition party.

DISEASE AND DEATH ON THE STAGE.

Dr. Edson writes an article, the gist of which is that actors, as a rule, never die on the stage as people die in real life; or rather in real death. He points out, however, that they cannot die naturally without either revolting or boring the house. It would certainly be better that they should continue to die stagily than that they should take the means of one eminent actress in order to be true to life, or, rather, true to death:—

Mlle. Croisette, in Paris, when playing in "La Sphynx," created a great sensation and made a great name for herself. She went to Dr. Charcot, the eminent physician of Paris, and, learning from him the effects of poisons, chose strychnine and had the name inserted in the play. She studied carefully all that books could tell her, and then procured several dogs and gave them the poison, watching the spasms which followed. She produced such a perfect simulation of the results following the swallowing of strychnine that, not only did the daily press praise her, but one of the medical journals devoted quite a long article to this part of the play, and advised medical students to go to the theatre for the purpose of studying the symptoms of poisoning by strychnine. For one Croisette that you will find on the stage, however, you will easily see a hundred victims of poison who simply cause the physician to smile.

SOCIAL ARISTOCRACY.

A book has just been published at Berlin bearing the title of "Volksdienst" (People's Service), by a Social Aristocrat. According to Herr Bruno Wille, who writes in the *Freie Bühne* for August, it is a book full of individual observation and new thoughts.

The "Social Aristocrat's" concluding words give some idea of the scope of his work:—

Till we have learnt that it is immoral to slaughter our best men in battle; to give money, power, and influence to the idler through hereditary wealth and title; to exclude woman in all positions from work; to marry for gain and not for love; to marry an unhealthy man and bring sickly children into the world; to make the people incapable of serious thought by religious delusions; to train up children for the past or for a hereafter instead of for the present; to submit to the right against moral conviction—till we have learnt all this, the greatest has not been done. But for those who have already attained this, it is time to assemble round the flag of the People's Service and the Social Aristocracy.

Though the Social Democratic Movement has rendered great service by waking up the ruling classes, the movement, says the "Social Aristocrat" is nevertheless becoming dangerous, and if a worthy programme of social reform does not soon appear, there is serious danger that many of their plans will be shattered, if only through the growth of their influence on legislation. He declares with Häckel that Darwinism does not lead to Socialism, but to a Social Aristocracy.

THE ARENA.

The Arena for August is hardly up to its usual mark. here are six more verdicts on the Bacon-Shakespeare case; five of them are in favour of Shakespeare. Professor A. E. Dolbear returns an open verdict, as he does not think that Shakespeare wrote the plays, but does not feel justified in deciding in favour of Bacon.

WELL-SPRINGS OF IMMORALITY.

Mr. Flower, the editor, has a paper in which he dwells upon the sources from which arise the immorality of the present day, and he concludes by suggesting the following threefold crusade:—

1. For a childhood resulting from an awakened conscience, be fruit of intelligence and love.
2. For absolute justice for woman—including full enjoyment of the right of franchise, an absolute and independent possession in the property interests of the home which results from her union, and the absolute right to her own body.
3. For a purer, simpler, and less sensuous and extravagant life, with a determined warfare on those things which stimulate passion and lower the moral ideal, chief among which are toxicants and opium.

Progress along these lines means development of the highest and best in manhood, and the enthronement of that spirituality which nourishes the soul of true civilisation.

PSYCHIC HEALING.

There are two papers upon this subject, one by Carol Norton on "The Office of the Ideal in Christianity." Mr. Norton says:—

Giving all power to spiritual thought and Divine Mind, above the immediate evidence of the personal senses, Christian Science succeeds where current theories, based upon the so-called laws of matter, utterly fail in their attempted reformation of human depravity. Christian Science recognises that the reformation of man, and the healing of disease, jointly demand that the mentality and not the physicality of man be dealt with; because of the fact that the thought germ of disease, as well as sin, exists in the human mind, and must there be annihilated.

Mr. J. L. Hasbronck, in a paper entitled "The Practical View of the Mind Cure," asserts:—

Numerous instances of insanity, of depraved appetite for spirituous liquors and morphine, and of other cases usually considered beyond the reach of an ordinary physician, yield, often readily, to this method of treatment. A poor girl, whose bondage to eczema rendered her life one of unhappy exile, is to-day a happy, smooth-faced child.

THE CURE FOR DIPSO MANIA.

Dr. Keeley, in reply to Dr. Evans, asserts once more that his Gold Cure is the real, genuine, and unmistakable remedy for inebriety. He says:—

The cure of inebriety by my remedy has cured one hundred and ten thousand insane people as well—except in the alleged eighty-eight cases, more or less, given by Dr. Evans, as reported by asylum superintendents. I am entirely satisfied with the result. The world will be so too. I trust Dr. Evans can so far divest himself of his insane prejudices as to join in the general satisfaction.

USURY.

Mr. J. G. Clark, writing on "Our Industrial Village," asserts that usury—

is the most gigantic, destructive, and terrible crime of civilisation. Usury is cannibalism, civilised and Christianised. It formerly captured, fattened, killed, roasted, and ate the body of its enemy. Now the same spirit inspires a man who captures

his friend and fellow-Christian, robs him of the only available means of getting fat, starves him in filthy garret and tenement cells till his last penny is gone, and then kicks him into the street.

There are the inevitable two silver papers, and an article by the Rev. Henry Frank, which I notice under the *Chronicles of the Civic Church*.

THE FORUM.

The Forum contains several articles which are noticed elsewhere.

THE BIG GAME OF AMERICA.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, writing on "The Big Game Disappearing in the West," gives an interesting but somewhat melancholy account of the devastation which the rifle-bearing hunter has wrought in the immense herds of big game which used to people the Western Plains. Very soon there will not be a single head of big game left unless some vigorous measures are taken to prevent their extermination. Mr. Roosevelt has his own proposals, which are thus expressed:—

We need, in the interest of the community at large, a rigid system of game laws rigidly enforced, and it is not only admissible, but one may almost say necessary, to establish, under the control of the State, great national forest reserves, which shall also be breeding grounds and nurseries for wild game; though I should much regret to see grow up in this country a system of large private game preserves kept for the enjoyment of the very rich.

HOW DR. EBERS'S CHARACTER WAS FORMED.

The well-known German Egyptologist and novelist, Dr. George Ebers, tells, in a few pages, how his character was formed. It seems to have been the product chiefly of his mother's teachings and the influence of a protracted illness which doomed him to solitude:—

Like a teacher earnestly instructing, many a fervent mother, even though limited in her nature, develops into an excellent educator; and among such my own mother was worthy to be classed with the best, wisest, and most truly beautiful. Few, I believe, individually appreciate the enormous hidden force in educational and moral influence exerted upon them by their mothers. When one leaves the motherly influence, one is already a moral man, or one is not; and of a hundred who are so, ninety-nine, even though unconsciously, are indebted to the mother. Personally, I am indebted for my full fruition, rounded out by a mother's influence, to the solitary contemplations which marked the saddest period of my life.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. E. S. Holder, director of the Lick Observatory, sets down—

soberly, modestly, and in the briefest way, a summary of the achievements of American astronomy, and I have barely indicated the course of its development. It is a record of which any country might well be proud.

Dr. J. S. Billings, in a paper on "The Municipal Sanitation in Washington and Baltimore," gives a terrible account of the mortality among the negro children. Mr. F. R. Stockton eulogises Mark Twain for his recent works. Professor Angelo Heilprin casts a leisurely glance over the unexplored world, from which it would seem that there is sufficient territory left unexplored to keep geographers busy for some years to come. Mr. Horace White explains the result of the action of the Government of India on the Silver Question and the Sherman Law. Mr. Wolff points out the dangers that stand in the way of hasty tariff provision, and Mr. Leech, formerly director of the Mint, discourses on "The Doom of Silver."

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

THE most interesting article in the August *Revue des Deux Mondes* is M. Bazin's continuation of his account of "The Italians of To-Day."

THE FRENCH BAR.

In the same number M. de Mézérac contributes an article, interesting to all historical students, on "The French Bar During the Great Revolution." The writer, who has thoroughly studied his subject, is able to quote many hitherto unpublished documents which he discovered in the national archives, and has made use of several collections of memoirs written by both legal and civil spectators of the scenes and events he attempts to describe. Probably few are aware that one of the first actions of the Constitutional Assembly was to abolish the ancient Order of Barristers as it had been understood under the old *régime*. On the 16th December, 1790, it was declared that for the future every citizen might come and plead for the accused, and, it is hardly necessary to add, that every prisoner was henceforth to have the right of defending himself. Robespierre, points out M. de Mézérac, was one of the bitterest enemies of the Bar, and yet it has often been asserted that he did his best to preserve the old state of affairs intact.

But notwithstanding the fact that they could no longer claim special privileges and rights, the French men of law proved as tenacious as those of other countries, and immediately formed a kind of association, binding themselves to keep up all the old traditions and professional rules. Meanwhile, the amateur advocates had it all their own way, and some strange scenes took place in consequence. Although as members of the Free Bar they were supposed to give their services for nothing, abuses soon crept in; but it was not until December 14th, 1810, that Napoleon I. signed the decree reconstituting the French Bar on its old lines.

A PLEA FOR GAMBLING.

In an article on "Speculation and Banking Operations," M. R. G. Levy undertakes to prove that an element of speculation enters into all business and exercises human faculties in a perfectly legitimate manner. He quotes the Greek philosopher Thales, who on one occasion bought up all the olives of his district, his meteorological knowledge having warned him of a bad season. The olives went up, and Thales made money. Certain practical friends appear to have objected to monetary operations as being in themselves unfruitful. Thales laughed, and said that the learned man who could reason would come out with a profit. The morality of this answer not being in question, the reader is free to find a Greek "Corner" interesting as matter of history. The real gist of M. Levy's article is that the free play of human intellect on the value of a present or prospective bargain tends on the whole to reduce prices to an average, and to diminish the element of chance. He illustrates this opinion aptly by remarking that the French peasant sells his crops with far less risk of local cheating than he could were there no *Cours de la Halle*, meaning the market price of Paris.

FACTORY-MADE WINE.

The immense production of wine in France is a good reason why a special Congress called together at Montpellier, in June last, should have been exhaustively dealt with in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The purely agricultural discussion as to the method of replanting large areas where the vine has been destroyed by epidemic disease, is itself interesting. But to the general reader who possesses no vineyard and never saw one in his life,

the last pages of the article suggest reflections worthy of being retained. Supposing that healthy grapes are at last obtained, how is good wine to be insured? M. Antoine de Saportard's answer is prompt. The wine should not be made in a factory. Here, as in every branch of alimentatives, the tendency is for capitalists to buy up the raw material, and work it up. But grapes are delicate and difficult of transport, and the old-fashioned village wine-press, and the making of wine on the estates, large and small, where the grapes are grown—this "ancient French method" will alone keep up the old-fashioned reputation of Burgundy and Bordeaux.

R.I.P.

In the *Revue* of August 15th M. Du Bled continues his history of Franche-Comté, and describes at some length the popular traditions and legends of that province; he tells a quaint little story which the pious Comtois believe to be the origin of the words "requiescat in pace." It seems that there lived a certain knight, Peter de Ray, who was saved from hell by his pious wife, Quantine, but in order to work out her husband's salvation she had to survive him for three years. Having heard that in the long journey from the earth to heaven, souls who have just left the body are attacked by legions of devils, who try to drag them down, away from the angels who are bearing them up, she prayed constantly to her husband to keep as close as possible near the gate of Paradise, waiting so that when he heard her voice he might open it, and she might slip through the moment she arrived. Peter de Ray promised, and accordingly spent the three years with his ear on the right side of the door. When at last the lady arrived, she cried out, "Ray!" "Who is it?" he answered "Quantine." "Pass in," and the door was opened a tiny crack. Other souls who were waiting for St. Peter to come out with his keys, having seen Quantine slip through so easily, thought that they also would repeat the words, "Ray!" "Who is it?" "Quantine." "Pass in," and they also were admitted without any difficulty. This is why, that in their pious hope that they also will be able to essay the same dodge, they place R.I.P. as a reminder on tombstones. Franche-Comté does not seem to have escaped from a mediæval epidemic of sorcerers and witches; both in the fifteenth and even in the seventeenth centuries some 700 people were burned; and even to this day many strange customs form an integral part of life in the country districts of this little-known corner of France.

THE OYSTERS OF ARCACHON.

M. Foulet, describing an excursion he lately made through the valley of Arcachon, takes occasion to discuss pleasantly the beautiful old town which gives its name to the district, and the oyster-beds, the produce of which have been called before now the "French Whitstables." The reputation of the "Huîtres d'Arcachon" dates from the Romans, and the whole working population of that part of the world is given up to the culture of the precious mollusc. "A stranger in the district," observes M. Foulet, "seeing a troop of *parquers* walking near him would notice that each wore large red woollen trousers, and would consequently take them all for men; but supposing the group turns round and passes him, he will see that a number of them wear in addition, not only a short apron, which forms a kind of skirt, but also a hood, instead of a Tam-o'-Shanter; these are the women, who are quite as active and useful as their brothers and husbands, for the oyster requires constant care during the three years which must pass before it can be sent to the table of the gourmet."

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

We have noticed elsewhere M. G. Lafargue's article on "the Regeneration of Children by the Sea," and Madame Scaris's account of the Evangelismos Hospital founded the Queen of Greece. Both numbers of the *Nouvelle revue*, although more Anglophobe than usual, are full of excellent reading.

MIRABEAU'S EARLY LIFE.

The place of honour in the August 1st number is given to a most extraordinary, hitherto unpublished document, written by Mirabeau at the age of twenty-seven, just after he had been arrested at Amsterdam, where the future Republican orator had taken refuge with Madame de Monnier, a lady known to his admirers as the Sophie who played so great a place in his existence. This strange chapter in Mirabeau's early life seems to have been till quite lately forgotten in the attic archives, for it was written and sent to the States-General in order that Holland might not give him up to the French authorities. Although the document is not like the defence he wrote of himself and of his conduct when imprisoned at Vincennes, the few informal pages cited by M. de Lomenie are infinitely more characteristic of the man, and give an instructive picture of Mirabeau's early life and surroundings.

FRENCH VIEWS OF ENGLISH AFFAIRS.

In the same number M. Saint-Saëns gives an amusing account of the conferring of Doctors' Degrees at Cambridge, contributing an amiable note of liking and respect for an English institution, which goes at least a little way to balance the anti-English articles which have been made a feature of the August *Nouvelles Revues*.

Baron de Ring and M. Z. Marcas both treat of the Eastern Question, the former by describing some of the late Egyptian judicial reforms, the latter by writing an elaborate review of Mr. Milner's "England in Egypt," which book, though he praises it highly as being honest and sincere in intention, he declares to have been obviously written from an English, and therefore partial, point of view. M. Marcas has called his article "Eastern Capitulations," and gives a lucid account of the relations of France and Egypt since the year 1517. It is needless to say that every line is written with a view to the evacuation of Egypt by the English, but the writer is to be congratulated on the tact and moderation with which he accomplishes his purpose.

OLD BERLIN.

M. Rambaud contributes two chapters of his account of the past relations of Russia and Germany; the nature of his articles can be gathered by their titles: "The Battle of Kunersdorf," and "The Russian Occupation of Berlin in 1760." The author has evidently studied the subject well, and in the following words he gives a curious account of Old Berlin:—

Berlin was at that time practically built on the two islands of the Spree; one of these islands was the Verolin, originally a small fishing-village; the other island was known as Collan, coming from the Slav word Kolin, which signifies a "hill." In 1452, Frederick with the Iron Teeth, Margrave of Brandenburg, founded a Burg, and round his feudal castle had gradually risen a capital. . . . These two islands, forming the town, were surrounded by bastions, to which the arms of the Spree served as moats. . . . Owing to the efforts of Frederick I., and somewhat to those of Frederick II., the town had become one of the intellectual centres of Germany, and was already known as "The Athens of the Spree." Lessing had made three long sojourns there, and only just missed the Russian Occupation; and Mendelssohn was the centre of a literary and philosophical society.

During the five years of the Russian Occupation Berlin was in a sad state, and M. Rambaud, notwithstanding his Russian sympathies, is obliged to admit that the conquerors behaved anything but well.

THE GENESIS OF KISSING.

Professor Lombroso, in the *Revue* of August 15, discusses somewhat learnedly the origin of kissing, which he declares was, till comparatively quite lately, an entirely maternal action, and not in any way peculiar to lovers. Homer, he points out, never mentions a kiss, except when speaking of the embrace of a father and son; Hector, in his scene with Andromache, does not kiss her, but squeezes her hand; neither do we find a kiss mentioned *à propos* of Venus and Mars, Ulysses and Calypso, or Ulysses and Circe. In the old Indian literature no mention is made of anything but the maternal embrace, but in the modern Hindu poems twelve kinds of kisses are registered.

OTHER ARTICLES.

In the same number M. Minegab describes, from the notes of an eye-witness, the Japanese Military Manœuvres which took place in September and October of last year, in the Province of Hiroshima. "The Japanese," he declares, "are not only an amiable and polite people, they are an intelligent and ambitious nation, who aspire to the commercial and political supremacy on the Pacific Ocean. We call Japan the 'France of Asia,' they call themselves the 'England of the East.'"

In his account of three Gallo-Roman towns, M. Cagnat gives the result of his researches at Nîmes, Vienne and Lyons, and in his article presents a very readable picture of Southern France as it was in the days of the Romans.

In the same number Mme. Shaw begins a series of articles on "The American-Indian Question," and describes the Oklahoma tribes at home.

In concluding his article on "Modern Sport," M. de Wailly declares that the French huntsman has but two enemies—the peasant, who does not like to see his land ridden over, and the State, which seems to do all it can to make the French forests and free lands dangerous to those who wish to cultivate "le sport."

NONSENSE.

In a short but violent article, contributed by Baron de Cambourg, and entitled "A Reply to the Insults and Threats of England," the following grave allegations are put forward: first, that England has a national guard but no army; secondly, that her numerous and powerful warships are both badly commanded and badly built; thirdly, that an invasion of England would be possible and even easy; fourthly, that her colonies and her maritime commerce, which is now spread over the whole face of the globe, render her ten times more vulnerable than France, did a combined action of the French and their allies ever take place; fifthly, that a simultaneous action of France, and Russia would provoke an instant and certain uprising in India; sixthly, that England's economic and financial power, already gravely menaced, would not resist the effects of a war, of which the least consequence would be a social revolution. "The duty of our parliaments, of our statesmen, and of our ambassadors," he concludes, "is to know how to resist England's exorbitant demands. If they accomplish their duty, perhaps Bismarck's famous prophecy, 'England will yet astonish the world by her cowardice,' will be realised to the letter." Madame Adam ought to have more regard for her friend than to allow such an article to appear in the pages of her *Revue*. It makes us laugh, no doubt; but editresses are unkind who make a laughing-stock of their friends.

SOME ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

Harper's.

WITH the exception of "The General Election in England," there is nothing in *Harper* which calls for special mention. There is an interesting article upon E. S. Barnard and the Lick Observatory and "Texas as a State," which is selected for illustrated treatment, but the most copiously illustrated papers are those of "Down Love Lane," "In Old New York" (?), and Mrs. Pennell's paper on "An Albert Dürer Town." The paper on "The Riders of Egypt" includes riders of donkeys, horses, and camels.

The English Illustrated.

THE *English Illustrated* is going to be transferred to the *Illustrated London News* after the present number. The September number is very good. Besides those articles specially mentioned elsewhere, Mr. Henry Holiday discourses upon the barbarity of men's dress. Mr. Quiller Couch writes admiringly on "Living English Poets." The Hon. Robert Lyttelton describes "Cricket, Old and New." The Duchess of Rutland continues her account of "Belvoir Castle." The belated article upon the "North British Railway" is worked off at last.

The Century.

THE first place in the *Century* is given to Mr. A. Castaigne's "Sights at the Fair." His sketches of human types are quite wonderful. The travel papers describe Sicily on the slopes of Etna, and Miss Russell's experiences at the African diggings. Mrs. Oliphant tells the story of Daniel Defoe, and Mr. Bret Harte begins a tale founded apparently on his Glasgow experiences, entitled "The Heir of the McHulishes."

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE *Pall Mall Magazine* is a wonderful shilling's worth. This month it has an admirably-executed coloured frontispiece of a Dutch peasant girl, from an original painting by Miss Cohen. "Sarah Grand" begins a new story, entitled "The Sere, the Yellow Leaf." Adalea, the real, although not the nominal, heroine is a reaction of decorum—an advanced young lady who wears short frocks, talks slang, pets a bull pup, and altogether promises extremely well. Hall Caine begins a series of "Scenes of Home Life in Poland and the Pale of Russian Jewry." Mrs. Parr continues her cruel papers on "The Follies of Fashion." The paper on "A Dutch Exterior," by W. L. Alden, has some passable illustrations, and several that are not worthy of the position they occupy. Robert Barr's story of the invention of "A New Explosive" is very clever and suggestive. Mrs. Lynn Linton discourses once more upon her ancient text in an article entitled "Society—The Remnant." Mrs. Lynn Linton should read the Book of Kings, and the story of Elijah. That good man, who was certainly a greater authority than Mrs. Lynn Linton can pretend to be, retired into a cave once, and waited that he alone was left to serve the true and living God; whereupon he was promptly told that there were in Israel 40,000 who had never bowed the knee to Baal. If Mrs. Lynn Linton's ears were as open to the celestial voices as Elijah's, she would have

received a similar message, and she would have spared us this wearisome iteration concerning blatant, noisy, unsexed, and wild women, few of whom are more blatant, noisy, unsexed and wild than Mrs. Lynn Linton herself.

Scribner.

THE best paper on Izaak Walton in the magazines is that which Mr. Alexander Cargill contributes to *Scribner*, which is copiously illustrated with pictures of Walton's country. Mr. Sullivan gives an account of the manuscript of Thackeray's which was found in Harvard College Library. Mr. Edward Lowell has a very interesting and well illustrated historical paper on "Clothes." Mr. Frederick J. Miller and Mr. Bacher illustrate a paper describing the work of a machinist, which is the fifth of the series on working-men's occupations. The literary paper is contributed by Mr. A. Dobson, who describes "Mr. Richardson at Home." The description of "The Tides of the Bay of Fundy," where there is a tidal rise and fall of seventy feet, is interesting. The poem on the "Harvest" by Mr. Scott is curious, and, in some passages, very striking.

McClure's Magazine.

DR. CONAN DOYLE tells the "Story of a Sea Fight." Mr. Blathwayt continues "Karl Hagenbeck's Adventures with Wild Beasts." General Adam Badeau contributes some "Personal Reminiscences of Edwin Booth." Miss Burnett writes, from the standpoint of a long-continued intimacy, a very appreciative account of "The Good Works of Mrs. Gladstone." After describing her many charities and public services, Miss Burnett says:—

As for the deeds of private kindness, it can truly be said that Mrs. Gladstone has sown them on all sides, and it is characteristic of that noble woman's nature that she is loyal to the last to those who need her help, even if it be for a lifetime.

I notice the account of the Boys' Camp on the Big Asquam Lake elsewhere.

Blackwood.

THE first article in *Blackwood* is an interesting account of "Glengarry and His Family: Some Reminiscences of a Highland Chief," based on the unpublished autobiography of Miss Macdonald, of Glengarry. I notice the interview with Father Ohrwalder elsewhere. The review of recent French novels is devoted to Bourget's "Cosmopolis," and Edouard Rod's "La Sacrifice," and Victor Cherbuliez's "Le Secret du Précepteur." F. R. Oliphant gives an account of "William Dunbar," which enables the ordinary English reader to form some idea of one of the earliest and greatest of Scotch poets, a kind of Scotch Chaucer. The writer of the article on the "Balance of Power in Eastern Asia" thinks that the military potentialities of the Chinese empire would make her more than a match for Russia if only she would not persist in reducing herself to helplessness. Yet Russia, as a practical question, has little reason to apprehend from China any serious resistance to her progress.

The Bookman.

THE *Bookman* publishes a portrait of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, whose "Birds' Christmas Carol" has a sale of 95,000 in the States. In England her most popular story is "Timothy's Quest." Mrs. Wiggin was born in Philadelphia, and founded the first free Kindergarten west of the Rocky Mountains.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE CIVIC CHURCH.

THE WORK OF THE CIVIC CHURCH. A PROGRAMME IN OUTLINE.

THE underlying idea of the Civic Church makes steady progress. At Lucerne in the early part of this month, and in Chicago at the Parliament of Religions, the proposal to constitute a new federative entity representing all the Churches, but primarily composed of those who were willing to take trouble and devote time to the welfare of their fellows, has been pressed upon the attention of representative assemblies. The following passages from the paper which I submitted to the Parliament of Religions at Chicago succinctly embody the general ideas of the movement which I have, in spite of many protests, named the Civic Church—believing as I do that Church is the right name for any association of men and women who labour to secure the salvation of the community in which they live.

WHAT IS THE CIVIC CHURCH?

The fundamental idea of the Civic Church is that of the intelligent and fraternal co-operation of all those who are in earnest about making men and things somewhat better than they are to-day. Men and things, individually and collectively, are far short of what they ought to be, and all those who, seeing this, are exerting themselves in order to make them better ought to be enrolled in the Civic Church. From the pale of its communion no man or woman is excluded because of speculative differences of opinion upon questions which do not affect practical co-operation. The world has to be saved, and the number of those who will exert themselves in the work of its salvation is not so great that we can afford to refuse the co-operation of any willing worker because he cannot pronounce our shibboleth. An atheist of the type say of Charles Bradlaugh would no more be excluded from the Civic Church because of his inability to reconcile reason and revelation than you would turn a red-haired man out of a lifeboat crew. For the basis of the fellowship of the members of the Civic Church is their willingness to serve their fellow-men, and he is the best Civic Churchman who devotes himself most loyally, most utterly, and most lovingly to work out the salvation of the whole community.

ITS RELATION TO OTHER CHURCHES.

Here let me at the very outset forestall one common misconception. There is nothing in the idea of the Civic Church that is hostile to the existence and prosperity of all the existing Churches. It presupposes the existence of such organisations, each of which is doing necessary work that is more efficiently done by small groups acting independently, than by a wider federation acting over a broader area. The idea of any antagonism between the Civic Church and the innumerable religious societies already existing is as absurd as the notion of an antagonism between the main drain of the city and the washhand basin of the individual citizen. The main drain is the necessary complement of the washhand basin, but its construction does not imply any slight upon the ancient and useful habit of each man washing his own face. He can do that best

himself, although the community as a whole has to help him to get rid of his dirty water. So for the salvation of the individual soul our existing Churches may be the best instrument, while for the redemption of the whole community the Civic Church is still indispensable.

ITS OBJECT.

What is the object of the Civic Church? The reconstitution of human society, so as to establish a state of things that will minimise evil and achieve the greatest possible good for the greatest possible number. What is the enemy that has to be overcome? The selfishness which in one or other of its innumerable forms—either by indolence, indifference, or downright wrongdoing—creates a state of things which renders it difficult to do right and easy to do wrong. What is the field of its operations? The whole range of the life of man, so far as it touches the life of his brother man. And what is the principle on which it is constituted? The principle of brotherly co-operation on the part of all who are willing to take trouble to make things better, so that the collective moral force of the whole community may be brought to bear to promote the welfare of the whole community.

THE CIVIC CHURCH DISTINCTIVELY CHRISTIAN.

To a Christian such a Church seems to be based upon the central principle of the Christian religion. To Christians who recognise that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him, all religions have in them something of God, all have something of help in them by which man is able to attain nearer to the Divine, and all, therefore, have something to teach us as to how we can best accomplish the great work that lies before all religions, viz., How to remake man in the image of God. To a Christian that religion is the truest which helps most to make men like Jesus Christ. The Apostle says, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." The Civic Church accepts that principle and carries it out to its logical ultimate. Who are those who are in Christ Jesus? Those who conform to certain outward rites, call themselves by particular names, or worship according to a certain order? Not so. Those who are in Christ Jesus are those who have put on Christ, who are baptised with His spirit, who deny themselves to help those who need helping, who sacrifice their lives to save their fellow-men—in other words, those who take trouble to do good to others. And it is time they were gathered into a society which could act as an associated unit of organisation for the realisation of the ideal. The recognition of this wide brotherhood of all who take up their cross to follow Christ, must necessarily precede the attempt to secure federated co-operation for the attainment of a common end. To take up your cross, what is that but to deny yourself; and to follow Christ—but to give up time, thought, and energy to the service of your fellow-men? Those who do that, so far as they do that, constitute the Church militant below which will constitute the Church triumphant above. And the triumph of the Church

will be achieved the sooner, the more readily the Church militant below gets into line, recognises its essential unity, and employs its collective strength against the common foe.

THE SPIRITUAL COUNTERPART OF THE TOWN COUNCIL.

What is proposed in the Civic Church is that in every centre of population there should be one Church centre, constituted of representatives and of delegates from all the Churches and all the organisations which exist for the purpose of making man better and the world sweeter to live in. One Town, one Church, is as old as the days of the Apostles. We had the angel of the Church of Thyatira, the angel of the Church of Ephesus. Who is the Angel of the Church of Chicago? Who is the accredited chief of the religious and moral forces of this great city? For combatting sin when it develops into crime, you have your chief constable. For combatting sin when it takes the form of disease, you have your sanitary authority; and for combatting sin when it takes the form of anything touching the pockets or the bodies of the citizens, you have the mayor. Everywhere centralised authority, definite responsibility, recognised and obeyed by every citizen within your civic boundaries. But when sin only threatens the souls of men, where is your central authority? In the great campaign against the power of evil seated in the heart of man, where is your spiritual director-general?—the spiritual counterpart to your chief constable or your mayor. You have no such officer. Is it not time you made some effort to see whether, even now, he could not be brought into being?

Co-operation is constantly invoked for purposes of sanitation and of police. Why should it not be equally efficacious in the work of securing the moral and spiritual progress of society?

There is no suggestion on the part of the advocates of the Civic Church that a committee representing the various existing organisations for mending the world, and the men and women who are willing to take trouble to do good to others, should supersede any existing institution. The Civic Church comes into existence not to supersede, but rather to energeise all the institutions that make for righteousness, to bring them into sympathetic communication the one with the other, and to adopt the sensible methods of municipal administration, with its accurate geographical demarcation and strict apportionment of responsibility, for securing the performance of the services which mankind expects from the Church.

FOR THE REALISING OF THE IDEAL.

Broadly speaking, the difference between the municipality and the Civic Church is that one deals solely with the enforcement of such a minimum of co-operation as is laid down by Act of Parliament, while the other seeks to secure conformity, not to the clauses of a law, but to the higher standard which is fixed by the realisable aspirations of mankind for a higher life and a more human, not to say divine, existence. The Church lives for ever in the realm of the ideal. She labours in the van of human progress, educating the community up to an ever-widening and expanding conception of social obligations. As soon as her educational work is complete she hands over to the State the performance of duties which formerly were exclusively discharged by the Church. The relief of the poor, the establishment of hospitals, the opening of libraries, the education of the children—all these in former times were entrusted to the Church. But as the Church educated the people, these duties were transferred one by one to the care of the State.

The Church did not, however, lose any of her responsibilities in regard to these matters, nor did the transfer of her obligations to the shoulders of ratepaid officials leave her with a corresponding lack of work to be performed. The duty of the Church became indirect, rather than direct. Instead of relieving the poor, teaching the young, caring for the sick, her duty was to see that the public bodies who had inherited the responsibilities were worthy of their position, and never fell below the standard either in morals or in philanthropy which the Church had attained.

THE CIVIC CHURCH AS A MORAL CAUCUS.

There is little doubt that in any English or American city the good people could rule if they would take as much trouble to organise and work for the victory of justice, honesty, purity, and righteousness, as the bad people take to secure the rule of the rum seller and the dust contractor. But where are they to find their organising central point? They can only find it in the Civic Church, the establishment of which in every community is indispensable, if the forces which make for righteousness and progress are to have their rightful ascendancy in the governance of our cities.

The Civic Church would of necessity become an electoral centre—what may be described as a Moral Caucus, created for the purpose of making conscience supreme in the government of the affairs of the town.

First and foremost, the Civic Church would, wherever it was powerful, render absolutely impossible the nomination of candidates notoriously dishonest and immoral.

Secondly, the Civic Church, on the eve of every election, could and would stir up all the affiliated Churches to appeal to the best citizens to regard the service of the municipality as a duty which they owe to God and man, and to all citizens to prepare for the ballot with a due sense of the religious responsibility of the exercise of citizenship. The Civic Church could also bring almost irresistible pressure to bear to prevent the coercion, the corruption, and the lying which are at present so often regarded as excusable, if not legitimate methods of influencing elections.

Thirdly, there are always in all elections certain great moral issues upon which all good men agree of whatever party they may be. But as these issues seldom affect except adversely, the pockets of wealthy and powerful interests, they are ignored. The Civic Church would bring them to the front and keep them there. All that is needed is that the professedly religious men should be as resolute to pull the wires for the Kingdom of Heaven as irreligious men are to roll logs for the benefit of the gaming hell or the gin-shop. For all the speculation, corruption, jobbery, and pandering to the drunkard, the gambler, and the prostitute which disgrace so many of our cities, the responsibility lies at the door of the Churches. They have for the most part abandoned the electoral field to the world, the flesh and the devil, and then piously marvel how it is the Kingdom of Heaven is so long in getting itself established amongst us.

ITS SOCIAL OBLIGATIONS.

The duty of the Civic Church is to inspire and direct mankind in all matters pertaining to the right conduct of life, the amelioration of the condition of the people, and the progressive development of a more perfect social system. The best way in which this truth can be brought out into clear relief is to take the life of man from the cradle to the grave, and in a rapid and necessarily most incomplete survey, to point out objects which command

the undivided support of all men of all religions, and which, therefore, could be much more efficiently pursued in common or in concert than by the isolated and independent action of a multitude of small organisations. In making this survey I do not attempt to draw up any scheme of ideal perfection. I rigidly confine myself to stating the best that has already been attained by the most advanced civilisations or by the most progressive citizens. I frame my Civic Church programme strictly on the principle of levelling up. What the most forward have already attained can be in time attained by the most backward. Absolute originality is not for federations, which of necessity must not advance beyond the solid round of verified experiment and ascertained fact. As the Civic Church is in advance of the State, so the individual reformer is ever in advance of the Civic Church. The heretic always leads the van. What the Civic Church can do is to generalise for the benefit of all the advantages which have hitherto been confined to the few.

I.—TO THE INFANT.

I begin with the child; everything begins with the child. And the Civic Church begins with the child before his birth. At present, the most important of all moral issues, the most momentous of all human acts—that in which man approaches most closely to the Creator—is left, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, absolutely to the caprice or passion of uninstructed human nature. The realm where if anywhere Conscience should be king and Reason his prime minister, is abandoned by the Churches everywhere to the uninspired, untrained promptings of animal instinct. The first doctrine of the Civic Church, as I conceive it, is an urgent insistence upon the infinite responsibility of parentage, and especially of paternity. Every child has a right to be well born of healthy parents with legitimate status, and no child ought to be born into the world unless his parents have the means and the opportunity to provide him adequately with food, clothing, shelter, and education. The responsibility attaching to this rests with the parents. The obligation which in savage times was and is accepted by the State or the tribe, which rectified by infanticide the over-productiveness of its members, is now ignored alike by Church and State. The individual is left to the unguided direction of impulse, without help or guidance from religion, and with the most disastrous consequences to millions of supernumerary children who are annually spawned into a world which does not want them, in which they are hopelessly unfit to struggle for existence. A curse to themselves, a ruinous burden to their parents, and a weakness to the State, their multiplication goes on unchecked, without even a warning voice as to the reckless and wanton incurring of the most tremendous of all responsibilities. Surely here, if anywhere, there is a wide field white unto the harvest for the spiritual power. It is not a case for Acts of Parliament. The only tribunal is the individual conscience of the human being. And before that tribunal the collective conscience of the community finding utterance in the Civic Church should not surely be dumb.

The inculcation of the immense responsibilities of parentage would lead directly to an improvement in antenatal conditions which at present are too often ignored. The woman about to be a mother, who bears the new generation beneath her heart, ought to be an object of much greater solicitude and reverence than is the case at present. In nine cases out of ten she is left in the

profoundest ignorance as to the influence which her surroundings and her actions may have upon the unborn child; hence much ill-health to her and subsequent suffering for the child. Pregnant women are often hard-driven in home and in factory, imperfectly nourished, and forced into scenes which seal the fate of their offspring before it sees the light. This crime against the rising generation—how is it dealt with in the Churches? There is much said for and against the immaculate conception of a Jewish woman, now dead and buried nineteen centuries; but what is being done by those who call themselves by her Son's name to secure for her sisters, who have conceived more or less unimmaculately, a reasonable chance of bringing forth a Son of Man not doomed and blighted from the womb to a hopeless existence of disease and sin? That which a wise, loving, well-to-do husband seeks to secure for his own wife, it would be the duty of the Civic Church to endeavour to secure for the mothers of the whole community.

When the child comes to the birth, there is at every step need for the watchful care of the Church. To this day the provision made for the training and status of the midwife, in England, at least, is a disgrace to our civilisation. Legislators are tinkering at it, but they have no force of public opinion behind them. So nothing is done, and every year a multitude of children perish at birth who might have lived if the "wise woman" had been really wise. But the very last place to which the advocates of this most necessary reform appeal for support is the Church. Lying-in hospitals are a necessity of great towns; the Civic Church would see that they existed in sufficient numbers, and that they were conducted with humanity. The question of Foundling Hospitals is one on which much may be said. If the great evil of the advent of unwanted children were seriously grappled with, the need for such institutions would dwindle to a minimum. At present, with the subject ignored by the Churches, the community that closes the Foundling Hospital with one hand, opens the murderous Baby Farm with the other.

The question of the responsibility of the father is one of which Churches as a rule say little. The law of most Christian countries is an infamy which shows how little Christendom really believes its Paternoster. In countries where the Code Napoleon prevails all inquiry into the paternity of any illegitimate child is absolutely forbidden by law. The English Bastardy Law is not so cynically inhuman, but in practice it is almost as bad. The obstacles in the way of bringing the putative father to justice are almost insuperable, and when the order is made for the payment of the weekly dole, every possible opportunity is afforded the man to evade his responsibilities. The Civic Church would never rest until it secured the recognition by the State of the fundamental principle that wherever a child is born into the world, the mere fact of its birth entailed upon the father a permanent legal liability, enforceable at any police-court, to maintain his offspring, and a permanent disability to marry any woman save the mother of his child without incurring the penalties of bigamy. Every child has a right to two legal parents, and nothing can be more scandalous than the way in which the law connives at the evasion of the most elementary of all human responsibilities. The right of the strong to oppress the weak is seldom more cynically asserted than in the legal provision by which the whole burden of parenthood is thrown upon the parent who suffers, while the other who suffers nothing goes free.

When the child is born it needs nourishment, and the supply of good milk cheap is one of the first necessities

of its existence. I well remember Thomas Carlyle speaking to me with much sad bitterness of the change that had come over the rural districts of Scotland in his lifetime. "Nowadays," he said, "the poor bairns cannot get a sup of milk to their porridge. The whole of the milk is sent off to town, and the labourer's child gets none. The result is that they are brought up on slops, and the breed decays." A little thought might have secured the peasantry against this loss of their natural means of subsistence, but the Church does not take thought for such trifles. The lairds and the large farmers sent the milk to the best market, and the children of the men who tilled their land had to do without. To deprive children of milk is simply infanticide at one or two removes.

Where women are employed in factories or the fields, the crèche is a necessity. But too often these institutions are very badly managed, and there is in almost all cases a total absence of intelligent and loving supervision. If in every industrial district where women are employed away from home there were established a sufficient number of crèches of the best pattern under good management, a great deal of preventible suffering would be banished from the most helpless of our race.

The prevention of cruelty to children is surely one of the good works upon which the Civic Church could agree without one dissentient voice. The fact that in all our cities a certain number of children are annually tortured to death by starvation, blows, and all manner of hideous brutalities is unfortunately but too well attested by the Reports of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. But until Mr. Waugh arose to force the facts upon the knowledge of an unwilling world these deeds of darkness remained hid, and in bringing them to light he has received much more help from the constable than from the churches founded by Him who said, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The responsibility for searching out these helpless suffering ones is surely the duty of the Church, and the Civic Church Centre would see to it that once a year at least the importance of pressing this subject upon the attention of the congregations was brought before all the churches in the city.

Behind cruelty stands murder—murder for gain, systematised murder facilitated by insurance companies. The whole question of Child Insurance is one on which the Civic Church would have much to say. The churches at present know next to nothing about it. That some parents do insure the lives of their children in order to realise a profit by their death is unfortunately but too well proved. But where is the Centre in any town or city where the terrible subject can be taken into consideration by the picked representatives of philanthropy and religion? Alas! it does not exist. And as a result the operations of philanthropists and religious men in this, as in other matters, are as spasmodic and fitful as the movements of the limbs of a frog after its brain has been removed. The *medulla oblongata* of the philanthropic and religious world—that is the Civic Church.

II.—TO THE CHILD.

So we may go on. From the infant we come to the child. Here we have a constantly extending field for the intelligent activity of the Civic Church. Every child ought to be protected against the exploitation of his life until he is at least thirteen years of age. That is the child's learning-time. To put him to work before then is to compel him to live on his capital, and to impoverish him for the rest of his life. The whole influence of the Civic Church would be thrown into the scale in favour

of postponing child labour until at least thirteen years had been allowed in which to grow and play and learn. It is only within very recent times and only in some countries that children of tender years have ceased to be regarded as the legitimate chattels of their parents. The spectacle of some streets swarming after dark with the vendors of newspapers, matches, etc., is a melancholy reflection upon the civilisation that necessitates such immolation of childhood.

If exemption from being driven to mine and factory and the workshop until after thirteen years of age be the first clause in the Children's Charter, the second provision of places in which to play. To the young child a playground is more important than a school. But in most cities the street with all its dangers, or the gutter with all its filth, is the only playground of the child. Within five minutes from every door there should be the counterpart of the village green, where the little toddlers could roll and frolic without dread of the wheels of the van or the rush of the street. A few great parks at great intervals are no substitute for the playground close at hand. And as there should be public playgrounds open to all in fine weather, so there should be playgrounds under cover, lighted and warmed, for use in weather or in winter. The Civic Church could do much in this way. There are plenty of odd corners and empty sites that might be utilised for playgrounds if there were but a public body ready to take the matter in hand. In the empty but spacious halls of our Board Schools there is, in the evening, at least, ample playing-room for the children of our cities. But all these things need direction, organisation, and the co-operation of all the agencies. How can these be secured save by the Civic Church?

This opens up another vista of usefulness. The Civic Church should be a great intermediary between the State and Lazarus, between those who have more than they know what to do with, and those who have not enough to support existence. Take, for instance, the lawns, the pleasure grounds, and the gardens of the great houses. They remain for the most part unused, for more than a couple of hours a day. Around the great sylvan oases, often existing close to teeming cities, there are thousands of children to whom an hour's play on the green grass under the shady trees would seem a foretaste of heaven. But who is there to urge on the villadom the admission of the children of slum-dwellers to their gardens and grounds, and who is there who can devise ways and means by which such admission would not be as destructive as an incursion of the Goths and Vandals? Here again there is a great gap in our social organisation which the Civic Church alone can fill.

After a place to play in, the child needs most a place to learn in. And it will be well if the first school to be made as much of a playing place as possible. The advocacy of the more extended use of the method of the Kindergarten, the Church could lift from many a weary little head a burden which it was never intended to bear. Education for young children can be made a delight instead of, as too often it is at present, a made a torture. The whole question of the efficiency of education in school, in all its stages, can never be solved from the thought of the Civic Church. This involves a meddling interference with the proper function of the School Board. But it does involve a constant encouragement to the best members of the School Board to press on to the attainment of the highest possible efficiency. In every Board there are those who would improve and those who would stand still or even regress.

The improving section need the constant sustaining force of public opinion, of which the Civic Church would be the most efficient educator and exponent. Nor can the schools be left to the uncovenanted mercies of the law. In Lancashire, school children by the hundred have had their sight injured for life by the ill-arranged lighting of the class-rooms. The poor suffer long, and are dumb. The Civic Church would be constantly on the alert to note their sufferings, in order to employ the collective force of the conscience of the whole community in order to bring about the necessary change. Nor is the prevention of unconsidered pain the only work that is waiting to be done in the schools. The school ought to be constantly kept before the mind of the community as the common property of all, to be cherished by all, and to be made a subject of pride by all. Each district should take a pleasure in adorning the school walls, and in ministering to the efficiency of the teachers. How many Board School teachers never receive a single friendly word by letter or by mouth from the best people in the district where they live? Salary they get from the Board, but social status and the sense of consideration that comes from being on visiting terms of friendship with the best people in the district, that cannot be given by authority. It can only be secured by the education of public opinion, and the inculcation of this development of friendship is a duty which the parents owe to the teacher. All manner of simple modes of stimulating a friendly rivalry between schools and of encouraging diligent scholars, such as the presentation of champion shields for gymnastics and the distribution of prizes for knowledge of the Bible or of natural history, come within the natural scope of the Civic Church.

The duty of providing the children with the rudiments of education is imposed upon the local authorities by Act of Parliament. But the extras, the side-shows, the subsidiary instruction in the graces of life—these must be undertaken by private benevolence. Every child should be in attendance at a Sabbath school; but what authority is there at present capable and willing to take a census of the child population of the town in order to ascertain how far the Sunday-schools cover the whole ground? Only in one place—at Bradford—as the direct result of the agitation in favour of the Civic Church, the Nonconforming Churches combined for the purpose of taking a religious census; but elsewhere the Sunday-schools work in the dark. Then there are the various agencies which exist for the purpose of training children in obedience, thrift, mercy, temperance, and good citizenship. Here and there there is a Boys' Brigade, or a Band of Hope, or a Band of Mercy, or a School Savings Bank; but the ground is not covered. It is not even mapped out. There is no agency that has the right to inquire into these things or the authority to press upon the existing agencies to level up to the standard of the better provided districts.

In the case of orphans, and children who are in a special manner the children of the State, there is everywhere the same absence of systematic, comprehensive action. Here and there private philanthropists will found orphanages, or a single church, like Mr. Spurgeon's, will undertake to provide for the fatherless; but the Civic Church will have to be created before the duty of caring for the orphan will be adequately performed. There is an almost universal agreement among the best authorities that children left to the guardians are much better boarded out than brought up in the workhouse taint. But how many workhouses teem with children, and how often the timid proposals of the reformer for

making a change in this respect are baffled by the *vis inertiae* of prejudice and use and wont? Whether the children are boarded out or massed together in the workhouse, there is a constant need for the healthful, life-giving influence of loving supervisors. These children are the natural objects of the mother-love that is running to waste in the community. The heart of many a childless wife or lonely old maid would be filled with gladness and joy if they could but be taught to mother the orphan family in the Union. But a thousand obstacles are placed in their way, and there is no Civic Church to constantly urge this mothering of the motherless children upon the attention of the unemployed women of the middle class.

Toys and picture-books are needed. Mr. Labouchere in London, through the columns of *Truth*, does more to supply this need than all the churches, although I am glad to say that toy services are now becoming more common. Why should not the superfluity of the well-to-do nurseries be utilised for the benefit of the children of the community? Every one agrees that it would be well to do this. But how to get it done is the question, and, short of the creation of the Civic Centre which would exercise a kind of philanthropic episcopate over the whole community, I see no other resource.

III.—TO THE YOUTH.

When the child grows up and attains the status of a youth, the widening temptations of life widen the field of usefulness for the Civic Church. The provision of a system of scholarships, by which the most capable youths of either sex should be assisted in obtaining the best education which school or university can afford, is no dream of the visionary idealist. Such provision is made here and there. It would be the duty of the Civic Church to make it universal. The endowments intended for the poor, now monopolised by the rich, need to be reclaimed for their rightful owners. Every community should have a complete system of graded schools through which the scholar should be passed, from the Kindergarten to the University. Endowments should be divided equally between the sexes, instead of being distributed on the principle that to him that hath shall be given, while from her that hath not shall be taken even that which she has.

Every town should have its branch of the Home Reading Union, and every school its Recreative Evening Classes. Provision should be made of quiet class-rooms where the student could pursue the studies which would be impossible amid the distractions of a crowded room. Playing-fields, available for cricket, football, hockey, and lawn-tennis, should be preserved with jealous care in the heart of every urban community. Opportunities for learning to swim, and, if possible, to boat, should be provided in every centre of population. Regular field clubs and garden associations should be formed, in order to develop a taste for natural history and a love of flowers. And in winter, when outdoor pursuits are impossible, there should be in every district a warm and well-lighted popular drawing-room, where the young people could meet for social purposes, instead of being confronted with the alternatives of the street or the music-hall. The youth of every town needs the gymnastic classes and all the conveniences of the Polytechnic or the People's Palace. But who is to secure this? The individual is as powerless as the isolated church or chapel. It requires the combined action of all the philanthropists of the community to secure these advan-

tages for the young. But the organising centre as yet does not exist.

There is another branch of education which urgently demands the attention of those who care for the future of society. That is the teaching boys and girls ripening into maturity the simple physiological truth about their own bodies, and the immense danger of yielding to the temptation of itching curiosity or immoral experiment. Protestantism denounces the Confessional and provides no substitute. Hence self-abuse, unnatural vices, and wholesale contamination of the springs of life in both sexes. The inculcation of these necessary truths should be strengthened by vigorous enforcement of the law against youthful vice. These things are supposed by many to be beyond the scope of the ecclesiastical churches, whose eyes are fixed upon the far-off heaven beyond the grave. But the Civic Church would at least try to stop this yawning gulf down which thousands every year plunge to hell.

The Civic Church will seek to strengthen the law where it exists, and to strengthen it where it is faulty and inadequate. But in securing the teaching of temperance in schools it need not appeal to the law; it only needs to educate those who are entrusted with the control of the education of the people.

The need for technical education for the youth of both sexes, although generally recognised, is almost as generally neglected. The old technical education of the household enjoyed by our grandmothers is vanishing fast; the new generation is growing up uninstructed in the household arts. But who will press forward the consideration of these subjects?

The homing of the youth in our great cities, the making of provision for the young man and young woman from the country who find themselves suddenly launched into the midst of a wilderness of houses, all peopled by unsympathetic strangers—there is a vast field for religious and philanthropic endeavour. The home is the great nursery of all the virtues and all the amenities of life. How to create substitutes for the home for the benefit of the dishomed, this is one of the problems which the Civic Church might profitably press upon the attention of all the Churches.

Beneath all these questions for the employment of the leisure of youth there lies the fundamental question of the securing of leisure itself. The necessity of shortening the hours of labour for those who have not yet attained maturity is admitted by all sociologists. But where is the rallying centre for the advocates of early closing, for Sunday rest, and a weekly half holiday? In olden times it would have been the mediæval Church which would naturally have assumed the rôle of tribune of the people. But to-day it is the Civic Church and the Civic Church alone which will have authority enough to undertake to lead the forces which are contending for leisure for youth.

As I go on unfolding—I am afraid to the weariness of my hearers—page after page of the endless series of philanthropic activities in which the Civic Church might play the leading part, I marvel at the immensity of the humanitarian effort that is demanded, but I marvel still more at the silence of so many of our pulpits and the indifference of so many of our churches to the pressing needs of the human race. My heart stirs within me when I contemplate the innumerable good causes of our own time which urgently and clamantly demand the attention of religious men, and I contrast with these needs the arid and empty dialectic which does duty for a sermon in many of our pulpits. Instead of being the leader in all good works,

the director-general of the world-transforming crusade, the religious teacher has often drivelled into a mere ecclesiastical Mr. Fribble, who drivels through twenty minutes of more or less polished inanity, and then subsides into complacent silence, feeling that he has done his duty. Meanwhile the hungry sheep look up and are not fed, and humanity bereft of its natural leaders wanders aimlessly about in the wilderness of sin, seeking guidance everywhere and finding it not. Nor will it find it until by the reconstitution of the Civic Church we create once more a centre of inspiration and of counsel round which will gather all the energy and enthusiasm that exist in the community for the realisation of our social ideals.

The field is white unto the harvest and the labourers are few. And of those who have entered their names as labourers, how many are there who are twiddling their thumbs over more or less aimless banalities and ecclesiastical twaddle?

IV.—TO THE ADULT.

So far, I have but described the work which the Civic Church might do in the service of the young. I have said nothing concerning the work that awaits it in relation to the adults. To describe that even in the most cursory fashion would need a volume. But lest any should say that I have shirked the most important part of my subject, I will jot down, without any pretence at exhaustive or scientific definition, some of the services which the Civic Church might render to the adult citizen often in connection with existing institutions. In drawing up this formidable catalogue of labours that await this modern Hercules, I strictly confine myself to indicating useful work which has been accomplished in some places, and which, pending the intervention of the State, can be accomplished everywhere by the efforts of some such voluntary agency as the Civic Church.

THE ADULT AS A CITIZEN.

1. The education of the householder as to his civic and national responsibilities.
2. The stimulating of an intelligent interest in political and municipal issues.
3. The keeping moral issues to the front, as caucuses keep party issues.
4. The representation of the unrepresented, whether women, children, paupers, or subject races.
5. The cultivation of patriotism and the religion of citizenship.
6. The stemming the tide of national hatreds, and claiming justice even for the enemy.
7. The formation of volunteer corps.
8. The establishment of life and fire brigades.

THE ADULT AS A WORKER.

1. The development of self-reliance and mutual help by the formation of Trade Unions.
2. The shortening of excessive hours of labour.
3. The enforcement of the laws for the protection of labour.
4. The encouragement of industrial arbitration.
5. The promotion of co-partnership between employers and employed.
6. The appointment of women inspectors for women workers.
7. The prevention of sweating.
8. The payment of sailors' wages before leaving ship.

THE ADULT IN SICKNESS.

1. Provident dispensaries.
2. Hospitals—general, infectious, and convalescent.
3. Health lectures.
4. Sick nurses.
5. Medical comforts.
6. Change of air for convalescents.

7. Lying-in hospitals.
8. Blind asylums.
9. Deaf and dumb institutions.
10. Lunatic asylums.

THE ADULT IN THE WORKHOUSE.

1. Women on Boards of Guardians.
2. Brabazon scheme for employment of aged.
3. Decoration of walls of wards.
4. Library for inmates.
5. Supply of papers and magazines.
6. Constant supply of visitors.
7. Occasional excursions and treats.
8. Handkerchiefs and night-gowns for the bed-ridden.
9. Tobacco and snuff for the aged.
10. Lantern and other entertainments.
11. Music, instrumental and vocal.

THE ADULT AT LEISURE.

1. A minimum of public-houses, and those well conducted.
2. Saturday night and Sunday closing.
3. Clubs for men and women—temperance hotels.
4. Free library and reading-rooms.
5. Popular social evenings in board schools.
6. Good theatre and decent music-halls.
7. Bands in parks.
8. The preservation of open spaces.
9. Shade-trees and seats in streets.
10. Kiosks, lavatories, and drinking fountains in streets.
11. Lantern lectures.
12. University extension lectures.
13. Museums and art galleries.
14. Open churches and organ recitals.

THE ADULT IN BUSINESS.

1. Honest friendly societies.
2. Old age pensions.
3. Advisory council re investments.
4. Trade protection societies.
5. Co-operative societies.
6. The poor man's banker—Monts de Piété—popular banks.
7. The providing of adequate drinking-fountains and lavatories in workshops and factories.
8. The establishment of the six days' working week.
9. Dining-halls with music.

THE ADULT OUT OF WORK.

1. Establishment of labour registries.
2. The creation of labour colonies.
3. The direction of emigration.
4. The improvement of casual wards.
5. The organisation of charitable relief.
6. Temporary work for the unemployed.
7. The development of cottage industries.
8. Every man his allotment.

THE ADULT AT HOME.

1. Instead of slums, improved dwellings.
2. A good water-supply.
3. Sanitary drainage.
4. Free baths and washhouses.
5. A garden for every home, if it is only a window-box.
6. Cheap transit by tram and rail.
7. Municipal lodging-houses.
8. Visitors for doss-houses.
9. Co-operative homes.

THE ADULT IN DEATH.

1. Homes for the dying.
2. Reformed funerals.
3. Cremation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1. Enforcing the law against gambling.
2. Discouraging prostitution.
3. The poor man's lawyer.
4. Cab-shelters.
5. Enforcement of law against smoke.
6. Preventing the pollution of rivers.
7. Music and visiting in prison.
8. Prison-gate brigade.
9. Resene homes and inebriate asylums.
10. Country holidays.
11. Pilgrimages—historical and religious.

Such are a few of the subjects upon which the community needs guidance, which the Civic Church would be constantly needed to give. There is hardly a community in which some progress has not been made by individuals, or by Churches, or by other societies, in the solution of the problems to which I have briefly alluded. But in no community is there any organised effort to secure for all the citizens all the advantages which have been secured for a favoured few here and there. What is wanted is a Civic Centre which will generalise for the benefit of all the results obtained by isolated workers. The first desideratum is to obtain a man or woman who can look at the community as a whole, and who will resolve that he or she, as the case may be, will never rest until the whole community is brought up to the standard of the most advanced societies. Such a determined worker has the nucleus of the Civic Church under his own hat; but, of course, if he is to succeed in his enterprise he must endeavour by hook or by crook to get into existence some federation of the moral and religious forces which would be recognised by the community as having authority to speak in the name and with the experience of the Civic Church. The work will of necessity be tentative and slow. Nor do I dream of evolving an ideal collective Humanitarian Episcopate on democratic lines all at once. But if the idea is once well grasped by the right man or woman, it will grow. The necessities of mankind will foster it, and all the forces of civilisation and of religion will work for the establishment of the Civic Church.

THE ANGLICAN PRIMATE'S MISTAKE.

I AM glad to see that the *July Review of the Churches* deals faithfully with the Archbishop of Canterbury for his refusal to attend, or to sanction the attendance of any representative of the Anglican Church at Chicago at the Great Parliament of Religions. The reviewer says:—

The principle involved in this refusal also cuts at the root of conference on the subject of Christian Reunion. If a strong conviction of the rightness of our own position is to preclude us entering into consultation with others, on an equal footing conceded for a while at least, then the best means of arriving at a mutual understanding is deliberately flung away.

To reduce the question to its simplest form, suppose three men, one a Moslem, one a Brahman, one an Anglo-Catholic, who often meet each other in trade, in politics, in social relaxation. One day when they are walking together their conversation takes a deeply spiritual turn. They touch on the borders of vital religion. At last the Moslem says, "My friends, let us come out of this public way. Let us go together into some room by ourselves. Let us tell each other there how we have been most helped in our religious life. We will not argue. We will only speak out of our heart's fulness, and pray each in his own way light and strength for all." Now what ought the Anglo-Catholic to do? According to the log of the Primate's letter, he ought to decline the invitation, on the ground that his church and his religion would be compromised by his going on equal terms with Brahman Moslem!

A "CORRESPONDENCE CHURCH."

A SUGGESTION.

WHEN the REVIEW OF REVIEWS was founded, now nearly four years ago, we received offers of help from so many of our readers in so many different constituencies, that we formed what has since been known as the Association of Helpers. Out of that Association sprang the movement towards the Civic Church. Both the Association and the Civic Church have the same root-idea—the responsibility of the individual for the welfare of the community, and the need for concerted effort on the part of all who desire the public good to promote the salvation of the body politic as well as of the individual.

Side by side with the formation of the Association of Helpers we published the suggestion, based upon the story of Ellen Middleton, that some substitute for the Confessional—not for purposes of absolution, but for direction and counsel—might with advantage be created, and, in default of any more efficient volunteer, I offered to receive communications from those in trouble. The results of that offer would, if written out, form a romance of enthralling interest; but of course that is impossible. The offer was taken advantage of by many of the most unlikely persons in all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, and I am glad to know that in many instances the counsel so sought has been the means of saving many from misery, and some from a condition of almost suicidal despair.

I am therefore not in the least surprised to find that in the discussion which the *Daily Chronicle* has raised upon suicide, the suggestion has cropped up for the development and extension of the lay confessional, which excited so much ridicule when I mooted it in 1890. The idea is a sound one, and the only question is how best it can be made universally available. The suggestion of the Rev. Holden Sampson, of Redhill, as explained in the *Chronicle*, is as follows:—

Hence are there so many disgusted mortals—especially young people thrown back upon their own imperfections, and driven to the utmost doubt of the truth of Christianity. Hence are the ranks of agnosticism, materialism, and pessimism swelled by multitudes of disappointed souls. What is wanted before everything else is a *via media* between despondent souls and those who have overcome and are able to guide. As these are scattered all over the land, and strangers mostly one to the other, we want what I would call a "Correspondence Church." Could not some organisation be set on foot, as a permanent outcome of this controversy, by which men may be brought together for mutual aid and counsel? I would suggest that certain leaders of thought, such as Archdeacon Farrar, George MacDonald, Dr. Horton, Herbert Burrows, W. T. Stead, Hugh Price Hughes, and other men and women in the front of practical present-day thought, quite apart from any sectarian or specific theological lines, be invited to join in offering, through correspondence, lectures, conversations, etc., their matured knowledge on all questions which have led to so many shipwrecks of soul and body. Also that some central office be opened through which the correspondence may pass, and all arrangements for the benefit of correspondents and inquirers may be made. It would form a kind of reformed, modernised, and rationalised confessional, not sacerdotal, not theological, not dogmatic, but charitable, intellectual, and sympathetic in its purposes and plans.

Here we have the same idea as I put forward in the first number of the REVIEW, and it set me thinking. Mr. Sampson's list of leaders of thought is unduly

narrow. In my original scheme, Sir George Lewis would have figured more prominently than any of those whom Mr. Sampson mentioned; but that is a detail. The important thing, as I stated it in propounding the original scheme, was that the cases of those who sought guidance should be placed before such competent and skilful advisers as I am able to gather round me from amongst the best men and women of the English-speaking world. The question was put forward tentatively, and it brought me a mass of work which I could with difficulty get through; but the appeals which the letters of my correspondents contained thoroughly justified the original proposal. Here in the heart of Society is a felt want, if ever there is one. Why should not something practical on a wider scale be done to supply it?

The same idea appears to have occurred simultaneously to several of my readers, and from their communications it would seem that the time had come for an attempt to combine the two ideas of the Association of Helpers and the Lay Confessional, in order to create an association which would enable men and women all over the world to lend a hand to help each other. There are plenty of societies in existence already, no doubt, but none that precisely meet this want. The Society of Kings' Daughters in America and the Letter Guilds in this country afford useful suggestions as to the most likely basis upon which such a Correspondence Church should be based. The Civic Church deals with the community, the Correspondence Church with the individual. Both are necessary, and one supplements and completes the other.

Now, before attempting to give any practical shape to this suggestion, may I ask my Helpers and the secretaries of all existing guilds, organisations, leagues, and societies which to a greater or less extent already occupy the ground, to communicate with me before October 1st, with particulars of their organisations. I shall also welcome any hints from the general reader that will tend to the realisation of the object which we have in view.

I AM glad to hear that it is proposed to form a branch of the Civic Church under the title of the Social Questions' Union in Radcliffe and District. Radcliffe is near Manchester, and the rules are based on those of the Manches'er Union. The Sub-Committees for acquiring information and conducting the operations of the Union, elected at the executive meeting, deal with the following subjects: Temperance, Gambling, Social Purity, Educational and Recreative, Labour, Conditions of Home Life.

THE Rev. Newman Hall, writing on "The Jubilee of Memories" in the *Sunday Magazine*, gossips pleasantly concerning the notable Americans whom he saw when on his visit to the United States. He says, among other things:—

Mrs. Stowe told me how her tale of Uncle Tom originated. She was at a Holy Communion service, when suddenly the death-scene of the story was presented vividly to her mind. She seemed to see it as a reality. This was the germ of the whole. It was first described, and suggested the rest of that marvellous book.

A MORAL REVIVAL IN FRANCE.

WANTED, A SOCIETY OF MORAL SUCCOUR!

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, Aline Gorren has a very interesting paper on what she calls the "Moral Revival in France." I have frequently called attention to the same subject when it has been noticed in other articles, but Aline Gorren tells the story more plainly than it has been told hitherto. She says:—

Everywhere the world wants a new Christianity. But it wants it, and will have it differently, according to race and need.

FAITH THE NEW WATCHWORD.

She maintains that there is going on all around us a great religious revival, which is most practically defined and visible in France:—

Not scepticism, but faith, is the watchword now sounded from high places. A certain rigidity in our Anglo-Saxon nature—what Matthew Arnold would call our Hebraism—has prevented us, in America and England, from feeling the full force both of the first movement and of its present countercheck. The continent of Europe has been more sensitive to each influence. A religious, a moral revival is strong in Russia; it inspires certain youthful and still unknown poets of new Germany; it can be traced in the best writers of Italy and Spain. But even as no people have gone further than the French in the application of the conception of life that sprang from the emancipation of reason, and the belief in science as the only revelation, so, with them, the rebound has brought into being conditions more defined, results more practical.

THE NEO-CHRISTIAN LEADERS.

The birth of the so-called Neo Christian movement in France is commonly dated from the publication in 1886 of M. Melchior de Vogüé, of the *Roman Russe*. It began, however, sixteen years before, when the French peasants at Sedan heard their German conquerors sing Luther's hymn on the battle-field:—

MM. de Vogüé, Paul Desjardins, Edouard Rod, Pierre Lasserre, are the true leaders of the moralist movement, the real Neo-Christians; and whatever may be thought of the eventual efficaciousness of their crusade, it would be impossible to mistake the sincerity, the loyalty, the earnestness with which it is conducted. These writers not only admire, but would desire to revive, the morality of the Christian religion, rigidly to enforce it, to make it the ever-present rule of every-day life, but all this while repudiating its orthodox, dogmatic foundations. M. Desjardins's *Le Devoir Présent* is the most definite attempt that has been made to formulate, in France, a general spiritual power which shall be in accord with the metaphysical demands of our time. Two leading ideas detach themselves from M. Desjardins's catechism: the one is a belief in an intellectual priesthood; the other, a belief that all mental gifts and attainments are to be regarded as usufructs, to which the mentally unendowed and physically disinherited have a right.

THE NEW CHURCH.

M. Desjardins has distinctly asserted that he has no desire to form a spiritual sect after the Saint-Simonian or any other manner. He outlines no cult; but he wishes to found in France a lay religious association, a Society of Moral Succour,—somewhat after the fashion of our own Societies of Ethical Culture in America,—which shall have its journals, its lecturers, its writers, and even its seminary; a school of liberty, in which the youth of the country shall be prepared, "by studying Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, the gospel, St. Augustine, St. Paul, and St. Vincent de Paul," to enter life with the highest moral, and yet the purest practical aims. This is the intellectual priesthood. It must seek to form character in itself and others. If it speculate on the universe, it must only be in so far as, from the fruits of such speculation, immediate incentives may be forthcoming for the furtherance of right actions.

THE SOCIALISTIC SIDE OF SACRIFICE.

As to the socialistic side, M. Desjardins would like to see parents subject their sons, when they have left the universities,

to a few months' contact with the poorest classes of the population, that they may serve an apprenticeship in the trade of life. He would like this knowledge of hardship and ignorance, thus acquired by participation in the lot of the poor, to be retained by frequent subsequent intercourse with the working classes. He repudiates every form of traditional philanthropy. Intellectual almsgiving—free lectures, free reading-rooms—he discountenances as much as physical almsgiving. Procure work, he says, for the needy; and to a few workmen, more intelligent than their fellows, suggest that they establish a reading-club among themselves, that they hire, at their own expense, a lecturer who will treat before them subjects which it is to their interest to know; for the things of the mind can never have any meaning to these people until they are bought at the cost of personal sacrifice.

Upon those who are morally ill, infirm, and perverted of soul, M. Desjardins would impose, through the medium of his Society of Moral Succour, this same saving grace and cure of sacrifice; some direct, immediate task for the aid or the redemption of others. "Right action," he observes, "can alone throw light on mental doubts."

M. Desjardins's ideal association is to include Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Neo-Kantians, men of all shades of belief; for the basis of accord will be a common one, and there will be no disturbing dogmas to bring about division. It would be interesting to observe how far such an association of lay priests could prosper in France.

THE LANTERN SUNDAY LECTURES.

THE response of August to a scheme to be carried out in winter nights is never a fair test of the success of my proposal. Were this not the case I should not persist any further in the attempt to bring out the series of Sunday lectures for the lantern which I outlined in the last number of the *REVIEW*. I have received several enthusiastic letters, but the orders for the series are not sufficient as yet to qualify putting the sets of slides in hand. I am proceeding tentatively, and renew the appeal which I made last month for the assistance of those who want both to help and to be helped in this matter.

My proposal was to bring out a series of a score or more of lantern lectures, dealing with subjects up to date and suitable for Sunday services. These I thought I could supply at £5 5s. the set. As this brings the cost of hire for a week to each subscriber only about 1d. per slide, I do not think that anything can be said against it on the score of expense. But a clerical correspondent writes saying he cannot afford even this. Then I fear he must do without. I am not going to undersell the trade, and to ask that a set of fresh slides with lectures specially written by many of the leading men of the day should be supplied at less than the price of old stock slides that have been years on the market is hardly reasonable. I put the hire of each set at 10s., because I don't want to hire out single sets. My idea was to have a set of subscribers among whom the series of lectures could circulate all through the winter.

I may state that I have received from Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. a valuable offer to co-operate in producing these lectures, the whole of their immense store of 70,000 illustrations, which they have published in their various magazines, being freely placed at my disposal as material for slides. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. and several other publishers have kindly permitted me to reproduce illustrations necessary for the series from the pictures in their possession.

All communications on the subject must be addressed to the Secretary, Lantern Department, 18, Pall Mall East, London, S.W.

THE THREE F'S.

AN AMERICAN SUGGESTION.

In the *Arena* for August, the Rev. Henry Frank, in an article entitled "How to Rally the Hosts of Freedom," suggests that something like our Helpers' Association should be formed under the title of "A Federation of Free Fellow Servants," which will be known shortly as the "Three F's."

I have also long seriously thought upon the proclamation of principles for the proposed federation, and I will close this article with the following declarations, which may be helpful in the final formula to be presented:—

1. It shall be the object of the members of this organisation to seek the solution of all issues and problems, religious, scientific, sociological, psychological, and practical.

2. To accept as fundamental such apparent expositions of the truth as accord with thorough research, with unbiassed reason, and with honest purpose.

3. To spread the literature of all reasonable phases of propaganda which seem to promise disenfranchisement from superstition and traditional ignorance, and to cultivate in the human mind an attitude receptive to the demonstration of truth, however repugnant to conventional conviction or respectable adherence.

4. To advocate a just basis for the rightful fraternisation of humanity, wherein justice shall be the foundation of all functional relations; wherein effective labour shall never be defrauded of its own created wealth; wherein, while the social organisation shall be a compact unity, the individual shall be so related to the whole as to be privileged with perfect freedom, so far forth as this shall not encroach upon the rightful freedom of another.

5. To ascertain, by scientific methods, the actual existence of a presumed latent potency in the human mind, known as the psychic, and if discovered, to explore all its possibilities and promises to their utmost limit.

6. To search and expound such ethics as are founded in scientific exposition, appeal to the loftiest ideal, and promise to further the ultimate happiness of the individual, blended in the universal harmony of the social organism.

7. To cultivate among ourselves the social instinct for higher mutual improvement, inviting to our ranks, regardless of "race, colour, or previous condition," of social position or financial qualification, all who may desire to affiliate peaceably with us.

THE BOYS' SUMMER CAMP.

In *McClure's Magazine* for August, Mr. Alfred Balch gives, under the title of "A Boys' Republic," a truthful chronicle of a Boys' Summer Camp Chocorua, which was pitched on the shores of the Big Asquam Lake. Mr. Balch says:—

Big Asquam Lake was more picturesque during the summers from 1881 to 1889, because Camp Chocorua was there, than it has been since. The camp was founded by Mr. Ernest Berkeley Balch as a summer camp for boys, in which they could have plenty of outdoor sport, a reasonable amount of work, and abundant opportunity to enjoy themselves in their own way. Starting with five boys and a small frame shanty in 1881, it grew into one of the oddest institutions that may be imagined. It was different in many ways from anything else of the kind, and its great success was due to the fact that it was modelled on real life as men see it. The motive underlying all of its pleasant features and most quaint customs was twofold: first, responsibility, personally and for others; and, second, work—not only the work which each one must do for himself, but also that extra work which brings with it a tangible reward. The boys were encouraged in everything that would tend to develop them physically, to make them strong and healthy, but they also found themselves members of a little world that had a high standard of honour, a world in which the laws governing the conflicting interests of men were recognised and obeyed.

One of the fundamental rules of the place was that every boy or man there should do his own work and his share of the common work of the camp. Many of the boys who came had never in their lives done anything for themselves, and the first thing demanded of them—that they should make up their own beds and take care of their own clothes—came very hard. The boy was careless, he lost his waterproof; he could not put on his shoes, or could not remember to put away his clothes. There was no punishment for his fault, he was simply ranked as an "Incapable." An Incapable was a boy who did no work of any kind, who belonged to no crew, who had no part in the busy life of the camp except that of a spectator. More than this, an Incapable was forbidden to refuse assistance from any member of a crew, and as it speedily became the fashion to help an Incapable, he had no lack of such assistance. Each boy had an allowance of twenty-five cents a week paid by the camp, and no boy, no matter what the wealth of his parents, was allowed to bring money given him to the camp.

It seems to be a pity that the camp is no longer in existence. Smaller camps might be multiplied everywhere, especially if we are going to have any more summers like the present.

THE SEA AS HEALER.

A PLEA FOR SEASIDE HOSPITALS.

In the *Nouvelle Revue* for the 1st of August M. George Lafargue pleads for seaside hospitals for children. His idea is that the great seaboard of France, from the breezy Channel to the warm Mediterranean, might be utilised for all the weakly, bandy-legged, scrofulous little people in the towns. In Michelet's famous book on the sea, the great prose poet of France quotes an English writer, Russell, who as long ago as 1750 cried up the virtue of the iodine in sea-weeds and in sea air; and it was in England, at Margate, that two English medical men, Drs. Latham and Lettsom, erected the first seaside hospital. Since then the other European countries have taken up the idea, and gone further in its realisation. Italy has set up as many as thirty such establishments; from all parts of the peninsula it is so easy to get to the sea. In France an evangelist, Mademoiselle Coralie Hirsch, whose name should be remembered, was the first to start a marine hospital at Cette in 1847. Four-and-twenty years later the French Government took notice of a small work carried on at Berck-sur-Mer by a medical man, Dr. Perrochaud, and two devoted ladies, Mesdames Duhamel and Marianne Brillard, and built a small wooden hospital of one hundred beds. After which, in the last year of the Empire, a huge pile, called after the Empress, was erected at vast expense. The war swept devastatingly over the charities of France, but in a very few years the efforts began again in a smaller and more reasonable way. Baron James de Rothschild built an institution for Jewish children, also at Berck, and M. Dolfus started another at Cannes in 1880, and one Madame Desjobert left her whole fortune of £60,000 to the Departement of the Landes for a vast sanatorium by the sea. What is wanted, declares M. Lafargue, is a great number of small sanatoriums, built of wood, so that the children need not be too much massed together, and to so multiply these that all the sick and weakly children in France may have a chance of being built up in health by the vivifying breath of the sea. Thousands of wooden spades, thousands of small buckets, and a line of tiny sand-castles fortifying the whole of the coast; no more bleary eyes and bandy legs. Such is M. George Lafargue's vision, and to obtain this result he would fain persuade all the mothers and wives in France to found a national subscription.

THE TRUTH ABOUT TRAMPS.

THE RESULT OF A TRAMP CENSUS.

PROFESSOR J. J. McCook, in the *Forum* for August, gives a very interesting account of the attempt made to ascertain the truth about tramps, by taking down from the lips of the tramps themselves answers to thirty-two questions. By this means more or less complete biographies were obtained of 1,349 tramps from fourteen different cities. The article is an extremely interesting one, both for the facts which it contains and the suggestion with which it closes. The tramp army in the United States, according to Professor McCook—

is a body of 45,845 men—for that is my estimate of their number, made from the best attainable data—an army larger than Wellington's redcoats at Waterloo.

The following figures have been obtained by him from analysing 1,349 reports:—

ANALYSIS OF TRAMPDOM.

More than half, 57·4 per cent., of our 1,349 American tramps have trades, employments, or professions requiring more or less skill; 41·4 per cent. are unskilled labourers. Only sixteen individuals would avow that they had no regular calling. 1,187 of our tramps read and write; eighteen more can read, not write; and only 9·94 per cent. can neither read nor write.

About one tramp in five sleeps in police-stations, one in three in lodging-houses. One in eight sleep "wherever they can," and there is a total of ninety-seven who sleep commonly in box-cars, barns, aboard ship, in paper-mills, water-closets, outdoors, etc.

Only one hundred and thirteen out of the 1,349 who answered admitted that they had no religion. In actual number the order stands thus: Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, and Dutch Reformed. There is also a considerable sprinkling of "Infidels" and "Free Thinkers." Jews are all but lacking.

In order of nativity, America heads the list with 56·1 per cent.; Ireland is next with 20·3 per cent.; England follows with 6·6 per cent.; the Scandinavian Peninsula with 3·4 per cent.; Scotland with 2·6 per cent.

One tramp in twenty is under twenty years of age; three out of five under thirty-five; seventy-five out of every hundred under forty, and one in twelve fifty or over; only one in one hundred and eleven is over seventy. Nearly all in the prime of life! They average much younger than the English contingent, where fifty-four per cent. were under forty, against our seventy-five per cent.—though the majority of them, too, are in the prime of life. The German tramp, like the English, is older than ours; sixty-one out of every one hundred being under forty, against our seventy-four and the English fifty-four.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE.

Professor McCook concludes his paper by making the following practical suggestions:—

1. Stop lodging tramps in police-stations. Tramps are paupers. Why should they, any more than any other pauper unconvicted of crime, be kept in a cell in the company of criminals?

2. If we must keep them in the police-stations, separate them from the criminal section. And let the place be clean, well ventilated, and free from vermin.

3. Of two things one: Inspect every applicant and lodge the vermin free apart from the others; or cleanse and disinfect every garment with hot steam, furnishing a bath and a sleeping garment for the night. This is successfully done in the English Casual Wards. The public health requires it, and so does a decent regard for the little group of honest unfortunates who are conceivably mixed up with the great horde of the lazy and vicious. And let the town doctor be on hand every evening, to inspect all the lodgers and to order the detention of those who have contagious disease.

4. Adopt a careful system of registration. The German

Labour Colony, though a private institution, does not shrink from this, and requires the noting of eighteen different items, including physical peculiarities.

5. Require a pass-book and stamp upon it, date and place of lodging. Repel the applicant on transgression of certain conditions as to the period of return, and arrest him on transgression of others.

6. Wherever these people are lodged require labour of some kind as an equivalent. Why should a man be allowed to spend what he has begged or earned, on theatre or drink or licentiousness, and then be taken in for free lodging at public expense?

7. Let communities or counties join together and establish labour-stations where every honest applicant may find temporary occupation and not be obliged to choose between starving, begging, and stealing.

8. Let them join also in founding places of detention, under whatever name, to which incorrigible vagrants may be committed for indeterminate periods, and where they may both learn to work and overcome the habit of idleness. It is a habit easy to acquire and hard to get rid of.

9. So move public opinion that all the States may presently be under uniform vagrant laws and covered by a network of labour-stations under general management, to the end that the genuine man may never be driven to far and bitter wandering, and that the fraud may never wander so far but that he shall be finally caught and surely sifted out.

10. Get people to stop absolutely giving little coins to beggars. If they must needs make themselves "feel good" at small outlay, let them seek out some fashion less expensive to others.

11. Experiment with the drink question until you find some way of interfering with the present *ad libitum* manufacture and *ad infinitum* prolongation of that whole noisome and unhappy breed of which the tramp is only one variety.

A GOOD WORD FOR WINDOW GARDENING.

MRS. MARGARET C. BELL writes to me as follows:—

One is often struck painfully by the bleak, monotonous, and depressing aspect of many narrow and often sunless streets in the poorer parts of towns, especially where unrelieved grey stone is the material used, as in our northern cities. I think much might be done by a more lavish and systematic use of the coloured tile window boxes that the market supplies, which would manifestly make a transformation towards cheerfulness alike to the dweller and the passer-by. Were landlords to supply these to the houses and tenements, it would probably even benefit themselves in rendering their property more pleasant looking, and, therefore, more lettable. I would recommend the colours to be chiefly warm in hue—reds, marone, buff, etc., but not excluding pale blue. Positive colours would probably look harsh and would also interfere with the effect of the flowers. Cool colours might be best for brick houses where the prevailing tone is warm.

As to the plants, there need be no difficulty in growing greenery of kinds likely to thrive in such situations. The more careful occupier could have many a showy display to gladden all hearts by their purity and brightness. Gardeners, through the greengrocer, could supply the *proper* mixture of soil at a very trifling cost, the want of which is a common source of failure in window gardening.

Among the many suitable and easily grown flowers I might name nasturtium and lobelia, with cerastium or snow-in-summer, Virginia stock, Saponaria calabrica, marigolds, etc. Climbing plants to be trained round the windows where it is not too windy and the tenant take sufficient interest. Even in the desolation of winter, and where tenants are heedless, the colour of the tiles would still be a telling relief to the aspect of the streets.

The story of the girl in a shaded back court of London who had a potted plant that she walked up and down with in the sun to keep it in life, and my own recollection of early delight in the growth of a bean and the treasured bit of mint that grew in a bottle of water, make me certain that the co-operation of the most of children would be given.

SUNSHINE IN THE WORKHOUSE.

A PLEA FOR BOOKS AND PICTURES.

MAY I once more remind any of our readers who may be preparing for their annual exodus that it will be a good thing if, before they depart on their holidays, they could spend an hour in putting together the surplus literature of their bookshelves and cupboards, especially illustrated magazines and newspapers, in order that while they are enjoying themselves in the country and on the Continent, they may minister from the superfluity of their possessions to the happiness of the lonely and sometimes squalid lives of their poorer fellow-citizens. A postcard to the Free Literature Society, Bouverie House, Salisbury Square, E.C., would secure the removal of any parcels of reading matter which they may be disposed to hand over to the society for the distribution of reading matter to the workhouses.

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE PARCEL.

The Free Literature Society collects from publishers and from the public back numbers of magazines and other periodicals for the purpose of distributing them throughout the country to the institutions that need them. Any Union that cares to subscribe two guineas per annum to defray the cost of carriage and of collection, receives every month a parcel of miscellaneous literature of the value of one guinea. That is to say, the Free Literature Society undertakes to supply to any contributory Union, periodicals and books, published at twelve guineas, for the annual subscription of two guineas. As it costs the society on an average 24s. per annum to forward the parcels to the Unions, this leaves only 18s. a year for cost of collection, etc., in London. There are some five or six hundred Unions in the country, but so far we have only 180 subscribers on our books.

HOW TO COLLECT OLD PAPERS.

I venture to repeat a useful hint for those who wish to take this matter up practically. Wherever the master of the workhouse supplies firewood to the householders, there exists, ready to hand, an agency which if utilised for collecting reading matter would more than supply the literary needs of the Union. All that is necessary is to do as is done to-day in Cardiff, viz., to supply every well-to-do householder, who takes firewood from the workhouse, with a stout canvas bag and a printed request that all literary lumber, in the shape of old newspapers, magazines, and books, should be dumped into the bag, which the workhouse messenger could clear when he delivered the weekly bundle of firewood. By this means there are few workhouses that could not secure a perpetual supply of newspapers. In places where the workhouse does not supply firewood, one or two collecting boxes with glass fronts, set up in conspicuous places near the railway stations, will as a rule secure what is needed.

PICTURES FOR THE WALLS.

Another branch of this subject is dealt with by Miss Edith Ward, of Eldon Buildings, Manningham Lane, Bradford, who writes as follows to the local papers. Her suggestion is much more needed in other Unions than Bradford, where the walls of the workhouse are by no means badly supplied:—

It has occurred to me that there are very many drapers, grocers, tobacconists, and newsagents in this town who have on hand a varied assortment of picture-frames which have been supplied in various ways for advertising purposes, and which have become obsolete, or from other causes are merely lumber to the trader concerned. Then there are many people who buy special numbers of the illustrated papers and magazines with coloured supplements who never think of using these for their own wall decoration, and the pictures (many of them of considerable merit) are destroyed or sent to various institutions, which their fragile condition prevents them permanently beautifying. Now, if those of your readers who have either

spare frames as described or spare pictures will send them to me, or advise me by post-card where I can send for them, I will very gladly undertake the work of fitting the pictures into the frames, and see that they are sent to the following institutions, where I think they would be heartily appreciated, viz., the Infirmary, Workhouse, Children's Hospital, Eye and Ear Hospital, Women's Shelter, and Cancer Home.

I think in these days of artistic homes, the bare walls of those places, where so many unfortunates are compelled to pass days and perhaps years of suffering and monotony, stare rather reproachfully at the visitor, or, if they bristle with rather gaudily coloured texts, they are hardly more cheerful to contemplate when one remembers the way in which some particular phrase will often enter the convalescent brain and worry the sufferer for days together. Who will help? Even frames of which the glass is broken would be acceptable, if otherwise firm and strong, as the glass can easily be renewed.

BOOKS FOR ASYLUMS.

We have hitherto confined our efforts for the most part to the supply of literature to workhouses. If, however, we may believe the Commissioners of Lunacy, the need for reading matter is not less great in Lunatic Asylums. When we remember that most lunatics are quite sane upon most subjects, what are we to think of the humanity which leaves them for years with nothing to do and nothing to read? The *Daily News*, noticing this subject in connection with the last report of the Commissioners, says:—

The Commissioners of Lunacy are not satisfied with the provision made in asylums for the literary cravings of their patients. In one of these institutions visited by them they could not find any books beyond a few odd volumes or parts of volumes. In the male ward, however, their search was rewarded by the discovery of a story entitled "A Careful Housemaid," but this did not strike them as likely to attract many readers. In another asylum they found neither newspaper-desks nor book-cases, nor indeed much need for them, for the entire mental food provided for seventy to ninety patients was one copy of a daily newspaper. As the Commissioners observe, "besides the weekly or monthly periodicals, books of an entertaining kind are cheap enough in these days, and it should be the duty of some person to promote circulation of the books and papers, and to encourage perusal of them by the patients."

THE PRIZE CALENDAR FOR JULY.

The prize this month is won by—

1. Miss M. A. Holloway, Lochbuie House, Isle of Mull, Scotland.
- The next best in order of merit are—
2. Miss Jessie Hay, 33, Abbey Street, Elgin, Scotland.
3. Miss R. F. Thompson, Castle Hill House, Settle, Yorkshire.
4. Miss Elise Le Huquet, S. Martin, Jersey.
5. "Veritas," 3, Avoca Terrace, Blackrock, Dublin.
6. W. Culling Gaze, Fengate, Peterborough.
7. Mr. George Wright, Ings Road, Barton-on-Humber.
8. Miss N. Edwards, Park Farm House, Eltham, Kent.

Owing doubtless to this season of the year being devoted to holidays, not nearly as many Calendars have been sent in as usual. We therefore restrict ourselves to the mention of the first best eight instead of the usual dozen.

I am sorry to say that the prizes offered in connection with the Pilgrimage and the Civic Church have not evoked much competition.

The prize of a guinea for the best story having the pilgrimage as its incident is awarded to Mrs. Skey, 3, Grove Hill, Forest Hill, London.

The prize of a guinea for the best lantern lecture and slides sent in is awarded to Mr. Hall Griffin, 35, Greencroft Gardens, N.W.

With the exception of the Calendar, prize competitions do not seem to draw the readers of the REVIEW.

Professor Mavor in Canada.

PROFESSOR JAMES MAVOR, late of Glasgow, who had a leading share in drawing up the report of the Glasgow Civic Centre on Labour Colonies, has not been allowed to remain long in his new home in the New World, before he has been put down to contribute by an American editor. The *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* publishes a paper on "The Relation of Economic Study to Public and Private Charity." His purpose is to answer the question, "Of what avail is the study of economics in the practical work of dealing with the problems of poverty?" After describing poverty as the condition of those who live at a low level, whose food, clothing, and shelter are relatively inadequate—for they were absolutely inadequate, those who found themselves in that condition would perish—inadequate relatively to the resources and consumption of those who are living at a higher level," he gives an interesting account of two of the methods which have been used to investigate poverty, namely, those of Le Play and of Charles Booth. Professor Mavor then takes up some of the schemes which have been tried for outdoor relief, such as the National Insurance system of Germany and the National Pension schemes of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Charles Booth. The final conclusion he draws is that "where economic students may most efficiently be of service in practical problems is in thoroughly and systematically mastering the conditions. Be it ours to study, and, so far as we may, interpret the facts as we see them."

The English Land Colonisation Society.

To the Editor of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Sir,—The interest which has lately been taken in the question of labour colonies and the unemployed, may lead to much waste of money unless any steps to be taken are carefully considered in the light of previous experience. This society has therefore been formed by persons interested, to collect information upon the matter, and to support as far as possible efforts, whether made by boards of guardians or others, provided they are on a practical basis. A pamphlet we have just published on farm labour colonies and farm settlements, gives an impartial summary of what experience has so far shown can be attempted with probable success.

I am, however, trespassing upon your columns to ask whether any of your readers could favour me with their opinions, either in writing or in printed articles, upon any foreign colonies and their method of working. We are forming a reference library of all English and foreign publications and reports bearing upon the matter, which we hope to make as complete as possible. We have reports, criticisms, and suggestions upon some of the German Farm Labour Colonies, and upon the penal settlement of the Dutch Government, which members of our Committee have inspected; but there are colonies in Austria, Switzerland, and others more recently established in France and Belgium, concerning which we have but little information, and with some of which your readers may be acquainted, and could favour us with their opinions upon.

As it must be recognised that the introduction of industries is an essential to financial success, in order that time not wasted on landed labour can be fully used, we are also considering this matter. Various suggestions for industries not now in operation in England are under investigation; and I should be glad to be favoured with any further suggestions from any who have given consideration to this matter, and who have practical ideas upon the subject. Any information we are able to collect will be at the disposal of all who are thinking of taking practical steps in that direction.—Yours faithfully,

J. C. KENWORTHY,

Hon. Sec. English Land Colonisation Society.

41, Bedford Row, W.C.

A Plea for Improved School Seats.

THERE is an important article in the *Humanitarian* for September by the Rev. J. Rice-Byrne on the "Effects of Posture of School Children."

What are the defects in the present arrangements? There is no back to the seat, or not a suitable back. The seat itself is narrow, perhaps, and flat. It is too high or too low for the sitter. The desk is too high or too low, too near or too far off. There is nothing to rest the feet upon, so that they either dangle, or are twisted round each other, or round the legs of the chair, or are put here or there or anywhere. The new arrangements must remedy all these defects.

(1) There must be a back, and a suitable one—suitable, that is, for study (and for different kinds of study, reading, writing, drawing, needlework), and for rest, when the student is tired.

(2) The seat must be tolerably deep (one secret of comfort in a seat) and slightly hollowed out: a saddle-shape, I believe, is the best. It must be adjustable to the height and occupation of the scholar.

(3) The desk or table. "The edge of the table" (Mr. Liebreich says), "is always to be perpendicular to that of the seat," and it "should have an inclination for reading of about 40 degrees, for writing 20 degrees." The desk should be adjustable, according to height and occupation.

(4) There should be a footrest, which also should be movable like everything else.

Workshops for Discharged Prisoners.

SIR BENJAMIN RICHARDSON, in the *Humanitarian* for September, recalls the fact that discharged prisoners in the seventeenth century used to be employed at a factory called the Oracle, in Reading. He suggests that we should revive the Oracle for the benefit of discharged prisoners.

In every large manufacturing centre there should be opened, by a public company or by private enterprise, factories or workshops, in which various occupations should be carried on that could be exclusively conducted within the walls of the establishment. The ordinary rate of wages should be given to the employed, and the workmen should be treated, so long as they themselves behaved well, with the same respect as other workmen. The great condition for obtaining work should be the mere application for it, without a word or a question as to who the man may be, where he came from, or what have been his antecedents. If such were carried out, it could hardly fail to bear good fruit.

Sir Benjamin may be quite right, but when so many honest men who have never been in gaol find it almost impossible to get work, how can we always provide work for the discharged convict?

Professor Huxley as a Christian.

THE editor of the *Andover Review* is so delighted with Professor Huxley's last discourse that he almost welcomes him within the fold of the Christian Church. After setting forth Professor Huxley's vices, he says:—

Professor Huxley does not look beyond the progress of the race, and fails to recognise man's religious nature does not impair the force of that which he does admit and emphasise. Now that a distinguished evolutionist declares that human progress is moral, is in freedom under the law of love, is different in kind from physical evolution, all is conceded that is essential both for ethics and for religion.

In the *Homiletic Review*, Dr. J. W. Hegeman, of New York city, continues his survey of the social work of the Salvation Army in London.

THE POLICE AND THE CLOTHING OF CHILDREN.

WHAT IS BEING DONE IN THE MIDLANDS.

I AM glad to hear that the Edinburgh scheme of using the police to secure the clothing of the children of the very destitute is about to be tried in Birmingham.

THE REV. W. J. CLARKE.

The Rev. W. J. Clarke is the moving spirit in the matter. He has read, both at Walsall and at Birmingham, a paper on "The Police Force as an agency of practical Christianity in relation to the clothing of poor children." In this paper he pointed out the importance of this question, as there was no sadder feature in the life of great cities than the privations of the poor children in autumn and winter. Often child-life was simply a prolonged agony; and if anything could destroy his belief in the Divine love it would be this. No sooner, however, did they try to right the wrongs of the child than they ran the danger of encouraging drunkenness and want of thrift, which would bring about the very misery and poverty they wished to remove. Still the idea of doing nothing was brutal in the extreme. In the REVIEW OF REVIEWS there had recently been a description of a scheme in Edinburgh carried out through the police. He believed it one of the wisest philanthropic efforts yet devised, and that the objections to it were of the least possible size. Captain Henderson, Chief Constable of Edinburgh, had told him that out of between 700 and 800 cases only three or four had been found of abuse. It was gratifying to know that Captain Henderson and everyone associated with the effort spoke in the highest terms of the scheme as worked in Edinburgh last winter. He expected that they would have objections from those who were doing nothing, and from those also who were doing something for the poor, and seemed to be jealous of everyone else. He expected that they would have objections too from some political economists, of whom they often heard too much. Often the poor were made so through no fault of their own; but those political economists never took any thought or notice of that. He was sure that in striving to act in the spirit and methods of Jesus Christ they were making the greatest and noblest step towards solving the great problem of the poor.

WALSALL.

At Walsall, on July 24th, a monthly meeting of the Dissenting ministers of Warwickshire and neighbouring counties was held at the Y.M.C.A., Walsall, the Rev. P. Dean (Walsall) presiding. Among those present were the Revs. W. J. Clarke (Birmingham), A. W. Workington (Stourbridge), J. C. Street (Birmingham), H. Eachus (Coseley), A. H. Shelley (Dudley), H. McKean (Oldbury), A. E. O'Connor (Cradley), and E. D. P. Evans (Kidderminster). A letter was read from the Chief Constable of Walsall stating that he could not be at the meeting, but he would give any assistance he could to any scheme which might be arranged on the paper. After the Rev. W. J. Clarke had read his paper an interesting conversational discussion followed, in which it was pointed out that though it was impossible to prevent all abuses, the Edinburgh system reduced them to a minimum, and had also a good effect even on vicious parents. The work was also stated to be one which the police could do without interfering with their present duties, and one which they would be glad to undertake. The Rev. W. J. Clarke said that the Birmingham superintendents had all expressed that view.

BIRMINGHAM.

On August 12th a meeting was held in the Assembly

Room of the Temperance Institute, Corporation Street, to consider a proposed police-aided scheme for clothing destitute children. Among those present were Councillors Lancaster and Dexter; Messrs. J. Rogers, Senior Fothergill, W. H. Ryland, E. L. Tyndall, Superintendent Willcox, the Revs. J. C. Street and W. J. Clarke, Mrs. Philp, Miss Cadbury, Miss Kenward, Miss Cockburn, Miss Gittins, Miss F. M. O'Neill, etc.

After Mr. Councillor Lancaster, who was in the chair, had expressed his sympathy and approval, Mr. Clarke explained what it was proposed should be done, and suggested that the experiment should be tried in Birmingham, a limited area being selected by way of experiment, and any action in the direction of covering the whole city being regulated by the experience which would thus be gained. A long and extremely interesting discussion then took place, in which Miss Cadbury, Miss Kenward, Councillors Lancaster and Dexter, Mr. Tyndall, Mr. Ryland, Mr. Rogers, and the Rev. J. C. Street took part. Superintendent Willcox, who represented the Chief Constable, in the latter's unavoidable absence, assured the meeting that all the assistance that could reasonably be expected would be gladly rendered by the police. In the course of the discussion the Rev. W. J. Clarke referred to the objections which had been urged against the scheme by the Rev. Benjamin Waugh. Mr. Clarke asked if we were to acquiesce in the perpetuation of a cruel and certain wrong, lest in trying to remove it we should be doing some purely problematical mischief. Ultimately the following resolution was moved by the Chairman, seconded by the Rev. J. C. Street, and carried unanimously:—"That those present hereby resolve themselves into a preliminary committee for the purpose of putting the Edinburgh Police-aided Scheme for clothing poor children into operation in Birmingham, in such district as may be deemed most suitable, with the view of deciding by the experience this experimental effort may yield, whether an association shall ultimately be formed with the object of covering the whole city."

The Editor as a Terrestrial Providence.

EDITORS are appealed to, to do all manner of things by their readers, but in all my wide and varied experience of the expectations which readers entertain of editors, I do not remember having come across a more extraordinary appeal than that which reaches me from Oak Cottage, North Street, St. Albans, Christchurch, Canterbury, New Zealand. This good man, apparently because he was injured in a coal-pit in Durham county when a boy of nine, some thirteen years before I was born, writes me a long letter, in which he asks me to get him an organette about four times the size of the reed pipe clarions, a New York instrument which he has seen in New Zealand, and would like to have as a means of earning his living. He has tried a piano organ and a German organ, but the oscillation of the cart breaks them up, and there is nobody to repair them, and therefore he would like very much if I could assist him to obtain this reed-pipe organette. As an inducement to add to my other duties that of providing barrel-organs to Englishmen in distress at the Antipodes, he kindly promises to travel and sell my papers all through New Zealand and Australia, provided that I let him have a double set of reeds and cog-wheels handy to be ready in case of a breakdown. I shall be very glad if any one can help Mr. Joseph Howard. There are limits to all things, and I draw the line at barrel-organs of any shape or kind.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

NOTE.—For the convenience of such of our readers as may live at a distance from a bookseller, any Book they may require, mentioned in the following List, will be forwarded post free to any part of the United Kingdom, from the Publishing Office of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, 125, Fleet Street, on receipt of Postal Order for the published price of the Book ordered.

ES, JOHN W., M.A. *Folia Litteraria: Essays and Notes on English Literature.* (Seeley.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. p. 367. 6s.

Professor Hales is an excellent example of the type of one who combines an exact and scholarly knowledge of subject with wide sympathies and appreciation, and excellent style. Slight though some of the papers in volume are, they are never unimportant: the short ones for instance on obscure points relating to Chaucer and Milton are of the greatest value to the student, and certain skill of presentment are made not a little interesting to the general reader. But the longer articles really make the most general appeal; and of these upon "Victorian Literature," an amplification of lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, will be most eagerly read. It is a survey almost entirely satisfactory. Professor Hales has gone to the very root of his subject, seeking in the social and political history of the period for the causes which made Victorian literature, rather than being content superficially to examine its characteristics. The literature of the nineteenth century mirrors, he thinks, "a period of great discontent and uneasiness, of aspirations and strivings, of death pains and birth pangs; and a broadening and deepening of its interests and sympathies has been its supreme distinction. It is a great literature, too, for although Professor Hales hardly mentions the literature of to-day, he comes to the conclusion that the present is an age of great intellectual activity, and that "never before have lived at the same time so many writers, both of prose and poetry, of such liberality and skill." An important paper is that upon the Last Decade of the Last Century," in which are considered certain tendencies and changes—the growth of democratic influence being, perhaps, the most important; and the attitude towards external nature an important sign—which were, and are, so potent in changing the course of modern literature. Other important articles are those upon "Old English Metrical Romances," the comparative importance of Wyatt and Surrey forming the metrical taste of their countrymen, "The rival of Ballad Poetry in the Eighteenth Century," and Milton's "Macbeth," in which Professor Hales discusses a drama which Milton proposed to write on the story of Macbeth. Milton apparently was dissatisfied, both on historical and ethical grounds, with Shakespeare's treatment of his theme, and contemplated dealing afresh with the subject in a poem which would pay more attention to historical accuracy, and which would show the shame of Macbeth's fall more strongly than it is shown in Shakespeare's tragedy, in which the human and pathetic, rather than the sinful, side is presented. The many brief notes which the volume also contains are all important to the student, and help to make it something of a commentary to the whole course of English literature. "Folia Litteraria" is an interesting book; and above all, it is the work of a scholar.

HOSKEN, JAMES DRYDEN. *Verses by the Way.* (Methuen.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 81. 5s.

When Messrs. Macmillan published last year Mr. Hosken's two Shakespearian dramas, "Phaon and Sappho" and "Nimrod," a good deal was made of the fact that their author was a rural postman who had triumphed over all the exceptional hardships of his career, and had qualified himself by close study to produce verse of exceptional merit. But these dramas were so obviously based upon Elizabethan models that it was impossible to gauge from them Mr. Hosken's ability: work fresher and more spontaneous would be necessary before he could be accepted at the high estimate of some of his admirers. Well, now that "Verses by the Way" has appeared, what is one to say? Mr. Quiller Couch, who prefaces the volume with a perhaps unduly enthusiastic critical and biographical introduction, answers the question by hailing Mr. Hosken as "a true poet," and the author of at least one "gush of pure melody that Shelley would not have disdained." Personally we can but say that Mr. Hosken still leaves us cold: that he has plenty of talent is not to be denied, and an unusual gift of poetical description; but his verses are not musical and have little of that essential fire so necessary to the poet who does not desire that his appeal be purely intellectual. Some of the sonnets in the sonnet-sequence, "Via Amoris"—"The Afterlight," "Old World Dreams," and "The Order of the World" in particular—will bear re-reading; occasionally in the lyrics one comes across a well-turned line, a graceful thought; and there can be little doubt that in "Robin Hood" Mr. Hosken has made a real success, and has caught something of that charm elsewhere so sadly missing in his work, but, on the whole, the volume is too formal, too derivative, too little personal, to give its author any decided position.

PARKER, GILBERT. *Mrs. Falchion.* (Methuen.) Two volumes. 21s.

It is not easy to enjoy the reading of Mr. Gilbert Parker's new story. The obscurity which did so much to mar the excellence of "Pierre and his People" is again present, and it is even more vexing when applied to work of the length of "Mrs. Falchion." The first chapters in particular are too enigmatic, and their arrangement is hardly adroit. And yet the novel is very much above the average: it is thoroughly original; it contains many scenes of great dramatic power; and the character of Mrs. Falchion, from her first appearance on the Australian liner, where she refuses to recognise the husband who has brought shame upon her, through his persecution of her old lover, to her final awakening and repentance, is drawn with very great skill. Galt Roscoe, too, the naval officer who turns clergyman, and who is dogged by the shameful memory of a past, in which he has treated a Samoan girl in much the same way as Wiltshire in the "Beach of Felesá" was to have treated Uma, is an interesting figure. For the rest we need only say that the story contains some good Canadian scenes, and that it shows that Mr. Parker is not yet as proficient in the novel as he is in the short story.

BIOGRAPHY.

COLLINS, JOHN CHURTON. Jonathan Swift: A Biographical and Critical Study. (Chatto and Windus.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 280. 8s.

The interest in Dean Swift, if one can judge from the number of volumes on his work which have lately made their appearance, is much on the increase. Mr. Churton Collins apologises for adding yet another volume to the already long list, but he claims to have spent upon his subject much careful study, and to be able to add somewhat to our knowledge. "I hold," he says, "no brief from Swift, but I have endeavoured to do him justice when justice has been either withheld or too grudgingly allowed. I have endeavoured to vindicate the consistency of his political principles, his character in all that related to practice and duty as a Churchman, the purity of his motives as well as his wisdom as an Irish agitator, and his conduct with regard to Stella and Vanessa." From which quotation it can be seen that the interest of the book is not a little polemical.

LAWRENCE, W. J. Barry Sullivan. (W. and G. Baird.) Paper Covers 1s.

MALLESON, COLONEL G. B., C.S.I. Rulers of India: Lord Clive. (Clarendon Press, Oxford.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 225. 2s. 6d. With Map.

A workmanlike and readable biography of a man whose life has already received so much attention that it was hardly to be expected that Colonel Malleson would be able to add anything to the general knowledge. Without a volume on Clive, however, the Rulers of India Series would have been incomplete, and Colonel Malleson was no doubt the writer best fitted for the task.

ESSAYS, CRITICISMS AND BELLES-LETTRES.

CARPENTER, WILLIAM BOYD, D.D. The Message of Tennyson. (Macmillan.) 8vo. Paper Covers. 1s.

A sermon which the Bishop of Ripon delivered in Westminster Abbey on April 30 of the present year. It was both preached and published by request.

CRAIK, HENRY, (Editor). Swift: Selections from His Works. Volume II. (Clarendon Press, Oxford.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 488. 7s. 6d.

Readers will find that this volume, with that preceding it, which contains an excellent life of the Dean by Mr. Craik, will make the best of introductions to Swift's voluminous works. For the Editor to have included everything that every devout admirer of his subject would wish would be of course impossible, but he has made a very wise and adequate selection, giving the reader a clear and complete view of the different sides of Swift's genius. The present volume contains, *inter alia*, three tracts on religion, four Irish tracts, "Gulliver's Travels," and a selection from his later poems. The large number of notes will be of very great use to the student.

DAVIES, WILLIAM (Editor). The Literary Works of James Smetham. (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 288. 5s.

A volume of the Eversley Series, which may, as the editor says, be considered supplementary to the edition of Smetham's "Letters" which Messrs. Macmillan published some months since. It contains three essays—on Sir Joshua Reynolds, William Blake (a paper which is among the most notable contributions to Blake criticism), and Alexander Smith—which Smetham contributed to the *London Quarterly Review*, and one upon Gerhard Dow from the *Art Journal*. Some forty pages at the end of the volume are devoted to Smetham's poems.

DELILE, EDWARD. Some French Writers. (Chapman and Hall.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 221. 5s.

These papers, reprinted, with revisions and corrections, from the *Fortnightly Review*, make very interesting reading to any one at all acquainted with the trend of literary events in Paris of to-day. Mr. Delile has chosen for his subjects M. Paul Bourget, "Pierre Loti," "Bachelaire, the Man," "Chez Pousset, a Literary Evening," Guy de Maupassant, "The Poet Verlaine," "Card-Sharpping in Paris," and M. Maurice Barrès.

DUFF, E. GORDON. Early Printed Books. (Kegan Paul.) Large Crown 8vo. Buckram. Pp. 219. 6s. net.

A volume of the Books About Books Series. Mr. Gordon Duff's endeavour has been to give a short account of the introduction of printing into the principal countries and towns of Europe, and to bring our information on the subject as far as possible up to date. In doing this he has attempted rather to draw attention to out-of-the-way information than to recapitulate what is already to be found in the majority of bibliographical books; and he has tried as far as possible to confine himself to facts and avoid theories. The book contains some very excellent reproductions of examples of early printing.

HEINE, HEINRICH. The Salon; or, Letters on Art, Music, Popular Life and Politics. (Heinemann.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 453. 5s.

The fourth (and, in order of issue, as the four following volumes have already appeared, the last) volume of Heine's prose works which Mr. Charles Geoffrey Lealand has been translating, and Mr. Heinemann has been publishing for some time past. The book contains Heine's letters on the Salon, including criticism of the work of Ary Schaffer, Horace Vernet, Delacroix, Desamps, and Delaroche; his confidential letters addressed to

M. August Lewald on the French stage; articles on George Sand; and letters on music in Paris between 1840 and 1847. The series is to be continued in four volumes devoted to Heine's poetical works, the first being "The Song of Songs."

MERRIMAN, HENRY SETON, and STEPHEN G. TALLENTIRE. From Wisdom Court. (Heinemann.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 206. 3s. 6d.

A very entertaining series of brief humorous essays on different subjects, and, in truth, hackneyed subjects. But the authors have managed to be genuinely amusing, and the collection makes an almost ideal book for holiday. In Mr. E. Courboin, Mr. Heinemann has made a distinct discovery: his thirty sketches are in many ways the best illustrations of their class that have been: they are really decorative, and original in treatment.

RUSKIN, JOHN. Three Letters and an Essay. (George Allen and Unwin.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 93. 3s. net.

This volume, published for the benefit of Malling Abbey and the preservation of ancient buildings, contains a school-boy essay written by Mr. Ruskin in 1836, on the question whether or no "the perusal of works of fiction is favourable or unfavourable to the moral character," and three letters, from Rome, Lausanne & Leamington, written in 1840 and 1841. Intrinsically the book has no value; but it is interesting as giving a first glimpse of the mature genius who was subsequently so profoundly to influence modern thought.

The Prose Works of the Rev. R. S. Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow. (Blackwood.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 187. 3s. 6d.

A collection of articles upon North Cornish legends and customs, most of which Hawker contributed to *Notes and Queries*, *Household Words*, *All Year Round*, etc. Many of them have already appeared in "Footsteps Foreign Men in Far Cornwall"; some are now published for the first time but all have a very great charm and are written with admirable directness. The paper entitled "The Remembrances of a Cornish Vicar," which Hawker narrates his experiences in Morwenstow, the wild Cornish parish, whose people had been demoralised by years of neglect, of smuggling and of wrecking, is full of interesting matter; and there are half-a-dozen papers dealing with the old smuggling days—a servant of Hawker's tale of having formed one of a band who, surprised by an excise-man, dragged him on to the boat, and in a spirit of revenge, chopped off his head the gunwale—and with wrecks which the author had himself seen, which should prove invaluable to the sensational novelist. A few of the papers are devoted to the folk-lore of the county—a subject which Hawker had his fingers' ends. One is glad to note that Messrs. Blackwood hope shortly to publish a similar volume containing Hawker's complete poetical works.

FICTION.

BLACKMORE, R. D. Lorna Doone. (Sampson Low.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 517. 2s. 6d.

The first volume of a complete edition of Mr. Blackmore's novels, and in every respect, save colour, with the admirable and very cheap edition by Mr. William Black and Mr. Thomas Hardy which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are now publishing. As a frontispiece to the present volume is issued an excellent colotype portrait of Mr. Blackmore—the first, we believe, that ever appeared. The succeeding novels are to be published at most intervals.

BLACK, WILLIAM. The Wise Women of Inverness and Wh Heather. (Sampson Low.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 2s. 6d. each. New editions.

BOWER, MARIAN. Paynton Jacks, Gentleman. (T. Fisher Unwin.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 315. 6s.

Paynton Jacks was the son of a catmeat man who had made money, and who had married a pale governess, who, being but "jerry built," had died giving birth to her son. The story turns upon the amount of success which attends the rich man's attempt to make his son a "real gentleman," fit "a hob-nob with swells." It is a brightly-written book, well conceived and more than a touch of dramatic power. Obviously the work of a beginner, it is not a little promising.

BRONTË, CHARLOTTE. The Professor. (J. M. Dent and Co.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 292. 2s. 6d. net.

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CROCKETT, S. R. The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men. (T. Fisher Unwin.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 283. 5s.

To say simply that he is a follower of Mr. Barrie would be greatly to understate Mr. Crockett's claims. That he is somewhat indebted to the author of "A Window in Thrums" both for his subject-matter and his mode of treatment is at once apparent; but he is a great deal more than a mere imitator. Galloway ministers and Galloway peasants are the characters of these short skits here. At one moment Mr. Crockett has seized a pathetic, at another a comic episode; but whichever he has chosen, he has presented it with a rare art, a fine sense of literary finish, and a fidelity to nature which are hardly to be excelled. There is real humour, too, in some of the stories. Mr. Crockett

meritently studied the Lowland character both with care and affection, and his book is one which no reader who cares at all for that particular form of fiction which Mr. Barrie and "Q" have made fashionable should miss seeing.

DEAN, MRS. ANDREW. Mrs. Finch-Brassey. (Bentley.) Three volumes. 31s. 6d.

In spite of the lengthy silence which followed "Isaac Eller's Money," novel-readers had not forgotten that, in many ways, remarkable story. The comparatively slight "A Splendid Cousin" showed that Mrs. Andrew Dean was still to be reckoned with; and now the more ambitious "Mrs. Finch-Brassey" marks her out as a novelist in the front rank of women writers. It is a picture of provincial society, of the same class that Miss Anne loved to paint, that she gives us here. A certain leaning toward the portrayal of disagreeable characters, discernible in both her previous books, has made her choice for her central character the sort of scheming, designing man of whom, perhaps, Becky Sharpe was prototype, and Mr. Mariou Clarendon's Adèle Savelli the last example. That she occasionally forces the reader does not prevent this study being an excellent piece of characterisation; and the whole circle in which Mrs. Finch-Brassey moves and which she so deftly is drawn with equal skill. Of plot Mrs. Dean has very little: she has been almost content to present a society; and she does it admirably well, for there is not a character in the three volumes, from Joe Cromer, Lord Bettleby's agent, to Moulby, the linen-draper, whom the reader does not take a keen interest in, and whose personality he does not realise as life-like.

DOYLE, A. CONAN. The Refugees: a Tale of Two Continents. (Longmans.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 384. 6s.

On its first appearance in three volumes this stirring romance of France and Canada under Louis the Fourteenth was praised enthusiastically in the *June* number of the *Review*, so that it is now sufficient to note that it has passed into a single volume edition uniform with "Micah Clarke."

DUNCAN, SARA JEANNETTE. The Simple Adventures of a Housemaid. (Chatto and Windus.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 312. 7s. 6d.

When we say that this chronicle of Indian experiences is by the author of "A Lion's Den" and "An American Girl in London," that it is written with all the vivacity of those entertaining volumes, and that its plan is very well the same, we have said enough to commend it to all who care for light literature in one of the most pleasing of its latest phases. Mr. F. H. Townsend's drawings are, of course, excellent.

EDGEWORTH, MARIA. Belinda. (J. M. Dent and Co.) Two volumes. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. 5s. net.

By her stories, said Sir Walter Scott, to acknowledge his indebtedness to the authoress of "Belinda" for the suggestion which brought forth the *Waverley* novels, "Miss Edgeworth may be truly said to have done more towards completing the Union than perhaps all the legislative enactments by which it has been followed up." "Waverley," in fact, was the direct outcome of a desire to do for Scotland "something of the same kind with that Miss Edgeworth so fortunately a hielver for Ireland." But that these Irish stories have been for some years falling into undeserved neglect was undeniable; and readers should be grateful to Messrs. Dent for including them in their beautiful series of reprints of standard fiction. The story is prefaced by a brief biographical introduction, and both volumes have, as frontispieces, reproductions of the original illustrations. Uniform in size and form with the editions of *Fielding*, *Peacock*, and the *Brontës* from the same house, Miss Edgeworth's novels are bound in a cover whose design—dark green shamrock leaves on a light green ground—gives a distinctly Irish impression.

GIFT, THEO. An Island Princess. (Lawrence and Bullen.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 270. 5s.

Mr. Gift can write excellent fairy tales, but in this "story of six weeks—and afterwards" he has failed to write a good novel. A young English girl, living on a remote island in the Atlantic, has her heart broken by the perfidy of a naval officer, who wins her love only to go away and forget her. News of his marriage reaches her, and, going in her sorrow to mourn by the sea, she is accidentally drowned. It is an old story, and a pathetic; but Mr. Gift has treated it in a manner most diffuse. The characterisation is not good, but there are some pleasing descriptions of scenery.

GRAND, SARAH. Ideals: a Study from Life. (Heinemann.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 269. 6s. Fifth edition.

GRIFFITHS, ARTHUR. My Peril in a Pullman Car. (Henry J. Drane.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 212. 2s. 6d.

A collection of nine short stories, mostly dealing with railway adventures, by the author of "Chronicles of Newgate," etc.

HARDY, THOMAS. The Return of the Native. (Sampson Low.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 412. 2s. 6d. New edition.

HOBBS, JOHN OLIVER. The Sinner's Comedy. (T. Fisher Unwin.) Long post 8vo. Paper Covers. 1s. 6d. Fourth Edition.

A reprint in the Pseudonym Library of Mrs. Craigie's second story.

HORNUNG, ERNEST WILLIAM. Tiny Luttrell. (Cassell.) Two volumes. 21s.

It is not in work of this class that the author of "A Bride from the Bush" is at his best: Australian bush life he has made his own in such short stories as "Sergeant Seth" and "Jim-of-the-Whim"; but when he brings his knowledge home he generally succeeds, if not in fatiguing, at least in irritating

his readers. Tiny Luttrell is too inconstant and variable, and too little life-like to really interest; and her successive love affairs with the manager of Wallandown and Lord Minister, whom she accepts, but who jilts her, only to propose again upon meeting her in England, are very tiresome. First she refuses him; then is uncertain, and takes a month, and then six months to consider; and ultimately marries the manager after all—but by the time this part of the story is reached the reader is sufficiently pleased to part company with Tiny Luttrell, not to mind much whom she marries. There is a deal of clever characterisation in the book, and some good writing, but on the whole the style is too restless to be really pleasant. Mr. Hornung should return in his next story to the bush.

MACALPINE, AVERY. Joel Marsh: an American. (Ward, Lock, Bowden, and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 263. 3s. 6d.

Were it not that so many volumes of short stories have lately come from America, all displaying the same qualities of skill in narration and characterisation, of reticence, of humour, and of pathos, this book might achieve some success. But English readers are dring of the tradition in which Mr. Macalpine works; and although there is much in his book that is admirable—the character of Joel Marsh; the little French tale of a daughter's lifelong devotion to a bedridden mother; and "A Sacrifice to Faith," a powerful story of a man's fanaticism in refusing to let his sick child have any other relief but that of prayer—it is not on the whole sufficiently original or remarkable to make it likely that it will gain the attention that fell to the lot of Miss Wilkins and her immediate successors.

MATHEW, FRANK. At the Rising of the Moon: Irish Stories and Studies. (McClure.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 240.

Mr. Mathew has attempted to do for certain districts on the West Coast of Ireland what Mr. Barrie has done for Kierriemuir, and he has achieved a certain success. Certainly he has far less artistic ability, and his style is often slipshod, but he arranges his anecdotes—they are more anecdotes than stories—well, and the result is certainly a very readable book. These sketches made their first appearance in the *Idler*, and are now reprinted with the illustrations by Mr. Fred Pegram and Mr. A. S. Boyd.

NORRIS, W. E. The Countess Radma. (Heinemann.) Three volumes. 31s. 6d.

Mr. Norris's latest story commences so well that one is not a little sorry that he should have conceived it necessary to weaken his original motif by the superposition of various other interests which are certainly not indispensable, and which, while they amuse, greatly detract from the novel's strength and unity. The character of the rich Hungarian Countess, who, wed to an English county gentleman, and finding her life in England rather more dull than that to which she was accustomed, acted on her belief that there was no reason, social or religious, why bonds which have grown irksome and which unite a childless husband and wife should not be broken, is genuinely interesting. Her informal separation and subsequent reconciliation, when it was too late, are told of well but at too great length; and as we have said, the story suffers from its variety of interests. Mr. Norris, however, writes so excellently and is so clever an observer that one is almost pleased that he has spun out to the length of three volumes what might well have been told in one.

PAGE, THOMAS NELSON. In Ole Virginia; or, Marse Chan and Other Stories. (Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 230. 3s. 6d.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who prefaces these stories with a brief introduction, hopes that he will have gained many readers to share with him "all the pathos, grace, regret without bitterness, and tears without pain," that he has found in their pages. Most of the stories are in negro dialect.

READE, CHARLES. It is Never Too Late to Mend. (Chatto and Windus.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 254. 1s. Paper covers, 6d.

The paper on which this edition is printed is excellent, and the type, though close, is very clear. It is a wonderful sixpenny-worth, and all those whose purses have not before allowed them to make the acquaintance of what is perhaps Charles Reade's best work, and one of the finest novels of his generation, will be grateful to Messrs. Chatto and Windus for their generous enterprise.

SAINTSBURY, GEORGE (Editor). The Works of Henry Fielding. Volumes III., IV., V. and VI. (J. M. Dent and Co.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. 10s. net.

These four volumes of this excellent edition contain "The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling," and are illustrated by Mr. Herbert Railton, with etchings of Fielding's house at East Stour and St. Benet's, Paul's Wharf, where the novelist was married, and Mr. E. J. Wheeler, with twelve plates dealing with incidents in the story. In his introduction Mr. Saintsbury says that "Tom Jones" is "an epic of life—not indeed of the highest, the rarest, the most impassioned of life's scenes and phases, but of the healthy average life of the average natural man; not faultless or perfect by any means, but human and actual as no one else but Shakespeare has shown him in the mimic world." This will, no doubt, be the definitive edition of Fielding: technically it is near perfection, and Mr. Saintsbury is admirably equipped as an editor.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER. The Abbott. (A. and C. Black.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 453. 5s.

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tion," and Mr. G. B. Burgin's "The Man from the Four Corners," are all deserving of praise. There are eleven stories in all; and the volume is generously illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne, Mr. W. D. Almond, and others.

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HISTORY.

DWYER, REV. PHILIP, A.M. *The Siege of Londonderry in 1689, as set forth in the Literary Remains of Colonel the Rev. George Walker, D.D.* (Elliot Stock.) 4to. Cloth. Pp. 255. 16s.

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An enlargement of a sketch which originally appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. A number of the illustrations are by Mr. W. D. Almond.

JOYCE, P. W., LL.D. *A Short History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to 1603.* (Longmans.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 565. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Joyce, who hopes shortly to publish a further volume, bringing his history down to the present time, has adopted the plan of weaving his chronicle round important events and leading personages. His method, he says, has enabled him "to divide the book into short chapters, each forming a distinct narrative more or less complete in itself, and has aided in the endeavour to infuse some life and human interest into the story." The volume is divided into four parts: "The Manners, Customs, and Institutions of the Ancient Irish," "Ireland under Native Rulers," "The Period of the Invasion," and "The Period of Insurrection, Confiscation, and Plantation;" and it contains a good map and an index.

RAWLINSON, GEORGE. *The Story of the Nations: Parthia.* (T. Fisher Unwin.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 419. 5s. Illustrated.

Professor Rawlinson has taken for his subject the history of the strong people who held together in one empire the various nations in and around Mesopotamia for a period of about four hundred years. That period fell between the brilliant outbreak of Alexander the Great and the rise of the new Persian kingdom, so that it answers to the most flourishing times of Rome and the Roman world. Considering that Parthia, almost alone of nations, held the power of Rome at bay, it is obvious that her story must be a striking one and her importance great. Professor Rawlinson has done full justice to this aspect of her history; but he has also traced in interesting detail her attitude to the Greek kings of Syria, to the Jews, and to the savages of Central Asia. He describes, too, the country, the institutions, and the monuments.

RENTON, WILLIAM. *Outlines of English Literature.* (John Murray.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 248. 3s. 6d. University Extension Manuals.

A very fair outline of the history of English literature. Mr. Renton has, however, seen fit to encumber his work with a number of diagrams which are very difficult to understand, and which will certainly not help the student to a knowledge of his subject. The idea is ingenious, and may possibly have something to commend it, but it is altogether out of place in a work of this class.

LEGAL AND POLITICAL.

BELLOT, HUGH H. L., B.C.L., M.A. *Ireland and Canada: Studies in Comparative Constitutional Law and Politics.* (Reeves and Turner.) 8vo. Paper Covers. 1s. net.

Mr. Bellet believes that the lesson taught by Canada is invaluable as a precedent for the extension of Home Rule to Ireland, and that such extension, arguing from analogy, will meet with similar successful results.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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S. T. Dadd; and some photographs are also reproduced. Altogether, the book is one for which all swimmers should be grateful: it will be the classic on the subject.

POETRY, MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

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New popular edition of ninety-six old Scotch songs arranged and edited by Mr. Sinclair Dunn. Several of the songs have been arranged for duets for medium voices.

ELLIS, WM. ASHTON, (Translator). *Kunihild and the Ride on Kynast.* (Wm. Ashton Ellis, 33, Southam Street, Strand.) Paper Covers. Pp. 96. 1s. 6d.

This is an interesting opera-poem in three acts, written by Fodor Graf Sporck. A charming account of Cyrill Kistler, the composer, appears in a recent number of the *Messenger*, and we are now further indebted to Mr. Ellis for his translation of "Kunihild," which is printed as stage-manuscript.

ELTON, OLIVER, B.A. (Editor). *Milton's "Comus."* (Clarendon Press, Oxford.) Paper Covers. 1s.

A volume of the Clarendon Press Series. The introduction, the notes on the verse of "Comus" and on Milton's use of authorities, the names, and the glossary will all be of the greatest use to the student.

FARMER, JOHN, (Editor). *Dulce Domum.* (Cassell.) 2 Paper Covers. Pp. 70 and 60. 6d. each.

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GOODCHILD, J. A. *Lyrics.* (Horace Cox.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 213. 5s.

Dr. Goodchild, from whose three volumes, "Sonnet Melodist," the present volume is mostly taken, is a minor poet too little appreciated. "If the author of these poems," said Tennyson, "to be one who is far more the mere follower of my own"; and the reader does not need to read more than the exquisite "A Dresden Beauty" and "Sister Seraphina" to see that the Laureate's praise was well merited. There is, indeed, quite an unusual amount of poems worth reading in this volume: it is far above the average of its class.

LEYTON, FRANK. *Skeleton Leaves.* (Longmans.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 146. 6s.

In view of the many enthusiastic reviews which were given to the edition of this book, and which Mr. Leyton sends out with the second, we somewhat fearfully of expressing our real opinion. We can echo, however, the words of the *English Churchman* in saying that no doubt the poet's intentions are excellent.

MACKAY, ERIC. *The Royal Marriage Ode.* (Lamley.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 53. 5s. net.

There is more than one other Richmond in the field, so that it is not surprising at Mr. Mackay calling his verses "The Royal Marriage Ode," justifiable. Although it contains some rubbishy verses, the ode is not all one: it is musical and properly enthusiastic, even if sometimes the words away with the sense; but it is hardly good enough to warrant the immediate appointment of Mr. Mackay as Poet Laureate. The volume's cover, and against most canons of good taste.

MILES, ALFRED H. (Editor). *The Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century: Robert Bridges and Contemporary Poets.* (H. K. Mulholland.) Fcap. 8vo. Buckram. Pp. 714. 4s.

The task which Mr. Miles set himself is drawing to a close, and able students and general readers are finding of what great use is this anthology of nineteenth century verse. The present volume is perhaps the most interesting, dealing as it does with the generation of poets, many of whom are even now on the higher side of the zenith of their power, and whose achievement is so full of infinite possibility. The selection is not whole a judicious one, and the critical introductions sound and capable. Among the most important are John Todhunter, Ernest Myers, Andrew Lang, Ed. Hickey, George Barlow, Ernest Cracroft, Lefroy, Os. ar Wilde, John Donne and Rudyard Kipling, by the Editor; John Payne, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Constance Nallen, by Dr. Garnett; F. W. H. Myers and Eugene Lee-Hamilton by John Addington Symonds; Edward Dowden, W. E. Henley, H. D. Rawns, Alice Meynell, William Sharp, Alfred Hayes, William Watson, Norman Macdonald and Richard Le Gallienne, by Mr. Ashcroft Noble; Robert Bridges, by Mr. Warren; Gerard Hopkins, by Mr. Robert Bridges; Graham R. Thomas, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne; Philip Bourke Marston, by Mr. Coulson Kernahan; Robert Louis Stevenson, by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse; Michael Field, by Lionel Johnson; A. Mary F. Robinson-Darmesteter and Mrs. Ernest Rathbone by Mr. Arthur Symonds. These introductions are brief, and are in consequence sometimes too unqualifiedly enthusiastic; but the wonder is, not that this is so, but that it should have occurred so seldom. In the article, "Ac Etiam," Mr. Miles discusses some thirty poets, whose importance had not seemed to him to call for special treatment: in this chapter, however, we are surprised to find Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. Arthur Symonds, both deserving of selection. It is to be regretted that both in the case of Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. William Watson leave to reprint has been denied, and only slight quotation has been possible.

LEWIS, M.A. *Ode on the Marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of York and H.S.H. Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, July 6, 1893.* (Kegan Paul.) 4to. Pp. 7. 1s. 6d. net.

The fact that Mr. Lewis Morris's name is so persistently coupled with that of laureateship gives this ode, which is published, by the way, "because an interest which it certainly would not otherwise have. It is, however, melodious and graceful, and has perhaps all the attributes to be expected of one published "by desire."

ROGERS, ALFRED. *Centenary Tune Book.* (Alfred Rogerson, Wainfleet.) Cloth. Pp. 208.

A selection of old Methodist tunes, with an Introduction by Mr. F. James.

NUTT, CHARLES. *Musa Consolatrix.* (David Nutt.) Crown 8vo. Paper covers. 3s. 6d. net.

A good deal might be said in qualified praise of this modest collection. It is sure, certainly, but it is the immaturity of promise, and the triviality of the verses does not prevent ample evidence that Mr. Sayie has a musical and a care for form and technique too rare among younger singers. Both "and" the sonnet on "Music" are powerful; but we think that Sayie would have been better advised to have postponed publishing until and more to say; by which time, too, his verse would perhaps have gained and depth.

ALIVAN, SIR EDWARD, BART. *The Comedy of Dante Alighieri Rendered into English.* (Elliot Stock.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 180. 4s. 6d.

A prose rendering of Dante's "Comedy," designed by its author to aptly represent the original without entirely sacrificing the poetical which is so marked a characteristic of the work. An archaic, Biblical of diction has, as far as possible, been employed.

WARWICK SHAKESPEARE. (Blackie.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth.

In this new edition an attempt is made to present the greater plays of the poet in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of elocution or grammar. "Aesthetic judgments," says the general preface, "are final; but the editors have attempted to suggest points of view from the analysis of dramatic motive and dramatic character may be profitably taken." At present two volumes have been issued: "Julius Cæsar," edited by Mr. Arthur D. Innes, M.A. (1s.), and "Richard the Second," edited by Professor C. H. Herford, Litt. D. (1s. 6d.).

SCIENCE.

PROCTOR, RICHARD A. (Editor). *Nature Studies.* (Longmans.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 342. 3s. 6d. New edition.

A collection from *Knowledge*, of which Mr. Proctor was editor, of twenty-four articles upon scientific subjects by Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Edward B. Wilson, Mr. Andrew Wilson, Mr. Thomas Foster, and the Editor. In each case the authors have attempted "to bring scientific facts before the public in a clear but correct words, without perplexing readers, on the one hand, by scientific descriptions or technical terms, and without derogating, on the other, from the dignity of science." Among the most notable papers are: "The Dawn of Life," by Mr. Edward Clodd; "Honey Bees," "Hyacinth Bulbs," "The Daffodil," and "The Origin of Butter-cups," by Mr. Richard Allen; "Birds and Teeth," by Mr. Thomas Foster; and "Intelligence in Animals," by the Editor.

THEOLOGICAL.

OSKEY, HENRY W. LL.D., F.G.S. *A Hand-book of Rational Piety.* (Philip Green.) Small square. Cloth. Pp. 173. 2s. 6d.

Brief passages from printed and manuscript sermons delivered by the author during the course of a lengthened ministry. "It is possible," he says, "that brief passages from sermons may not be quite so unheeded as long ones themselves often are."

MAURICE, FREDERICK DENISON. *The Doctrine of Sacrifice Deduced from the Scriptures and The Prayer Book and the Lord's Prayer.* (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 3s. 6d. each.

Two new volumes of the reissue of Maurice's writings and sermons, which Macmillan are now publishing. The sermons on the Prayer Book in the second of the two consider the subject especially in reference to the Romish system.

TRAVEL, GEOGRAPHY AND TOPOGRAPHY.

BERDEKN, THE COUNTESS OF. *Through Canada with a Kodak.* (W. H. White and Co., Edinburgh.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 249.

A series of papers written by Lady Aberdeen during two tours in Canada, and published in *Onward and Upward* for the information and amusement of

the members of the Onward and Upward Association. "They are merely," says the author in her preface, "the passing and superficial notes of a traveller journeying rapidly through the country, and desirous of conveying some impressions of the rich and varied attractions presented by 'the Dominion,' and which appear to be but very imperfectly realised by those at home." Although they do not aspire to deal with the deeper questions of Canadian life and politics, these sketches make very interesting reading, and their value is enhanced by reproductions of a large number of photographs, the majority of which were taken by Lady Aberdeen herself.

ANSTED, DAVID T., M.A., and ROBERT G. LATHAM, M.A. *The Channel Islands.* (W. H. Allen and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 476. 7s. 6d.

Although this book has been out of print for some time, it has remained the standard work upon its subject. Mr. Toulmin Nicolle, its present editor, has made many alterations, bringing it up to date, adding much new matter and a number of illustrations, mostly reproduced from photographs, of the most beautiful scenes in the islands. The book contains maps and detailed descriptions of places; but it is not so much a guide-book as a monograph, for it is divided into four parts, dealing respectively with physical history, natural history, civil history, and economics and trade. As a supplement to the ordinary guide-book it will be invaluable to the tourist. It should be added that the volume contains a good index.

BACON, G. W., F.R.G.S. *The Up-to-Date Gazetteer and Atlas of the World.* (G. W. Bacon and Co.) Crown 8vo. Limp cloth. 1s.

BURTON, ISABEL (Editor). *Burton's Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Meccah.* (Tylston and Edwards.) Two volumes. 8vo. Cloth. 6s. each, net.

The first two volumes of a complete Memorial Edition of Burton's works which are to appear at intervals under the editorship of Lady Burton. The pilgrimage is a celebrated one and is full of excitement and adventure. The volumes are illustrated, partly in colour, the first having as frontispiece a portrait of Lady Burton herself.

GABE, JULIUS. *Sketches of Yachting Life.* (The Yachtsman Offices.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 105. 2s.

HYDE, SAMUEL, M.D. *Buxton: its Baths and Climate.* (John Heywood.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 134. 2s. 6d. Second edition.

Contains an account of the waters and climate of Buxton, with chapters on baths, bathing, and massage, and descriptions of excursions round Buxton and the Peak.

MURRAY, HENRY. *Handbook for Travellers in Switzerland.* (John Murray.) Two volumes. Fcap 8vo. Cloth. 10s.

The eighteenth edition of this excellent and practically indispensable guide-book. A number of new maps, plans of towns, etc., are added, together with a mass of information bringing the matter up to date. The first volume deals with Switzerland without the Pennine Alps; the second with the Alps of Savoy and Piedmont, the Italian lakes, and part of the Dauphiné.

PAGE, J. LI. WARDEN. *The Rivers of Devon from Source to Sea.* (Seeley.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 348. 7s. 6d. With Map.

Describes the scenery through which the rivers of Devon pass, and gives some account of the different towns on their banks. The volume, which contains over twenty illustrations, four of which are etchings, will admirably supplement the guide-book.

VICKERS, MISS L. *Old Norway and its Fjords; or, A Holiday in Norseland.* (Arkell, Ruddock, and Keyworth, Lincoln.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 142. 2s. Illustrated.

WILSON, CLAUDE, M.D. *Mountaineering.* (George Bell and Sons.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 208. 2s.

Last year Messrs. Longmans published, in the Badminton Library, a volume on Mountaineering by a number of well-known Alpine climbers; but there was certainly room for the present book, which is addressed more particularly to beginners, and which forms a volume of the All-England Series. Dr. Wilson is a member of the Alpine Club, and he treats his subject in a concise and judicious manner. Among his most important chapters are those on mountaineering in Great Britain, the dangers of the pastime, guides, snow and ice work, rock work, climbing without guides, Alpine literature, medical and surgical matters, and the necessary outfit. A few important illustrations are by Mr. Ellis Carr, of the Alpine Club; and there is also a useful glossary of mountaineering terms.

CONTENTS OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

Altruistic Review.—21, Quincy Street, Chicago. Aug. 15. 20 cents.
Peter Cooper: From an Altruistic Standpoint. Phineas Dodds.

Amateur Work.—Ward, Lock, Salisbury Square. September. 61.
Lithography for Amateurs. H. E. Grantham.
Pyrography; or, Burnt Wood Etching. Maud Maude.

American Catholic Quarterly.—Burns and Oates. July.
1 dol. 25 cents.

Education in Ancient Babylonia, Phœnicia, and Judea. Chas. G. Herbermann.
On the Obscurity of Faith. R. F. Clarke.
Common-Sense Objections to the Postulates of Evolutionists. Chas. J. Armistead.

L'ancien Régime. I. St. George Mivart.
Our Converts. R. H. Clarke.
The Age of the Human Race according to Modern Science and Biblical Chronology. II. Rev. J. A. Zahm.
The Primitive Creed of Man. Condé B. Pallen.
Anthropology: An Historical Sketch. Rev. T. Hughes.
The Intellectual Basis of the Supernatural. Rev. A. F. Hewitt.
The Pope's Letter to the American Bishops on the School Question.
The Life-Saving Service of the United States. Rev. T. J. A. Freeman.

American Journal of Politics.—114, Nassau Street, New York. August.
35 cents.

John Sherman as a "Great Financier." J. Prince.
Currency and Banking Reform. Wm. Knapp.
Who Shall Prescribe Woman's Sphere? Ellen B. Dietrich.
A New Political System. Atkinson Schaumburg.
Why Municipal Government Fails. Stoughton Cooley.
Organised Labour and the Law. N. T. Mason.
The United States of the World. G. C. Sibley.
The Raub Gravity or Three-Cylinder Engine: The Locomotive of the Future.
Rev. W. R. Covert.

Andover Review.—Gay and Bird, 27, King William Street, Strand.
July—August. 2s.

The Place of Christ in Modern Thought. Professor C. A. Beekwith.
Socrates Once More. Professor H. M. Tyler.
A Case of Social Myopia: Pardon of Criminals. G. R. Stetson.
Missions and Colonies. Rev. C. C. Starbuck.
The Liberal and the Ritschlian Theology of Germany. Professor F. C. Porter.
Anglo-Continental.—16, Tokenhouse Yard, Lothbury, E.C. Aug. 61.
In the Alhambra of Granada. Emily A. Richings.
Gilbert White of Selborne.

Antiquary.—Elliot Stock. September. 1s.
Excavations at Silchester in 1893. W. H. St. J. Hope.
Recent Exploration in Upper Wharfedale. E. E. Spelght.
Notes on Archaeology in the Salisbury and South Wilts Museum. Illustrated.
J. Ward.
Researches in Crete: Cnossos. Prof. F. Halbherr.

Arena.—Brentano. August. 2s. 6d.
Monometallism. Senator W. M. Stewart.
Our Industrial Image. J. G. Clark.
Office of the Ideal in Christianity. Carol Norton.
Mask or Mirror: Artificiality and Veritism on the Stage. Illustrated. B. O. Flower.
The Financial Problem. W. H. Standish.
The Real and Unreal God. Rev. W. H. Savage.
Inebriety and Insanity. Leslie E. Keeley.
Some Important Problems Confronting Congress. A. C. Flak.
A Practical View of the Mind Cure. Joseph L. Hasbrouck.
How to Rally the Hosts of Freedom. Rev. Henry Frank.
The Bacon-Shakespeare Case: Verdict No. 2. E. C. Stedman and Others.
Well Springs of Immorality. B. O. Flower.

Argosy.—8, New Burlington Street. September. 6d.
Friendship. A. H. Japp.

Atlanta.—6s, Paternoster Row. September. 6d.
By Mere and Tarn in Yorkshire. Illustrated.

Atlantic Monthly.—Ward, Lock, Salisbury Square. September. 1s.
Edwin Booth. H. A. Clapp.
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The Isolation of Life on Prairie Farms. E. V. Smalley.
The Moral Revival in France. Aline Gorren.
The Technical School and the University. Francis A. Walker.
Studies in the Correspondence of Petrarch. III. H. W. Preston and L. DoJge.

Bankers' Magazine.—35, London Wall. September. 1s. 6d.
The Banks of France and Germany and the Specie Reserves of those Countries.
R. H. Inglis Palgrave.
Compulsory Registration of Titles.
Is a State-Managed and State-Aided Old-Age Pension Scheme Practical?
Thomas Fatkin.
Deposit Insurance Companies and Australian Deposits.

Blackwood's Magazine.—37, Paternoster Row. September. 2s. 6d.
Glengarry and His Family, and Glengarry's Death-Song, by Sir Walter Scott.
The Soudan: A Talk with Father Obrwalder.
The Glens and their Speech. Muira O'Neill.
Recent French Novels.
Balance of Power in Eastern Asia.
William Dunbar. F. R. Oliphant.
Sir Edward Hamley.
The New Treason: Home Rule for Ireland.
A Cruise to the Dutchman's Cap. C. Stein.

Board of Trade Journal.—Eyre and Spottiswoole. August 15. 61.
The Economic Condition of Poland.
Commercial Education in Austria.
Regulations affecting Currency in the United States.
The Metal Production of Mexico.

Bookman.—Hodder and Stoughton. September. 61.
Anthony Hope.
Lord Beaconsfield and His Minor Biographer.
An Interview with Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin.
William Cowper's Copy of Robert Burns's Poems: 1787. Dr. A. B. Grosvenor.

Boy's Own Paper.—56, Paternoster Row. September. 6d.
Boy Life in Australia. VII. Robert Richardson.
The Great Plunger Beetle. Illustrated. C. S. Watson.

Cabinet Portrait Gallery.—Casell. September. 1s.
Portraits and Biographies of Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Duke and Duchess of York and Bridesmaids, and the Rev. H. E. Haweis.

Californian Illustrated Magazine.—Brentano. August. 25 cents.
The Land of the White Elephant: Siam. Illustrated. S. E. Carrington.
A Modern Hesperides: Orange-Growing. Illustrated. D. B. Weir.
A Navajo Blanket. Illustrated. J. J. Peatfield.
The Division of a State. Abbot Kinney and Morris M. Estee.
Among the Wild Grasses. Illustrated. Genevieve L. Browne.
Climbing Shasta Mountain. Illustrated. M. S. Severance.
William Blake. With Portrait. John Vance Cheney.
The Chinese Six Companies. Illustrated. R. H. Drayton.

Canadian Magazine.—Ontario Publishing Co., Toronto. August.
25 cents.

Sir John Thompson and His Critics. J. L. P. O'Hanly.
Political Lessons from the Times of Cicero. Edward Meek.
Something about Hawaii. Illustrated. H. Spencer Howell.
Referendum and Plebiscite. Hon. G. W. Ross.
Upper Canada College. Illustrated. W. Allan Neilson.

Cape Illustrated Magazine.—Dennis Edwards, Cape Town. August. 6d.
Respectable Repose: Cape Town.
South African Politics.

Cassell's Family Magazine.—Casell. September. 7d.
Modern Cricket: Talk with C. W. Alcock. Illustrated. R. Blathwayt.
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A Week in a Volunteer Camp. Illustrated.
London Sixty Years Ago. Illustrated. Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

Cassell's Saturday Journal.—Casell. September. 6d.
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Is Cycling Beneficial? Chat with Lucy Hillier.
Is Corporal Punishment in Schools Necessary? Chat with J. R. Diggle.

Cassell's Magazine.—27, King William Street, Strand. August.
25 cents.
From Mine to Furnace. II. Illustrated. J. Birkinbine.
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Boilers at the World's Fair. III. Illustrated. H. W. York.
Dust in Workshops. Illustrated. R. Kohf. I.
Semi-Portable Engines in England. Illustrated. A. Spies.
Anhydrous Ammonia Gas as a Motive Power. Illustrated. T. W. M. Draper.

Catholic World.—Burns and Oates. August. 35 cents.
The Authenticity of the Gospels. Dr. A. F. Hewitt.
The Dominican Sisters in the West. Illustrated. Inez Okey.
Mission Lectures to Non-Catholics. F. M. Eiselen.
A Recent Convert's Pilgrimage to Rome. Illustrated. J. A. Locke.
The Woman Question among Catholics. Alice Timmons Toomy and Others.

Celtic Monthly.—Sinclair, Glasgow. September. 2d.
Lord Archibald Campbell. With Portrait. R. L. Ritchie.

Century Magazine.—Flaher Unwin. September. 1s. 6d.
Sights at the Fair. Illustrated. Gustav Kobbé.
William James Stillman. With Portrait. Wendell P. Garrison.
The Taormina Note-Book. Illustrated. Geo. E. Woodberry.
A Glance at Daniel Webster. With Portrait. Mellen Chamberlain.
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The Census and Immigration. Henry Cabot Lodge.

Author of "Robinson Crusoe." Illustrated. M. O. W. Oliphant.
 Booksellers' Letters from India.
 from the Autobiography of Salvini. Tommaso Salvini.
 New National Forest Reserves. Eliza R. Selmore.
Chambers's Journal.—47, Paternoster Row. September. 7d.
 about the Mendips.
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Chautauquan.—Kegan Paul. August. 2 dollars per annum.
 Gibraltar—To Tangier—into Spain. Illustrated. Lilly R. Gracey.
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 amping Trip to the Yosemite Valley. Illustrated. Mrs. W. C. Sawyer.
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 Cricket Interviews: W. G. Grace. With Portrait. R. S. Warren-Bell.
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 P. H. Ditchfield.
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Irish Missionary Intelligencer.—18, Salisbury Sq. September. 6d.
 View of the Mission-Field. Bishop of Ossory.
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 Role.
 Gordon-Cumming's "Ceylon."
 Vahl's Missionary Statistics.
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Contemporary Review.—Isbister. September. 2s. 6d.
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 fessor August Weismann.
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 and Rain. Phil Robinson.
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Cornhill Magazine.—Smith, Elder and Co. September. 6d.
 River: Upper Thames.
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Comopolitan.—Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane. August. 6d.
 Continental Railway: Central America. Illustrated. W. D. Kelley.
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 William R. Whittingham.
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 mon Casta. Illustrated. Henry A. Herbert.
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Dial.—34, Adam Street, Chicago. August 16. 2 dols. per annum.
 Education Congresses.
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Educational Review.—(London.) 2, Cree Lane. September. 6d.
 Relation of Secondary to Elementary Education. G. D. Dakyns.
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 and Thrift from the Teacher's Point of View. Miss J. S. Gill.
 wing Exhibitions. Rev. H. Heap.
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English Illustrated Magazine.—Edward Arnold, Bedford Street.
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 Favourite Parts. Illustrated. Henry Irving.
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Expositor.—27, Paternoster Row. September. 1s.
 Aramaic Gospel. Reply to Dr. Driver and Mr. Allen. Prof. J. T.
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 O. Buchanan Gray.

Expository Times.—Simpkin, Marshall. September. 6d.
 Bilingual Inscription from Arykanda. Prof. Mommsen.
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Fortnightly Review.—Chapman and Hall. September. 2s. 6d.
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Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.—110, Fifth Avenue, New York.
 September. 25 cents.
 The Business and Sport of Horse-Racing. Illustrated. Martha M. Williams.
 Cycling round Paris. Illustrated. R. H. Sherard.
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 Nicaragua and the Canal Project. Illustrated. M. de Lipman.
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Friends' Quarterly Examiner.—54, Hatton Garden. July. 1s. 6d.
 Pre-Foxite Quakerism. Alfred W. Bennett.
Gentleman's Magazine.—Chatto and Windus. September. 1s.
 Wessex Philosophy. Edmund B. V. Christian.
 Buck-Pot, Swizzle-Stick, and Casimir. British-Guliana. Frank Banfield.
 The English Sonnet and its History. Alexr. H. Japp.
 Busaco in 1810. Translated by W. Vivian.
 Penal Sentences. G. Rayleigh Vicars.
 John Addington Symonds. Hon. Roden Noel.
Geographical Journal.—1, Savile Row. August. 2s.
 Journeys in French Indo-China. Illustrated. Hon. G. N. Curzon.
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Girl's Own Paper.—86, Paternoster Row. September. 6d.
 Caroline of Anspach. Sarah Tytler.
 Monument of the Countess Aveline in Westminster Abbey. Illustrated.
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Godey's Magazine.—376, Strand. August. 1s.
 The Flower Markets of Paris. Illustrated. Eleanor E. Greatorex.
Good Words.—Isbister. September. 6d.
 The Church of St. Clement in Rome. Very Rev. P. J. Gloag.
 A Forgotten Italian Worthy: Pietro Giannone. Menzies Macdonald.
 The Story of the South African Diamond Fields. Illustrated. Rev. John
 R. Id.
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Great Thoughts.—28, Hutton Street, Fleet Street. September. 6d.
 Interviews with David Anderson and Rev. Dr. Dallinger. With Portraits.
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 Robert Owen, the Father of English Socialism. With Portrait. Rev. S. E.
 Keeble.
 John Ruskin on Education. Wm. Jolly.
Harper's Magazine.—45, Albemarle Street. September. 1s.
 A General Election in England. Illustrated. Richard Harding.
 Edward Emerson Barnard. Illustrated. S. W. Burnham.
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 The Letters of James Russell Lowell. Chas. Elliot Norton.
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 A Gentleman of the Royal Guard: Sieur du L'Hut. Illustrated. Wm.
 McLennan.
 Riders of Egypt. Illustrated. Col. T. A. Dodge.

Homiletic Review.—44, Fleet Street. August. 30 cents.

Practical Politics: What can Clergymen do about it? II. Prof. J. J. McCook.
The Graves of Egypt. D. S. Schaff.
Immortality in the Light of History and Reason. Rev. W. H. Usley.
"The Higher Criticism." Rev. J. Westby Earnshaw.
Sociological Studies of London. Rev. J. W. Hegeman.

Housewife.—20, St. Bride Street. September. 6d.

Pillow Lace Making. Illustrated. Ellen T. Masters.

Humanitarian.—Swan Sonnenschein, Paternoster Square. September. 6d.

The Principles of Finance. Victoria W. Martin.
The Education Crisis. Dean Gregory.
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Work in the Oracle: Employment of Discharged Prisoners. Sir B. W. Richardson.
Effects of Posture on School Children. Rev. J. Rice-Byrne.
A New Staff of Life: Maize. Laurence Irwell.

Hygienic Review.—Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. September. 6d.

Kindness to Animals: Interview with Lady Paget. Illustrated. Sarah A. Tooley.

Swanley Horticultural College. Illustrated. R. E. O'Callaghan.

Idler.—Chatto and Windus. September. 6d.

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My First Book: "Grace Forbeach." Illustrated. David Christie Murray.
W. S. Penley at St. John's, Working. Illustrated. G. B. Burgin.
Mont St. Michel. Illustrated. Robert Barr.

Illustrated Carpenter and Builder.—313, Strand. September. 6d.

Great Masters of Ornament: Holbein. E. Ellington.
Galvanic Batteries. Illustrated. Cosmos.

Investors' Review.—(Quarterly). Longmans. August. 5s.

Braggart Queensland.
Australian Banks, Filled and Other.
Sir William Harcourt's Unseasonable Boasting.
The Pacific Railway and the Canadian Government.
An Indian Lunacy.
Uruguayan Railways. C. E. Akers.

Irish Monthly.—50, O'Connell Street, Dublin. September. 6d.

More Relics of Cardinal Newman.
In Memory of a Noble Irishwoman: Mrs. Sarah Atkinson.

Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society.—Guy, Cork. August. 6d.

Throwing the Dart: An Ancient Custom of Cork Harbour. Illustrated. J. Coleman.

Syrian Remains in County Cork. Illustrated. Canon J. R. Brougham.
The Ancient Sepulchral Mound at Currabinnny. J. P. Hayes.

The Private Bankers of Cork and the South of Ireland. C. M. Tension.

Journal of Education.—86, Fleet Street. September. 6d.

The Idol of German Spectacles. H. A. Cuppy.
A Finnish Girl on Mixed Schools.
The National Home-Reading Union. S. E. Hall.
The Selection of Elementary Teachers. G. H. Grindrod.

King's Own.—48, Paternoster Row. September. 6d.

John Eliot, the Apostle to the North American Indians. Rev. A. T. Pierson.
Messrs. J. & J. Colman's Carrow Works. Rev. R. Shindler.
Ancient Athens and Modern Athenians. David Williamson.

Knowledge.—326, High Holborn. September. 6d.

Toothed Whales and their Ancestry. R. Lydekker.
The Great Lunar Crater Copernicus. Illustrated. A. C. Ranyard.

Ladies' Home Journal.—421, Arch Street, Philadelphia. Sept. 10 cents.

Nature's Lace Work: Ferns. Illustrated. Nancy Mann Waddle.
"Male and Female Create Him Them:" Woman's Rights. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage.

The Girl in the Church. Mrs. Lyman Abbott.

Ladies' Treasury.—23, Old Bailey. September. 7d.

Queer, Quaint Old Chester. Illustrated.
Some Chinese Mortuary Customs.

Leisure Hour.—56, Paternoster Row. September. 6d.

The Last Lancashire Hand-Loom Weavers. Illustrated. E. W. Abraham.
The Mortlake Tapestry Works. W. J. Hardy.
With the Vandals: Altenburg. Illustrated. James Baker.
The Way of the World at Sea: Down Channel. Illustrated. W. J. Gordon.
In a Swiss Wood. E. H. H. key.
Wild Spain: Its Camels and Flamingoes. Illustrated. Henry Walker.
The Moon as Seen from Mount Hamilton. Illustrated. W. T. Lynn.
Microscopic Sea-Life. III. Illustrated. H. Scherren.

Library Journal.—Kegan Paul. August. 50 cents.

The American Library Association Library Exhibit at the World's Fair.
Katherine L. Sharp
Some of the Libraries at the Exposition. Caroline Harwood Garland.
The Carnegie Free Library at Allegheny, Pa. Illustrated.

Lippincott's.—War, Lock. September. 1s.

In the Plaza de Toros: Bull Fighting. Illustrated. Marion Wilcox.
A Girl's Recollection of Dickens. Eliz. W. Latimer.

Uncle Sam in the Fair. Capt. Chas. King.

Forest-Fires. Felix L. Oswald.

Hypnotism: Its Use and Abuse. Judson Daland.

Little Folks.—Cassell. September. 6d.

With the Jodlers of the Alps. Annie Glen.

At Home in Pitcairn Island. Edith E. Cutnell.

London Philatelist.—Effingham House, Arundel Street. Aug. 1900.
The Kreuzer Issues of Wurtemberg. R. Ehrenbach.

Longman's Magazine.—39, Paternoster Row. September.

English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century. III. Sir John Hawkins and the Second. J. A. Froude.
Unter den Linden. Rev. M. G. Watkins.
Bacterial Life and Light. Mrs. Percy Frankland.

Lucifer.—7, Duke Street, Adelphi. August 15. 1s. 6d.

Elementals. H. P. Blavatsky.

Gurus and Chelas. E. T. Sturdy.

Trust, the Essence of True Religion. Henry Pratt.

Selections from the Philosophumena. Continued. G. R. S. Mead.

Theosophy and Occultism.

Science and the Esoteric Philosophy.

Esoteric Teaching. A. P. Sinnett.

Cause of Evil. Concluded. Charlotte D. Abney.

Theosophy and Christianity. Concluded. Annie Besant.

Ludgate Monthly.—53, Fleet Street. September. 6d.

Marlborough College. Illustrated. W. Chas. Sargent.
The River Thames: Maidenhead to Kingston. Illustrated.
Sixty Years on the Stage: Mr. Henry Howe. Illustrated.
Our Volunteers: The Artists. Illustrated.

Lyceum.—Burns and Oates. September. 4d.

The Jews Amongst Us.

The Civilisation of Africa.

Our Convent Schools and University Education.

The Coming Races.

Three Women Poets.

McClure's Magazine.—33, Bedford Street, Covent Garden. Aug. 15 cents.

A Dialogue between Eugene Field and Hamlin Garland. Illustrated.
Personal Reminiscences of Edwin Booth. Illustrated. General Badian.

Adventures with Wild Beasts of Karl Hagenbeck. Illustrated. B. Blathwayt.

Stranger than Fiction: The Brontës in Ireland. Dr. Wm. Wright.

Mrs. Gladstone's Good Works. Illustrated. Mary G. Burnett.

A Boy's Republic: Camp Chocoma. Illustrated. Alfred Balch.

Macmillan's Magazine.—29, Bedford Street, Strand. Sept. 1s.

The Letters of Henry the Fourth. Arthur Tilley.

Dwellers in Arcady. Mrs. Ritchie.

George Fox.

A Chapter on Red Coats. Hon. J. W. Fortescue.

Medical Brief.—6th and Olive Streets, St. Louis, Mo. August. One shilling per annum.

Treatment of Fever. Dr. C. E. Page.

Medical Magazine.—4, King Street, Chapside. August. 2s. 6d.

The British Medical Association.

Thyroid Treatment of Myxoedema. Dr. Lorrain Smith.

Sanitation in Brussels. T. M. Legge.

Antiseptic Inunction in Scariatula. S. Peake.

The Massacre of the Innocents: A Plea for Healthy Surroundings. IX.

Men and Women of the Day.—78, Great Queen Street. Sept. 2s. 6d.

Portraits and Biographies of the Duke of Abercorn, the Countess Cadogan, and Dr. A. Conan Doyle.

Merry England.—43, Essex Street. August 5. 1s.

Magazine Memories: The Orthodox. A. S. Opie.

Madame De Hauteport. Coventry Patmore.

Tennyson in His Garden. Alice Meynell.

Methodist New Connexion Magazine.—30, Farnival Street. Sept. 6d.

Chinese Hymnology. G. T. Candlin.

A Century of English Literature. W. I. Wild.

Missionary Review of the World.—44, Fleet Street. September. 25 cents.

Missional Missions in Syria and Palestine. Rev. George E. Post.

Kami-No-Michi Shinto. A. H. McKinney.

Korea: Its Present Condition. Rev. J. S. Gale.

Presbyterian Mission Work in Korea. C. C. Vinton.

The Late Arthur Mitchell. Rev. F. F. Ellinwood.

A Great Life: Robert S. McAll. Rev. A. F. Beard.

A Survey of Missionary Work in Japan. W. E. Griffis.

Modern Review.—4, Bouverie Street. September. 6d.

Two Criminal Codes: The Maybrick Case. "Gail Hamilton."

Modern Women v. Milton.

Waste Material. Mrs. Warner Snow.

The Bitter Cry of the Civil Service Clerks.

Modern Stage Heroines.

Month.—Burns and Oates. September. 2s.

Mars as a Habitable World.
The Ecclesiastical Policy of Elizabeth. Rev. Joseph Stevenson.
De Torqueville's Memoirs.
Law and Custom. Rev. Wm. Humphrey.

Monthly Packet.—A. D. Innes, Bedford Street. September. 1s.

Jane Austen at Lyme. John Vaughan.
Palermo and its Neighbourhood. Florence Freeman.
Sun-Rays and Star-Beams. Agnes Giberne.
Carnes from English History: Austria and Prussia. C. M. Yonge.

Mothers and Daughters.—28, Hutton Street, Fleet Street. Sept. 11.

Isiah More.
A Chat with Miss Annie Taylor on Tibet.

National Review.—W. H. Allen. September. 2s. 6d.

The Behring Sea Award. A. W. Staveley Hill.
An Englishwoman in Tibet. Miss A. R. Taylor.
Four Weary Citizens. Home Rule Bill, &c. H. D. Traill.
The Immorality of Evolutionary Ethics. W. Earl Hodgson.
Hops and Hop-Pickers. Charles Edwards.
The Rape Difficulty. Hon. Evelyn Hubbard.
The Tuscan Nationality. Grant Allen.
A Warning from Wales. A. Griffith-Boscawen.
"Julius." Admiral Maxse.
Young Genius. Frederick Greenwood.

Natural Science.—Macmillan. September. 1s.

On Epiphytes. Percy Groom.
On the Relation of the Fauna and Flora of Australia to those of New Zealand.
C. Helly.
Recent Researches on the Fauna and Flora of Madagascar. C. Davies Sherborn.
The Interlocking of the Barbs of Feathers. W. P. Pyecraft.
The Laccanarians as Degenerate Scyphomedusae: a Note upon the Phylogeny of the Order. James Horne.
Biological Theories. VI. The Phylogeny of Lucernarians. C. H. Hurst.
Masses in the Piperoid Structure of Igneous Rocks. Prof. H. J. J. Lavie.

Nautical Magazine.—28, Little Queen Street. August. 1s.

The Foundering of the Victoria. Capt. E. Bond.
Geography: The Pacific Ocean. Richard Beynon.
Eight Signalling in the Mercantile Marine. Vice-Admiral Colomb.
Loss of the *Honorefeld*. G. H. Little.
Science and Art Navigation Papers, 1893. Wm. Allingham.

New Californian.—Cor. Union Ave. and First Street, Los Angeles. August. 15 cents.

The Temple of Isis.
Evolution and Involution as Synthesized in Man. William Main.

New Peterson Magazine.—112, South Third Street, Philadelphia. Aug. 20 cents.

The Rise of the Dancing Girl. Illustrated. Chas. B. Davis.
English Days. Illustrated. Mary G. Umsted.
Madame Alphonse Daudet. Illustrated. Alice H. Cady.

New Review.—Longmans, Green and Co. September. 1s.

The Coal War. Samuel Woods.
The Poetry of John Donne. Edmund Gosse.
Our Public Schools: A Defence of their Methods and Morals. Rev. J. E. C. Welldon.
The Bombay Riots: Who is to Blame? Sir William Wedderburn.
Sikhester and its Story. W. H. St. John Hope.
Lord Tollemache, the Labourers' Lord. Frederic Impey.
The Comédie Française of To-day. III. Albert D. Vandam.
A Visit to the Monasteries of Crete. Rennell Rodd.

Newbery House Magazine.—Griffith, Farran. September. 1s.

The Medical Diaconate. Rev. T. W. Belcher.
The Dead Cities of Flanders. Madame A. M. de Goey.
The Fortunes of Lambeth Palace. Wm. Connor Sydney.
The Maltese Embassy. Illustrated. Rev. Wm. Wood.
Wasps and Bees. Agnes Giberne.
Lady Anne Barnard. E. J. Saville.

Nineteenth Century.—Sampson Low. September. 2s. 6d.

Weariness. Professor Michael Foster.
"Protestant Science" and Christian Belief. Canon Knox Little.
The Transformation of Japan. Countess of Jersey.
Father Archangel of Scotland: George Leslie. R. B. Cunningham-Graham.
The Conduct of Friendship. Sir Herbert Maxwell.
"La Jeune Belgique." William Sharp.
The Malay Peninsula. With Map. Alfred Keyser.
A New Stage Doctrine. Hamilton Aldé.
A Question of Taste. E. F. Benson.
Fishing. L'Aligle Cole.
American Life through English Spectacles. A. S. Northcote.
The Verdict of Rome on "The Happiness in Hell." Father Clarke.

North American Review.—Brentano. August. 2s. 6d.

The Financial Situation. J. H. Eckels and Sylvester Pennoyer.
The Lesson of the Victoria Disaster. Wm. McAdoo.
Prohibition in England. Sir Wilfrid Lawson.
Disease and Death on the Stage. Dr. C. Edson.
Anglo-Saxon Union: A Response to Mr. Carnegie. Prof. Goldwin Smith.
How Cholera can be Stamped Out. Ernest Hart.
The American Hotel of To-day. Gen. R. C. Hawkins and W. J. Fanning.

The French Peasantry. Marquis de San Carlos.
The Useless House of Lords. Justin McCarthy.
In Behalf of Parents. Agnes Heppeler.
The Issue of the German Elections. Dr. J. H. Senner.
The Coming Extra Session. G. G. Vest and J. N. Dolph.

Our Day.—28, Beacon Street, Boston. August. 25 cents.

The Italian Renaissance of To-day. Rev. G. B. W. Scott.
Co-operation or Compulsory Fraternalism, Which?
Shall We Import the Continental Sunday? Joseph Cook.

Outing.—170, Strand. September. 6d.

Lenz's World Tour A-wheel. Illustrated.
A Family Camp in the Rockies. Illustrated. Charlotte R. Conover.
Our Sailor Soldiers: United States Naval Militia. Illustrated. E. B. Mero.
Football on the Pacific Slope. Illustrated. John Craig.
By Canoe from Lake George to the Atlantic. Wm. J. Warburton.

Overland Monthly.—Pacific Mutual Life Building, San Francisco. Aug. 25 cents.

The Chinese through an Official Window. Illustrated. Elizabeth S. Bates.
The Thimble of Alaska. Illustrated. Anna M. Bugbee.
Leland Stanford. With Portrait. J. S. Hittell.
Humboldt Lumbering. Illustrated. Mabel H. Closson.

Pall Mall Magazine.—18, Charing Cross Road. September. 1s.

Bimetallism:
The Case for Silver. W. H. Grenfell.
The Case for Gold. W. W. Astor.
Russian Jewry. Illustrated. Hall Caine.
An Imperial City: London. Illustrated. Sir Lepel Griffin.
The Follies of Fashion. III. Illustrated. Mrs. Parr.
Rome in America. Illustrated. R. Blatway.
A Dutch Exterior. Illustrated. W. L. Alden.
Society: the Remnant. Mrs. Lynn Linton.
The Partridge. Illustrated. A Son of the Marshes.

People's Friend.—186, Fleet Street. September. 6d.

Professor John Stuart Blackie.
Glenside and Lochie.
Sir Charles Napier. Rev. P. Anton.

Phrenological Magazine.—7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus. September. 6d.

Rev. Benjamin Waugh and John Ruskin. With Portraits.

Physical Education.—Springfield, Mass. August. 1 dol. per ann.
Graphic: Methods in Anthropometry. Wm. A. Jackson.

Primitive Methodist Magazine.—Sutton Street, Commercial Road. September. 6d.

The Fjords of Western Norway. Illustrated. W. Tarrant.

Quiver.—Cassell. September. 6d.

The Glow-worm. Illustrated. Rev. B. G. Johns.
An Old Brown Road. Illustrated. Kathleen Watson.
Scylla and Charybdis. Illustrated. Rev. J. R. Vernon.
The Beauties of Childhood in Lowly Places: Their Gladnesses. Illustrated. M. E. Wotton.

Religious Review of Reviews.—4, Catherine Street, Strand. August 15. 6d.

The Future of the Scottish Establishment: a Rejoinder.
The Crucible of Criticism. Rev. A. Finlayson.
Home Missions of the Church. VII.
Philanthropic Institutions. VII.

Review of the Churches.—John Haddon, Salisbury Square. Aug. 15. 6d.
The English Premier and Primate on the Parliament of Religions.
The Reunion of the Churches: The Laccan Conference. Illustrated.
A Roman Catholic View of the Reunion Movement.

St. Nicholas.—Fisher Unwin. September. 1s.

Queer Things about Frogs. Illustrated. Harold W. Chamberlain.
The Stars and Stripes. Illustrated. Henry R. Wray.

Scots Magazine.—Houlston, Paternoster Square. September. 6d.

Home Rule for Scotland. John Romans.
Saint Conan, Patron Saint of Loch Awe.
The Religion of Robert Burns.

Scottish Geographical Magazine.—Stanford. August. 1s. 6d.

On Sunshine. With Map. H. N. Dickson.
Colonel C. E. Yate's Mission to Herat and the Kushk Valley. Captain A. C. Yate.
The Wilks of Iceland.
Notes on Tuat, Algeria.

Scribner's Magazine.—Sampson Low. September. 1s.

Isaac Walton. Illustrated. Alex. Cargill.
A Thackeray Manuscript in Harvard College Library. T. R. Sullivan.
Clothes: Historically Considered. Illustrated. Edw. J. Lowell.
The Machinist. Illustrated. Fred J. Miller.
The Tides of the Bay of Fundy. Illustrated. Gustav Kobbé.
A Letter to Samuel Pepys, Esq. Andrew Lang.
Richardson at Home. Illustrated. Austin Dobson.

Sewanee Review.—(Quarterly.) Sewanee, Tennessee. August. 75 cents.
Zola and Literary Naturalism. B. W. Wells.
Old Northumbrian Worthies. G. F. Milton.
The Problem of Direct Taxation.

Southern States.—Manufacturers' Record Publishing Co., Baltimore. August. 15 cents.

Atlanta: the Gate City of the South. Illustrated. J. R. Randall.
The Florida Phosphate Industry. Illustrated. E. H. Sauborn.

Strand Magazine.—Southampton Street. August. 6s.

Portraits of Sydney Grundy, the King of Greece, the Queen of Greece,
W. E. Lockhart, the Bishop of Exeter, W. L. Wyllie.
From Behind the Speaker's Chair. VIII. Illustrated. Henry W. Lucy.
From London to Chicago. Illustrated. James Mortimer.

Sunday at Home.—56, Paternoster Row. September. 6d.
Saint Louis: Louis IX. of France. Professor Gibbs.
Germans in London. Mrs. Brewer.
Present West Country Superstitious. Alice King.
The Servants' Sunday. Ruth Lamb.

Sunday Magazine.—Isbister. September. 6s.
Corfu. Illustrated. Prof. J. P. Mahaffy.
A Walk Round Lincoln Minster. II. Illustrated. Precentor Venables.
Archdeacon Sinclair at Home. Illustrated.
How Brébœuf Lived and Died. T. Bowman Stephenson.
A Visit to the Home for Lepers at Maudalay. Illustrated. Rev. W. R. Winston.
Jubilee Remembrances of People I have Met. IV. Newman Hall.

Sylvia's Journal.—Ward, Lock. September. 6s.

Two Sisters and Their Art: Chat with the Misses Barlow. Illustrated.
The North London Collegiate School for Girls. Illustrated. Mrs. Ruscoe Mullins.
English Teachers in Foreign Families. M. L. Cameron.

Temple Bar.—8, New Burlington Street. September. 1s.

The Pall of an Army: Old Regimental Colour of 44th Foot.
A Night with the Trappists. E. H. Barker.
The Comte de Paris.
Glimpses Back: A Hundred Years Ago.

Theatre.—78, Great Queen Street. September. 1s.
Mr. George Clarke. Arthur Croxton.
Six Phases in the Life of Molière. John Coleman.
Portraits of Miss Maud Millet and Mr. George Clarke.

Theosophist.—7, Duke Street, Adelphi. August. 2s.
Old Diary Leaves. XVII. H. S. Olcott.
Psychological Religion. S. E. Gopalacharini.
The Predictive Art in India. W. R. Old.

United Service Magazine.—15, York Street, Covent Garden. September. 2s.

The Siamese Question. Lord Lamington.
Rulers of India. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff.

Arena.—August.

The New Crusade. Benjamin Hathaway.
Can It Be? W. W. Fries.

Argosy.—September.
Love's Seasons. Christian Burke.

Atalanta.—September.
The Temple of the Woods. Janet L. Robertson.
Song for Music. Marlon Buchanan.

Atlantic Monthly.—September.
Hack and Hew. Bliss Carman.
Two Quatrains. Edith M. Thomas.
Whisper. John B. Tabb.

Blackwood's Magazine.—September.
Glengarry's Death-Song. Sir Walter Scott.

Californian Illustrated Magazine.—August.
Sestina. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
Edwin Booth. Ina Coolbrith.

Catholic World.—August
Faith, Hope, Charity. C. C. Spalding.

Century Magazine.—September.
Storm-Voices. Archibald Lampman.
The Horizon Line. Thos. W. Higginson.
The Test. Mary T. Higginson.

Chautauquan.—August.
Wild Balm. Clinton Scollard.

Cosmopolitan.—August.
The Red Wolf. Illustrated. Bliss Carman.
Genius. Edward L. White.
A Stradivarius. Virginia W. Cloud.

English Illustrated Magazine.—September.
Baby. Norman Gale.
Autumn Eve. F. W. Ragg.

Smokeless Powder. J. D. Dougall.
Naval Efficiency and Army Reform. Captain C. E. Callwell.
History of the 24th Regiment. Colonel J. F. Maurie.
In the Solomon Islands. Commander F. W. Wyley.
The Protection of our Commerce in War. Vice-Admiral P. H. Colomb.
Military Japan. Lieut.-Colonel E. G. Barrow.
Soldiers' Food. A Regular Officer.
The Peace of Europe and Russian Designs. Karl Blind.
The Growth of the United States as a Naval Power. H. Lawrence Swinburn.

University Extension World.—Luzas and Co., 46, Great Russell Street. August. 10 cents.

Practical Difficulties in Small Centres. Mrs. Grace Johnstone.
Recreation in Ancoats. Charles Rowley.

Wilson's Photographic Magazine.—853, Broadway, New York. August. 30 cents.

A Little Talk and a Process: Warnerke Process. J. M. Tomlinson.

Work.—Casell. September. 6s.

A Savonarola Chair. Illustrated. Henry O'Connor.
How to Mix Colours for Painting and Decorating. A. S. Jeanninga.
The Home Arts and Industries Exhibition.
The Storing and Indexing of Plans. Illustrated. Arthur Bower.

Yale Review.—(Quarterly.) Edward Arnold, Bedford Street. August. 75 cents.

Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner. Prof. G. P. Fisher.
The Historic Policy of the United States as to Annexation. Simon Baldwin.

Edward A. Freeman. Hannis Taylor.
The Tendencies of Natural Values. Prof. E. A. Ross.
The Behring Sea Controversy from an Economic Standpoint. Joseph Sturge Brown.

Young England.—56, Old Bailey. September. 3s.

The Last French Invasion of Ireland.
George A. Henty. With Portrait.
The New Navies of our Time. Illustrated. J. C. Paget.

Young Gentlewoman.—Arundel Street, Strand. September. 4s.
On Stamps and Stamp Collecting.

Young Man.—9, Paternoster Row. September. 3s.

Robert F. Horton. With Portrait. D. Basil Martin.
Capital and Labour. W. Harbutt Dawson.
E. T. Cook, of the Westminster Gazette. With Portrait.
Studies of Heads. Illustrated. Edward Garrett.

Young Woman.—9, Paternoster Row. September. 3s.

Mrs. Oliphant. With Portrait. W. J. Dawson.
Hints on Home Nursing.
What They Read in the East End. Miss M. S. R. James.

POETRY.

Gentleman's Magazine.—September.

Hope. John Sansome.
The Passing of Baldr. Arthur L. Salmon.

Girl's Own Paper.—September.

Hope Deferred. Helen Marion Burnside.
The Rescued. Anne Beale.
Twilight. Augusta Hancock.

Good Words.—September.

The Mountain of the Holy Cross. Helena Heath.
Friendly Leaves. Anna Spode.

Harper's Magazine.—September.

When Phyllis Loughs. Illustrated. John Hay.
September. Archibald Lampman.

Letsure Hour.—September.

To a Thrush. F. H. Wood.

Lippincott's.—September.

Whom the Gods Love. Edgar Fawcett.
The Sleep of Death. James K. Phillips.

Longman's Magazine.—September.

Weather-Wise. E. F. Strange.
Vesper. Aubyn Trevor-Batye.

Magazine of Art.—September.

Carols of the Year: September. Illustrated. A. C. Swinburne.

Merry England.—August.

To a Poet breaking Silence. Francis Thompson.

Month.—September.

Columbus at Seville. Aubrey de Vere.

Pall Mall Magazine.—September.

Clarinda's Beauty. Illustrated. Norman Gale.

People's Friend.—September.

The Old House and the New. J. S. Blackie.

Scribner's Magazine.—September.

Moore. J. Russell Taylor.
Charles. Edith Wharton.
A Birthday in Autumn. Mrs. J. T. Fields.
The Harvest. Duncan C. Scott.

Sunday at Home.—September.
A Message from the Fields. Illustrated. E. H. Hickey.
Sunday Magazine.—September.
Patience. Niall Herne.
Temple Bar.—September.
Afterglow. H. C. Minchin.
A Roundel. E. Dawson.

MUSIC.

American Art Journal.—23, Union Square, New York. August 19.
Charles Gomout at Home.
Opinions on the Dvorak Theory on Negro Melodies.
British Musician.—21, Bevis Marks. August. 31.
Broadwood's Bandmaster and Band.
Pierre Mascagni.
Church Musician.—4, Newman Street. August 15. 2d.
The Music of the Prayer Book. Rev. G. T. G. Hayward.
"Evening Service in G" (Unison), by G. E. Lyle.
Etude.—1708, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. August. 15 cents.
The Chopin Waltzes as Piano Solos. E. B. Perry.
Piano Solos: "Fairy Dance," by F. G. Rathbun; "Melody in A Flat," by H. D. Hewitt; "Confession," by Ed. Schütt.
Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.—September.
Verdi's "Falstaff" and the New Italian Opera. Illustrated. J. A. Fuller Maitland.
Godey's Magazine. August.
Music at the Columbian Exposition. Herbert W. Greene.
Leader.—226, Washington Street, Boston.—August. 1 dollar per annum.
Gamb Monteverde. F. Marcellac.
Duo for Violin and Piano:—"Reverie," by B. C. Fauconier.
Magazine of Music.—29, Ludgate Hill. September. 6d.
Brahm's Reminiscences. J. Cuthbert Hadden.
W. A. Mozart. O. A. Mansfield.
Meister.—Kegan Paul. August 13. 1s.
Wagner, the Playwright. Louis N. Parker.
Wagner's Letters from Paris, 1841. III.
Methodist Monthly.—119, Salisbury Square. September. 3d.
Church Music. J. J. Barlow.
Monthly Musical Record.—86, Newgate Street. September. 2d.
Ebenzer Prout's "Musical Form." Dr. C. W. Pearce.
Piano Solo: Marie Wurm's "Valse de Concert."
Music Review.—174, Wabash Avenue, Chicago. August. 20 cents.
Polymnia Ecclesiastica. W. Waugh Leuder.
Music as Found in Certain Indian Tribes. Alice C. Fletcher.
Scale and Natural Harmonies of Indian Songs. J. C. Fillmore.
History of Cathedral Choirs in Berlin. L. W. Mason.
Woman in Song. Mme. L. Nordica.
Music Education: Examinations and Degrees. C. B. Cady.
The Child Student in Church Music. G. A. Vezie.
Music Teacher.—Dalton, Georgia. August. 50 cents per annum.
Four-Part Songs: "Beautiful Dreams," by J. L. Moore; "Waiting for the May," by A. J. Showalter.
Music World.—30, 33, Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo. July 31. 10 cents.
Hermann Heberlein.
Piano Solo: "Nocturne," by Carl Tausig.
Musical Herald.—8, Warwick Lane. September. 2d.
Sir Robert Stewart. With Portrait.
Musical Haunts in London. F. G. Edwards.
"Bow, Gently Row." Part-Song in two Notations, by Henry Newbould.
Musical Messenger.—141, West Sixth Street, Cincinnati. August. 15 cents.
Anthems: "Hear Our Petition," by J. H. Tenney; "Marching to the Land Above," by J. H. Fillmore.
Musical News.—130, Fleet Street. 1d. August 5.
Evening Continuation Schools and Music. T. L. Southgate.
August 19.
On the Organ with Orchestra. E. H. Turpin.
Musical Record.—Oliver Ditson, Boston. August. 10 cents.
Wagner's Influence on Vocal Art. J. S. Van Cleave.
Old Scottish Ballads. J. D. Ross.

Musical Standard.—185, Fleet Street. 31.
August 5.
Harmony as it is Written. J. W. G. Hathaway.
August 12.
Some Unpublished Letters of Wagner.
The Death of Amateur Orchestras.
August 19.
Wagner Misunderstood.
Harmony as it is Written. J. W. G. Hathaway.
August 26.
German Vocalisation.
Common Faults in Boys' Singing.
Musical Times.—Novello. September. 4d.
Norwich Festival Novelties.
Beethoven's Sketch Books. J. S. Shedlock.
Four-Part Song:—"Two Cupids," by A. W. Bateson.
Musical Visitor.—John Church Co., Cincinnati. August. 15 cents.
Eugenia Castellano. A. J. Goodrich.
Musical World.—146, Wabash Avenue, Chicago. August. 15 cents.
Piano Solos:—"Swing Song," by F. Lyles; "Sweet Graduates Waltz," by P. T. Wayne; "Saratoga Life Galop," by J. C. Macy.
National Choir.—Parlane, Palaley. September. 1d.
Part-Songs: "Fair Ellen of Kirkconnell," and six others.
New Quarterly Musical Review.—Robert Cocks and Co. August. 1s.
A Roman Portative Organ of A.D. 63. C. F. Abdy Williams.
The Culture of the Emotions. Ernest Newman.
Stanford's "Velled Prophet."
On Flowers in Music. J. D. Rogers.
New Review.—September.
Opera in England. Sir A. Harris.
Nonconformist Musical Journal.—44, Fleet Street. September. 2d.
Musical Incongruities. Arthur Baylis.
Festival Hymn:—"Brightly Gleams our Banner," by E. Minshall.
Organ.—149A, Tremont Street, Boston. August. 25 cents.
Johann Christian Heinrich Rink. With Portrait.
Organ Music:—"Tempo di Minuetto," John S. Camp.
Organist and Choirmaster.—139, Oxford Street. August 15. 2d.
The Speed of Hymns and Chants. Joseph W. G. Hathaway.
The Priest's Part in the Liturgy. IV. Dr. C. W. Pearce.
Anthem:—"The Lord is full of Compassion and Mercy," by Dr. E. J. Hopkins.
Organist's Magazine of Voluntaries.—44, Fleet Street. Sept. 1s. 6d.
Organ Music:—"Concluding Voluntary," by F. N. Abernethy; "Introductory Voluntary," by W. Wright.
School Music Review.—Novello. September. 1d.
Sir John Stainer's Report on Music in Training Colleges.
Music in both Notations: "A Holiday on the Rhine," by R. Schumann; "The Ploughboy," by W. W. Pearson.
Strad.—186, Fleet Street. September. 2d.
Robert Lindley. With Portrait.
Quartet Practice.
Vocalist.—97, Fifth Avenue, New York. August. 20 cents.
The Function of the Diaphragm. Illustrated. Dr. W. Ward.
Vocal Music. H. S. Vinig.
Werner's Magazine.—108, East 16th Street, New York. August. 25 cents.
Chicago Convention of Elocutionists.
Musical Expressiveness. IV. B. I. Gilman.
The Mechanism of Breathing among Singers. III. Dr. Joel.

ART.

Art Amateur.—Griffith, Farran and Co. September. 1s. 6d.
Art at the World's Fair. Illustrated.
The National Gallery. Illustrated. Continued. Theodore Child.
Art Journal.—Virtue, Ivy Lane. September. 1s. 6d.
"Cromwell at Ripley Castle." Etching after Rudolf Lehmann.
Indoor Venice. Illustrated. Lady Colin Campbell.

Cromwell at Ripley Castle. Rose E. Kingsley.
Sir John Day's Pictures. Illustrated. R. A. M. Stevenson.
Some Pyrenean Stairways. Illustrated. A. Elliot.
The Art Sales of 1893. A. C. R. Carter.
Sir Francis Powell, P.R.S.W. With Portrait.
Fred. Walker's "Harbour of Refuge." Illustrated.
Artistic Furniture at the Chicago Exhibition. Illustrated.

Classical Picture Gallery.—33, King Street, Covent Garden.

Reproductions of "The Transfiguration," by Raphael; and eleven others.
September. 1s.

Contemporary Review.—September.

The Foundations of Art Criticism. P. G. Hamerton.

English Illustrated Magazine.—September.

The Country of Constable and of St. Patrick. R. L. Everett.

Forum.—August.

Art and Shoddy: A Reply to Criticism. Frederick Harrison.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.—September.

Henrik Ibsen as a Landscape Painter. Illustrated. George Holst.

Good Words.—September.

The First Artists of Europe. Illustrated. Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

Magazine of Art.—Cassell. September. 1s.

"The Blind Girl." Sir John E. Millais.
Portraits of Cardinal Manning. Illustrated. Wilfrid Meynell.
Jules Chéret. Illustrated. R. H. Sherard.

THE GERMAN MAGAZINES.**Chorgesang.**—Hans Licht, Leipzig. 4 Mks. per half-year.
August 1.

Adolf Fischer. With Portrait.

Choruses for Male Voices: "Sommernacht," by A. Wald; and "Ein Minnesänger," by Max Zeuger.

August 15.

The Nibelungenlied, revised for singing. III. F. Soubhay.

Egmont Froelich. With Portrait.

Chorus for Male Voices: "Thor's Hammerwurf," by F. von Woyrach.

Daheim.—9, Poststrasse, Leipzig. 2 Mks. per quarter.
August 5.

Philipp Spitta. With Portrait.

In Darkest Berlin. V. R. Stratz.

Pictures from Bohemia. Illustrated. C. Steben.

August 12.

New Churches in Berlin. I. Illustrated. H. Schliepmann.

Emanuel Geibel in Greece. R. Koenig.

August 19.

New Churches in Berlin. Continued.

August 26.

Chicago Exhibition. P. von Szepianski.

Libeck. Illustrated. T. H. Pantenius.

Deutscher Hausschatz.—Fr. Pustet, Regensburg. 40 Pf.
Heft 15.

Cervantes Saavedra. With Portrait. Prof. K. Pasch.

Games in Ancient Rome.

Meteorological Observations. J. Dackweiler.

Heft 16.

Bamberg. Illustrated. Dr. H. Weber.

Hypnotism. Dr. C. Guthelet.

Dr. Ludwig Wahl. J. Schneiderhan.

Deutsche Revue.—Tauenzienstr. 50, Breslau.
6 Mks. per quarter. August.

King Charles of Roumania. XIX.

Lothar Bucher. III. H. von Poschinger.

Weather and Climate. C. F. W. Peters.

Sixteen Years in the Workshop of Leopold von Ranke. XIII. T. Wielemann.

Oriental Carpets. II. J. Jantsch.

Correspondence of Joseph von Görres. I. J. von Gruner.

Deutsche Rundschau.—7, Lützowstr., Berlin. 6 Mks. per quarter.
August.

Aesthetical Observation of Nature. Robert Vischer.

Marco Minghetti, and His Share in the Regeneration of Italy, 1846—59. II. Flaminio.

The Sandwich Islands. Adolf Marcuse.

Taormina and A. Reale. Dr. J. Rosenberg.

Recent Helve Literature. Hermann Hüser.

Kreierleik the Great's Economic Policy.

Political Correspondence: The Opening of the New German Parliament, the Riots in the Quartier Latin, the Italian Bank Scandals, etc.

Deutsche Worte.—VIII. Langegasse 15, Vienna. 50 kr. August—
September.

Suicide in the Austrian Army. Dr. S. Rosenfeld.

Birth Statistics in France. Dr. L. Gumpelwicz.

House-Keeping Statistics. Dr. A. Brann.

The Ethical Movement of the Present Day. F. von Fellegk.

Die Gartenlaube.—Ernst Kell's Nachf., Leipzig. 50 Pf. Heft 8.

In the Parks of Vienna. Illustrated. V. Chlavacil.

The Perfume of Roses. C. Falkenhörst.

Artificial Eyes. Dr. C. Wettlauffer.

The White City at Chicago. Illustrated. Rudolf Cronau.

Heft 2.

The Wengern Alpine Railway. Illustrated. A. Francke.

Karl Braun. With Portrait. E. Ecksleu.

The Buttstadt Horse Market. Illustrated. H. Fersbke.

The Bingham Mildmay Sale. Illustrated. Nicholas Maas.

The Romance of Art: Allegri's "Night" and "Day." Leader Scott.

Decorative Sculpture at Chicago. Illustrated.

The Salons. II. Illustrated. Claude Phillips.

Newbery House Magazine.—September.

Sir John Gilbert. Illustrated. G. Wakeling.

Strand Magazine.—August 15.

Luke Fildes. Illustrated. Harry How.

Studio.—16, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. August 15. 6d.

Sketching from Nature. Illustrated. Alfred Hartley.

The Art Critic and the Critical Artist. Illustrated. Norman Garstin.

The Sketch-Book in the Streets. Illustrated. George Thomson.

Colour and Form. Illustrated. A. G. Draper.

Some New Palettes and Colour-Boxes. Illustrated.

An Interview with Mr. Frederick Hollyer. Illustrated. Horace Townsend.

Pen-Drawing for Reproduction: Mixed Drawings for Process. Illustrated.

C. G. Harper.

Letters from Artists to Artists. Illustrated. Warrington Hogg.

Art Students' Work at South Kensington.

Die Gesellschaft.—Wm. Friedrich, Leipzig. 1 Mk. 30 Pf. Aug.

The Monks of the Jesuits. Oskar Panizza.

Oskar Panizza. With Portrait. O. J. Bierbaum.

Poems by Karl Bleibtreu, and others.

The Ethical Movement in America. K. Saenger.

Has Woman a Moral Justification for Existence? P. A. Kirstein.

War: Theory and Practice. K. Bleibtreu.

Die Gleichheit.—12, Furtbachstrasse, Stuttgart. 10 Pf. Aug. 9 and 22.

The International Workers' Congress at Zürich.

Die Katholischen Missionen.—Herder, Freiburg. 4 Mks. per ann.
September.

The Martyrdom of Rudolf Aquaviva and his Companions.

On the Kilima-Njaro. Continued. Mgr. Le Roy.

Freie Bühne.—Kühnenstr. 44, Berlin. 1 Mk. 50 Pf. August.

The Luther Play. C. Flaischlen.

Berlin Art Exhibition. H. E. Schmidt.

The Social Aristocracy. B. Wille.

A Word to Frau Irma von Troll-Borostyáni. B. Jeanine.

Why do We Educate? O. Rittmann.

Internationale Revue über die Gesamten Armeen und Flotten.

—Max Babenzien, Rathow. 24 Mks. per annum. Aug.

In Captivity: Reminiscences of a German Prisoner in 1870. Colonel D. nolo.

The Battle of Spichenen. Continued. Lieut.-Col. Nienstädt.

The Lower Danube States and the Organisation of Their Armies. Continued.

Italian Correspondence by Pellegrino.

The Attack and Defence of Fortified Positions. Continued.

Bulgaria and its Politico-Military Significance.

Jahrbücher für die Deutsche Armee und Marine.—A. Bök.
Berlin. 32 Mks. per annum. August.

The Campaign of 1809 in the Tyrol, in Salzburg, and on the South Bavarian Frontier. Continued. Capt. Heilmann.

The Fight on the Katzbach, August 26th, 1813. With Map. Lieut.-Colonel Wedelstädt.

The Franco-German Paper War on the Subject of Armoured Cupolas. Continued. Major-General Schröder.

Historical Account of Small-Bore Quick-Firing Guns.

The New Army Reforms in Spain.

Russian Infantry Attack.

Konservative Monatsschrift.—E. Ungleich, Leipzig. 3 Mks.
per quarter. August.

Heinrich Leo's Historical Monthly Reports and Letters. O. Kraus.

Portuguese National Festivals and National Poetry.

Panama Letters. V. E. Freiherr von Ungern-Sternberg.

Letter from Chicago.

Schill's March through Mecklenburg.

Magazin für Litteratur.—Lützow-Ufer, 13, Berlin. 40 Pf.
August 5.

Prize Operas. R. Steinweg.

The Soul of Rhyme. W. Kirchbach.

August 12.

Franz Nissel, 1831—1893. M. Necker.

The Slav Renaissance. G. Karpeles.

August 19.

Nordau as a Dramatist. A. Kerr.

Robert Walldmüller. M. Necker.

August 26.

Munich Art and Drama. E. von Wolzogen.

Berlin Art Exhibition, 1893. M. Schmid.

Mittheilungen aus dem Gebiete des Seewesens.—C. Gerold's Sohn,
Vienna. 17s. per ann. Parts VI. and VII.

Landing Operations.

The Mannesman Tubes: their Manufacture and Utility for War Purposes.
95 Figs. G. Schwanda, Naval Ordnance Engineer.

Report of the English Admiralty Boiler Committee.

Administration and Organization of the United States Navy.
 Latest Improvements in the Howell Torpedo.
 Periscope for Submarine Boats.
 Reports on the Loss of the *Victoria*.
 Steam and Benzine Motors for Boats and small Vessels.

Monatsschrift für Christliche Social-Reform.—Franz Chamera,
 St. Pölten. 4 fl. per annum. August.

Land Question Congress at Chicago. (Concluded.) Dr. A. Rohling.
 Reform of Civil Actions. Dr. J. Bräboby.
 Industrial Inspectors in England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Austria.
sikalische Rundschau.—I. Maria-Theresienstr. 10, Vienna. 25 kr.
 August 1 and 15.

Music and the Teaching of Music. E. Krantz.
 Richard Wagner and Heinrich Puder.

Neue Zeit.—J. H. W. Dietz, Stuttgart. 20 Pf.
 No. 45.

End of a Demagogue: Court Preacher Stöcker.
 Curse of Civilisation. Belfort Bax.
 Economic Development of Japan to 1868. Dr. Paul Ernst.
 No. 46.

Cher and Lassalle.
 Austrian Industrial Inspection in 1892. D. Zinner.
 Pan Concluded.

No. 47.
 Economic Development of Japan since 1868. Dr. Paul Ernst.
 Humanity and Class Instinct. Belfort Bax.
 No. 48.

Frankfort Conference of Finance Ministers.
 Limits of the Use and Influence of International Congresses. E. Bernstein.
 North Sea Canal. E. Ernst.
 Pan Concluded. P. Ernst.

ord und Süd.—Stiebenhufenstr., 2, Breslau. 6 Mks. per quarter. August.
 Portrait of Dr. Max Burckhard.
 Art and the Natural History of Evolution. Dr. M. Burckhard.
 Waves from the "Werther" Circle. Eugen Wolff.
 The Artesian Well at Schneidemühl. G. Schröder.
 The Development of German National Consciousness, Especially in the
 18th Century. F. Nitzsch.
 Poems by Titus Ullrich.

Preussische Jahrbücher.—Kleiststr., 16, Berlin. 2 Mks. 50 Pf. August
 Philip II. of Spain. E. Marks.
 Current History and Contemporary Men in Immermann's "Epigonen."
 F. Schultess.

The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief among the Ancients. M. Schneidewin.
 A Martyr of the Red Cross a Hundred Years Ago. R. Wille.
 Rome on South-East Germany. H. von Zwiernick.
 Political Correspondence: Reform of Prussian Taxation, Army Reform, etc.

Schweizerische Rundschau.—A. Müller, Zürich. 2 Mks. August.

The Position of Man in Nature. Dr. B. Vetter.
 Alpine Vuy. (In French.) Concluded. E. Tissot.

Sphinx.—Kogan Paul, Charing Cross Road. 2s. 3d. August.
 The Psychological and Religious Congress at Chicago. Thomassin.
 The Influence of Psychological Factors in Occultism. Carl Du Prel.
 On Suggestion and Suggestive Circumstances. L. Delais.
 The New Church. W. Russbildt.
 Simon Magus. Continue! Thomassin.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach.—Herder, Freiburg, Baden. 19 Mks. 80 Pf.
 per annum. August.

The History of the Social Movement in Germany. Concluded. H. Pesch.
 William George Ward and the Revival of Catholicism in England. A.
 Zimmermann.

Russia and Constantinople in the Fifteenth Century. Concluded. A. Arndt.
 Albrecht Ritschl on the Kingdom of God. Concluded. T. Grandreath.
 The Nunne. Concluded. E. Wassmann.
 Pascal's Last Years. I. W. Kreiten.

Ueber Land und Meer.—Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart. 1 Mk.
 Heft 1.

Sullen and the Payer Monument. Illustrated. L. Thaden.
 Frauenbad. Illustrated. H. Gregory.

THE FRENCH MAGAZINES.

**Association Catholique: Revue des Questions Sociales et
 Ouvrières.**—22, boulevard St. Germain, Paris. 2 frs. Aug. 15.

The Panama Catastrophe and the Elections. Segur-Lamoignon.

Bibliothèque Universelle.—18, King William Street, Strand. 2 fr. 50 c.
 August.

Domestic Poetry in Italy. Philippe Monnier.

On Bard in Ironclad. G. van Muyden.

Hall Calne. Auguste Glardon.

An Explorer in Patagonia. II. Dr. F. Machon.

Woman's Work, Ancient and Modern. II. Berthe Vadier.

Chroniques:—Parisian, Italian, German, English, Russian, Swiss, Political.

Chrétien Evangélique.—G. Bridel, Lausanne. 1 fr. 50 c. August 20.

The Epistles of St. Paul. J. Bovon.

The Religious Revival in the Canton of Vaud. Concluded. J. Adamina.

Casan and Mrs. Josephine Butler. H. Mouron.

The Golden-Wedding of the Grand-Duke and Grand-Duchess of Mecklenburg-
 Strelitz. Illustrated. O. Piepkorn.
 Christopher Marlowe. M. Landau.
 Strassburg. Illustrated.
 Crime in Berlin. Illustrated. E. Thiel.
 A Visit to the Baltic Sea Watering-Places. Illustrated.
 Germany at the World's Fair. Illustrated.
 Heft 2.

The Aigau Alps. Illustrated.
 The Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the University of Erlangen. Illus-
 trated.

Charlotte Corday.
 The Ducal Pair of Altenburg. Illustrated.
 Germany at the World's Fair. Illustrated.
 Austria, Switzerland, and Belgium at the World's Fair. Illustrated.

Universum.—A. Hauschild, Dresden. 50 Pf.
 Heft 25.

The Artist's Festival at Munich in 1893. Illustrated. Max Haushofer.
 How Should We Breathe? Ernst Halm.
 Louise Dumont, Actress. With Portrait. D. Saut.
 Heft 26.

Watering-Places on the Norman Coast. Illustrated. L. Pietsch.
 Collectors and Collections. F. Luthmer.
 Dr. Nansen. With Portrait.

Unsere Zeit.—J. H. Schorer, Berlin. 75 Pf.
 Heft 12.

Paris Society Fin-de-Siècle. E. von Jagow.
 The Headquarters of the Anarchists. II. S. Margie.
 The Beard in the Army. Illustrated. R. Knüttel.
 Heft 13.

Emancipation of Women in France. E. von Jagow.
 Mars. A. Schulze.

Veihagen und Klasing's Monatshefte.—53, Steglitzerstr., Berlin.
 1 Mk. 25 Pf. August.

Thorn, the Watch-Tower on the Weihsel. Illustrated. Franz Hirsch.
 Are there Sea-Serpents? Georg Wislizenus.
 The Spitzer Sale.
 Fine Arts under the Hohenzollerns in the Time of the Great Electoral Prince.
 Paul Seidel.
 Richard Voss. With Portrait. J. E. Freiherr von Grothuss.

Vom Fels zum Meer.—Union Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft, Stuttgart. /
 1 Mk. Heft 13.

The World's Fair. Illustrated. E. von Hesse-Wartegg.
 Anatolia. Illustrated. C. Freiherr v. d. Goltz.
 Landing Manoeuvres of the German Fleet. Illustrated. F. Lindner.
 Dogs and Dog-Breeding. Illustrated. Professor L. Hoffmann.
 The Chinese. Illustrated. Ludwig Hevesi.

Die Waffen Nieder!—E. Pierson, Dresden. 6 Mks. per annum. August.
 Verestschagin's Reminiscences.
 Federation and Peace. Marchese P. Pandolfi.
 International Bridges. F. Rajer.
 The Work of Peace. E. Ducommun.

Westermann's Illustrierte Deutsche Monatshefte.—Brunswick.
 4 Mks. per annum. September.

Pope Pius IX. Illustrated. S. Mitnz.
 Finger-Posts on the High Seas. Illustrated. M. W. Meyer.
 Dust in the Economy of Nature. B. Dessau.
 The Angels of Melozzo da Forlì. Illustrated. A. Schmarsow.
 Beethoven's Circle of Women. Illustrated. A. C. Kallscher.
 Music in Speech. E. Eckstein.

Wiener Literatur-Zeitung.—I. Spiegelgasse, 12, Vienna. 25 kr.
 August.

Dr. Arnold Bauer. Dr. E. Wengraf.
 Franz Nissel. A. Doria.
 The Rose in Heine's Poems. Concluded. P. Bernard.
 Something New about Tourgenieff. H. Glücksmann.

Zuschauer.—II. Durchschnitt, 16, Hamburg. 1 Mk. 50 Pf.
 per quarter. August 15.

Anton Reiser. H. Handwerk.
 The Technique of Artistic Creation. IV. C. Brunner.

Entretiens Politiques et Littéraires.—8, rue St. Joseph, Paris. 60c.
 August 10.

"The Master Builder." H. Albert.
 Specialities in Art. H. de Malvost.
 Buddhism. E. Cère.

Ermitage.—28, rue de Varenne, Paris. 60 cents. August.

Adolphe Retté. R. de Marés.

Victor Hugo and the Century. Saint Antoine.

Haute Science.—11, rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Paris. 15 frs. per annum.
 August 27.

Studies on the Origins of Christianity. L. Ménéral.

Journal des Economistes.—14, rue Richelieu, Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.
 August.

Economic Liberty. G. Du Paynole.

Chinese Colonization in the United States. G. N. Tricoche.

Ministerial Officers. L. Theureau.
The Agricultural Movement. G. Fouquet.
In Roumania. D. Ballet.

Journal des Sciences Militaires.—L. Baudoin, 30, rue et passage Dauphine, Paris. 40 frs. per annum. July and August.

The Strategy of Marching. Continued. General Lewal.
Ought Metz to have been left in 1870?
Cryptography: Methods of Decipherment. Continued. 16 figs. Captain Valerio.
The Tactical Instruction of Officers. 2 mss. Continued.
The Campaign of 1814: The Cavalry of the Allied Armies. Continued. Commandant Well.
The Frontiers and Fortresses of the Principal Powers: Great Britain and her Colonies.
Remarks on the Political and Historical Geography of Central Europe.
The English Campaigns in the Sudan, 1884-5. Continued. Commandant Palat.

Ménestrel.—2 bis, rue Vivienne, Paris. 10 frs. per annum. August 6, 13, 20, and 27.

Marie Malibran. Continued. A. Pougin.

Nouvelle Revue.—18, King William Street, Strand. 62 frs. per annum. August 1.

A Hitherto Unpublished Memoir of Mirabeau. C. de Lomenie.
A Doctor's Degree at Cambridge. C. Saint-Saens.
Eastern Capitulations. Z. Marica.
Germans and Russians. V. The Battle of Kunersdorf. A. Rambaud.
Witchcraft Trials in the 17th Century. F. Delacroix.
The Regeneration of Children by the Sea. G. Lafargue.
The Woman Question. Madame J. Schabl.
Letters on Foreign Politics. Madame Adam.
August 15.
The Origin of Kissing. C. Lombroso.
The Japanese Military Manoeuvres. Minegah.
Russians and Germans. VI. The Russian Occupation of Berlin. A. Rambaud.
Three Great Gallo-Roman Towns. R. Cagnat.
With the Indians of Oklahoma. Madame M. Shaw.
The Charity of Queen Olga and Grecian Women. Madame H. Lascaris.
Modern Sport. Conclusion. G. de Wally.
Letters on Foreign Politics. Madame Adam.

Nouvelle Revue Internationale.—23, boulevard Poissonnière, Paris. 50 frs. per annum. August 15.

The Pamirs. S. Kiménès.
The Basin of the Nile. Comte M. d'Estrey.
Women Opium Smokers in China.
Review of European Politics. Emilio Castelar.

Réforme Sociale.—54, rue de Seine, Paris. 1 fr. August 16 and September 1.

The Amlens Strikes. H. Valleroux.
An English Imitation of the Chinese Family: Major Poore and the Villagers of Wiltshire. E. Simon.
Wages and Hours of Labour in the Department of the Seine. A. Fontaine.

Revue d'Art Dramatique.—44, rue de Rennes, Paris. 1 fr. 25 c. August 1.

The French Hamlet in England. R. Benoist.
August 15.
Criticism and Berlin.
Edouard Brandès. L. Vernay.

Revue Bleue.—Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. 60 c. August 5.

Popular Instruction and Morality. L. Rossigneux.
Three Days at Chicago. M. Bouchor.
Letters of a Parliamentarian. XXIII. Paul Lafitte.
Parliamentary Jargon. E. Frauk.

August 12.
Literary Souvenirs. E. Grenier.
A New Method of Criticism: Max Nordau. J. Thorel.
Political Indifference. Paul Lafitte.
General Thoumas and the War of 1870-71. Col. Belin.

August 19.
Parliamentarism or Mébiscite. Paul Lafitte.
Emblematic Poetry at the Beginning of the Seventeenth Century.
Three Days at Chicago. Continued.

August 26.
M. de Treitschke, German Historian. A. Guillard.

Revue des Deux Mondes.—18, King William St., Strand. 62 frs. per annum. August 1.

The Italians of To-day. II. R. Bazin.
The French Bar during the Revolution. G. Delom de Mézerac.
Speculation and Banking. R. J. Levy.
Sir Frederick Pollock and his Theory of Persecution. G. Valbert.

August 15.
France-Comté. III. Legends and Popular Traditions, Agricultural Situation. V. Du Bled.
The Exhibition of Portraits of the Century's Writers and Journalists. René Doumic.

Real Property from the Days of Philip Augustus to Napoleon. The Vicomte G. d'Avnel.
The Arcachon Valley. G. Thoulet.

Revue Encyclopédique.—17, rue Montparnasse, Paris. 1 fr. August 1.

Siam. Illustrated.
Social Congresses. R. Allier.
Max Nordau on Wagner. M. Delines.
Guy de Maupassant. Illustrated. Sully-Prudhomme.
The Harrison Administration. Illustrated. M. Paisant.
Brown-Séquard. Dr. Levlain.

August 15.
Siam. Continued.
Modern Education. J. Legrand.
Zola's "Docteur Pascal." G. Pellissier.
Music in Dahomey. J. Tiersot.
The Fournereau Mission, 1891-2. Illustrated. A. Robin.

Revue de Famille.—8, rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Paris. 1 fr. 50 c. August 1.

Woman. III. Jules Simon.
Evolution of the Navy. II. M. Loir.
Women of the North: Sophie Kowalewsky and Anne Charlotte Lehm.
Duchess of Calanillo. Comte M. Prozor.
Gold and Silver. P. Beauregard.
Unpublished Memoirs of Gen. Rossignol. II.

August 15.
Two Costume Fêtes at the Prussian Court, 1894. H. Bourchet.
Glasgow. H. Potez.
The Violation of the Royal Tombs in 1793. Brieux.
The Thoughts of a Russian on the Russians. Marquise Dina Pareto.
Lamartine. G. Larroumet.

Revue Française.—4, Princes Buildings, Coventry St. August. 1 fr.
The Comédie Française in London. P. Caumie.
Zola's "Docteur Pascal." B. Minssen.
Francisque Sarcey. G. Petitjean.

Revue Française de l'Etranger et des Colonies.—1, place d'Orléans, Paris. 1 fr. 50 c.

August 1.
Military Hygiene in Indo-China. Schreiner.
The Drainage of the Zuyder Zee. With Maps.
The French Sudan, 1891-2. Col. Humbert.
France and Siam. G. Demanche and others.
August 15.
Military Hygiene in Indo-China. Continued.
Madagascar: Climate, Earthquakes, Cyclones. P. Camboué.
The English in Uganda.

Revue Générale.—Burns and Oates, 28, Orchard Street. 12 frs. per annum. August.

Madame de Staël. Charles Woeste.
Edouard Rod. Conclude. H. Bordeaux.
Jean Lemaire and the Renaissance. I. G. Doutrepont.
The Hotel de Rambouillet. I. E. Marcel.
The Manufacture of Diamonds. M. Lefebvre.
The Algerian Sahara to Lake Tchad. Commandant Grandin.

Revue Internationale de Sociologie.—6, rue Soufflot, Paris. 10 frs. per annum. July-Aug.

The Patriarchal Family in the Caucasus. Maxime Kovalevsky.
The Phourtic Laws of Language. A. Meillet.
The Discussion of the Socialist Programme and Doctrine in the German Reichstag. A. Raffalovich.
The Social Movement in Portugal. J. J. Tavares de Medeiros.

Revue Maritime et Coloniale.—L. Baudoin, 30 rue et passage Dauphine, Paris. 56 frs. per annum. August.

New Planisphere for Determining the Position of Stars. 3 figs. Lieutenant E. Rodin.
Study on the Organisation of the Coast Defences of the United States. continued. 5 figs. Lieut. F. Louel.
Method of Training Coast Guns so as to Utilise to the Best Advantage the Instantaneous Indications of the kilometre. 9 figs. Major P. Andouard.
The Souillagout Tables for Calculating the Altitude and Azimuth without the Use of Logarithms. 4 figs. Lieutenant Le Blanc.
Historical Studies on the War Navy of France, 1765-1772. continued. Captain Chabaud-Arnan.
The Biology of the Sardine.
Celestial Mechanics: Notes on the Law of the Solar System. Captain J. B.J. Is.

Revue Philosophique.—108, boulevard St. Germain, Paris. 3 fr. August.
Laughter and Liberty. A. Penjon.
The Problem of the Infinite; the Relativity. G. Mouret.
Judgment and Resemblance. V. Egger.
On the Definition of Socialism. G. Belot.

Revue des Questions Scientifiques.—(Quarterly.) 16, rue Treurenberg, Brussels. 20 fr. per annum. July.

The Episcopal Jubilee of Leo XIII. and the Scientific Society of Brussels.
How the World will End. C. de Kirwan.
Physics and Metaphysics. P. Duham.
Races and Languages. R. P. J. van Den Gheyn.
The Combustible Minerals of Sumatra, Java, Borneo, etc. A. A. Fauvel.
The Forest of Civalais. E. Desjobert.

Revue des Revues.—7, rue Le Peletier, Paris. 1 fr. August.
Genius and Talent in Women. César Lombroso.
No Happiness in Heaven. George Barlow.

Revue Socialiste.—10, rue Chabanais, Paris. 1 fr. 50 c. August 15.
The Utopia in History. B. Malou.
The Nature and Organic Character of Social Laws. Dr. J. Moger.
What the Socialist Theatre ought to be. R. Delons.
The Social Question and the Elections. A. Delon.

Revue Scientifique.—Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. 60 c.
August 5.

Scientific Congresses. August 12.

Diamonds. H. Moissan.
Optical Illusions. C. Brunot.

August 19.
Experimental Anatomy in Botany. G. Bounier.
The Ostrich and Colonisation. M. Forest.

August 26.
Meteorology at the Museum of Natural History for Travellers. D. Berthelot.

Revue Spirite.—24, rue de l'Étoile-Clémence, Paris. Aug. 1 fr.
The Opponents of Spiritism.

Psychology.
Proofs of the Existence of Spirits. Dr. Gaston de Messimy.

Revue du Vingtième Siècle.—7, Kohlenberg, Bâle. 1 fr. 25 c.
August 5.

The Colmas Club during the Revolution.
Dramatic and Musical Evolution in 1893. A. de Brahm.
August 20.

Dramatic Evolution. Continued.
The Political Comedy and the French General Election of 1893.

Université Catholique.—25, rue du Plat, Lyon. 20 fr. per annum.
August 15.

The Origins of Civilization. Robiou.
Taine and Renan as Historians. P. Raguey.
Jean Janssen. Continued. Pastor.
The Catholic Renaissance in England and Cardinal Newman. Continued.
J. Grabinski.

THE ITALIAN MAGAZINES.

La Civiltà Cattolica.—Via Ripetta, 246, Rome.
August 5.

The Apostolic Delegation to the United States.
The Actions and Instincts of Animals.
The Migrations of the Hittites. Continued.
August 19.

The Bankruptcy of Liberalism.
The Columbian Exhibits at Chicago.
Early Christian Hymns.

La Cultura.—Via Vicenza, 5, Rome. 12 lire per annum. August 12.
The Education of Women by Women. B.

La Nuova Antologia.—Via del Corso, 466, Rome. 46 frs. per annum.
August 1.

H. A. Taine. Continued. G. Barzellotti.
The Crisis in Siam.
The Last Duke of Lucca: The Amnesty of 1833. G. Sforza.
Brigandage in the Venetian Republic. Concluded. P. Molmenti.
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The Pitti Palace. Adolfo Venturi.
The Monetary Situation. M. Ferraris.
A Last Word on the Bardo Treaty. L. Chiala.
A New Star. Z. Bianco.

La Rassegna.—Via San Carlo, 18, Naples. 36 frs. per ann. August 1.
The Schools and Institutions of Sister Orsola at Naples.

The Lighting of Naples: Gas and Electric Light.
Variety in the Mortality Tables of Life Assurance Companies. F. di Palma.
An Answer to the Times on the Italian Banking System. E. Capuano.

La Rassegna Nazionale.—Via della Pace, 2, Florence, 30 frs. per ann.
August 1.

Shelley. L. Biagi.
On the Rio della Pinta. Continued. A. Scalabrini.
Commemorations of Alex. Manzoni. F. Crispolti.
A Critical Dissertation of the Exameron of A. Stoppani. Enfrasio.
August 16.

The Origin of the United States Constitution. U. Ojetti.
Charity in Rome from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.
Woman and Religion. Luigi Vitali.

Rivista Marittima.—Tipografia del Senato, Rome. 25 lire per ann.
August and September.

The Application of Oil for Calming the Sea. 42 figs. Captain S. Ratneri.
Historical Account of Ancient Monster Guns. Lieut. E. Bravette.
Aluminium and its Alloys. Continued. Lieut. A. del Bono.
Official Reports on the loss of the *Victoria*.
The De Frasselt Optical Sight for Guns. 2 figs.
The Atlantic Currents. 2 Charts.
Text of the Report on the Naval Estimates presented to the Italian Chamber of Deputies on 12 April, 1893.

THE SPANISH MAGAZINES.

España Moderna.—Cuesta de Santo Domingo, 16, Madrid. 30 pesetas.
per annum. August.

Lamennais according to his Correspondence. E. Caro.
Judicial and Medical Applications of Criminal Anthropology. Cesar Lombroso.

La Ciudad de Dios.—Real Monasterio del Escorial, Madrid. 16 pesetas
per annum. August 5.

Jansenism in Spain. Manuel F. Miguélez.
History of Aesthetic Ideas in Spain. B. del Valle Ruiz.

Revista Contemporánea.—Calle de Pizarro, 17, Madrid. 2 pesetas.
July 30.

The Natural Productions of Spain. A. de Segovia y Corrales.
Advantages and Disadvantages of Wealth. Pablo de Alzola.
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August 15.
The Natural Productions of Spain. A. de Segovia y Corrales.
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Revista General de Marina.—Deposito Hidrografico Calle de Alcalá, 56,
Madrid. 20 pesetas per annum. July and August.

The Spanish Cosmographer Alonso de Santa Cruz. H. E. Senor Don M. Ferreiro.
Proceedings of the Spanish North-American Division at the Recent Naval
Review.

Method for Determining the Position of a Ship by the New System of Astronomical Navigation.
Submarine Navigation. Captain N. Monturiol.
Voyage of the *Santa Maria* to New York. Commander Concas.
On the most important improvements in the Whitehead-Schwartz Kopf Torpedo.

THE DUTCH MAGAZINES.

Elsevier's Geillustreerd Maandschrift.—Luzac and Co., 46, Great
Russell Street. 1s. 8d. August.

Jan Vrolijk, Dutch Artist. P. A. Heexman, Jr.
The Centenary of (Dutch) Horse Artillery. F. de Bas.

De Gids.—Luzac and Co. 3s. August.

Majesty. Continuation. Louis Couperus.
Ernest Renan. I. Dr. H. J. Polak.
Conservative Scepticism? I. Man and Divine Worship. Prof. C. B. Spruyt.

Vragen des Tijds.—Luzac and Co. 1s. 6d. August.
The South African Republic and its Railways. Th. Steinmetz.
Cremation. D. Hartvelt.

THE SCANDINAVIAN MAGAZINES.

Danskeren.—Kolding. Yearly. 8 kr. August.

Ludwig Holberg and the Danish East Indian Company. L. Schröder.
Christen Christensen. P. F.
The Moorland Question. L. Schröder.
Stanley's Last Travels. L. Schröder.
The Swedish Girls' Schools. L. Schröder.

Blora.—Stockholm. No. 14.
Chirurgical Casualties at Halmstad Hospital (1892.) Dr. G. Tillmann.
Asiatic Cholera. F.
The Keeley Cure of Drunkenness. Dr. H. Sellén.

Idun.—Fritiof Hellberg, Stockholm. Yearly, 8 kr. No. 32.
Madame Juliette Adam. With Portrait. Mari Mibi.
The Woman Question and Science. Kate Schirnmacker.

Kringsjaar.—Huseby and Co., Kristiania. Yearly, 8 kr. No. 4.

Professor Huxley's Oxford Lecture.
Eleonora Duse. With Portrait. Jens Thila.
Thomas Carlyle. H. Tams Lyche.

Samtiden.—Gerhard Gran. Bergen. Yearly, kr. 10. July and August.

The Quartier Latin. Sophus Clausen.
"Peace" and the Theologians. H. Devold.
The Social Question. Edmondo de Amicis.

Vor Tid.—Olaf Norli. Kristiania. Kr. 1.60 per half-year. No. 4.

Our Home Politics. B. Hjørnsøen.
War or Peace. P. K. Kuegger.
The Higher Examinations for Teachers. C. A. Eftedal.
Arne Garborg and his School.

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Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index.

A. C. Q.	American Catholic Quarterly Review.	F. R.	Fortnightly Review.	Nat. R.	National Review.
A. J. P.	American Journal of Politics.	F.	Forum.	N. Sc.	Natural Science.
A. R.	Andover Review.	Fr. L.	Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.	N. N.	Nature Notes.
A. A. P. S.	Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.	G. M.	Gentleman's Magazine.	Naut. M.	Nautical Magazine.
Ant.	Antiquary.	G. J.	Geographical Journal.	N. E. M.	New England Magazine.
Arch. R.	Architectural Record.	G. O. P.	Girl's Own Paper.	New R.	New Review.
A.	Arena.	G. W.	Good Words.	New W.	New World.
Arg.	Argosy.	G. T.	Great Thoughts.	N. H.	Newbury House Magazine.
As.	Asclepiad.	G. B.	Greater Britain.	N. C.	Nineteenth Century.
A. Q.	Asiatic Quarterly.	Harp.	Harper's Magazine.	N. A. R.	North American Review.
Ata.	Atlanta.	Hom. R.	Homiletic Review.	O. C.	Our Celebrities.
A. M.	Atlantic Monthly.	I.	Idler.	O. D.	Our Day.
Bank.	Bankers' Magazine.	I. L.	Index Library.	O.	Outing.
Bel. M.	Belford's Monthly.	I. J. E.	International Journal of Ethics.	P. E. F.	Palestine Exploration Fund.
Black.	Blackwood's Magazine.	I. R.	Investors' Review.	P. M. M.	Pall Mall Magazine.
B. T. J.	Board of Trade Journal.	Ir. E. R.	Irish Ecclesiastical Record.	Phil. R.	Philosophical Review.
Bkman.	Bookman.	Ir. M.	Irish Monthly.	P. L.	Post-Lore.
C. P. G.	Cabinet Portrait Gallery.	Jew. Q.	Jewish Quarterly.	P. R. R.	Presbyterian and Reformed Review.
Cal. R.	Calcutta Review.	J. Ed.	Journal of Education.	P. M. Q.	Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review.
C. I. M.	Californian Illustrated Magazine.	J. Micro.	Journal of Microscopy.	Psy. R.	Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research.
C. F. M.	Cassell's Family Magazine.	J. P. Econ.	Journal of Political Economy.	Q. J. Econ.	Quarterly Journal of Economics.
C. S. J.	Cassell's Saturday Journal.	J. R. A. S.	Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.	Q. R.	Quarterly Review.
C. W.	Catholic World.	J. R. C. I.	Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute.	Q.	Quiver.
C. M.	Century Magazine.	Jur. R.	Juridical Review.	R. R. R.	Religious Review of Reviews.
C. J.	Chambers's Journal.	K. O.	King's Own.	Rel.	Reliquary.
Char. R.	Charities Review.	K.	Knowledge.	R. C.	Review of the Churches.
Chant.	Chautauquan.	L. H.	Leisure Hour.	St. N.	St. Nicholas.
Ch. Mis. I.	Church Missionary Intelligencer.	Libr.	Library.	Sc. A.	Science and Art.
Ch. Q.	Church Quarterly.	Libr. R.	Library Review.	Scots.	Scots Magazine.
C. R.	Contemporary Review.	Lipp.	Lippincott's Monthly.	Scot. G. M.	Scottish Geographical Magazine.
C.	Cornhill.	L. Q.	London Quarterly.	Scot. R.	Scottish Review.
Coa.	Cosmopolitan.	Long.	Longman's Magazine.	Scrib.	Scribner's Magazine.
Crit. R.	Critical Review.	Luc.	Lucifer.	Shake.	Shakespeareana.
D. R.	Dublin Review.	Lud. M.	Ludgate Monthly.	Str.	Strand.
Econ. J.	Economic Journal.	Lyr.	Lyceum.	Sun. H.	Sunday at Home.
Econ. R.	Economic Review.	Mac.	Macmillan's Magazine.	Sun. M.	Sunday Magazine.
E. R.	Edinburgh Review.	Med. M.	Medical Magazine.	T. B.	Temple Bar.
Ed. R. A.	Educational Review, America.	M. W. D.	Men and Women of the Day.	Th.	Theatre.
Ed. R. L.	Educational Review, London.	M. E.	Merry England.	Think.	Thinker.
Eng. M.	Engineering Magazine.	Mind.	Mind.	U. S. M.	United Service Magazine.
E. H.	English Historical Review.	Mis. R.	Missionary Review of the World.	W. R.	Westminster Review.
E. I.	English Illustrated Magazine.	Mod. R.	Modern Review.	Y. R.	Yale Review.
Ex.	Expositor.	Mon.	Monist.	Y. M.	Young Man.
Ex. T.	Expository Times.	M.	Month.	Y. W.	Young Woman.
F. L.	Folk-Lore.	M. P.	Monthly Packet.		

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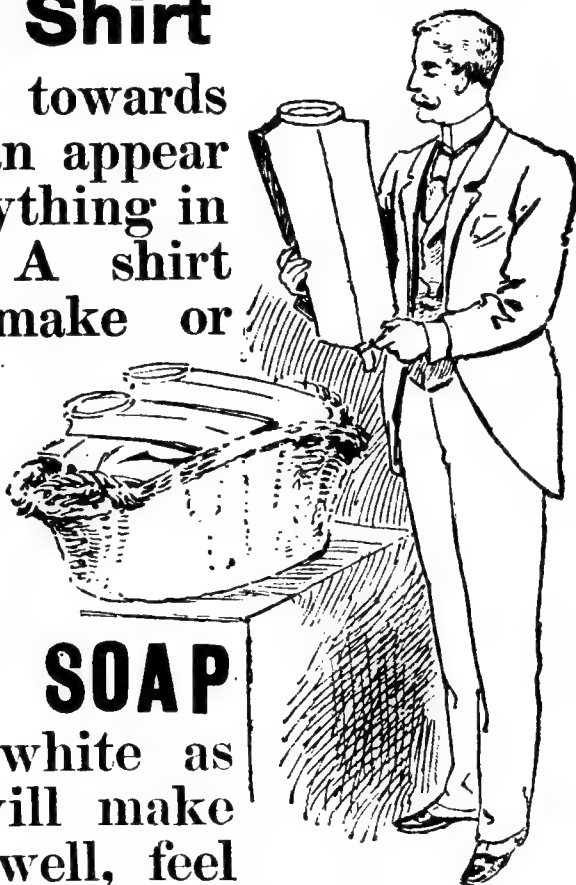
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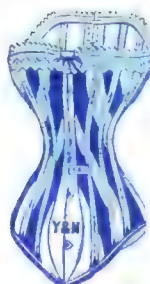
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LONDON

Editorial Office:

125, Fleet Street, Strand, W.C.

Publishing Offices:

125, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

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"As the publication of this case would, I think, do much good, you can make any use you like of this letter, &c. I shall write an account to my relatives living in Tasmania and Queensland, and should suggest your inserting this in the papers there.—I am, dear Sir, yours gratefully, JOHN B. HARDWICK, Selby Villas, Prettlowell Street, Southend, Essex."

In confirmation of the above, Mr. Hardwicke has sent me the certificate of his son's discharge from the Royal Navy: "Sydney Hardwicke invalided; case, *Pneumonic Phthisis*." Also a certificate as to his present state of health from a surgeon at Southend:—"I hereby certify that Sydney Hardwicke is sound in body and of good constitution."—9th August, 1882.

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THE LATE PROFESSOR JOWETT.
(From a photograph by Elliott and Fry.)



AN OFFER OF £100,000 TO MY READERS.

IN the CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS for 1893 (now in the press), I have sketched in somewhat fanciful and exaggerated outline the work which I believe could be done if a daily paper such as I have suggested were established in London at the close of the nineteenth century.

I have thought about this thing for nearly a quarter of a century. At first it was more or less a visionary aspiration. But as the years rolled on and I saw more clearly what was possible, it gradually crystallised into a firm conviction that in its leading features such a work as I have suggested could be done by the conductors and subscribers of a daily paper. No editor could do it, or a tithe of it, by himself. But to an editor who was in close touch with his readers, who possessed their confidence, and could evoke their co-operation, these things are not only possible, but are well within the range of practicality.

For years I hoped that I should be able to discover somewhere in the English-speaking world some editor who had the faith in him and the energy to attempt the foundation of a paper which would be in its essence much more of an attempt to help, to serve, to instruct, to amuse, and to guide its readers than a mere quilting together of more or less well-written accounts of yesterday's happenings.

I have looked in vain.

Here and there may be found journalists of capacity who are without faith, and again there are some who have faith but who have not the capacity. But in all English-speaking lands I have hitherto failed to find any editor who believed enough in the English-speaking race and in journalism to make the attempt.

But there is no doubt as to the need for such a journal of opinion and of conduct to be established, not so much as a dividend-earning, salary-paying machine, as a *nexus* between a great body of men and women who are actuated by a common faith and a common resolve which they are prepared to demonstrate by united action. Even those who regard its creation as chimerical would readily admit that if such an organ could be established it would be extremely useful to all the causes which it advocated, and to the race as a whole. Therefore, in default of any one better qualified for the post I am willing to try my hand.

I am painfully aware of many of my own disqualifications for such a position, and my readers and friends are, no doubt, aware of others of which, fortunately for my own peace of mind, I am oblivious. I could easily define an ideal editor for such a new daily paper who would be in every way much better qualified for the task than I can pretend to be. But such a man does not exist. I do. That is the difference; and in journalism as in other things a sparrow in the hand is worth a bird of Paradise in the bush.

But I cannot honestly say that any of those disqualifications seem to me fatal to the success of the attempt. Many of them can be covered by the choice of competent assistants; and the knowledge of one's own shortcomings is often the beginning of wisdom. That, however, is not a matter for me to decide, but for you.

If I proceed to speak of my qualifications for such a position, I hope I may not be accused of doing so from inordinate vanity or irrepressible egotism. I regard a man's past training as in some respects the best guide as to his future course. From a segment of a circle you can define its circumference. Now, I frankly admit that it is quite possible I may not be the prepared man for the prepared work—to quote the quaint old phrase—but I do not think that even my most supercilious critics will deny that if such an organ ought to be started, I have many of the qualifications which its conductor should possess.

In the first case I am a journalist who believes in journalism, and I am an Englishman who believes in the English-speaking race. I have a conception which is, at least, very clear and well defined, of the way in which

journalism may be made to minister to the development of the race, and I am prepared in the maturity of my manhood to dedicate the rest of my life to the realisation of that great ideal.

To enable any one to work out this conception it is indispensable that he should be on more or less friendly and sympathetic terms of mutual understanding with the leaders of the great forces, representative of the dominant tendencies of our time. To be able to interpret each to all, a certain eclecticism of thought and a permitted liberty, not to say licence, of speech is indispensable. To conduct such a paper a man must be absolutely free to say the thing he will, free from control by a proprietor, free from pressure from advertisers, free from the restrictions of sect, and above all free from the prejudices and passions of party. Yet at the same time he must have a clearly defined standpoint of his own, from which he can approach men of all creeds and of none, without in the least fearing lest he should compromise his own faith by his sympathetic treatment of others' heresies.

When I look back to my own upbringing, and remember how I was started in life as an errand boy in Newcastle, when I was only fourteen years of age, with the convictions natural to the son of a Radical Congregational minister on Tyneside—nay, when I recall even the passionate zeal of my partisanship when eight years later I began to edit a daily paper—I marvel much that I should have arrived at my present standpoint. I feel that I have indeed been led by a way I knew not of, and that as the result of my pilgrimage I have been better prepared to act as a common centre of communication between men of opposing churches and parties and nations, than most journalists of my time.

I am the only English journalist who has been on terms of personal and more or less confidential communication with the Cardinal Secretary of State at the Vatican, with the Procurator-General of the Holy Synod, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and with the leading Nonconformists. I gave the right hand of fellowship to Annie Besant over the grave of a Freethinker who had been killed in Trafalgar Square, and yet I have never ceased to rejoice in the strength and the consolation of the simple faith which I learned at my mother's knee. With many men growing tolerance is the result of decaying faith. With me it is the reverse. I am more sympathetic, not because I believe less, but because I believe more. Life has only deepened my faith in the central principle of the providential government of the world and of the individual.

After Religion no factor is so potent as Race. And here I have won an uncontested right to speak. I am the only English journalist who edits an organ of opinion whose area of circulation is co-extensive with the English-speaking race. There are American magazines containing interesting stories and admirable illustrations which have a circulation as wide, but they are not organs of opinion. The *Strand* has a greater circulation still, but it is of the same class, and it is practically confined to Great Britain. I am in the unique position of conducting a monthly organ of opinion, both religious, social, political, and literary, which has 200,000 subscribers, almost equally divided between the English-speaking world at home and the English-speaking world over sea. And from first to last the REVIEW has never ceased to proclaim its faith in the unity of the race and to promote by every means in its power the healing of the great disruption of last century.

After Religion and Race, the most potent factor in the world is Sex, if indeed it does not come first. The advent of Woman to the full status of a human being, entitled to all the rights and privileges of a human being, is the hope of the future, as the dawn of that advent has been the most notable factor of recent social progress. In all that relates to the Woman question, whether it be her protection from the cruellest wrong in her early youth, or her deliverance from the unjust restrictions and disabilities which limit her usefulness and retard her development in maturer years, I do not think that any woman will be disposed to question that I have ever fought in the van.

The faculty of conciliating opposites, of combining the friendship and confidence of the most thorough-going opponents, has of course its disadvantages. No one is ever absolutely sure of the line which I will take on any given question of details or of persons at any given time; and this leads naturally to a certain lack of that hearty confidence which party men give to party leaders. But looking over my journalistic career, from the time when I entered the editorial office of the *Northern Echo* down to this very day, I am surprised at nothing so much as the identity and consistency of the convictions that have been expressed throughout. I have broadened here and there. I have developed naturally; but in all fundamentals I have preserved a consistency which, whether admirable or otherwise, is surprising even to myself.

To make a long story short, I feel that if the paper which I have dreamed of so long, and which I have described at length in the Christmas Number now going through the press, is really wanted by any considerable number of my fellow countrymen, I shall not be justified in refusing to start it. At the same time, unless I have a clear and unmistakable call, I do not wish to risk my health in an enterprise which it might be presumption for me to undertake.

I do not wish to bring out a paper unless it is wanted, and unless I can induce those who want it to co-operate with me in making it a success from the very outset. But while inviting co-operation, it must be on terms which do not subject me to any control. If I ever edit a Daily Paper again I must be as free as air to say the thing I will without having to consult any other authority but my own conscience.

How can these apparently contradictory requirements be allowed? If any capitalists supply me with funds, the men who pay the piper will naturally wish to call the tune. If I find the capital myself I lose the advantage which comes from enlisting the pecuniary interest of a large number of shareholders. What then can be done?

It has occurred to me that the solution of this problem might be found by a very simple expedient. And that is, I might raise my capital and secure my co-operators by giving it away.

This sounds paradoxical, but it is sober sense. I have worked it out after consultation with the ablest financiers, lawyers, journalists and accountants in London.

As a beginning I form and register, merely in order to facilitate the issue of debentures, a Company to be called "The Daily Paper Company, Limited"; the Articles of Association will set forth that it is formed for the purpose of printing and publishing a Daily Paper which I am to be free to edit and control as I please.

Having brought this Company into existence, I offer to the readers of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS the opportunity of co-operating with me in producing the new paper on the following terms:—

With this copy of the REVIEW is enclosed a form of order for the *Daily Paper* for the first twelve months after it is started.

(1) If 100,000 of these forms are sent to the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, at the Head Office, or any of its branches, accompanied by 26s. for one year's subscription, I will undertake to bring out the paper, and each subscriber will receive the *Daily Paper* every day for one year through his Newsagent, if he is in a town receiving daily parcels of papers from London. Where they only can be delivered by post, 13s. must be added for postage.

(2) To the first 100,000 subscribers I will give by way of bonus a Debenture Bond for £1 in The Daily Paper Company, Limited, redeemable at par at my option. These Debenture Bonds will have coupons attached entitling the holder to receive interest annually at the rate of five per cent., so long as the circulation of the paper is between 100,000 and 150,000—seven and a-half per cent. between 150,000 and 200,000; and ten per cent. when the circulation exceeds 200,000.

By this means any subscriber of twenty-six shillings for the first year will receive, not only three hundred and twelve penny papers, but a Debenture Bond of the value of £1, bearing interest from five to ten per cent., for which he will receive £1 when I redeem it.

The way in which this would operate may best be seen by supposing that if any Helpers or sympathisers in any one town, or the members of any political or social or religious organisation, were to subscribe for 1000 copies of the paper, and place the 1000 Debenture Bonds to the credit of the Civic Centre, or to their own religious, political, or social organisation, the result would be that, by the simple process of paying twenty-six shillings in advance, instead of in 312 daily instalments of one penny, they would endow their society with a capital sum of £1000, yielding from £50 to £100 per annum interest, according to the prosperity of the paper. Suppose, for instance, that each of our 100,000 subscribers were to fill in the order form and make his bond payable to the Liberator Relief Fund, that fund would receive from me 100,000 debenture bonds, bearing from 5 to 10 per cent. interest. The working of this arrangement is best illustrated by the supposition that ten or a hundred subscribers club their bonds. Five per cent. on a twenty-shilling bond is only a shilling per annum; but 5 per cent. on a hundred or a thousand bonds amounts to a very respectable sum.

My object in thus giving away the capital on which the paper will be started is not philanthropic or generous. It is good business. I want to establish a tie between my readers and the paper which I propose to publish, so I make them debenture-holders, and undertake to pay them a minimum of five thousand pounds per annum as long as the circulation is 100,000 per day. I want to interest them pecuniarily in the success of the paper to make it a co-operative enterprise, so I promise to raise the interest to £10,000 a year if the circulation rises to 200,000.

I think the paper could be produced by July 1st. If 100,000 persons subscribe for it, I will undertake to produce it, if possible, by that time. If fewer than 100,000 subscribe, I will return the money without deduction. I make the first offer to the readers of the REVIEW. They know my ideals, and need no explanation as to my aims and objects. I intend, so far as I can, to make the *Daily Paper* a faithful exponent of what I conceive to be the truth. It will be in no sense a party paper, as the REVIEW is in no sense a party REVIEW. Therefore, all readers of the REVIEW have the offer absolute till the 1st November. Such mortgage bonds as have been applied for by my readers will be allotted definitely, and the balance only will be left open for allotment to the readers of the Christmas Number.

As will be seen by the annexed correspondence, the subscriptions will in the meantime be held by the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, to the order of Messrs. Schultz and Comins, Chartered Accountants, 46, Cannon Street, London, E.C., who will act as trustees to see the money is returned if the subscription is inadequate, and if otherwise, that the debentures are issued before handing the money in to The Daily Paper Company, Limited.

It is seldom that a man who reaches the prime of life when, if ever, he is to realise the aspirations of his youth, contemplates the result of an appeal which is to decide his future with such supreme content as that with which I launch this proposal. I shall be glad, very glad, if my fellow-countrymen and countrywomen desire me to do this thing, and their support will encourage me to attempt an enterprise from which, now I look at it closely, I might otherwise have recoiled.

But I shall also be glad, very glad, if by the absence of any response to this appeal I have a definite and decisive intimation that I am not wanted for this work. The one thing that is intolerable is indecision and suspense, so I boldly put my fortune to the touch, to win or lose it all, watching with a pleasant curiosity the issue of the test, and feeling sure that the good Caliph Ali was wise when he wrote those golden words, "Thy Place in life is seeking after thee, therefore be thou at rest from seeking after it."

W. T. STEAD.

NOTICE TO INTENDING SUBSCRIBERS.

WITH each copy of this number of **THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS** is issued a form of application which entitles the holder to become a Debenture holder to the extent of One Pound Sterling in "The Daily Paper Company, Limited," on the conditions therein stated. No allotment of the Debenture Bonds will be made to the general public until all the regular subscribers to the REVIEW who post their applications by 1st November, 1893, have been supplied.

No allotment will be made unless 100,000 subscriptions are received; and the list will be closed on December 31st. All cheques to be made payable to the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, at any of its branches.

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Burton-on-Trent.	Haverfordwest.	Llanidloes.	Thursday, and Saturday).	

The following correspondence explains itself:—

Messrs. Schultz and Comins, Chartered Accountants,
46, Cannon Street, E.C.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS Office,
October 2nd, 1893.

Gentlemen,—I request you to accept the position of Trustees on behalf of The Daily Paper Company, Limited, in regard to the subscriptions, to be paid into the National Provincial Bank of England, under the scheme described in the October Number of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS, which the Bank has undertaken to hold at your order.

If 100,000 subscriptions have not been paid in on or before December 31st, I desire you to direct the return in full to the subscribers of all subscriptions paid into the Bank on account of The Daily Paper Company, Limited.

If 100,000 subscriptions have been paid in, I request you first to ascertain that Debenture Bonds to the amount of £100,000 have been issued to the subscribers, in accordance with the promises made by me, and then to hand over to The Daily Paper Company, Limited, the moneys subscribed after deducting (£5000) five thousand pounds, which the Bank will retain, to your order, as security for the payment of the first year's dividend.—I am, yours truly,
(Signed) W. T. STEAD.

W. T. Stead, Esq.,
Mowbray House, E.C.

46, Cannon Street, London, E.C.
October 2nd, 1893.

Dear Sir,—We have received your letter of this day's date, and hereby undertake to act as Trustees for The Daily Paper Company, Limited, in accordance with the conditions set forth therein.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
(Signed) SCHULTZ AND COMINS, Chartered Accountants.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, October 1st.

The progress of the world depends upon the progress of ideas, and of the ideas that are most essential to the progressive

Anglo-America.

development of the human race none is more important than that of the unity between the English-speaking peoples. That unity at present exists in literature and language, and the only weak link in the circle is the political disruption that dates from the revolt of the American colonies. To breach the yawning chasm thus created is the great task that lies before the patriots of both countries. The first practical step in this direction is the establishment of a permanent tribunal, composed by delegates from the Supreme Court of Washington and the Court of the Privy Council, which would be empowered to adjudicate on all disputes that arise between the citizens of the Empire and the citizens of the Republic. When the Behring Sea Arbitration Board was constituted, I ventured to object to the intrusion of foreigners into a domestic dispute. It seemed contrary to sound principle to allow French, Italians, and Swedes to settle the right and wrong of a

question that was distinctly a domestic one between England and the United States. I note, therefore, with much satisfaction that Mr. Harland, the representative of the Supreme Court of Washington on the Arbitration tribunal, has just expressed himself in the same sense. Mr. Harland, after leaving Paris, came to London, and in conversation with the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, stated that, in his opinion, the next question referred to arbitration between the two countries should be tried by a tribunal constituted by delegates of the Supreme Court and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council without the intervention of any strangers. This is as it should be, and such an expression of opinion, coming from so distinguished a judge and arbitrator, is a welcome indication of the progress that is being made towards the establishment of the tribunal which will be the first visible and outward sign of the reunion of the English-speaking race. All progress in this or, indeed, in any direction, to be stable must be slow,

and the foundations must be laid broad and deep in the matured convictions of the nations if anything lasting is to be achieved.

The Positivist A very remarkable illustration of the Plungers of consequence of attempting to progress Brazil.

by plunging is afforded by the miserable news which has been coming to hand nearly every day for the last month from Brazil. That great Empire, which during the reign of the late Emperor rested in almost profound peace, during which slavery was abolished without the firing of a shot, has for the last two or three years been made the scene of a crucial experiment.

A little knot of Positivist professors, upon whose minds the philosophy of Auguste Comte had dawned as a new revelation, were unlucky enough to be able to upset the old Imperial dynasty and found a republic, in which the whole political system of Auguste Comte was applied *en bloc*, and in detail, to Brazil. The Positivist prophets, being mounted on horseback, rapidly rode to the abyss. Brazil is to-day torn by civil war; her navy is bombarding her capital, and no one can tell how much of the stately fabric of the Brazilian Empire will be left intact before



MARSHAL FLORIANO PEIXOTO.

the nation has readjusted its political institutions to the Brazilian average of civilisation. The story of the reign of the Positivists in Brazil is one which should be told at length as a great object lesson in the danger of political plunging. Imagine Mr. Frederic Harrison by a sudden fluke installed as virtual dictator at Westminster, and we can form some kind of idea of the difficulties which confronted the new *régime* in Brazil. The Dorset agricultural labourer is much nearer to the intellectual level of Mr. Frederic Harrison than the illiterate newly-enfranchised semi-slave population of Brazil is to the level of the apostles of the Positivist philosophy. The immediate cause of the trouble is somewhat obscure.

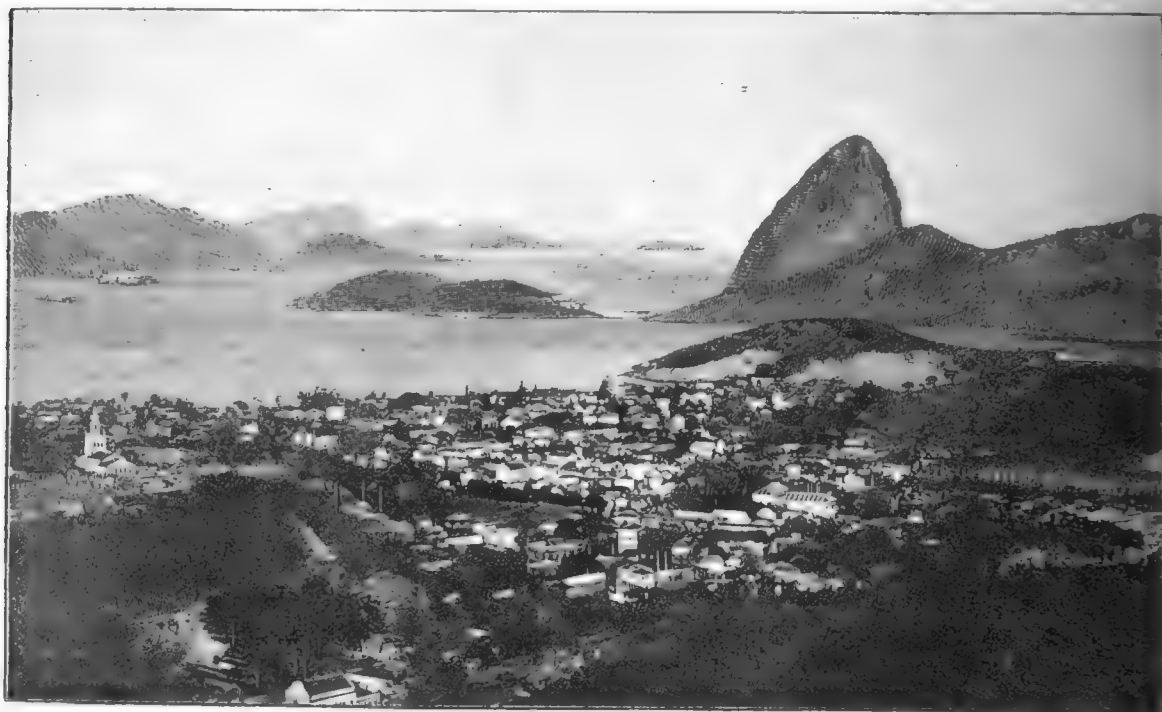
The Bombardment of Rio. President Peixoto having vetoed the bill, rendering it impossible for the Vice-President to succeed to the Presidency, the Opposition brought forward a motion for his impeachment, which was rejected. Thereupon

Admiral de Mello, who was in command of the fleet, revolted against the Government. In the manifesto which he recently issued, the Admiral charges the President with endeavouring to place Brazil under the rule of absolute tyranny. Four members of the Brazilian Congress, who were on board the Admiral's flagship, declare that the Peixoto Cabinet has been using public funds, destroying the autonomy of the States, and fomenting national war, in order to serve their own personal ends; therefore, these four are compelled, as representatives of the national will, to make a solemn fight for freedom. The manifesto of the four recalls

to be able to appreciate the advantages of being able to lie by telegram. The result, however, causes considerable confusion to the outside world, which every day reads announcements, first, that the insurrection is on its last legs, and secondly, that the Government is just on the point of collapsing altogether. At present the odds seem to be heavy on the side of the fleet, but prophesying is dangerous at all times, especially in South America.

Troubled Argentina.

So far as England is concerned the renewed disturbances in the Argentine Republic are even more serious than the bombardment of Rio. The insurrection in the



THE ENTRANCE TO RIO DE JANEIRO.

reminiscences of the three tailors of Tooley Street. The importance, however, of the movement does not depend upon the dauntless four, but upon the Admiral and his war-ships. They bombarded Niteroy, the capital of the State of Rio, and then shelled Rio itself. There seems to be no doubt that the difficulties which culminated in the revolt were largely due to economic causes. Last year the coffee crop was a bumper; this year it is about one-fifth of what it was twelve months ago. If the insurrection in Rio Grande continues, and if the bombardment of the capital lasts much longer, there is no knowing what may happen. Both parties seem

Argentine is due to the determined attempt made by the Radical party in the provinces to obtain possession of the provincial governors. It is headed by Dr. Alem, a Radical apostle who has for some time been carrying on an agitation in favour of allowing each province to elect its own governor, and manage its own affairs in its own way. The National Government decreed the disarmament of the Provincial Governments; but as nothing was done to carry this out, the Radicals roused the populace to take the law into their own hands. The revolutionists seem to be having things pretty much to themselves in the interior, and it is

reported that the fleet is not unfavourably disposed to the revolution. At present the heads of the Argentine Government do not appear to have much hold upon the confidence of the country, and as an attempt to reinforce their garrisons in the interior was frustrated by the simple but effective process of tearing up the rails and pulling down the railway bridges, there is not much likelihood of a speedy suppression of the revolt. All this can hardly fail to react disastrously upon the settlement of Argentine finance, and anything that affects Argentine finance postpones the chance of settling down in the City. Our present financial straits date from the time when Argentinas smashed Baring, and until the Baring liquidation is at an end every upset in the Argentine Republic is apt to react badly in London.

The Coal War. September this year must have been under the influence of a somewhat turbulent star, for not only have we insurrections in Argentine, and the bombardment of the capital of Brazil, but we have had actual bloodshed at home in connection with the dispute about the miners' wages. The refusal of the miners to permit impartial arbitrators to adjudicate on the question as to whether or not it was possible for employers to pay reduced wages in face of a fall in the price of coal, continues to paralyse the whole of the coal industry of the country. The dispute has now lasted for nearly two months, and neither side is willing to admit that it is beaten. The money loss can only be reckoned by millions; and the misery occasioned to the rank and file, not only of the colliers, but of the workmen in related industries, which are stopped for want of coal, has been very intense. For the most part it has been borne silently, but at Featherstone, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, much to the astonishment of everybody, a mob of miners attacked the colliery and set fire to the property of the coal-owner. They smashed the building and the machinery and accomplished as much destruction as they could. At last patience gave way. While they were engaged in destroying the colliery buildings, a small force of soldiers was ordered up by the magistrate; and the rioters refusing to disperse, the troops fired on them with ball cartridge, killing three and wounding several others. Thereupon the crowd dispersed. Coroners' inquests were held, with a Debate following in the House of Commons. It was abundantly evident that under the circumstances the military had no option but to fire, and Mr. Asquith, while assenting to an inquiry

into the conduct of the authorities, gained much approval by the frank and courageous manner in which he defended the right to shoot from his place in the House of Commons.

Nationalising the Coal Mines. The miserable spectacle presented by the suicidal dispute in the coal trade has quickened the attention which is being paid to the discovery of some mode of substituting co-operation for competition. The most remarkable suggestion of this kind is that which has been made by Sir George Elliot, at one time Member for North Durham, and well known in the North country as the man who had made his way from being a pit laddie to a position of wealth and influence. Sir George Elliot has put forward a scheme for the



SIR GEORGE ELLIOT, BART.
(From a photograph by Anzinger, "Bad Emr.")

formation of a gigantic coal trust. He calculates that all the collieries in Great Britain could be converted into one concern with a capital of £120,000,000. If this were done, cut-throat competition between rival coal-fields and individual coal-owners would be averted; coal would be worked more economically, and a great deal could be done towards the improvement of the means of production, as well as to secure for miners more regular employment. It is unnecessary to enter here upon the method by which Sir George Elliot thinks the great National Coal Company could be managed so as to combine on a semi-co-operative basis the interests of employers and employed, but suffice it to say that he thinks the trust would secure the present owners a dividend of five per cent., and a possible

dividend of fifteen per cent. The price once fixed should not be raised, excepting with the consent of the Government of the day, and when it was raised, both the stock-holder, the workman, and the consumer should share in the advance. The scheme is admittedly a tentative one, but it is put forward by a man of great experience who has risen from the ranks, and who does not approach the subject from the point of view of the revolutionary theorist. His proposal may be all wrong in detail, but no error of that kind can diminish the importance of the fact that we have this month the testimony of a prince of practical capitalists that it would be economically advantageous to nationalise the coal-mines of the kingdom.

Politically, the chief event at home has been the summary rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords by an almost unprecedented majority of 419 to 41. The Home Rule Bill was read a third time in the House of Commons by a majority of 34; 644 members either voted or paired, 349 supporting the Bill, 315 opposing it. Mr. Wallace and Mr. Rathbone refused to vote; Sir Edward Watkin, Baron Henry de Worms, and Mr. J. Wilson, of Durham, were absent unpaired. The majority was entirely due to the Irish vote. Excluding the Irish, there was a majority of 23 against the Bill. The majority in England and Wales against the Bill was 48, while in England alone the hostile majority was 70. With such figures before them, the House of Lords felt encouraged, for almost the first time in its existence, to express its real opinion with emphasis, and it did so, and no mistake. The House of Lords is, on the whole, a somewhat timid body; but it is always trying it on. If the Peers voted according to their own principles or prejudices they would have thrown out almost every measure that has brought about the pacific transformation of the English Constitution. When the reform concerns England or the interests of English people they usually only try it on once; but when the matter only concerns Ireland they try it on not once but many times, usually with the most disastrous results to the interests of the Irish people. When, therefore, they have behind them a decided majority of English Members they are as pert as cock sparrows, and vote with the utmost assurance as their conscience dictates.

This last month, for the first time in the life of most of the Peers, they were able to satisfy their consciences and gratify their prejudices, and pose as the champions of the English

masses at one and the same time. Under those circumstances it is hardly surprising that they voted ten to one against the Home Rule Bill. Some years ago I published a little book called "Fifty Years of the House of Lords," that went through several editions, and which set forth plainly and simply a record of the Peers since the Reform Bill. This reference to the facts of history is much the most damaging weapon that can be used against the House of Lords. It is difficult for any impartial person to read the first forty-four pages of that little book without feeling that this heavy vote of the House of Lords against Home Rule ought to tell, and in all probability will tell, as a strong argument in favour of Home Rule. The Lords have been so uniformly wrong in all their dealings with Ireland; they have so constantly retarded reform until it lost its virtue and its efficacy, that there is the strongest reason for believing that on this occasion they are equally mistaken. Mr. Roebuck was not by any means a modern Radical; but in 1837 he told the Liberal Ministry bluntly that the House of Lords was an insuperable obstacle to the good government of Ireland. The passage in which he addressed the Ministers of that time on the subject of their duty in relation to Ireland is as follows: "You should have boldly told the people of both countries that justice could not be gained by either while an irresponsible body of hereditary legislators could at will dispose of the fortunes and the happiness of the people. We have laboured in order to relieve the miseries of Ireland, and if possible to heal the wounds inflicted by many centuries of misrule. We have not advanced one single step. Every year sees our labours rendered abortive by the headstrong proceedings of the House of Lords. If we wish for peace with Ireland, we must change this faulty system."

The four days' debate which preceded the administration of the *coup de grâce* to the Home Rule Bill in the Lords does not call for any special note. Lord Rosebery, having an impossible task to perform, discharged his duty with his accustomed agility, and Lord Salisbury did his part as was expected of him. The most significant thing about the division, apart from the overwhelming strength of the majority, was the fact that there was not a single bishop in the minority. Three or four prelates stayed away, but all the rest went into the Lobby with the majority. Of course bishops, like other people, are bound to vote according to their consciences, but the custodians of

The Peers
and the Irish.

The Bishops'
Vote.

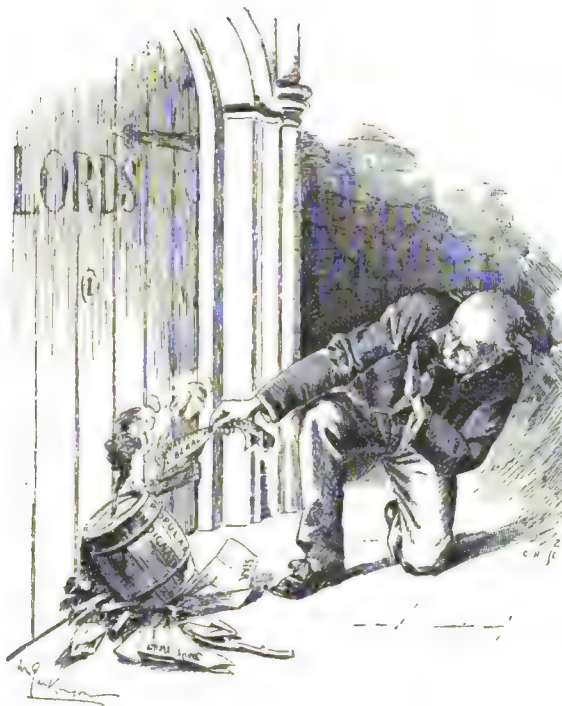
the Church of England have ground for grave searchings of heart as to how it is that on a party issue all the right reverend lord bishops should be found on one side. Such astonishing unanimity is an alarming illustration of the extent to which the Church has got out of touch with the people with whom it is supposed to be in the closest contact. If the bishops had been divided in the same proportions as their English flocks, leaving Wales out of the question, at least one-third of their number ought to have voted with the Government. Both the Unionists and the State Churchmen will long have reason to regret the unanimity of the episcopal vote.

The practical **Too Unanimous.** unanimity of the Peers in opposition to the Home Rule Bill is an unhealthy sign of the division between the people and the aristocracy. Whatever may be said as to the demerits of the Home Rule Bill, it is ridiculous to assert that the arguments which convinced nearly one-half of the electors of Great Britain would not have been powerful enough to convince an equal proportion of the Peers if they were not swayed by interests or prejudices which separate them from the rest of their fellow-countrymen. If that country is in the healthiest condition in which there is practical identity of interests among all classes, then we are indeed in a bad way, and the sharp antagonism which is thus revealed—not for the first time—between our hereditary legislators and the representatives of the people bodes no good for the Peers. At the same time, it is folly to ignore that, for once in a way, the House of Lords has had a quasi-democratic sanction for the step which it has taken. A body which intermittently asserts its right to set itself in opposition to the majority of each of the three kingdoms, England not excluded, can hardly be blamed when almost for the first time it finds its action supported by a majority of the

electors of England. The Peers in the past have always yielded to two things, and to two things only. Their veto on all measures of Liberal reform has been set on one side either to a more or less frankly-applied intimidation resting upon popular agitation in England, or to what they regard as the treason of the leaders of the Conservative Party. As these are the only arguments which have the slightest weight with the majority of the Upper House, it was certain that they could do nothing except what they have done. But there is not the faintest chance of an intimidatory campaign

being set on foot in England, and agitation outside England has no influence on the Lords. English electors are not going to hold indignation meetings because the Lords have practically given effect to the wishes of the voting majority of the English representatives. The other argument will not be applied until we have a Conservative Ministry in office; that, however, is probably nearer than most people expect. When it does come we shall probably have a system of Local Government in Ireland which in its practical working will be indistinguishable from Home Rule.

Mr. Gladstone, whose energy at Edinburgh. and perennial



From *Judy*.]

DAMP!

[September 27, 1893.]

youth excite the admiration of his friends and the despair of his enemies, after refreshing himself for a few weeks at Blackcraig, has taken the platform at Edinburgh for the purpose of hurling defiance at the Lords. His speech, although emphatic enough in its general tone, showed clearly enough that Mr. Gladstone has no intention of setting fire to the heather in the shape of a popular agitation against the House of Lords. He knows too well that the heather is wet. Mr. Gladstone disclaimed all appeals to violence or even to vehemence, and declared that what was wanted was "determination, calm, solid, quiet, but fixed determination." But the Peers will snap their fingers at determination—until they find

expression in another dissolution. A calm, solid, but fixed determination that shrinks from a dissolution which, if it went our way, would settle the question once for all, is a determination which will only determine the Lords to persevere in their present course. A dissolution is the last thing in the world of which the Government is thinking.

The autumn session is to be devoted to the Employers' Liability Bill and the Parish Councils Bill, the latter being no longer confined to England, but extended to Wales and Scotland. Mr. Gladstone's speech was eagerly scanned for indications of the intentions of the Government with regard to next year, but the oracle was judiciously vague. The feeling is growing that there will be no reintroduction of the Home Rule Bill next year, and that the whole of the session will be devoted to an attempt to carry out the Newcastle programme. The special correspondent of *United Ireland* writes in favour of this policy. "Personally," he says, "I do not see that the formal reintroduction of the Bill next year is a matter of vital importance for Ireland. The issue of Home Rule is totally eclipsed, and Home Rule is naturally postponed until after the next General Election." Of course, if the Irish agree to this, no one on this side of the water will raise any objection. It is a question which the Irish will have to decide; and, judging from the remarks of this correspondent in *United Ireland*, it would seem as if even the most advanced section of the Nationalists were disposed to acquiesce in postponing the question until after the inevitable dissolution.

If the Home Rule block is removed, it will be a mistake to think that the Irish question will be out of the way. Legislation for the evicted tenants will become one of the first orders of the day. A Reinstatement Bill, however, will be somewhat difficult to get through the House of Lords, and the financial sacrifices which it may possibly entail will not make it very popular in the House of Commons. Then behind the question of the Evicted Tenants is the question of Amnesty. That question, however, although good enough for popular agitation, is not of serious Parliamentary importance. It is understood that the Government will introduce a Bill for the Disestablishment of the Welsh Church, and follow that up by legislation for London. If any time remains they will attempt to do something to deal with the Liquor Traffic and with the Labour Laws. All these calculations may be upset by death at home or war abroad.

The Mr. Gladstone, speaking at Edinburgh, Protection of deplored the legislative famine which has Commons. been characteristic of this session. The Home Rule Bill, like Pharaoh's lean kine, has devoured all the other Bills, only to be slaughtered itself. Many measures which ought to have passed into law have been sacrificed, and very few have been allowed to slip through the double barrier of Home Rule and obstruction. One of these was a little Bill, the need of which was recognised by a Parliamentary Committee seventeen years since. It is a Bill which practically repeals the Statute of Merton, whereby lords of the manor or landed proprietors were permitted to enclose common land. The statute passed this year limits the application of the Statute of Merton to cases in which the consent of the Board of Agriculture has been obtained, and this consent it is expressly stated is not to be given unless the Board is convinced that the proposed enclosure is for the benefit of the public. After this we hope that the legalised theft of our common lands will be checked.

The House of Commons has broken down this Session, not merely as a legislative, but also as a debating, concern. If there were half a dozen Peers who were alert and had the true metal in them, they might have scored heavily for the Upper Chamber. A series of animated debates upon questions which the House of Commons wished to debate, but could not, would have done the House of Lords good. Unfortunately for them, the half-dozen Peers were not forthcoming, and if a public question cannot be discussed in the House of Commons, it will not be discussed elsewhere. A very remarkable instance of the way in which the rules of the House of Commons can be used to gag debate, even when time exists for such discussion, was afforded in the last months of last session by Sir Richard Temple.

Lord Roberts My readers will remember that early in the year I declared in these pages that the House of Commons. Lord Roberts or the military authorities in India were responsible for the systematic evasion of the orders issued by the Home Government for the discontinuance of the examination of women of ill-fame in the supposed interests of the British garrison in India. My statements were scouted and ridiculed. A departmental committee was appointed which took evidence on the subject and confirmed the absolute truth of the statements which had been denied. Mr. Stansfeld, a leading member of that committee, was anxious to call attention in the

House to the scandalous breach of good faith of which these Indian officials have been guilty. Apart from the moral questions involved, the subject was supremely important owing to the political issue which it raised, namely, whether Parliament was or was not to exercise any effective control over the administration of India. The will of Parliament had been openly defied, and the Commander-in-Chief had publically apologised for having denied the existence of a state of things of which he ought to have been cognisant. The facts were established beyond any dispute, and the report of the Departmental Committee was before the House; but notwithstanding the importance of the question and the undisputed facts, Parliament was gagged, and not one word could be said upon the subject even when the Indian Budget was being discussed.

**Burking
Debate.**

The way in which this was effected was very simple. Sir Richard Temple gave notice of his intention to move a resolution on the subject. As long as that notice was on the notice-paper no other member could move a resolution or even make a speech on the one occasion on which the administration of India is supposed to come fully before the House of Commons, namely, on the night of the Indian Budget. Repeated efforts were made to get round this obstacle, but Sir Richard Temple remained obdurate, and the House was gagged. It is obvious that if this can be done in one case it can be done in others, and any department of the Government which wishes to avoid a debate upon any of its many shortcomings only needs to put up a private member to give notice that he will move a resolution on the subject, which, when the time comes, he can withdraw without apology or excuse. By merely putting a notice on the notice-paper the mouths of all those who may wish to expose a scandal or denounce an abuse are effectually closed.

**The Crisis
in
Mashonaland.**

Before Parliament rose there were several questions asked, and numerous Ministerial explanations given, concerning the threatened outbreak of war between the British South African Company and Lobengula. Ministers are evidently very anxious lest the eager spirits at the front should force their hands, and lest Mr. Rhodes should do with Lobengula as Sir Bartle Frere did with Cetewayo. Mr. Buxton stated that the Government insisted that, under present circumstances, our consent must first be obtained before an aggressive movement can be made against Lobengula. Of course, he added, if Lobengula

attacked, the Company would be justified in making any offensive operations which it deemed necessary. The Ministerial reply shows clearly the absurdity of thinking that, when a crisis becomes acute, Downing Street can exercise any effective control over the troops at the front. The art of tempting your adversary to begin operations is so well understood that Mr. Rhodes has practically a free hand. If he wants to smash Lobengula and thinks that he has got the means of doing so, he will be able to do it without in the least departing from the line of action laid down for him by Lord Ripon.

**French
Restlessness.**

Matabeleland is the great danger point in Africa; but a nasty little quarrel brewing between the French and the English on the Niger. The facts of the case fortunately seem to be so clearly in our favour that it is difficult to think that the French Foreign Office will espouse the cause of the invading intruder. France is by no means in a quiescent mood. She is pressing her demands upon Siam with a ruthless severity. According to the telegrams from the Far East, the Siamese have accepted all the demands contained in the French Ultimatum, only to find that new and further claims are being put forward, which will practically reduce their kingdom to the position of a French province. The extension of French influence in this region need not seriously alarm us. The power which has the superior navy can treat its rival's possessions as so many hostages. We could not hold India if the French fleet dominated the Indian Ocean, and the tricolour would only fly in Asia on sufferance if France were to provoke a quarrel with a superior naval power.

**The Russian
Fleet at
Toulon.**

The French seem to be simmering up to boiling-point, and it will be well if the visit of the Russian fleet to Toulon does not cause the national pot to boil over. The Tsar, of course, could not do less than return the visit of the French fleet to Cronstadt, and the French—who whether in cookery or in politics know how to make the best out of the least materials—have organised a series of fêtes and receptions which could hardly be excelled, if they had been concluding a fighting alliance with the Russian Emperor. As a matter of fact, they have nothing whatever in the shape of a definite treaty, and the only result so far of the *rapprochement* in the eyes of the Tsar is the additional influence which it gives him over the politicians of Paris, whom he thoroughly distrusts, and with good cause. The Tsar knows perfectly well what he

means in this business. But there are ingenious and unscrupulous gentlemen in France who have their own interests to serve in misrepresenting his actions, and as they have command of the press, while the Tsar is silent and inarticulate, there is considerable danger that the French may come to consider that the Tsar would

back them if they declared war with Germany. It is to be hoped that before trying the experiment they will take the trouble to ascertain the views of Alexander the Third. If they should do so, I do not envy their ambassador his task.

The French elections resulted in the defeat of M. Clémenceau, and confirmed the majority of the moderate Republicans. With M. Clémenceau disappears the one conspicuous and interesting figure in French politics. The new Chamber, bereft of M. Clémenceau and the Count de Mun, to say nothing of less conspicuous notables, will be even less interesting than its predecessor. The Socialist and Labour party will, no doubt, make a struggle to show what they can do. They have already attempted to utilise their electoral success in industrial disputes, but have not succeeded very well. Some notes of a conversation with the Pope are published, which confirm the impression of his statesman-like foresight. Last spring, Leo XIII. is stated to have said to the late Archbishop of Rennes: "You French do not know how to wait. The Pope looks far ahead, and has to prepare for



From *Il Papagallo*. [Sept. 24, 1893.
RUSSIA IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

If this giant could establish himself in the South, he would kick the dog and crush the tail of the cat, with his right hand humble the sailor, and with his left suffocate the commerce of the friend who would have called upon him for his assistance.

the future. Probably you will not succeed at the coming elections nor at the next, nor possibly at the next after those, but later on." M. Goblet, who takes his place as the leader of the Opposition, has issued his programme, which is based upon the possibility of a working alliance between the Radicals and the Socialists.

There was but little to record in Germany last month. The tariff war continues with Russia. The German Emperor has visited his Austrian ally, and has interchanged a civil telegram with Prince Bismarck. The old statesman being ill, the young Emperor offered him one of his castles as a residence. Bismarck thanked his sovereign, but declined the offer, saying that he would roover best at home. The Emperor has been making a tour of inspection through the border provinces on which the brunt of the next war will fall. The French squirmed a little at the Imperial visit to the lost provinces, but in the provinces them-



From *La Silhouette*.]

[September 3, 1893.

THE GERMAN MANŒUVRES IN ALSACE LORRAINE.

"Why do they return to insult me in my sorrow?"
"Do you forget that the criminal cannot refrain from visiting the scene of his crime?"

selves the Emperor seems to have been well received. In the course of his tour the Kaiser was really quite reasonable in his speeches, all of which have been forgotten by this time, excepting one in which he spoke of Germany as standing like Heimdal, the warder of the gods, as sentinel in the Temple of Universal Peace.

cholera poison. The mortality among the pilgrims this year has been enormous, and sanitarians in Western Europe are discussing whether or not it would not be justifiable for civilisation to compel the Sultan, even at the cannon's mouth, to carry out radical sanitary reforms in Mecca. It is of course just as



M. ZOLA.

(From a photograph by A. Labart, Paris.)

The Cholera as a Casus Belli. The cholera has been furnishing occasional corpses to the undertaker and constant paragraphs to the papers, but there has been no great outbreak in Western Europe. There seems to be a pretty general opinion that the cholera was generated at Mecca, where the water of the sacred well Zem-Zem is declared to be full of

possible to force sanitation by ultimatum as to forbid religious persecution, or to insist upon the concession of autonomy by the same rough-and-ready expedient; still it would be novel to see the combined fleets of Europe threatening to pitch the Sultan into the Bosphorus if he did not set the scavengers to work in the Holy City. A main drainage scheme for Mecca

is an object which, to say the least, is as much worth while going to war about as most of the objects for which sovereigns and nations fight. But the hygienists have not yet the ironclads of the world at their disposal.

Parliament has risen, and we have had Congresses—the usual saturnalia of conferences and Scientific and Otherwise. congresses. The Trades Union Congress led off by meeting at Belfast and passing an enormous number of ill-digested and half-thought-out resolutions,—among other trifles a demand for the nationalisation of pretty nearly everything. Then came the British Association, which met this year at Nottingham. After listening to a rather



DR. BURDON-SANDERSON.

long and dreary discourse by Dr. Burdon-Sanderson, it settled down to a diet of papers containing very little of sensational interest. The Associated Chambers of Commerce met at Plymouth, where Sir Alfred Rollit proclaimed, although with many qualifications, that the tide was turning, and that we were on the eve of a slight revival of trade, if, of course, it were not checked by the labour disputes. The Church Congress meets this year at Birmingham, but the sensation of the autumnal gatherings has been the reception of M. Zola by the Institute of Journalists, which held its annual meeting in London.

A short time ago Mr. Vizetelly was clapped into gaol for publishing an unpurgated edition of one of Zola's works. Fortunately his sentence expired in time to allow the unlucky publisher to occupy a conspicuous place among those gathered to do honour to the French novelist. M. Zola, who was accompanied by his wife, spent nearly a week in London enjoying some things and being extremely bored by others. His address on "Anonymity in Journalism" lay somewhat outside his line of usual studies. M. Zola supported anonymity in the case of political articles, but thought that critical, literary, and social sketches ought to be signed by their authors. He gave a very vivid description of

the condition of the French press, and declared that nothing but anonymity would restore honesty and disinterestedness to their political newspapers. At the same time, he declared that to take away a writer's name results in diminishing his power.

It has been decided definitely to close the World's Fair on the 31st of October. The Chicago Congresses. Probably the very flimsy materials of which the edifices are constructed would not stand the storms of the winter months. The much-talked-of Parliament of Religions was opened by a Roman Catholic bishop, and an Indian representative recalled the fact that a similar assembly was summoned by an Indian monarch two thousand years ago in the far East. There is nothing new in the world, not even in Chicago. The Psychical Congress was somewhat disappointing, although the respect with which its deliberations were received by the Press indicates a growing sense of the value and importance of the studies which a short time ago were regarded as the favourite jest of the man of the street. If we remember that the motive of the "Pickwick Papers" was to ridicule the absurdity of the meetings of the British Association, we can form some estimate of the rapidity with which opinion moves when once people discover that they are dealing not with theories but with facts.

The Viceroyalty of India seems to be going a-begging. After considerable difficulty Government offered the post to Sir Henry Norman, the present Governor of Queensland. Sir Henry Norman, who is sixty-five years of age, at first accepted it, but subsequently, on the eve of the acceptance of his resignation as Governor of Queensland, he telegraphed that reasons of health rendered it impossible for him to go to India. Lord Brassey, who has just started for India on the Opium Commission, was suggested as a substitute, but at the present moment of writing no fresh appointment has been officially announced. There is a general feeling that things are not going on well in India. The revival of the old feud between the Mussulmans and the Hindoos about cow-killing causes uneasiness, and no one can say at present what will be the ultimate result of the closing of the mints. In the midst of the general uneasiness, the fact that a distinguished Indian officer—Sir Mortimer Durand—is on his way through the Afghan passes to the Court of the Ameer at Cabul does not tend to increase the complacency with which affairs in India are regarded at the present moment. So far all has gone well; but the Afghans are queer folk to deal with.

Just as I am going to press I receive the news of the death of Professor Jowett. He was a great Englishman, who believed greatly in England; and Oxford will never be the same to most men now that the Master of Balliol is no more.

DIARY FOR SEPTEMBER.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

- Aug. 31. Case of Cholera discovered at Grimsby.
Deputation to Mr. L. Courtney from the Women's Emancipation Union, on the enfranchisement of Women.
Deputation to Mr. John Morley on the Irish Sunday Closing Bill.
- Sept. 1. Deputation of Cabirivers to Mr. Asquith on their Grievances.
Freedom of the City of Waterford conferred on Lord Roberts.
2. Revision of the Belgian Constitution complete.
3. Conference of the Independent Labour Party at Belfast.
Deputation of Jewish Bakers to the Chief Rabbi on their Hours of Work.
Second Ballot in France.
Meeting of London County Council Employés at Southwark Park on Trade Union Wages.
4. Sir Henry Norman appointed Viceroy of India.
Report of the murder of Emin Pasha confirmed.
Fire at Hammersmith; five deaths.
New Wing of the Poplar Hospital opened by Lord and Lady Knutsford.
5. Colliery Riots in Wales and the Midlands.
Annual Session of the Trade Union Labour Congress of Montreal.
6. Mr. C. A. Pearson, of *Pearson's Weekly*, fined under the Lottery Act for his Weather Forecast Competition.
Further Rioting of the Miners.
7. Report received of a Naval Revolt in Brazil.
Further Rioting of the Miners near Pontefract; Soldiers called out, and several Rioters killed.
8. Women's Suffrage Bill passed by the Legislative Council of New Zealand.
First Meeting of the Opium Commission.
Resignation of the Servian Premier.
9. Centenary Fêtes at Dunkirk.
Visit of the German Emperor to Strassburg.
Martial Law proclaimed at Rio de Janeiro.
10. Opening of the Worcester Musical Festival.
11. Opening of the Dockers' Congress at Bristol.
Visit of the German Emperor to Batavia.
12. Liberation of M. Charles de Lesseps.
News received of a Rising in Uganda in June.
Conference on International Rights at The Hague.
13. Bombardment of the Forts at Rio de Janeiro by the Insurgent Fleet.
Anti-Taxation Riots in Spain.
14. First Meeting of the Royal Commission on Agriculture.
General Strike of Miners decided on in France.
15. Deputation of the Unemployed to Mr. Fowler.
Opening of the Central Hall of the Working Men's Club and Home Reading Union by Lord Brassey.
Conclusion of the Worcester Musical Festival.
Continued Floods in Spain.
16. Last sitting of the Opium Commission.
Close of the Army Manœuvres.
Riots in Prague.
Opening of the Mexican Congress.
Railway Accident in the Box Tunnel, near Bath; many injured.
Close of the Dockers' Congress at Bristol.
Labour Demonstration at Liverpool.
The Cherokee Strip, Arkansas, declared open to Settlers.

17. Demonstration at Limerick in favour of granting an Amnesty to Political Prisoners.
Loyal Addresses presented to the Austrian Emperor at Güns.
18. Meeting at the National Liberal Club on the House of Lords and the Home Rule Bill.
Repeated Bombardment of Rio de Janeiro.
19. Fire at White Chapel; five deaths.
Royal Assent given to the Electoral Bill of New Zealand.
Opening of the Session of the Dutch States-General.
20. Fighting reported in Argentina.
The Post of Viceroy of India refused by Sir Henry Norman.
Mining Accident at Dolcoath, Cornwall.

- Dynamite Outrage at San Francisco: two killed.
26. Presentation of the Freedom of the City of London to Sir John Gilbert.
Autumnal Meeting of the Association of Chambers of Commerce opened at Plymouth.
Opening of the New South Wales Parliament by Sir Robert Duff.
Opening Meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute at Darlington.
28. Closing Meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute at Darlington.
Public Meeting at Paddington advocating the Abolition of the House of Lords.
New Public Library opened at Canning Town.
Annual Statement of Mr. Diggle to the London School Board.



SIR HENRY NORMAN, G.C.B.

(From a photograph by F. Adelle and Young.)

- Conference of the Highland Land League at Glasgow.
National Coffee Tavern Association Conference at Rochdale.
21. New Colours presented to the Dutch Army.
Conference of the Institute of Journalists opened at Lincoln's Inn.
Conference of Lord-wives at Westminster.
22. Budget Statement in the Second Chamber of the Dutch States-General.
23. Deputation of Unemployed to the Lord Mayor.
Co-operative Congress at Nottingham.
Deputation of Railway Employés to Sir G. Rake-Powell, on the Employés' Liability Bill.
Conclusion of the Elections in Natal.
Dynamite Outrage at Facchina.
24. Arrest of Anarchists at Vienna.
Revised Bombardment of Rio by the Insurgents.
25. The Freedom of the Borough of Inverness presented to Lord Roberts.

The Andreas Hofer Monument at Innsbruck unveiled by the Austrian Emperor.
New Draft Treaty and Convention presented to the Siamese Government.

29. Meeting of the Miners' Federation at Chesterfield.
Alderman Tyler elected Lord Mayor of London.
Poor Law Conference, at Lancaster.
Pallas, charged with the Bomb Outrage at Barcelona, sentenced to death.
30. Foundation Stone of an Industrial Institute for the Blind at Fulwood, laid by the Countess of Derby.

TRADE UNION CONGRESS AT

BELFAST.

- Sept. 4. Opening of the Trade Union Congress at Belfast. Appointment of Officials, etc.
5. Address by the President, Mr. Samuel Moore.
6. Resolution carried by 150 to 52 in favour of the establishment of a Fund for the Payment of Labour Candidates, and demanding that Candidates should approve of the Collective Ownership of the Means of Production and Distribution.
Mr. Keltie Hardie's Motion requiring that Labour M.P.s should sit in Opposition to the Government rejected by 119 to 16.
7. Resolutions carried in favour of Old Age Pensions, Legal Eight Hours Day, Jury Laws Amendment, Payment of Members, Establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal, Landretries and the Factory Act, Federation of Trades, and the Abolition of Contractors and Sub-Contractors in Government Works.
8. Resolutions carried in favour of Limiting Work for the Unemployed under Government, and the carrying out of the "Fair Wages" Resolution of the House of Commons, etc.
Resolution in favour of Labour Reform Demonstrations on the first Sunday in May, defeated by 60 to 58.
Mr. Lewis welcomed Parliamentary Secretary.
9. Resolutions passed in favour of Compulsory Boards of Arbitration, Registration Reform, Improvement of Artisans' Dwellings, and Local Control of the Police, etc.
Conclusion of the Congress.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION MEETING AT ABERDEEN.

- Sept. 5. Inaugural Address by Dr. Garnett.
Mr. A. W. Robertson on the Public Libraries of Aberdeen.
Mr. J. F. Clark on the Statistical Accounts of Scotland.
Mr. George Walker on Aberdeen; its Literature, Bookmaking, and Book-circulating.

6. Mr. F. T. Barrett on the Catalogue of the Peabody Library at Baltimore.
Discussion on the "Blacking-Out" of Betting News.
Mr. Mason on a New Method of Arranging a Lending Library.
Mr. F. J. Burgoyne on Practical Difficulties in Library Work.
Mr. J. J. Ogle on District Public Libraries.
Mr. Butler Wood on the Village Libraries in Yorkshire.
Mr. MacAllister on the Issue of Fiction.
7. Miss James on Women Librarians in America.
Mr. Southern on the Taxation of Public Libraries.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT NOTTINGHAM.

- Sept. 13. Opening Address by the President, Prof. Burdon-Sanderson.
14. Mr. R. T. Glazebrook on Physical Science.
Mr. G. H. Bryan on the Moon's Atmosphere and the Kinetic Theory of Gases.
Mr. J. J. H. Teall on the Origin of Rocks.
Canon Tristram on the Habits of Birds.
Mr. Henry Seebohm on Geography and Exploration.
Mr. J. Head on Mechanical Science.
Dr. Robert Munro on Man's Erect Attitude and the Brain of the Savage.
18. Prof. Lodge on Electrolysis and Electro-Chemistry.
Prof. Reynolds on Medical Education and Comparative Chemistry.
Mr. C. R. Markham on Geology and Physical Geography.
Prof. Joseph Shield Nicholson on Classical Political Economy.
16. Prof. Rüchker on the Magnetic Shielding of Two Concentric Spherical Shells.
Prof. Brögger on the Rocks at Grau, near Christiania.
Dr. C. Vachell on the Protection of Wild Birds.
Dr. J. H. Gladstone on Ancient Metal Implements from Egypt.
Prof. V. Lewes on Spontaneous Combustion.
19. Prof. A. W. Reinold on Earth Tremors.
Discussion on Fossil and Recent Coral Reefs.
Capt. Williams on Uganda.
Mr. J. B. Firth on Nottingham Lace and Fashion.
Mr. J. A. Strahan on the Progress of the Newspaper Press.
Mr. A. T. Snell on the Utilization of Waste Water Power by Electricity.
Prof. V. Horsley on the Physiology of the Nervous System.
19. Prof. J. V. Jones on Standards of Low Resistance.
Mr. W. B. Croft on the Teaching of Physics in Schools.
Discussion on Explosions in Coal Mines.
Prof. F. Clowes on the Miner's Safety Lamp.
Prince Krapotkin on the Glaciation of Asia.
Mr. W. S. Bruce on an Antarctic Voyage.
Discussion on the Currency Problem.
Dr. Munro and Prof. Foyd Dawkins on Lake Dwellings.
20. Dr. R. W. Folkin on the Distribution of Disease in Africa.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

- Aug. 31. Discussion on the Commons' Amendments to the Lords' Amendments of the London Improvements Bill.
1. Third Reading of the Contagious Diseases (Animals) (Swine Fever) Bill.
First Reading of the Home Rule Bill.
4. Discussion on the Welsh Intermediate Education Scheme.
5. Debate on the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill; Speeches by Earl Spencer, Duke of Devonshire, and others.
6. Debate on the Home Rule Bill continued by the Duke of Argyll, Lord Playfair, Lord Ashbourne, Lord Londonderry, Lord Cross, Lord Ripon, and others.
7. Debate on the Home Rule continued by Lord Selborne, Lord Rosebery, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Thring, Lord Swanssea, Marquis of Waterford, Lord Dunraven, Lord Sandhurst, and others.
8. Debate on the Home Rule Bill continued by Lord Cranbrook, Lord Herschell, Lord Halsbury, Bishop of Ripon, Marquis of Sills-

bury, Lord Kimberley, and others; and Rejection of the Bill by 419 to 41.

11. Second Reading of the Women's Suffrage Bill negative.
22. The Consolidated Fund (Appropriation) Bill passed.

Adjournment of the House until November 9.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

- Aug. 31. Debate on the Third Reading of the Home Rule Bill continued by Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Plunket, Mr. Dillon, Mr. T. W. Russell, Sir Henry James, and others.
- Second Reading of the Naval Defence Amendment Bill.
- Sept. 1. Debate on the Third Reading of the Home Rule Bill continued by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Sir E. Grey, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Balfour, Mr. John Morley, and others; Bill read a Third time.
4. Mr. Gladstone's Resolution concerning an Autumn Session carried by 162 to 95.
Civil Service Estimates.
5. Civil Service Estimates: Mr. Hanbury's Motion for the Reduction of Salaries of Officers of the House of Lords carried by 103 to 95.
6. Civil Service Estimates—Home Office and Board of Works.
7. Civil Service Estimates—Foreign Office Vote, and Colonial Vote.



THE LATE MR. ALBERT MOORE.

8. Discussion on the Coal Riots.
Civil Service Estimates—Colonial Vote, Votes for the Privy Council Office and the Board of Trade.
Third Reading of the Naval Defence Amendment Bill.
9. Civil Service Estimates—Board of Agriculture, Charity Commission, etc.
Third Reading of the Consolidated Fund (No. 4) Bill.
11. Civil Service Estimates; Discussion on the Duke of Connaught's Appointment.
12. Army Estimates—Votes for the Local Government Board.
Third Reading of the Sea Fisheries Regulation (Scotland) Bill, and of the Law of Commons Amendment Bill.
13. Votes for the Office of the Secretary of Scotland, the Lunacy Commission, etc.
14. Votes for Subordinate Departments.
15. Irish Vote.
16. Civil Service Estimates—Science and Art Department, British Museum, etc.
18. Civil Service Estimates—Diplomatic and Consular Services, Colonial Vote, etc.
19. Civil Service Estimates continued.
First Reading of the Appropriation Bill.
Second Reading of the Companies (Winding Up) Bill.
20. Second Reading of the Appropriation Bill.
Third Reading of the Companies (Winding-up) Bill.
21. Indian Budget Statement.
22. Third Reading of the Appropriation Bill.
Adjournment of the House till November 2.

SPEECHES.

- Aug. 31. Duke of Devonshire, at Keighley, on Labour.
- Mr. Asquith, at Althorp, on the Political Situation.
- Sept. 4. Mr. Courtney, at Liskeard, on the Home Rule Bill.
7. Lord Harris, at Bombay, on the Riots.
Duke of Rutland, at Haddon Hall, on the Home Rule Bill.
9. Sir E. J. Reel, at Elswick, on the Navy.
10. Mr. Woolfall, at Hanley, on the Coal Strike.
11. Col. Howard Vincent, at Sheffield, on the Home Rule Bill.
12. Mr. Keir-Hardie, at Caning Town, on the Unemployed.
13. Mr. John Burns, at Bristol, on Strikes.
14. Sir G. Osborne-Morgan, near Buxton, on Welsh Education in the House of Lords.
20. Sir G. Osborne Morgan, at Shrewsbury, on the Home Rule Bill and the House of Lords, etc.
Lord Londonderry, at Sunderland, on Home Rule.
21. Bishop of Perry, at Westminster Abbey, on Masonalaid.
Lord Cross, at Tarrow, on Parish Councils.
Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, at Bristol, on the Church of England.
22. M. Zola, at the Institute of Journalists, on Anonymity in Journalism.
Mr. H. H. Fowler, at Wolverhampton, on Local Government.
23. M. Zola, at the Institute of Journalists, on Schools of Literature.
24. Mr. John Burns, at Battersea, on the Trade Union Congress.
25. Cardinal Vaughan, at Portsmouth, on the Social Problem.
Mr. William O'Brien, at Cork, on Home Rule.
27. Mr. Gladstone, at Edinburgh, on the Home Rule Bill and the House of Lords.
Bishop Creighton, at Leicester, on Disestablishment.
28. Mr. Thomas Ellis, at Festinog, on Welsh Disestablishment, etc.
Lord Armstrong, at Elswick, on the Navy.
Mr. Jackson, at Leeds, on the Home Rule Bill.

OBITUARY.

- Aug. 31. Sir William Custos, musician, 59.
- Sept. 1. Rev. Dr. John Cunningham, 73.
Rev. L. Blomfield, 90.
2. Lucy Armstrong, 85.
- Emil J. Flack, civil engineer, 79.
4. Jérôme-Napoleon Bonaparte.
Joseph Baron Montefiore, 91.
5. Col. J. L. Blackburne, 76.
Prince William of Glucksburg, 77.
Morgan Lloyd, Q.C., 72.
6. Lord Pelhaven and Stenton.
7. Gen. Sir Arthur Batson, 79.
Dariusz Wladyslawski, 109.
- James Coxe, lithographer.
2. Magnusson, William Ramsay.
Capt. William Ribbey, City Marshal.
10. George Culley, Commissioner of Woods and Forests.
Surgeon T. H. Parke, 35.
11. Humphrey Wickham, 29.
Gen. de Mirbel, 62.
- Rev. Dr. F. T. Hodgson, 61.
12. R. H. Niles, artist, 79.
Col. H. W. P. Wolman.
13. Percot Maury, French Socialist, 53.
Francis L.throp Ames, 58.
14. Commaude James Beckford Hay.
Louis Ruchonnet, Swiss statesman, 58.
Eugene Hahn, Historian of French Journalism, 81.
- Miss Henrietta Montalba, artist.
15. Charles A. Lowndes, 29.
Gen. Sir F. A. Campbell, 74.
- Mrs. Mary Monroe, 97.
17. Hon. J. Campbell, of Melbourne.
18. Walter D. Jeremy.
19. Sir Alexander Galt, 76.
Archibald Buckle, 92.
Dr. Charles Clay, 92.
Countess of Rothes, 82.
21. Count de Rylandt, 76.
Lord Alfred Spencer Churchill, 69.
Mirko Hovot, President of the Croatian Diet, 64.
23. Thomas Hawksley, civil engineer, 96.
Capt. Gamble, 96.
24. Rev. Dr. John Garrett.
25. Albert Moore, artist, 52.
27. A. I. Krieger, Danish statesman, 75.

THE CARICATURES OF THE MONTH.



From *The Weekly Freeman*.

[September 13, 1901.]

CONDEMNED!

GLADSTONE (as Inspector): "Get to work at once, boys; it's a dangerous business. It has got to come down."



From *Jody*.

[September 20, 1893.]

"OUT YOU GO!"



From *Fun*.

[September 5, 1893.]

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

LITTLE PAUL: "The Sea, Floy, what is it it keeps on saying?"
GRAND OLD MARINER: "It's saying as how a Storm's brewin', my little dear!"



From *Punch*.

[September 9, 1893.]

KICKED OUT!



From *The Westminster Budget*.

[September 8, 1893.]

HARA'HARA 'THE JINGS DO BARRA'
'THEIR LUKSHINS ARE COMING TO TOWN.'



From *Uk.* [September 15, 1893.]

THE GERMAN-RUSSIAN TARIFF WAR.

Cousin: Can you do it yet?



From *Pun.* [September 12, 1893.]

OLD KING COAL AND HIS FIDDLERS THREE.



From *Puck.* [September 13, 1893.]

OUR JOURNALISTIC SENSATION-CHASERS.

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From *Kable adder.*

[September 10, 1893.]

THE POLITICIAN: A GERMAN VIEW OF MR. GLADSTONE.

(After Hogarth.)

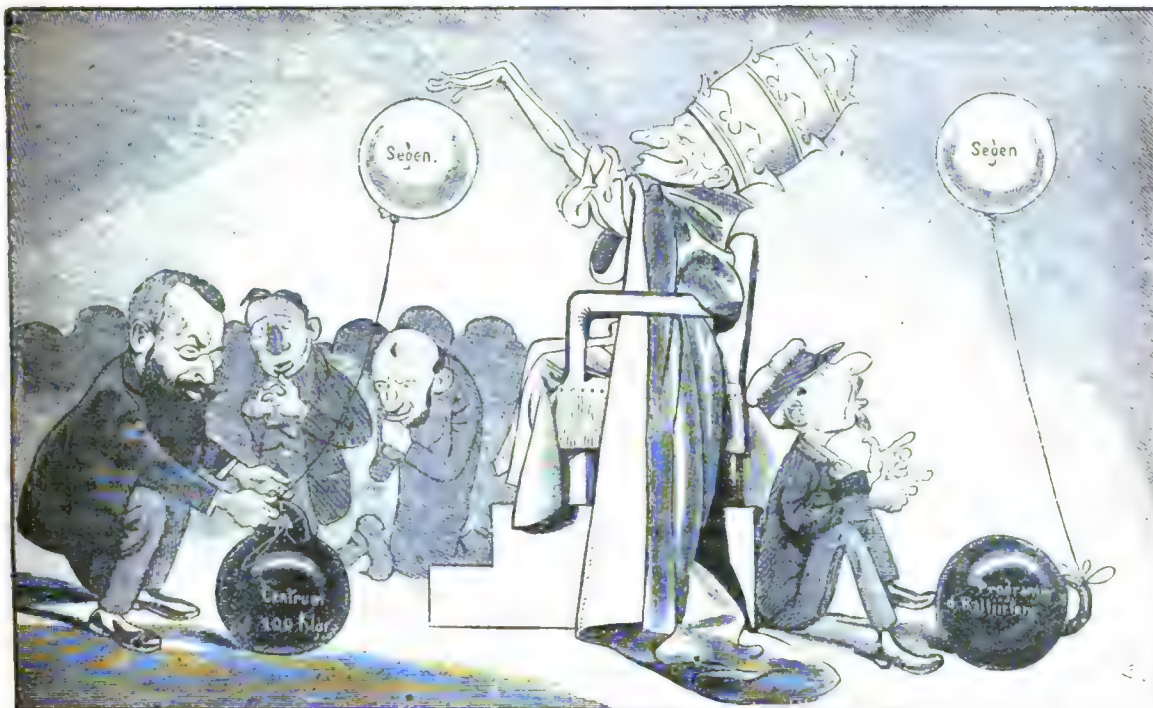


From the *Hindi Punch.*

[August 20, 1893.]

A NATIVE VIEW OF THE BOMBAY RIOTS.

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From *Kladderadatsch*.]

THE WÜRZBURG CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

[September 3, 1893.

After Leo XIII. has helped his allies in France with his blessing on the elections, he tries to do likewise for the German centre.



From *R. Papagallo*.]

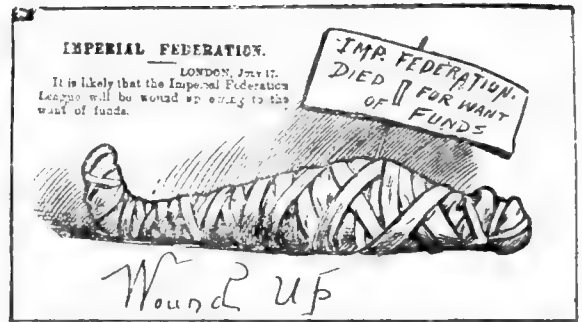
AN ITALIAN VIEW OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

[September 10, 1893.

The corks have an idea to fly up in the air, when dragging the barque of the North in the Mediterranean. This novelty will irritate the great fish of the East, which opens its mouth at the least cry from its people. This eastern monster is protected by the modern Polyphemus, who heartily seeks for strangers in its waters.



From *Der Wahrer Jacob.* [Sept. 16, 1893.
A GERMAN VIEW OF THE SIAMESE
QUESTION.



From *The Sydney Bulletin.* [July 29, 1893.
AS IT OUGHT NOT TO BE.



[From *The M'bourne Punch.*] [July 27, 1893.
JOHN SMITH'S IDEA OF LEGITIMATE EVASION OF INCOME TAX.
His income is a paltry £1,400 per annum, and he pays away the whole of it in household salaries.



[From *K'elleradot etc.*] [September 3, 1893.
"Real pigeons are seen flying about. If we kill we shall get them with difficulty; but if we sit quietly they will fly to us of their own accord."



From *Kladderadatsch*.]

UNCANNY POPULARITY.

THE NEW DUKE: "God save me from my friends!"



From *Judge*.]

WHAT IS SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

AMERICAN CITIES (to alien Irish): "Now that the British House of Commons has passed the Irish Home Rule Bill, won't you let us have Home Rule too?"



From *Judge*.]

THE UNRESTRAINED DEMON OF THE WHEEL.
How he looks to timid people.

[Sept. 13, 1893.



KING LOBENGULA AND HIS FAVOURITE WIFE.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

LOBENGULA, THE KING OF THE MATABELE.

THE character of Lobengula is interesting in itself, but still more interesting for the light which it sheds upon our own past history. Here, at the end of the nineteenth century, we seem to have the reincarnation of old Penda, King of Mercia, whose name was great in this island twelve hundred years ago. As Lobengula is to-day, so were our ancestors more than a thousand years ago. Lobengula and his Matabele are of the colour of dark bronze; our heathen forbears who "wet their spears" under the command of King Penda were fair skinned, light haired and blue eyed; but excepting in the colouring pigment they seem to have been very much the same. The fascination of all the narratives which come to us from Central South Africa consists in their giving us an insight into the condition of our own land when Christianity was first preached amongst us. The South African Blue Books are often surprisingly like a latter day version of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle or Bede's "Ecclesiastical History." It is as if we had the seventh century suddenly resuscitated, in order that it might be photographed by the camera of nineteenth century civilisation.

THE FORCES AT THE FRONT.

Whether or not the present crisis results in war or is once more tided over, the situation is intensely interesting. Of all the savage rulers of our day, there is none who stands forth so picturesquely nude as the King of the Matabeles. He has all the greatness, as well as all the grossness, of the savage. And yet savage though he is, we never forget for a moment that he is a man, and a very human man, and human in nothing so much as being at the mercy of circumstances over which he is supposed to have supreme control. If the present strained relations between the two races on the Mashonaland frontier should result in war, it is almost certain that the result will have been brought about, not by the will of Lobengula, but by the obligation to which sovereigns, even in Africa, are subject: that of deferring to public opinion, at least to that section of their subjects who are articulate enough to make themselves heard. Lobengula is old and wise, his fighting men are young and unwise, under the full sway of the hereditary instinct which leads them to regard the shedding of blood as the law of their being. In this, however, civilisation very much resembles savagery. Across an

imaginary frontier line, drawn between the land of Ophir and the land of the Matabele, stand confronting each other at this moment the foremost fighting men of the two races, each impatient for the word to attack. The men at the front are of different colours, different nations, and different religions; one naked, wielding shield and assegai, the other clothed in all the panoply of the most advanced civilisation. They are alike, however, in longing for the signal for action, and both bitterly resent the restraint of the central power.

THE CONTROLLERS AT THE CENTRE.

In his kraal at Bulawayo sits Lobengula, chafing in his heart alike at the folly of the white intruders and the headstrong impatience of his warriors, surrounded by indunas and taking counsel with his witch doctors as to the spells which should be cast and the magic which should be used to prevent the catastrophe which might overwhelm the Matabele kingdom in ruin. We have our Lobengula much nearer home. The Marquis of Ripon, in

the Colonial Office, surrounded by his indunas, casts no spells and weaves no incantations, but he is troubled at heart, and consults from time to time the printed sheets on which are woven the spells of the journalists, who may be regarded as the witch doctors and wizards of our more advanced civilisation. He holds back with a strong hand the dogs of war, who are straining at the leash in Africa. We may depend upon it that if Lord Ripon and Lobengula could have their way there would be no war. But the masters of the situation are at the front, and not at the capitals, and the fateful word, if it is spoken, will not fall from the lips of Lord Ripon, but from those of Cecil Rhodes; and on the Matabele side some rash induna may not unlikely afford the big white chief an opportunity of taking the law into his own hands. Possibly, however, the dispute may be decided, not by diplomacy, but by nature. If the rains come down earlier than November both sides will have a month's respite, and the crisis may pass without bloodshed.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MATABELE.

During the period of suspense which is so hateful to eager spirits on both sides, we may, with advantage, take a glance at the central figure of this strange drama. Lobengula, the son of Moselekatshe, as he used to be called in all the earlier missionary books from which we



From *Pan.*

[September 26, 1893.]

"BEHOLD, THERE ARISETH A LITILE CLOUD OUT OF THE SEA, LIKE A MAN'S HAND."

gain our first information of this region, or Umziligazi as later and more correct information has led us to describe him, is a Zulu. His father more than sixty years since revolted against Tchaka, the founder of the Zulu kingdom. Leaving Natal, where Tchaka brooked no rival, he settled at first in the Transvaal, but being pressed by the advancing Boers he crossed the Limpopo and settled in Matabeleland. There, in the heart of sub-tropical Africa, in a pleasant and well-watered land abounding in great game and free from the tsetse fly, he established a Matabele counterpart to the original Zulu kingdom. The Matabele are as much Zulus as the Americans are English. They are practically identical in race, in manners, in language, and in their social and military organisation. Lobengula is but a more remote Cetewayo. He himself objects to be called a Matabele, always asserting that he and his men are Zulus. The analogy between the split in the English-speaking race and the two branches of the Zulu kingdom is closer than would at first sight appear. The Zulus of Zululand have kept their blood purer than the emigrants who trekked westward under Moselekatshe. The men who formed the impi which destroyed our army at Isandhlwana, and who were subsequently broken up at Ulundi, were men of purer blood than the men who are gathering on the Matabele frontier to-day. Lobengula's impis are only partially made up of the pure-blooded Zulu and very largely of other native races. Many of them have been captured as boys in the predatory raids of the Matabele, and been taught as the Turkish Janissaries to have no other country than that of their victors and no other religion but war.

THE MATABELE POLITY.

The organisation of the Matabele, however, is entirely Zulu. The authority of Lobengula is absolute; he is lord and master of everything and every one in his territory. His word is law, his frown is death. About three hundred thousand men, women, and children call him lord, and among them, and not less among his neighbours on the frontiers, his authority is maintained by means of some ten to twenty thousand fighting men, who form the standing army, and whose chiefs or indunas form a military hierarchy by which the government of the country is carried on. The king in Matabeleland both reigns and governs, but he reigns and governs subject to one condition—he must keep his fighting machine in good order and in good humour. Fighting machines can only be kept in order by being allowed to fight, and hence the annual forays which enable the Matabele warriors to keep their hands in and allow the younger warriors who are coming on to wet their spears and prove their manhood by slaying their fellow-creatures. It is only another form of the principle which prevails in most savage tribes, especially among the head-hunters of Borneo, where a young man is not allowed to marry unless he has cut off the head of at least one fellow-man.

A SOUTH AFRICAN G.O.M.

There is considerable analogy between Lobengula's position in Matabeleland and Mr. Gladstone's in the House of Commons. As long as Mr. Gladstone can hold together his composite majority he can do anything he pleases. In Matabeleland Lobengula is no less absolute, but he is under no less inexorable conditions. The various impis are as so many Gladstonian items, and for the most part are quite as obedient, but they must have something thrown them to destroy. Therein Lobengula must have a strong fellow-feeling for Mr. Gladstone.

The Liberal Party has been kept going for the last sixty years by being perpetually on the warpath. At one time it was the Corn Laws, at another an Unreformed Parliament, then it was a restricted franchise; again it was the Irish Church and the Irish landlords, and so long as the party could be kept chawing up adversaries and abuses it was in a good temper. Of late years, however, its very success and the progress of civilisation in the Conservative ranks has limited the area in which the Liberals can go forth to war, and the narrower the district in which they can make their forays, the more difficult becomes the task of their leader.

A HELPFUL ANALOGY.

Just so it is with Lobengula. When he ascended the throne he could send his impis north, south, east, and west, slaying and to slay, without any human being to say him nay. To-day Khama's country cuts him off from the south and south-west, the Transvaal Republic offers an impassable barrier to the south and south-east, while only within the last few years a hedge of steel has been run along his eastern frontier, cutting off the whole of Mashonaland right up to the Zambesi from the field of his operations. It is therefore not surprising that in his circumscribed area, in which he will have to stew in his own juice, the Matabele feels that it will soon be impossible for government to be carried on, at any rate on the old principles. The more sanguine spirits among the Matabele, as in the Liberal camp, assert that there will be enemies enough left on whom to flesh their swords. The Matabele have the Barutzi north of the Zambesi; and, as for the Liberals, have they not always the House of Lords? On the other hand, the pessimists on both sides point out that this very year the Matabele have tried conclusions with the Barutzi, as the Liberals with the House of Lords, and in both cases it was the other side which got the best of it.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

But a truce to analogies, which, although they may appear fanciful, may nevertheless enable the reader to form some kind of an idea of the politics of Matabeleland. Now let us look at Lobengula himself, that Bismarck of the Blacks, as Mr. De Waal called him. Lobengula has been often described but seldom photographed. The portrait which I publish as a frontispiece was brought from Matabeleland by a recent traveller, who, however, preserves a prudent silence as to how he got it. Efforts have been frequently made to photograph the king, but he has always refused. He said he did not like to be shot at with the camera, and he told Mr. Maund that it would never do for him to be photographed, as his people would believe that part of his soul had been taken away with the picture. On one occasion, however, when in an unwonted good humour, he promised a sitting to Dr. Milledew, but evaded the fulfilment of his pledge by getting up early in the morning and disappearing into space. The doctor followed him for miles, but when he overtook his Majesty the wily old man declared that it was quite impossible, as no king should ever be photographed except in all the paraphernalia of royalty, and as the royal toggerie was at the capital the doctor had to return without the coveted negative.

LOBENGULA AS HE IS.

Word-pictures, however, enable us to form a tolerably clear conception of Lobengula. He is now an enormously fat old man of sixty years of age. His height is not more than five feet eleven inches, but owing to his excessive stoutness he seems to be shorter than he is in reality.

The descriptions of him recall a passage in Judges, which describes how Eglon, the king of Moab, a very fat man, met his death by the dagger of Ehud. When Lobengula sits upon his biscuit-box receiving his visitors, he rests his hands upon his thighs, which are almost covered by the protuberant paunch. Notwithstanding his corpulence, he is, according to all observers, not without dignity. He used to wear breeches and a dirty coat, but he has long since reverted to the more picturesque costume of his own people. When in full dress he wears a broad-brimmed black felt hat, with a bunch of monkey skins round his middle and a sword by his side. Sometimes he variegates this by twisting some blue calico round his shoulders. When he danced—which was in his younger days, for he is now too fat and gouty for that exercise—he was dressed in monkey skins and black ostrich feathers. But these articles of apparel are trifles which only bring into relief the habitual nudity of the monarch.

HIS APPEARANCE.

By far the most vivid picture of life at Bulawayo is given by Mr. Thompson, of Natal, who, together with Mr. Maguire, succeeded in negotiating the concession which brought the British South African Company into being. Mr. Garrett interviewed Mr. Thompson when he was preparing his admirable series of letters "In Afrikaner Land," and Mr. Thompson subsequently wrote a further account of the king and his court in a number of "Greater Britain." After stating that Lobengula was a man who would never be forgotten if once seen, and that he weighs about twenty stone, or 300 pounds, Mr. Thompson proceeds:—"Lobengula walks as I have never seen any other man walk, moving his elephantine limbs one after the other, seeming as if he were planting them for ever, rolling his shoulders from side to side, and looking round in a way that is dreadful to see. He has bulging bloodshot eyes, and when he looks at one, I can assure you it is enough to scare a man offhand." The bloodshot appearance of his eyes, it should be stated, is not on account of any special ferocity on the part of their owner, but to the smoke in the winter time, which brings about a disorder of the eyes which constantly requires medical treatment. The effect, however, is none the less impressive.

A ROYAL RECEPTION.

The visitor, however, does not usually see Lobengula walking; he is generally seated on his chair in the midst of his goats, or lying on skins in his house. Presentation to Lobengula, although less ceremonious than a presentation to Queen Victoria, is much more disagreeable. If you visit him in his house you have to crawl on your hands and knees through a small aperture in the front of his hut as if you were a bee entering a hive. The ordinary place of reception, however, is in the centre of the kraal, where the king administers justice with his indunas round him. In that case, the visitor has to sit in the broiling sun until the business in hand is disposed of. As there are no trees, the only shade possible is afforded by the meat-rack, on which the beef is suspended, and which is the centre of the attentions of millions of flies. If, however, his Majesty accords his visitor a confidential interview he receives him in what is called the buck-kraal. It is his sanctum, and a very unpleasant sanctum it is. It is an enclosure into which the goats and sheep are driven at night-time. The whole place is aromatic with their droppings, in the midst of which the visitor has to squat. No one is allowed to sit in the king's presence excepting on the ground, and

any attempt to sit upon anything else but mother earth is regarded as an insult to the king's Majesty, which might justly be punished with death.

A THRONE ON AN ANT-HEAP.

The dung and the odour thereof are, however, among the trivial discomforts of a reception in Matabeleland.

On one side of the buck-kraal there is a stage or platform made of rough hewn logs. Every morning the flesh of four bullocks, the quantity required daily for the royal household, is placed on this stage. As may well be imagined, the constant dropping of blood from the meat on to the ground has collected millions of ants on that particular spot. While holding a conference, or granting an interview, the King is very fond of sitting on an old condensed milk-box, and leaning against one of the posts of this stage. Lobengula is perfectly impervious to the attacks of the myriads of ants; but the unfortunate white man who has the honour of conversing with the King does not enjoy the same immunity.

Another ordeal through which the visitor has to pass is the risk of ruining his digestion by eating immense quantities of beef and drinking gallons of beer. Mr. Thompson says:—

"White visitors, when paying their respects to the court of Lobengula, are expected to eat three plates full of grilled beef, and to drink three cans of beer, each holding about a gallon. As one plate of beef or can of beer is finished, another follows. Frequently, when his sable Majesty's back was turned, I used to get the little slave boys who hang about the court to assist me; but he caught me at this on one occasion and reproved me, so that I had to resist the temptation in future. All he said was, "Do you think I cannot feed my own dogs?" but that was quite sufficient, coming from the source it did.

THE KING AS LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

As to the king's character there is a disagreement of opinion, but all agree that he conscientiously devotes himself to the government of his kingdom, according to his lights. In Matabeleland we have personal government in its simplest form. The king sits in person, like the Kadi under the palm tree, administering justice. A recent traveller says:—

"If a stranger approaches he will probably find Lobengula, with six of his Indunas, administering justice. Cases are brought from all parts of the country and are formally argued and judicially decided. The Indunas act as counsel for the parties and take technical points with an ingenuity which would do credit to a British Queen's Counsel, and discuss and debate the cases with great eagerness. Indeed in many ways the Matabele litigation is similar to our own; for although the Indunas fiercely urge the claims of a client while the case lasts, their differences disappear the moment the King's decision is given. During the pendency of a case, moreover, the Indunas keep religiously away from the parties concerned and their friends; but as soon as the case is over they approach the successful or defeated party as if there had been no dispute.

MATABELE LEGAL PROCEDURE.

Mr. Selous, in his interesting book "Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa," published last month by Mr. Rowland Ward, describes the judicial procedure at length, and a very interesting account he gives. Sir Charles Russell and Sir Richard Webster would have found themselves quite at home in the monarch's kraal when the great seacow case was being tried. Possibly, however, they would have been somewhat scandalised by Mr. Selous's method of interrupting the counsel for the prosecution in the following manner:—

"At one point I was able to turn the laugh against Makwaykwi, for when after saying, "It is you, Selous, who have finished the king's game," he went on, "but you are a witch, you must bring them all to life again. I want to see them—all, all. Let them all walk in at the kraal gate, the elephant"

and the buffalos, and the elands." I stood up and called out, "All right; but when the lions come in will you, Ma-kwaykwi, remain where you are to count them?" This caused a general laugh at Ma-kwaykwi's expense, and quite stopped his flow of eloquence.—("Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa," p. 136.)

Mr. Selous was very indignant at Lobengula's conduct on this occasion, but judging from his own account he does not seem to have had much to complain of. The hippopotamus is strictly preserved by Lobengula, and no one is allowed to kill a sea-cow without his permission. Mr. Selous's servant had shot a hippopotamus when in want of food, and Mr. Selous was tried for the offence. After being fully heard, he was fined about £60, a sum of which he declares he was robbed by Lobengula, chiefly because after the offence was committed he treated him as if nothing had happened. The whole story, even as told by Mr. Selous, seems to indicate a very great desire for justice on the part of Lobengula; indeed, all the accounts which we have of judicial procedure in Matabeleland tend to give us a good impression of the savage monarch.

TENDER-HEARTED DESPOTS.

Indeed, it would not be difficult to idealise Lobengula and make him out to be quite nature's gentleman. Mr. Maund has, for instance, a very high opinion of Lobengula. He seems, notwithstanding all the atrocities for which he is officially responsible, and many of which he personally orders, to have many of the qualities of his father, Moselekatse, of whom Mr. Mackenzie says:—

Moselekatse seemed to be possessed of tender feelings, and keenly alive to the sufferings of others. In order to secure the continued allegiance of his men, Moselekatse had to devise work for them in which they would meet with the gratification of their savage passions. The clamour to be led out to outrage, pillage, and bloodshed never ceased to issue from men forced to live under the restraints of Matabele barracks. Every year a war party marched against some neighbouring tribe; every year multiplied the number of murdered innocents, whose blood cried to heaven for vengeance. But, as a matter of fact, the master spirit animating and regulating all these movements was personally adverse to pain and suffering. Even his oxen Moselekatse did not permit to be lashed with the long whip of the waggon driver; his men were allowed to beat them only with green wands cut from the bushes in the forest. When, some weeks after my arrival, Mr. Thomas on his way to the colony, brought his little children to take leave of the chief, Moselekatse cried out in the most feeling manner, "Take the poor motherless dear ones to the waggon, for I cannot bear the sight!"—"North of the Orange River," pp. 310-311).

HIS EXCUSE FOR KILLING HIS SUBJECTS.

An anonymous writer describes Lobengula as follows:—

His features are aquiline, but very coarse and sensual, and in repose they exhibit great craft and cruelty. But his smile quite changes the character of his face, so childlike and sweet is its expression. His natural disposition is not cruel; but the continued exercise of almost unlimited power over the lives of others has grafted in it a love of bloodshed. The annals of his domestic policy are written in lines as bloody as are those of his foreign conquests—brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, friends, have all fallen before his ruthless hand.

In the same sense writes Mr. Maund, who has certainly had good opportunities of forming an opinion. He says:—

King Lo Bengula is by no means so black as he is painted (I mean in character). I must differ from those who say he is "deadly cruel." We must not judge him by our standard. He has to rule a turbulent people, who do not know the value of life. Speaking one day to me of killing, he said, "You see,

you white men have prisons, and can lock a man up safely. I have not. What am I to do? When a man would not listen to orders, I used to have his ears cut off as being useless; but whatever their punishment they frequently repeated the offence. Now I warn them—and then a knobkerrie man never repeats his offence." This, for a savage, was fairly logical. It may appear to us cruel; but remember how short a time it is since we hanged for sheep-stealing, and certainly the savage execution with the knobkerrie is not so revolting, and is less painful than a civilised execution refined with electricity. A blow on the back of the head, and all is over. I have now paid him three long visits at a very trying time, and I must say that throughout he has behaved splendidly to the white men. I only judge him by his acts. Constantly he used to send me oxen and sheep, keeping me supplied with them for months.

"THE MAN WHO DRANK THE KING'S BEER."

On the other hand, Mr. Thompson gives a ghastly account of the way in which Lobengula sometimes inflicts torture. The writer says:—

I remember once, when I was waiting for an audience, I saw a man brought in who was guilty of having drunk some of the King's beer. It was at the time of the great dance, when for a month there is a special licence, and when any one carrying beer about is likely to have it raided. But this man had letted toll on the King's beer, when it was being carried by the King's women. The poor wretch was brought before the King. He was horribly afraid. His eyes stuck out of his head, and his knees knocked together as he tried to make obeisance. The King bade them hold him fast; then he said, looking the culprit up and down, "You have a nose and a mouth, and two ears and two eyes. You have used your nose to smell King's beer—turning to attendants—"cut off his nose!" They cut off the man's nose. "You have used your mouth to drink King's beer; cut off his mouth!" They cut off the man's lips. He was a horrid sight. Lobengula waited a moment. Then he said deliberately: "You have heard that it is not allowed to drink King's beer; but your ears are no good to you." Off went the poor wretch's ears. He looked at the King with a look dreadful to see. "Your eyes—cover up his eyes!" shouted the King. "Put his forehead over his eyes that he may not see King's beer!" and they cut the forehead of the man, and turned down the flap of skin as a surgeon might turn it, so that it hung over his eyes. Then the King looked at the man for a few minutes, and the man grovelled before him in the dung, until suddenly the King fell into a rage—perhaps he was ashamed of himself—and bade them beat the man with logs of wood. They beat him within an inch of his life. Last, the poor wretch mustered strength to crawl away, like a broken snake, along the ground; and he went and lay under a waggon until nightfall. Then he crept down to the stream to bathe his wounds. He came close past my waggon, and you never saw such a ghastly sight as he was. The flap of skin hung over his eyes, but it was dried and stark.—("In Afrikanerland.")

THE MOST HARD-WORKED MAN IN MATABELELAND.

This story is well told, and there seems to be no doubt that however kindhearted Lobengula may be personally, he is as indifferent as a schoolboy to the pain which he inflicts, or a scientific vivisector is in torturing a frog. It would, however, be a mistake to judge him by our standards. There is no reason to believe that he is more indifferent to the infliction of torture and death than the men in the midst of whom he lives and was brought up. Like the Emperor of Russia, he had no ambition to occupy the throne; he accepted the position philosophically, but in the opinion of Mr. Maund he would much rather be a farmer than a king. The first-born, Kuruman, disappeared, and hence in Matabeleland, as in Russia, the second son came to the throne. As King of the Matabele, he is one of the largest stock-owners in the world,

as his whole kingdom may be said to be his ranch. A writer in *South Africa* says:—

The King is one of the most intelligent men in his nation. His memory is prodigious, and, when he chooses to exert it, he has great tact and natural politeness. He has social qualities, too, and likes a good chat. He often unbends with his courtiers; but they are ever on the *qui vive* to say only what they know will please, and are careful never to contradict him. The duties of the King are no sinecure. He is the most hard-worked man in the nation. From morning till night he is hearing reports from all parts of his dominions, arranging the settlement of difficult law cases, judging criminals, and transacting farm business. He is a farmer on a gigantic scale, for he has the control and management of all the nation's cattle. He is the centre from which everything radiates, and to which all things converge in Matabeleland. The destruction of an impi, or the death of a calf at some cattle-post, are alike reported to him with minutest details.

A PICTURE OF THE KING IN HIS KRAAL.

The author of "Matabeleland and the Victoria Falls" gives a very bright picture of the scene in the King's kraal when Lobengula is receiving visitors. He says the scene with the King sitting on his biscuit-box would make a picture:—

The setting sun; the dark green trees beyond the kraal and the green walls of the newly-erected kraal; the yellow beehive-like huts; the yellowish trodden grass in the space; the herds of goats and sheep, with lambs and kids, and pack of dogs, crowding round the King's waggon; the group of natives, some all but naked, some adorned with feathers, some with a single article of European dress, as a hat, crouching on their haunches, forming the court of the black King; tusks of ivory lying about. To complete the picture, a white trader or two should be introduced, not above crouching before his sable majesty, who sits there in his broad-brimmed black felt hat, pipe in mouth (a small briar-root, worth perhaps 2d. at home)

A KING'S DIET.

Lobengula smokes constantly, smoking great quantities of Boer tobacco. In fact, he may be said to live on beef, beer, and tobacco. Mr. Thompson gives the following account of his diet:—

In the early morning, if the weather be cold, he takes a pannikin of black coffee, well sugared. Between this and about eleven o'clock he may have a few drinks of beer. At eleven he has breakfast, which consists of grilled or steamed beef, with beer afterwards to wash it down. Occasionally he may have a small dish of mashed pumpkin or beans, or some other vegetable, placed before him. He has similar courses for dinner about three p.m.—that is, if he wants any dinner—and supper at seven p.m. Before breakfast he washes his

hands and face, using soap, in a basin which is brought to him by one of his slaves. After his ablutions, another slave brings forward the meat, which is heaped on a large wooden ashet, which the slave holds, kneeling, in front of his royal master till he has finished. He picks out the dainty bits, and throws the remainder either to his dogs or slaves. He uses a knife, and his fingers usually serve the purpose of a fork, although I have seen him use the latter instrument occasionally. After feeding, instead of wiping his greasy fingers with a table napkin, he rubs them over his bare arms and legs. Lobengula does not require a tonic to assist his appetite. To his meat he seldom uses salt, the gall of the animal, which is poured on the meat when put into the pot, serving that purpose. It is also supposed to make the meat tender.

Although he drinks quantities of beer he takes no spirits, and all the champagne which is given him he hands over to his wives, of whom he has comparatively few.

THE ROYAL HAREM.

He is said to take four new wives every year, but in reality he has only ten wives and about eighty concubines. As his father Moselekatse is said to have had five hundred, Lobengula may be said to have made considerable progress towards monogamy. It is a curious fact that none of his real wives have children, and the next king of Matabeleland will have to be taken from among the sons of the concubines. When he is sitting in his sanctum drinking beer he usually has five or six of his favourite wives sitting in front of him. When he is making a progress throughout the kingdom he dispenses with the difficulty of having to carry about with him his harem by stationing squads of wives in various parts of the country. They are so distributed that he cannot turn up in any place without having a certain number of wives waiting for him.

THE KING'S SISTER NINI.

Matabele women are by no means uncemely in their youth. The portrait accompanying of the young princess appointed to marry a neighbouring potentate would compare very favourably with any English girl. The tendency to *embonpoint* is a very noticeable feature in the Matabele female. To be in the fashion you must be fat, and when kings and queens set the example it is only natural that subjects should follow suit. In the early days of the reign the King's sister Nini was the real queen of Matabeleland. The following description of her appearance at a great state function may be regarded as describing the Matabele conception of female beauty:—

Suddenly the royal sister appeared, and presented a most singular, not to say magnificent appearance. It was something



A MATABELE PRINCESS.

like the appearance of the *prima donna* at the opera, or the leading spirit in some gorgeous pantomime. She is very stout and tremendously *en bon point*, and her skin is of a coppery hue. She wore no dress, and the only covering above her waist was a number of gilded chains, some encircling her, some pendent. Round her arms were massive brazen bracelets. A blue and white Freemason's apron appeared in front, and looked strangely anomalous there, though really not unbecoming. From her waist also there hung down behind a number of brilliant-coloured woollen neck wraps, red being the predominant colour. Under the apron was a sort of short black skirt, covering the thighs, made of wrought ox-hide. Her legs and feet were bare, but round her ankles were the circlelets of bells worn by the women to make a noise when they dance. Her head-dress was decidedly pretty—a small bouquet of artificial flowers in front, and amongst the hair, standing in all directions, feathers of bee-eaters' tails. A small circular ornament, fashioned out of red clay, was on the back of her head. She put herself in posture for the dance, but did not move very much or energetically whilst keeping time; she suffered too much from adiposity. She held one of the large oval black and white ox-hide shields surmounted by a jackal's tail, such as are carried by the warriors.

A SUDILEN AND BLOODY END.

Nini for a long time ruled the roast in Matabeleland and got rid of her enemies by bringing accusations of witchcraft against them. However, at last she overstepped the mark, when from jealousy of one of her sisters-in-law she brought an accusation of witchcraft against her. Unfortunately for Nini, Lobengula was very much in love with his wife, and it did not take much to persuade him that if there was witchcraft the witch was no other than Nini herself, thereupon the days of Nini were brought to a sudden and bloody end. The wives breathed freely again when they heard their terrible sister-in-law was no more. Mothers-in-law in Matabeleland are not allowed to enter the houses of their daughters' husbands, and if they accidentally meet them in the streets they must look another way. From this it is evident that the Matabele have made considerable progress in civilisation. In the butchery by which Lobengula maintains his authority he by no means spares his relatives. Shortly before Mr. W. Montague Kerr visited Bulawayo, Lobengula had put to death his uncle Usiquiana and destroyed his kraal numbering forty people in all.

THE CURSE OF WITCHCRAFT.

It is impossible to form any estimate of the character or rule of Lobengula without taking some account of his exploits in witchcraft. It is only on reading of the way in which witchcraft is practised in savage tribes that we begin to understand the reason for the interdict which is placed on it in the Levitical Books. Khama, stern old Puritan that he is, has peremptorily put down witchcraft in the whole of his dominions, for witchcraft in these countries is by no means a harmless table-rapping or an invocation of spirits—good or bad. It is a system of terrorism which cuts up by the roots the very rudimentary beginnings of civilisation and religious liberty. To accuse your enemy of being a witch, or of practising witchcraft, is a simple and well-understood formula for compassing his death. Evidence is not required of the guilt, neither is the accused party allowed to rebut the accusation brought against him. Treachery, no matter how hideous, murder, no matter how foul, is held to be excused by the simple allegation that the victims had been practising witchcraft. Witchcraft, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins. The practice of witchcraft, however, is a much more serious thing than the mere bringing of false accusations against innocent men.

LOBENGULA AS WIZARD.

Lobengula is at least no fool, but one of the shrewdest men in all savagery. He is hard worked, but he always finds time for his incantations. Every day, no matter how much he may have drunk with his wives the night before, he is up before sunrise to inspect his cattle and flocks with the vigilant punctuality of a Scotch shepherd. Having done this he retires to his sanctum and practises magic. Mr. Thompson says:—

Here he cooks Devil's broth, which is made out of crocodile livers, hippopotamus fat, snakes' skins, birds' beaks, fat frogs' toes, and several other things. While the steam of this infernal compound ascends, he is supposed to petition the gods for what he may most desire.

One of the most solemn functions of the King as a magician is the making of rain, in which he is an adept. Mr. Thompson seems to think that all his rainmaking is only a clever make-believe of a weather-wise student of meteorology, but this is somewhat doubtful.

A ROYAL RAINMAKER.

Mr. Thompson gives one or two stories as illustrating the kind of exploit by which the King obtains his reputation:—

The King has the reputation of being a remarkably good hand at making a thunderstorm, and in this he gives way to no man. I remember one day in June—the one month in the whole year in which you least expect rain—some natives had brought a large python into camp, and were singing some of their rain songs. It is sudden death to any native in Matabeleland who, if he sees a python, does not by some means or other manage to secure it and bring it in alive. The King took possession of the reptile, and said he must go and make rain. I laughed at this, and said I did not think he could do so, to which the King replied, "You will see." The python was skinned alive, its liver taken out and cooked, and the usual rainmaking rites performed. Curiously enough, just before sundown the sky clouded over, and soon afterwards one of the heaviest thunderstorms I had ever seen broke over the place. Next morning the King asked me if a white man could make a thunderstorm like that? I said, "No, King; if we could get you down amongst the farmers in the Karoo we could guarantee you a fortune."

He gives us his own explanation of the mystery: that Lobengula expected the rain from the fact that the wind had veered round and had blown for three days from the west, which is an almost sure sign that there will be rain on the fourth day. That, however, does not explain the coincidence of the discovery of the python; without it there would have been no attempt at rainmaking that day. Besides, Lobengula frequently tries to make rain when drought is persistent. Then presents of cattle are brought in and whole kraals of suspected subjects are killed. Evidently the doctrine that there is an Achan in the camp when things go wrong is a very favourite one with the Matabele. The belief in witchcraft influences the whole of Matabele life. The king's wooden platter, for instance, is never washed out for fear of witchcraft, with the result that it is covered with a thick cake of fat about an inch deep. The king is perpetually travelling about, lest he should become the victim of malignant spells of malevolent magicians. When the army goes to war it is doctored, and the custom of smelling out is in full force. There is a strong belief in Matabeleland that there is no religion but witchcraft, and Lobengula is its prophet.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN MATABELELAND.

Christianity never seems to have been able to make much impression upon the natives. This is not because

of persecution, for the missionaries seem to have been very well received. Mr. Mackenzie's account of the first preaching of Christianity before Moseleka's is very interesting:—

The missionaries were able to commence preaching to the Matabele. The first services were held in the large cattle pen of the town, and were attended by great numbers of the soldiers. Moselekatse was also present, and showed his knowledge of Sechuana and the doctrines of the Word of God, as previously taught him by Mr. Moffat, by occasionally interrupting the interpreter and helping him with the right word. As every utterance of Moselekatse is applauded, these corrections were received with the usual demonstrations, every soldier present shouting out "Great king!" etc., in the middle of the sermon. The chief also considered himself bound once or twice to express his dissent from the doctrines which were proclaimed. For instance, when one of the missionaries, some time after their arrival in the country, was preaching concerning the accessibility of God, he said that all might repair to him in prayer, the poor people as well as the greatest kings, and that God would hear the one as soon as the other—"That's a lie!" interjected Moselekatse, who did not like thus publicly to be ranked with the poor and the abject. The missionary was immediately interrupted by the shouts of applause which greeted the emendation of the chief. As he found, however, that his disapprobation did not alter the preaching, and that in every discourse there was a good deal which was unpleasant for him to hear, the Matabele chief did what people in somewhat similar circumstances do in England and elsewhere, he gave up attending the public worship.—("North of the Orange River," pp. 317, 318.)

After the missionaries left, the Matabele continued to hold their meetings, not from any religious feeling, but simply from the spirit of imitation. Moselekatse ordered his Prime Minister to deliver the discourse. It seems to have been done in serious earnest, the performers being as free from any desire to scoff at Christianity as they were from any real belief in its tenets. The white man's service was in their eyes equivalent to their own dances, which they religiously performed, and evidently thought it was well to keep up the custom when once established. After a while the unmeaningness of it all seemed to come home to them, and they dropped it.

THE GREAT DANCE.

The great dance of the Matabele has often been described, but never more vividly than by Mr. Selous and Mr. Thompson. This great dance takes place at the time of the new moon, in February, and a very imposing spectacle it is. Mr. Thompson says:—

On the day of the dance, the troops congregate in five large divisions, and then march to the green in front of the king's kraal, where they form into a semicircle about five hundred yards long and eight or ten men deep, more or less numbering, perhaps, from eight thousand to ten thousand men. In their head-dresses and capes of black ostrich feathers, and kilts made of the skins of leopards and other wild animals, they present a very imposing spectacle. They carry their shields and assegais in one hand, and in the other a dancing stick, with which they every now and then beat their shields, keeping time with their songs, and stamping with their feet in perfect unison. Each division is to be distinguished by the colour of its shields—some white, some black, others red and white, etc.

THE KING AND HIS WIVES.

On the day of the Big Dance Lobengula has to be present most of the time, either dancing himself—a pleasure he does not appreciate, as he is stout and gouty—or looking on. His wives and other high women of the nation also take part in the dancing. They present a very pretty spectacle in their many-coloured clothes and beads, dancing gracefully in front of the regiments, swaying backwards and forwards while singing, and waving supple wands. Every now and then some old or young blood would rush out from the ranks with a yell,

jump and run about like a maniac, stab the ground or air with his assegai, and shout out his former prowess in war, every stab, and the direction of it, showing the number of and manner in which he killed his foes; at each death-blow, if well dealt, being received with loud acclamations of praise by the assembled warriors. The dancing, which is conducted throughout in this semicircle order, is kept up with great vigour from early morning till far into the night. It is hard work, and I have frequently seen the men retiring from the ranks thoroughly exhausted, with the perspiration rolling down their bodies.

THE SACRIFICES.

After the day of the Big Dance is the slaughter-day. An important feature in connection with this day is that of the sacrifice of about twenty black bullocks, which are selected from a sacred herd kept for this purpose. The bullocks are killed in a sacred goat kraal in presence only of the King, the witch doctors, and a few of the chiefs of the country, in order that the sacrificed bullocks may carry messages from the living to their departed relatives and acquaintances in the world of spirits.

The bodies are allowed to lie in the kraal over night, and in the morning they are cut up and the meat cooked and distributed among the various regiments to be eaten along with the other meat. The cooking process is quite a sight. What with the smoke and the steam, the rattle of tongues and demoniac shouts, the heat of the fires and the sun overhead, perhaps it would not require a strong effort of imagination for one to fancy he was in warmer quarters. The meat is distributed in the afternoon, and it is quite a spectacle to see how the soldiers, who perhaps have not had a bite of food for two or three days, devour their portions.

THE THROWING OF THE ASSEGAI.

The last two days of the dance are devoted to drinking beer, of which there are great quantities distributed to the troops, who on these occasions are anything but pleasant customers to be near. On the day of the Big Dance it is customary for the king to throw his assegai out in the "veldt," while his regiments follow in his rear. Whatever way the assegai is thrown signifies the direction he intends sending them in the coming season; and immediately he does so they all stab the ground, and declare their willingness to follow to the death his orders. The dance may be termed the dance of the "Purification," as on the day of the Big Dance no blood must be shed, and the people bathe in the river early in the morning. It might also be called the festival of the first-fruits of the nation, as no one eats any of the fruit of the land till the king has first partaken of it. On the day the regiments disperse for home, they burn the huts which had been their temporary home to the ground.

AN IMPOSING SPECTACLE.

Writing of this dance, Mr. Selous says:—

The greater part of the Matabele are physically a fine tall race of men. They look magnificent, and when standing in a semi-circle round their king, with their large ox-hide shields in front of them, must present, I should think, as imposing a spectacle as any race of savages in the world. The dancing lasted three days, during which time a great many oxen were slaughtered for the assembled people, and immense quantities of beer were drunk. Every downward thrust made with the assegai represented a life taken, and at every stab the warriors all hummed out with one accord the word "Jee." One man I watched had seventeen lives to account for, another fifteen, and so on. At last the king came from the inner kraal, and advancing into the circle stood in the midst of his warriors, dancing quietly by himself. He was dressed in monkey skins and black ostrich feathers, and really looked a king. Presently the king walked in the midst of his plumed army to the open ground outside the kraal, and performed a portion of the ceremony, which consists in throwing an assegai, and then running forward and picking it up again. As he did this all the warriors ran forward as well, striking the insides of their shields at the same time with the butt end of their assegais, and producing a noise literally like thunder.—("A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa," pp. 54, 55.)

THE MATABELE AT MEAT.

The spectacle of the Matabele feeding must be revolting indeed. Groat hunks of meat are passed round to, say, parties of a dozen or more, each of whom as it passes him tears out as big a piece of the round of beef as he can get hold of with his teeth, and then bolts it with such expedition as he can in order to be able to take a second bite when it is passed round again:—

But if it is very large, and the party are not numerous, they may be seen seated in a circle, supporting the meat by their hands in the centre, while they all simultaneously tear and pull away at it with their teeth in fine style.

LOBENGULA AND THE WHITES.

During this dance Lobengula has been frequently appealed to to sanction an attack upon the white men. This he has hitherto parried very adroitly. Some seven or eight years ago a writer to a Cape newspaper was present during the dancing, and thus records an incident which is not of unfrequent occurrence:—

After we had looked with much interest on the scene for about half-an-hour, there suddenly leaped to the front from the ranks a tall yellow Induna, brandishing his spear and other arms about, and addressing the interpreter of the King in a loud voice said: "Ask the King what those white people have come here for!" Old Lo Ben instructed the interpreter to tell him: "These white people have come here on their own authority, and they only come to look on." The excited Induna replied: "Tell the King that I say he lies; let him leave these three whites to us for a few minutes, just to bathe our spears in their blood; let him do this; then we shall be convinced that he loves us more than the whites." Old Lo Ben was about to burst with anger, and it was a horrible sight to see his ugly eyes rolling about. He replied to the impudent Induna: "You may have those three whites (the correspondent, Grobler, and Mackenzie), but you must first go to the Gold Fields and Diamond Fields, and wash your spears in the blood of all the whites there, exterminate them everywhere, and when you have finished your work you can have these three whites too."

MOSELEKATSE ON THE ENGLISH.

Whatever vices Lobengula may have, all agree that he has been faithful to the white men in good report and in ill. In this he was a true son of his father Moselekatse, who on one occasion thus addressed his subjects concerning the English:—

These are the masters of the world. Don't you take notice how they sleep in the open country alone and unprotected, and are not afraid? They are in my country one day; they pass on to the towns of other chiefs; they go fearlessly, for they bear no malice, and are the friends of all. And when the great men in the white man's country send traders for my ivory do you think they give me beautiful things in exchange because they could not take the ivory by force? They could come and take it by force, and all my cattle also. And yet look at them! They are humble and quiet and easily pleased. The English are the friends of Moselekatse, and they are the masters of the world.—("North of the Orange River," p. 312.)

THE OPENING UP OF MATABELELAND.

Lobengula was much troubled in mind by the reverses which we experienced in the Transvaal war. The Boers he knew and disliked; the Portuguese he knew and despised. It was not until Sir Charles Warren's expedition that the English began to press upon Matabeleland. No sooner was the question of opening up the mines of the land of Ophir decided on, than concession-hunter after concession-hunter insisted that Lobengula should give them the right of digging for minerals. He refused to give any permission, and in this he adhered to his father's policy. Mr. Mackenzie tells us:—

As soon as the discovery of gold was announced in the

south an ambassador from the Transvaal Government visited Moselekatse to obtain authority over the gold field in behalf of the Transvaal Government. But the old chief would not yield. "Your people may come in and take away this stone (quartz) as they may take away ivory in their waggons. They may load up as much as they please of it, but on no account are they to bring with them a Dutch woman, a cow, a ewe or she-goat, because the permission is to carry away stones, not to build houses and towns in my country."—(*Ib.* p. 333.)

LOBENGULA'S LETTER TO THE QUEEN.

Besieged as he was by concession-hunters, threatened by the Boers and Portuguese, Lobengula one day told Mr. Maund, who was seeking a concession on the ground then occupied by the Portuguese, to take two of his indunas to see whether the White Queen was living, "for they tell me," he said, "that the White Queen no longer exists, and that is why the white men come here and bother me. I want you to take two Indunas with you to see whether the White Queen is living." Mr. Maund hesitated at first, but the next day he thought it would be well to accede to the King's request, and in a couple of days Mr. Maund with two old Matabele started for Cape Town.

The following is the text of Lobengula's letter to Her Majesty:—

"Lobengula desires to know that there is a Queen. Some of the people who come into this land tell him there is a Queen, some of them tell him there is not.

"Lobengula can only find out the truth by sending eyes to see whether there is a Queen.

"The Indunas are his eyes.

"Lobengula desires, if there is a Queen, to ask her to advise and help him, as he is much troubled by white men who come into his country and ask to dig gold.

"There is no one with him upon whom he can trust, and he asks that the Queen will send some one from herself."

THE INDUNAS.

One of the emissaries was Babjaan, an old man of seventy-five and a relative of the King's, whose life he had saved at the great battle at the commencement of his reign. The other man was Umsheti, a small, gouty, bad-tempered fellow of sixty-five, who had elephantiasis in one leg, and a weak heart. Lobengula paid all expenses. They started naked, but by the time they reached Cape Town Mr. Maund had succeeded in dressing them, but on their way back they undressed and entered their native land in the same condition of nudity in which they had left it. The mission was carried out in Lobengula's usual simple and direct method of dealing with things. He could trust these two indunas, therefore he would send them right across the sea to the presence of the White Queen herself to verify the fact of her existence and to obtain her advice at first hand. To secure obedience to his mandate he told the indunas that if they came back without having seen the Queen they would be killed at once.

IN VINO VERITAS.

It is unnecessary to follow their journey down the country, or to speak of the difficulties which red tape placed in the way of their having an interview with Her Majesty. All difficulties, however, were overcome, and the mission was a remarkable success. Lobengula could not bring himself to believe their report, so again bringing his native cunning to his aid he verified the reports from regions lying far beyond the borderland of the Matabele country by the expedient of making the envoys drunk night after night and interviewing them separately. As their statements agreed, he came to the conclusion that they must be speaking the truth. It is a thousand pities that no shorthand writer was present to take down the

report of these two aged indunas. It more than any other document would have enabled us to understand the difficulty which the savage has in understanding civilised things. The indunas began at the beginning, and went through the whole of their travels surrounded by a listening throng of wondering chiefs.

WHAT THE INDUNAS SAID OF THE SEA.

They found their first difficulty in trying to make the King understand what the sea was. He had never seen the sea, so they told him that it was like the blue vault of heaven at noon, and that the waves rushed on the shore as the impis of the King charged at a review. If the sea was as the firmament above, the steamer or floating kraal was the sun in the heavens, while all round was blue water. They explained the motion of the ship by the statement that the great iron kraal was pushed through the water from behind by the engine. This puzzled Lobengula; he said he could not understand how an iron kraal could float upon the water, and concluded that it must have supports from the bottom, "and you may depend," he added, "that it was by these supports that the kraal was pushed along." His idea evidently was that the kraal walked through the water, its legs being concealed by the waves. This naturally appeared to him wonderful. "Truly," he said, "these white men are the sons of the sea." But sometimes, said the indunas, the blue sea was overcast, and the sea was full like a river in the rainy season. Then the floors and the roofs of the kraal rocked until the white men danced—a picturesque reminiscence of the Bay of Biscay. On their way they passed the Portuguese gate, as they called Lisbon. This too was a great trouble to Lobengula, for how could the great White Queen allow Portugal to be between her and Africa?

THE WHITE ANTS OF LONDON.

But the wonders of the voyage were nothing to the wonders which they saw in England. London, as usual with savages, impressed them more than anything else:—

London they described as the place all white men must come from; people, people everywhere, all in a hurry, serious of faces, and always busy like the white ants. There was not room for any one above ground in this great kraal, for they could see men and horses moving in a stage below, just as they live in houses built one above the other (this referring to Holborn Viaduct). The fire-carriages, too (locomotives), like those between Kimberley and Cape Town, have to burrow in the earth under the streets for fear of being stopped by the crowd.

THE QUEEN'S STOREHOUSE.

They were greatly impressed also by the Bank of England, which they called the "Queen's storehouse." They described how they had been allowed to lift bags of gold, and how it made their hearts sad to see so much gold that they could not put into their pockets. They told how they visited the bullion-room, where there were great piles of ingots, some of which were heavier than Babjaan could lift with all his strength; nor did they omit to remark that the Queen's storekeeper took no notice of their hint that in their country, when any distinguished visitor was received by their King, he usually gave the largest beast in the herd to the stranger. "But," said Lobengula, "the ingots of gold were in stone?" "No," said Babjaan, "they were all ready to be cut into money." "Then," said Lobengula, "why, if the great Queen has so much gold, do her people seek for more?" Then answered the indunas, "It is because the Queen makes her subjects pay so much gold, that they have to go all over the world seeking it, in

order that they may pay their tribute!"—an ingenious explanation, which completely satisfied Lobengula, and led to his pegging out forty reef and two alluvial gold claims in Mashonaland.

THE KRAAL OF THE WHITE QUEEN.

Then they described Windsor, and said how they had seen the great White Queen, whom it was easy to recognise from her manner and bearing. They told how the Queen's soldiers were clothed in iron, and on either side of the approach to the Queen's castle so motionless did they stand that the indunas believed that they were stuffed, until one of them saw their eyes moving. The White Queen was the greatest woman they ever saw, but the most beautiful was Lady Randolph Churchill. They were taken to the Zoological Gardens, where they somewhat resented not being allowed to poke the lions with their umbrellas; also the Alhambra, where they found the dancing even more to their taste than that with which they were familiar in Matabeleland. Madame Tussaud's delighted them, for all the kings and queens that were shown them they believed represented monarchs who had been conquered by the great White Queen, Cetewayo bringing up the rear. But always they came back to London.

THEIR IMPRESSION OF ENGLAND.

It was like the ocean they said. A man might walk and walk and never get to the end of the houses, nor did they ever get over their marvel at the number of Englishmen. If every Englishman was killed at the Cape, for every drop of blood from their bodies a fresh man would spring up, they told their king. They described the manoeuvres they saw at Aldershot, and repeated over and over again their first burst of enthusiasm over the horses so big and so strong, and the discipline of the men. After describing the sham fight, old Babjaan would address the indunas, and told them:—

"Never talk of fighting the white man again, aough! They rise up line after line, always firing. Their little boys, the sons of headmen, all learn to fight like men (referring to Eton boys). Their generals correct all faults; they won't pass a man who is out of time as they dance by in line coming from the fight (the march past)."

THE WITCHCRAFT OF THE TELEPHONE.

But the thing which completely bowled them over was the telephone. They could conceive—though with difficulty—that it was possible for English witchcraft to make a machine which could talk English even when those who talked were a mile from each other, but they could not understand the witchcraft which enabled the English to make the telephone speak Matabele. But that it did they could swear. They had been separated, and at the distance of a mile apart Babjaan had talked to Umsheti by means of this magic, and the machine spoke as pure Matabele as if it had been made in Africa. Another experience of theirs did not turn out so well. They were breakfasted by the Aborigines Protection Society, where they were received, they said, by many white-haired indunas, whose influence with the Government they somewhat exaggerated.

The immediate result of that mission was that, whether owing to the caution of Lord Knutsford and the counsel of the Aborigines Protection Society, Lobengula believed that the great White Queen and the English public opinion were hostile to the granting of the concession to the Chartered Company, and there and then he slew his Prime Minister Lofcha, who had advocated the granting of the concession, and some seventy of his companions.

CAPTAIN FERGUSON'S MISSION.

It was then decided to send a guardsman envoy out with presents. The chief aim of this mission was to undo as far as possible the mischief occasioned by Lord Knutsford's hint that the King should not give away all his land to the first comer. There is a difference of opinion as to the impression produced by the uniform of the Guards which Captain Ferguson wore; some said it did good because it proved to Lobengula that his indunas had not lied when they stated that the Queen clothed her soldiers in iron; others assert that it made a bad impression upon the

pressed to perform his promises he drew back. Mr. Selous in his new book says:—

When Mr. Doyle reminded him of his promises to Dr. Jameson, he avoided any discussion of that question, and only said, "There is only one road to Mashonaland, and that goes through my country and past Bulawayo"; and he further said: "If Rhodes wants to send his men round my country, let him send them by sea to beyond the Sabi river." At last he said to Mr. Doyle, "Rhodes has sent me many emissaries, and amongst them Dr. Jameson, whom I like, and whom I am told is Rhodes's mouth; but I am Lobengula, and I want to see the big white chief himself; I am tired of talking with



THE KING, QUEEN, AND WIZARD OF THE BARUTZU.

King, because he thought it cowardly for a soldier to hide himself behind an iron breastplate, instead of meeting his enemy as a brave man should without sheltering himself behind anything.

THE ROAD TO MASHONALAND.

After signing the concession which brought the South African Company into existence, Lobengula became somewhat alarmed. He had given Dr. Jameson permission to take the pioneers through to Mashonaland. When the time for the occupation came he fought shy, and declared that there was only one road to Mashonaland, and that lay through his country. Dr. Jameson had not only his consent to the cutting of a road to Mashonaland, but also promised to send men to clear the route. When

Rhodes's messengers and the bearers of his words; their stories don't all agree."—(*Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa*, p. 359.)

It was impossible for Mr. Rhodes to come, and they then saw that they had nothing but hostility to expect from Lobengula, and the pioneers marched along the Selous road prepared and expecting to be attacked at any moment.

LOBENGULA AND THE PIONEERS.

The whole country was full of preparations for war, and more than one message was sent by Lobengula which might have deterred less resolute men than those at the head of the expedition. Mr. Selous speaks very frankly on this point:—

Personally Lobengula probably never wanted to fight, though it is the most absolute nonsense to talk of his ever having been friendly to the expedition. But he had a very difficult part to play, and it is wonderful that he managed to restrain his people as he did.

We cut the road to Mashonaland in defiance of them, and our advance would most certainly have been resisted but for two circumstances. The first was the fact that during the progress of the expedition a well-equipped force of five hundred mounted men of the Bechuanaland Border Police were encamped on the south-western border of Matabeleland; and the second, that after the expedition crossed the Tuli, and until it reached the plateau of Mashonaland, Lobengula and his people never knew where we were.—("Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa," p. 381.)

When we had established ourselves in the country and the forts were built it was too late, and Lobengula made the best of a bad bargain.

AFTER THE SETTLEMENT OF MASHONALAND.

The last two years things have gone pretty smoothly, and there have been no serious complaints on either side. The last published Blue Book does not show the old man to disadvantage, with one characteristic exception. On the whole he plays rather a dignified part. The exception is the report dated July 5th, 1892, announcing that the King had had the Regent and the Regent's brother killed, and that their sons, wives, and children were all being killed, their dogs were also killed, but all the cattle and slaves were captured. They were accused of witchcraft. The Regent was strangled, and his brother was shot, and the King had given orders to clear out the whole family. He had also sent an impi to kill his brother Mollhapini. The Regent was, in the interpreter's opinion, the best and the least harmful man in the country, but he was powerless against the accusation of witchcraft. The execution of the Regent, however, was one of those internal affairs with which we have nothing whatever to do. If we take into account the civilisation of the two men, Lobengula's conduct would probably be less blameable than that of Captain Lindy.

THE KILLING OF NGOMO.

Ngomo was a chief occupying a kraal near to Fort Salisbury. Some natives belonging to this kraal were accused of stealing from the farm of an Englishman. Ngomo was then summoned to surrender that he might be taken to Salisbury to be tried. When Ngomo did not give himself up to be tried for the offence committed by some of his men, Captain Lindy determined to make an example of him and establish the white man's authority by force. This being interpreted meant that Captain Lindy took some mounted men, a seven-pounder, and a Maxim gun. They surrounded the kraal during the night, and as soon as day dawned a well-directed shot from the seven-pounder gave the signal for the attack to commence. The natives appeared to have fired in reply, but they neither killed nor wounded any of their assailants. The shells of the seven-pounder apparently demoralised the natives, but it did more than demoralise, it killed twenty-one of them, among the dead being the chief, Ngomo himself. Captain Lindy then carried off forty-seven head of cattle and some goats. Deeming the punishment sufficient, he did not fire the huts. Then, departing home, he indited a complacent letter to the magistrate, declaring that a very wholesome lesson had been given to all the chiefs in the neighbourhood. This action met with severe condemnation, both by the late and the present Government. Captain Lindy, however, still retains his position of Commander of the Chartered Company's forces in Mashonaland.

GOOD ADVICE FROM LOBENGULA.

A short time before there had been another trouble among the Mashona tribes. One chief had raided another, and the raided chief refusing to submit, troops were sent against the raider in order to give him a lesson. The affair was reported to Lobengula. He expostulated, writing, "I don't like the action you have taken with the Mashona. What does it matter if the Mashona fight among themselves? it is bad for you to mix yourself up in such matters. You should let the natives settle their own disputes. Small matters like this bring on endless troubles, and cause us both trouble and endless palaver. Dr. Jameson was wrong to mix himself up in this affair." Lobengula took no notice whatever of Captain Lindy's massacre of Ngomo, no doubt feeling the conduct of the British authorities modelled too closely on his own for him to have anything to say.

THE CUTTING OF THE TELEGRAPH.

Then there came up a little trouble about the telegraph wires. Some five hundred yards of telegraph wire was cut and carried off. The thieves belonged to a chief named Goomala, who lived on the frontier line. Instead of giving the culprits up, the chief paid the fine in cattle, and then at once sent word to Lobengula that the English had seized the King's cattle. This seems to have upset Lobengula altogether. Mr. Colenbrander, the interpreter resident, wrote on the 10th of May that the King was "awfully wild" about the seizure of the cattle. Mr. Colenbrander had stated during the previous month that the King was very wild that people should be allowed to come into Matabeleland for trading and otherwise from the east, without first getting his permission. He said what was perfectly true, that worse dangers might arise if white people were allowed to wander about in his districts without his knowledge.

OUR AGENT'S WARNING.

Mr. Colenbrander was evidently impressed with the sincerity of the King. He writes that he is "sure the King is trying to pull straight," and that Dr. Jameson ought to help him all he could. Some traders who had come into the country without the King's permission had been robbed. As soon as Lobengula heard of it, although they had entered his country without his permission, he used all his authority to recover their goods, and succeeded. Mr. Colenbrander concluded his letter by the following significant sentence: "Prevention is better than cure; and in my humble opinion it is better to avoid any open rupture, unless the British South African Company are fully prepared, which I very much doubt." After the seizure of the cattle, Mr. Colenbrander writes, "I have written to Drs. Harris and Jameson to be more careful about the seizures, as these matters may not always be taken so coolly by the King." The King sent a message to these officials, asking them to be more careful, and also asking them the pertinent question whether it was right to punish natives without being positively sure that they were the real offenders.

LOBENGULA'S REMONSTRANCE.

Nothing could be more sensible and dignified than the old King's letter:—

May 13, 1893.

My Friend,—Your people, the people of the Company, have taken from my servant Setause my cattle which he was herding.

The cattle were taken from the young men who were herding them, and who came and reported the matter to the men.

Upon the men going to see and ask why this was done they were told that the telegraph wire had been cut and that my

cattle were taken and would be kept until the people who had cut the wire were found and given up.

My people said they had not cut the wire and knew nothing of it, and asked to be shown the place where it had taken place. Instead of your people doing this they bound and took away some of my men.

I now ask you why you allow your people to do these things.

The King professed to be satisfied with Dr. Harris's explanation, and expressed a hope that the cattle would be returned to his people at Tuli.

WHY THE IMPI WAS SENT.

Out of this incident came all the trouble. Lobengula's conduct seems to have been extremely correct. As soon as he received the complaint that the telegraph wires had been cut and stolen by natives on his side of the frontier, after first protesting against his cattle being stolen to punish the offenders whom he repudiated, he despatched at once a large impi to destroy and punish the thieves. Telegraphing from Bulawayo, Colenbrander warned Captain Lindy not to be scared, as the expedition was not against the whites, but intended to punish the recent wire-cutters as well as some of the Mashonas who had stolen some of his cattle. The impi, however, having received instructions, carried them out with small regard to the more or less imaginary frontier line which had been drawn between Mashonaland and Matabeleland. In the eyes of all the Matabele, Mashonaland is part and parcel of Matabeleland, and if the South African Company is there it is by virtue of a concession by Lobengula, and it in no way prevented the King sending his impi into Mashonaland to punish any of the Mashonas who may have stolen his cattle. This although natural is not a very workable arrangement. The only method by which the two jurisdictions can be worked side by side, is for Lobengula and Dr. Jameson to agree as to a frontier line. Our troops disregarded this in the first instance when they levied a fine upon Goomala's men on the Matabele side of the frontier, and it is not surprising that the Matabele chased the Mashona right into the town of Victoria. The Mashonas as usual were killed like rabbits and their cattle driven off. Some of them, however, took refuge under the British flag.

THE SCARE AT VICTORIA.

The indunas demanded their surrender, which was promptly and energetically refused. Thereupon the Matabele took up a position which menaced the security of Fort Victoria. Then as Dr. Jameson telegraphed, "the Victoria people had the jumps." Volunteers were called out, rifles distributed, and some four hundred men gathered together at Fort Victoria. All business was at a standstill, and every one watched for the threatened attack. They were given notice to disperse within an hour's time. At the expiration of the hour they were still hanging about, whereupon Captain Lindy, with thirty-four mounted men, rode out of Fort Victoria amid a whirlwind of cheers. They dispersed and pursued the impi for nine miles, killing both the indunas and many others. This was a very melancholy response to Lobengula's attempt to punish the cutters of the telegraph wire. Colenbrander repeatedly wrote to say that Lobengula knew it was a serious thing cutting and carrying away the telegraph wire, as it was the white man's mouth. Naturally Lobengula was very indignant at the attack upon the impi despatched to punish the wire-cutters.

LOBENGULA'S PROTESTS.

The following three telegrams set forth his view of the case, with a native eloquence which leaves nothing to be desired:—

20th July.—I shall return no cattle or compensate anybody for either cattle captured by my impi or damage done to property until such time that Rhodes returns to me all the captives, their wives and children, cattle, goats, and sheep which were given protection to by the Victoria people, and had I known at the time when I despatched my impi in the direction of Victoria what I know now, I would have ordered them to capture and loot all they could lay their hands on belonging to the whites, to compensate myself for the people and their property which were withheld from me.

27th July.—My own messengers have arrived, and they tell me that the captured cattle you complain of as belonging to the Company have been duly returned, but you did not tell me that you had a lot of the Amaholi cattle hiding with you, together with their owners; and that when my Indunas claimed them from Captain Lindy, he refused to give up either cattle or men, and told my Induna that the Amaholis and their cattle did not belong to me any longer, and then turned his cannon on to my people. Are the Amaholis then yours, including their cattle; did you then send them to come and steal my cattle? Captain Lindy said you had bought them for money; where then did you place the cash? Who did you give it to? Let my cattle be delivered to my people peacefully. I wish you to let me know at once. I thought you came to dig gold, but it seems that you have come not only to dig the gold but to rob me of my people and country as well; remember that you are like a child playing with edged tools. Tell Captain Lindy he is like some of my own young men; he has no holes in his ears, and cannot or will not hear; he is young, and all he thinks about is a row, but you had better caution him carefully or he will cause trouble, serious trouble, between us.

27th July.—I have received your wire—you accuse me wrongfully. I only sent my impi to recover some of my stolen cattle and to punish the Amaswini that your people complained to me about as constantly cutting your telegraph wires; but it would seem now to me that the white people stole my cattle, for white people know very well that the Amaswini had stolen some of my cattle, for I had written to tell Dr. Jameson; so what have you got to say now? You said before that you would not punish my Amaholi, but now that I send to punish them for you for harm done to your telegraph wires you resent it—my impi on its way back. What goods have my impi stolen and destroyed, and how many cattle have they captured? You only say that my impi has done all this as an excuse for firing on them. I am not aware that a boundary exists between Dr. Jameson and myself; who gave him the boundary lines? Let him come forward and show me the man that pointed out to him these boundaries; I know nothing whatever about them, and you, Mr. Moffat, you know very well that the white people have done this thing on purpose. This is not right—my people only came to punish the Amaholi for stealing my cattle and cutting your wires; do you think I would deliberately go and seize cattle from you? No, that would not be right.

On the same day Colenbrander and Dawson left Bulawayo, the King saying that it would be as well if they were away, as the hearts of his people were sore. So far it is difficult for one at a distance reading these despatches not to feel that Lobengula had the right on his side.

THE BRITISH OPINION ON THE SPOT.

It is, however, well to recognise the opinion of the British at the front, and this has been expressed with no uncertain sound by a public meeting of the inhabitants of Fort Victoria. They held the meeting on the 21st of July, and drew up three resolutions, which are summarised as follows:—

1. Absolute necessity of immediate settlement of the question.
2. Utter want of faith in word of Lobengula, or his power to keep it, with reasons.
3. Result of these yearly raids, paralysing all business.

mining, agricultural, or transport, with evidence of the present condition of affairs, loss of means of subsistence, 4000*l.* per month would have been spent in mining and other salaries, now nil, in farming; loss of stock and burning of crops already experienced on nearly every farm; the natives in the employ of the farmers have been killed by the Matabele, and in many cases cold-blooded murders in their presence; emphatically know that these raids have been, and will be of yearly occurrence during the dry or working season; beyond this, fear of their wives and children being murdered, many Dutch in laager here, with their families, stock, seeds, and farming implements, determined to return unless matter promptly settled; seriousness of interruption to road of entry, post oxen stolen, and boys in charge killed, so that unsafe to travel by transport or post; necessity of accumulating in centres, so leaving property, merchandise, etc., to be looted.

THE SITUATION IN SEPTEMBER.

When Colenbrander left Bulawayo it was equivalent to the departure of an ambassador immediately before the outbreak of war. Lobengula was very furious, or pretended to be so, when the news came of the way in which he had been treated. Colenbrander, who has always been pacific and inclined to rely upon the friendly sentiment of Lobengula, says bluntly in a dispatch received on the 27th of August, that under the circumstances there is no future security for Europeans. Lobengula publicly declared that he would send an impi for the Mashona, their servants and their families who had taken protection under the British flag, and would take them away by force if we refused to surrender them. He abused the impi because they did not retaliate on the English, although he had previously told them to do nothing. He refused to send for the

cattle which had been sent him, and he also refused the monthly payment made to him by the British South African Company. He had thus broken as far as he could with the whites. He had sent messengers at once to bring back the impi that was on its way to attack the Barutzi. When these return it will add 6,000 men to his available forces, or one-third of his total army. Sir Henry Loch, in his estimate of the situation, says that he thinks Lobengula dreads attack, and that he will paralyse industry in Mashonaland by placing a large impi within striking distance of Victoria. Mr. Rhodes reckons that by this time he will have a thousand armed and mounted men at Forts Victoria and Salisbury, and he is not at all likely to allow an impi to remain long within striking distance of Mashonaland.

PEACE OR WAR?

The situation, therefore, is very strained. The British Government has forbidden any aggressive movement; but, of course, if the impi could be induced to take the aggressive, Mr. Rhodes would have a free hand. There is, therefore, reason to hope that Mr. Rhodes, who has made no secret of his belief that all men, even Matabeles, can be squared, may succeed in squaring Lobengula this time. The present crisis is the most severe test through which he has had to pass for some time, and every one must hope that he will emerge from it triumphantly. A victory would be a disaster only second to a defeat. What Mr. Rhodes has to do is to keep the peace and avail himself of Lobengula's friendly disposition, in order to prevent the war party on either side rendering the situation impossible.



From the *South African Echo*.

[September 2, 1893.]

"SQUARING."

LO BEN: "You never met the man you couldn't deal with, eh? Then you will have to gain a little experience from me."

MR. RHODES: "And perhaps we shall have to teach you a thing or two."

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

THE POPE AND HIS AMERICAN BISHOPS.

GLIMPSES OF THE "INSIDE TRACK."

THE exceptional career of the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn gives significance to the disclosures he makes in the *September Forum*. A priest of New York, his native city, he supported Henry George when that land-nationaliser stood for the mayoralty; and for the position he took on the land question was censured and deposed from the pastorate by Archbishop Corrigan. He was afterwards excommunicated for refusing to appear at the Vatican, but the ban was removed by Mgr. Satolli (the Papal Delegate in the United States), on the Pope's authority. He writes professedly and manifestly as one "behind the scenes." He presents a picture of internal discord and intrigue which contrasts strangely with the outside view of the Roman Church.

Dr. McGlynn ridicules the idea that Catholics accept as if they were something divine the mere policies and politics of priests, bishops, or popes. The actual fact is, vast numbers of Catholics tolerate, while deploring, what they feel to be the blunders or worse than blunders of the human element in the Church, because they desire to enjoy in peace the graces and blessings of the divine element. . . But even among Roman Catholics toleration and endurance have their limits. . . Even the clergy have not been slow to complain of the arbitrary and despotic rule of bishops, in the election of whom, both clergy and laity, whose business it is to be led and led and sometimes fleeced, have had no voice.

HOW BISHOPS ARE CHOSEN.

Such remarks as these show the working of that democratic leaven which many observers have noted in American Romanism. More serious objections follow:—

As a matter of fact, bishops have been made whose chief, if not only qualification, was that they were good financiers. . . In the earliest days of the Church in this country the system was adopted of having the Pope appoint bishops upon the recommendation of other bishops, and without the slightest reference to the wishes of the clergy or the people. . . Witness the recent well-known fact of the appointment as Bishop of Brooklyn of the private secretary of the Archbishop of New York in utter disregard of and in opposition to the wishes of clergy and people.

BISHOPS TRYING TO THWART THE POPE.

Under this system the bishops of the United States, while professing boundless devotion and loyalty to the Pope who appointed them, but who fortunately for them is four thousand miles away, have had practically a free hand to govern despotically both clergy and people, and to lay upon them what burdens they pleased, and to refuse them justice and even a hearing. Until very recently the government of the bishops in the United States was practically arbitrary, with no other remedy than an appeal or recourse to Rome. . .

Some years ago the Holy See, tired of complaints, and distressed at its own inability to take proper cognisance of cases from this country and to do prompt and substantial justice, ordered the establishment of some judicial forms through the appointment by the bishop of a committee of priests in each diocese, to be called "*judices causarum*," for judges of cases.

But these benevolent intentions the American bishops did their best to frustrate.

Again, while the appointment of bishops is made by the Holy See, such appointment is almost invariably the result of the recommendations of a sort of close corporation of bishops of the province who in great secrecy make up and send to Rome

a list of three names, the first and second of which are likely enough to be the names of mere favourites or private secretaries whom it is desired to reward for their adulation and personal services—sometimes, if the whole truth be told, of servants of whom their masters have tired and of whom they desire to get rid.

HIS HOLINESS "DISTURBED AND VEXED."

His Holiness has been "disturbed and vexed" by the action of the American bishops in sending Catholic children to inferior schools "under the plea of religion," and striving "to perpetuate in our country through churches and church schools foreign nationalities," action which Dr. McGlynn describes as "constructive treason against the unity of our American nationality." At last, therefore, "in spite of the expressed unwillingness of nearly all the archbishops of the country to approve of his avowed intention, the Pope . . . has established here a permanent Apostolic Delegation." Its first occupant is Archbishop Francisco Satolli.

CONSPIRACY, INTRIGUE, AND MISREPRESENTATION.

Bishops and archbishops . . . have scarcely taken the trouble to conceal their hostility to the new order of things, and a bitterness hardly distinguishable from downright malignity has been manifested by some of them whose unrighteous judgments he has promptly reversed. . . It is a sort of open secret here and in Rome that they have entered into a conspiracy to drive this man out of the country by intrigue and misrepresentation: and one of their favourite measures, the one with which the public is naturally best acquainted, is the publication of fabricated dispatches and communications purporting to come from Rome, and elsewhere, but actually coming from the hands of some of the chief conspirators themselves. These men, who were accepted as bishops and archbishops by a docile Catholic people to whom they were strangers, have had the hardihood to conspire against the Holy See and its delegate under the pretence of standing up for Home Rule, and have permitted their foolish friends to sneer at the Holy See which appointed them, as something foreign. The Holy Father is not uninformed of their purposes and arts, and is immovable in his determination to thwart them.

INTERVIEW WITH THE POPE. "ALL MIND AND SOUL."

At noon . . . I was admitted promptly to the presence of the Holy Father, and was alone with him about twenty-five minutes . . . I had never seen Leo XIII. before. I was not overawed by his majesty, which is great, but was rather won by his evident desire to show me truly paternal kindness. I remained kneeling during the interview close to him, and leaning with my hands on his chair. I was impressed with his dominant intellectuality, which seems to be accompanied with equal vigour of will, although he is very thin and white, his face being nearly as white as his hair and his cassock. I thought him all mind and soul, in a body that one might almost call transparent.

His Holiness did not apparently take Dr. McGlynn to task for his support of Henry George:—

He contented himself with a reference to those new questions by saying, "But surely you admit the right of property?" to which I answered, "Why, of course I do, and we would make absolutely sacred the right of property in the products of individual industry."

"THE POPE'S EYES FLASHED."

The Pope led me immediately into a conversation about Mgr. Satolli and the Apostolic delegation. Intrigues, the Pope assured me with great earnestness and solemnity, could not affect him. "Whatever may be said concerning intrigues," he said, "I, the Head of the Church, am above all such intrigues, and am utterly uninfluenced by them." When I referred to the opposition of certain archbishops from the

very beginning to the institution of the apostolic delegation itself, the Holy Father said to me, "Yes, but now they see it in a different light and have written to that effect!" To which I replied, "Because they cannot help themselves. These bishops cannot rebel against the Pope. The people, as a rule, are not much concerned for or devoted to the persons of their respective bishops, who have not been elected by the clergy of the people, but have been placed over them by the Pope; and the same Pope who places them there can take them away and put others in their places who will be equally well received." The Pope rejoined with increasing emphasis, "Have not I, the Head of the Church, the same right to have my representative in America as in Madrid, Paris, or Vienna?" I said to the Pope that now the bishops are compelled to have a delegate in America they want to make a scapegoat of Satolli because of his uprightness and fearlessness, and to have somebody else in his place whom they can more readily manage or capture. At this the Pope's eyes flashed, and, striking the arm of his chair, he said, with increasing emphasis, "Satolli! I know Satolli. It was I who brought him up; and so long as he does his duty and obeys my instructions, I will support him."

Dr. McGlynn concludes with an expression of joy that the aged Pontiff "seems to grow in breadth and vigour as he ages," and of "bitter regret that any of those who hold high office by His favour" "should add to his cares and burdens by their petty intrigues."

They may take my word for it that there was a resonance in his voice and a flash in his eye in parts of his conversation with me that made it perfectly clear that they cannot oppose his wishes except at the greatest peril to themselves.

These remarkable disclosures, taken along with the Pope's letter on the public school question, seem to show that in America as well as in France His Holiness is a better Liberal than his bishops.

ANOTHER VIEW OF SATOLLI'S MISSION.

In *Our Day* for September the Rev. Jos. Cook endeavours to throw light from another source on the legation of Mgr. Satolli:—

As long ago as last October, as I was riding on the shores of the Hudson, one of the greatest experts in this country on the school question said to me that he happened to know that the Chairman of the National Committee, managing one of our great parties—I am not at liberty to say which one—had sent an elaborate protest to the Romish Propaganda against the attack now in progress on American common schools, and that a most distinct threat had been made in the name of that committee that a plank defending the schools would be put into the party platform, no matter what the Catholic authorities might say, unless the attack should speedily moderate its severity and audacity. And it has done so promptly. Very soon after that warning was sent to the Vatican from this country, Satolli was sent here. It is well understood that he is the response of the Papal authorities to the expostulations they have received from Roman Catholic American observers of the signs of the times. . . . He is not here to repeal the Papal programme; but to conciliate its opponents.

Dr. Cook is glad that "Satolli is on the coach-box," and has sided with Archbishop Ireland against Cahensley on the question of the Public Schools. But the Boston lecturer thinks that "Clericalism is now more dangerous in this country than ever, because it is at once more powerful and more masked."

"The five hundred and eighty thousand persons buried every year in England and Wales, at a rough calculation, become twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty tons of putrefiable matter." Can this continue without grave danger? These words of Sir Spencer Wells in the *Humanitarian* put the case for cremation in a nutshell.

A REAL "ISLE OF THE BLEST."

"An Arcadian Island" with a population of "about four hundred simple Christians" is pleasantly described by Adelia Gates in the *Leisure Hour*:—

This isle of the blest is one of the Lipari group, lying to the south of Italy, and between it and Sicily; and it is known to the world as Panaria. Within its borders there is neither doctor nor dentist; yet its inhabitants live to a good old age, and keep their teeth well. There is no lawyer, and no prison; yet there are no disputes over boundary lines, no quarrels between debtor and creditor, and no theft. There is no liquor-seller, nor tobacconist, nor tea-merchant; and yet the people are not unsocial nor gloomy. There is no almshouse, and no beggar. . . . Each family wins from its own plot of ground enough grain, vegetables, oil and wine for home consumption, and of the two latter products sufficient is exported to procure from abroad the materials for their simple clothing, which the housewife makes up in complete independence of tailors. The sea yields them all their animal food, except perhaps a few chickens for great occasions, as a christening or a wedding. In the whole island there is no carriage-road, and few there have ever seen a horse.

This idyllic state of affairs is largely due to the work of a single priest, a sort of Catholic Oberlin, a personal epitome of the Civic Church:—

When he came to Panaria he found no port, no post, no school, no church, no anything but a verdant and fertile island, and a people, not savage nor bad, but utterly illiterate—*indifabeti*, as the Italians say. He has remained there unto this day, devoting himself to their welfare as faithfully as Father Damien to his lepers, baptising, marrying, burying, preaching, teaching, and growing old serenely in his consecrated service. Thanks to his untiring efforts Panaria has now a little port, postal communication with the mainland, a submarine telegraph to Sicily, a school, and a commodious church, where, three hundred and sixty-five mornings of the year, and fifty-two afternoons, there is a service.

All the public offices are united in one person. . . . Padre Michelangelo is . . . priest, mayor, harbour-master, postmaster, and master of the marine telegraph, aided in the last-named office, however, by his widowed niece.

If you would give alms at Panaria, there is no one to receive them.

The Catholic Women's League.

THE *Catholic World* for August publishes an account of an attempt to establish a Catholic counterpart to the W.C.T.U. The editor says:—

The Catholic Women's Congress held in Chicago, May 18th, gave an outline sketch of the work of Catholic women, beginning with a paper on "The Elevation of Womanhood through the Veneration of the Blessed Virgin," and closing with the life-work of Margaret Haughery, of New Orleans, the only woman in America to whom the public have raised a statue. The enthusiasm awakened by this congress drew a large body of Catholic women together, who organised a National League for work on the lines of education, philanthropy, and "the home and its needs"—education to promote the spread of Catholic truth and reading circles, etc.; philanthropy to include temperance, the formation of day nurseries and free kindergartens, protective and employment agencies for women, and clubs and homes for working-girls; the "home and its needs" to comprehend the solution of the domestic service question, as well as plans to unite the interests and tastes of the different members of the family. Each active member of the league registers under some one branch of work according to her special attraction.

He then publishes articles by Catholic women, which from their indifference to women's suffrage seem to show that there is indeed a great need for missionary work in their midst.

COUNT TOLSTOI ON M. ZOLA'S GOSPEL.

THE September number of the *Severnoi Vestnik* publishes an article by Count L. Tolstoi on M. Zola's recent speech to the French youths and to A. Dumas' letter on the same subject, to which M. Zola makes reference in his speech. Whilst blaming the tendency of the French youths towards mysticism, M. Zola in his speech recommends them to put their faith in contemporary science and labour. Count Tolstoi replies to the French novelists in the following words:—

THE INDEFINITENESS OF SCIENCE.

M. Zola disapproves of the fact that the modern teachers of the young teach them to believe in something indeterminate and vague, and in this he is quite right; but unfortunately he on his part only proposes them a faith in something more vague and indefinite, namely, a belief in science and labour. M. Zola considers the question of a faith in which one must not cease to believe as quite settled, and subject to no doubt whatever. Labour in the name of science! But the fact of the matter is that the word "science" has a very wide and very indefinite meaning, so that what some people consider a very important matter of science, is considered by others and by the majority—by all the working classes—as wanton stupidity; and one cannot say that this arises from the absence of education of the working classes unable to understand the profundity of thought of science, for the men of science themselves reject one another. Some consider philosophy, theology, jurisprudence, political economy, to be the supreme science; others—the naturalists—consider all this most empty and unlearned stuff; while, on the contrary, that what the positivists regard as the most important science, is considered by spiritualists, philosophers, and theologians to be, if not a pernicious, at all events a useless occupation. However, this is not enough. In one and the same province, among its very priests, each system has its equally competent and warm partisans and adversaries, who affirm diametrically opposed ideas. This is not all; in every province of learning there constantly arise scientific situations, which after existing one, and sometimes more than ten years, are suddenly found to be erroneous, and are hastily forgotten by the very people who propagated them.

ITS CONTRADICTIONS.

We all know that that which the Romans exclusively regarded as science, and considered most important, that upon which they prided themselves, and without which a man was looked upon as a barbarian was rhetoric, that is an occupation which we laugh at now, and consider to be not even not a science, but nonsense. We likewise know that in the middle ages scholastic divinity was considered a very important science, while now it is also a thing we laugh at. And I think no great audacity of thought is required to foresee that among the great mass of knowledge which in our times is considered important, and is called science, there is much that our descendants will shrug their shoulders at, as for instance when they read of the seriousness with which we regard rhetorical and scholastic divinity.

As regards belief in labour, Count Tolstoi speaks as follows:—

THE VIRTUE OF LABOUR A FALLACY.

I have always been surprised, he says, at the extraordinary opinion, established principally in the west of Europe, that labour is something like virtue, and long ago, before reading this opinion clearly expressed in M. Zola's speech, have I been surprised at this strange importance ascribed to labour.

Only the ant of the fable, as a being devoid of reasoning and aspirations to good, could think that labour is a virtue, and could pride itself upon it. M. Zola says that labour makes a man kind. I have, however, always noticed the contrary. Self-conscious labour, the ant's pride of its own labour, makes not only an ant, but even a man, hard. The greatest villains of mankind were always particularly occupied and busy, and did not permit themselves to be one moment without employment or amusement. But even if laboriousness

is not a distinct defect, still it cannot ever be a virtue. Just as little as nutrition is a virtue can labour be one. Labour is a necessity, the privation of which makes one suffer, but in no wise is it a virtue. The elevation of labour to a merit is the same monstrosity as the elevation of a man's nutrition to a merit or virtue would be. The signification attributed in our society to labour could only arise as a reaction against idleness, elevated to a sign of nobleness, and till now considered a sign of merit in the rich and uneducated classes. Labour, the exercise of one's faculties, is always indispensable to man, as is proved by calves bounding round the stake to which they are tied, and by people of the rich classes, martyrs, occupying themselves with games: cards, chess, lawn-tennis, etc., unable to find a wiser exercise for their faculties.

Labour is not only not a virtue, but in our falsely organised society it is mostly an anæsthetic remedy, like smoking or wine, to hide from oneself the irregularity and depravity of our life. "When am I to discuss philosophy, morality, and religion with you? I must publish a paper having half a million subscribers, I must build the Eiffel Tower, organise the Chicago Exhibition, dig the Panama Canal, finish writing the twenty-eighth volume of my works, my opera, finish painting my picture."

THE SOLACE OF EMPTY AND PERNICIOUS LABOUR.

If people of our time had not the continual excuse of labour by which they are all absorbed, they could not live as they do now. It is only thanks to the fact that they conceal from themselves the contradictions in which they live by means of empty and often pernicious labour that they can live as they are living—and it is especially in the quality of such a remedy that M. Zola represents labour to his auditors. He says plainly: "This is only an empirical remedy to lead an honest and almost peaceful life. But is this not sufficient, is it not enough to acquire good physical and moral health, and avoid the danger of chimeras, by solving through labour the question of the happiness most accessible to man?"

Count Tolstoi is of quite a different opinion about Dumas' letter. He expresses his entire sympathy with Dumas' thoughts, and calls him a prophet.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN DISSECTED.

In his *vade mecum* for Cabinet Ministers, which appears in the *Nineteenth Century*, and is noticed on another page, Mr. Auberon Herbert venturing "to treat Mr. Chamberlain's soul as public property," thus describes it:—

Never was soul which had more earthly wrappings to it. Never was soul so beset with carnality. Two Western men once discussed the efficacy of the water employed in baptism, and thereupon one of them delivered it as his opinion that if it were to be of any avail in the case of a particular friend who was under discussion, that it would be necessary for that friend to be anchored out for at least twenty-four hours in mid-stream. Mr. Chamberlain's spiritual necessities are of the same order as the spiritual necessities of that friend of the Western man. His soul requires to be hung out for at least a week on the highest mountain peak, or plunged into the sea beyond the three miles' limit, in order to get rid of its earthy admixtures. Mr. Chamberlain's politics, beyond the ordinary measure in politics, even when pressed down and running over, are saturated with commercialism. His constant recurring idea is the exhibition of political wars. Such and such things are the peculiar achievement of his own horde, and are not to be claimed by the other horde. Such and such things are good to be done, just because they will help the reputation of the horde. But still for all that, the soul exists and persists, and as long as that is so all things are possible. Unless I read him wrongly—and it is very difficult to read in that blurred, stained human palimpsest—there is a vein of conviction mixed in with the commercial opinions, there is a bottom to be reached, there is definite resistance, and therefore there is personality. You may have to wade through layers of carnality, layers of commercialism, but at the end you do arrive.

THE CABINET MINISTER'S VADE MECUM.

BY HON. AUBERON HERBERT.

ONE of the richest pieces of political satire, as well as one of the most delightfully and provokingly impartial, is contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* by Mr. Auberon Herbert, under the title of "A Cabinet Minister's Vade-Mecum." What he calls the "thirteen commandments of the new dispensation" are thus enumerated:—

If you wish to pass a great measure that profoundly alters, for good or for evil, the relations of the parts of a great country, first make yourself master of the following necessities:

1. Keep the measure carefully veiled—something after the fashion of a presentation picture or a bust of the Mayor subscribed for by the Corporation—so as to make it impossible, until the actual fight begins, for the nation to understand it, criticise it, test it, detect weak places, or pass an intelligent judgment upon it. This, perhaps, may be expressed in other words: whenever convenient from a strategical point of view, put a hood over the eyes of the nation, treat them as a negligible quantity, and don't for a moment indulge their fancy that they take any real part in passing great measures. That work is exclusively the private business of the professional fighters.

2. When there is a specially difficult and complicated point, (a) call upon either the newspapers, or the House, or your own party in the House, to be good enough to settle the matter for you; (b) leave it for your successor—whichever he may be—to deal with; (c) use such language in your measure that nobody can exactly say what is meant or not meant.

3. Be ready to alter vital arrangements at twenty-four hours' notice, and to expect all those concerned to alter their profound convictions in the same number of hours. It will be found of the highest importance in modern politics to practise the manœuvre of revolution on your own mental axis, so that, whenever necessary, the dogma of yesterday may by instantaneous process be expelled in favour of the dogma of to-day. Celerity of movement in this manœuvre is of the highest importance, as it is not desirable that the public should realise what is taking place.

4. In order to facilitate No. 3, aim at bringing the discipline of the party to such a high point that they take their official exercise in the official lobby without experiencing any inconvenient desires to exercise other functions except the crural muscles. No Member of Parliament can be of real service to his party if these special muscles are not in good order. Grouse shooting is recommended in the recess by way of useful training.

5. Always assume official infallibility, and therefore—except when it may be necessary to avoid a catastrophe as regards the division list—disregard all views of your opponents, and all those varied lights which are thrown from different minds, when a subject is frankly and widely discussed apart from political partisanship by an intelligent public.

6. Be prepared to assert that days and hours are of infinite importance in the life of a nation; that, if discussion is not brought to an end, Ministers will refuse to be responsible for the continued existence of the nation; and therefore it is far safer for the nation to exist in ill-arranged fragments than to make rash attempts—at the expense of days and hours—to give order and coherence to the parts.

7. If you are aware that some special portions of your work are of defective workmanship, strict silence on the part of your own followers, and free use of the closure on the plea of saving time, are the orthodox and approved as well as the most simple methods of treatment.

8. It is no use being squeamish in such matters, and if you establish a machinery for stopping discussion, you may as well employ it to prevent voting as well as speaking on amendments.

9. To put it quite plainly, use any kind of gag or guillotine that is most efficient. A political opponent is but a kind of vermin to be got rid of on easiest terms, and the parliamentary machine must be constructed so as to deal effectually with vermin at short notice. A majority has to govern, and there's the end of it.

10. When you are engaged in passing what is perhaps the biggest measure of the century, you must be careful not to let the nation judge it frankly on its own merits. It must be sugared by putting by its side certain dainty morsels that you consider toothsome for various important sections. The way to pass those great measures on which your party depends is to put the sections in good humour, and to let them understand that their own bit of cake depends upon the big loaf being eaten. Sugaring the sections is the secret of success in modern politics.

11. When you hold in trust the interests of two nations, you must boldly sell the interests of the one nation at any point where by selling them you thus command the support of the other nation for yourself. In such cases look upon nations but as sections in a nation, and treat in same manner. A clear head and boldness in buying and selling will indicate the best method to be followed.

12. If there is a weak class possessed of property whose influence and support count for little or nothing, they can be usefully treated as vote-material for strengthening your position as regards other more valuable classes of supporters.

13. If by any chance you have given pledges or expressed opinions, or have been betrayed into denunciations which conflict with the course which you are now taking, you must explain that truth in political matters must not be confused with truth in other everyday matters; that in politics it is strictly relative; that a thing which is true from the Opposition benches is not necessarily true from the Government benches; that a truth employed to pass a measure at a particular time ceases to be a truth after the measure is passed; and that it is mere moral pedantry to suppose that political truths have an objective reality, as they clearly depend upon the condition of mind at any given moment of certain classes of voters, especially those classes which happen to hold the balance of power in their hands. Political principles are of the highest importance and utility, so long as they are confined to their one proper purpose, as rhetorical decorations. They are of great value during a debate, to which they give considerable force and dignity, but should not receive attention after the close of debate.

Mr. Herbert winds up this reel of rules by declaring—

Commandments of the new dispensation will, I think, quarrel much with them. They are in the nature of truisms and platitudes nowadays on the lips of us all. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain will tell you that these are the principles on which the Liberals manage their business. Mr. Gladstone and Sir W. Harcourt will tell you that they exactly express the conduct of the Conservatives when in office.

A new definition of the State as we know it appears in this article: it is the Voting Crowd. This is not the only phrase given here which is likely to become famous.

THE *Lyceum*, I am informed, is no longer the "organ of the Jesuits." It has for some years ceased to be written or controlled by the Jesuits. The editor writes: "I have the greatest respect for the Order of the Jesuits, but I have not the honour to belong to it, nor is the *Lyceum* in any way under its influence or its guidance."

A QUESTION FOR CANADA.—"Three Years Under the Canadian Flag as a Cavalry Soldier" is a book written by James Slater, who brings such serious charges against British officers and officials of the Dominion that he ought to be either prosecuted for libel or publicly vindicated. It is a scandal that such charges should be made with such persistence, and particularity of detail, without any attempt either to rebut the libels or to punish the libeller. The accusations of fraud are so precise that it is difficult to believe there can be any but one explanation as to why no action is taken. But if that explanation be accepted, what are we to think of the honour of Canadian public men?

CIVILISATION ON THE BRINK OF RUIN!

MR. FREDERIC GREENWOOD AS JEREMIAH.

I SAY "Jeremiah" advisedly—not Cassandra; for however dark his catalogue of woes, the Hebrew prophet mostly marked out a way of escape. So Mr. Greenwood, in *Macmillan's*, after drawing harrowing pictures of "The Great War"—which is expected to devastate Europe—"or, Civilisation its own Executioner," gives us a hint how even yet the doom may be averted. He begins by recalling the "universal apprehension" of the imminence of a war which, when it does come, will "whelm all Europe." This common belief is "itself a portent."

ARMAGEDDON—AND AFTER!

"The sudden and extraordinary development" of science, which supplies "ever new and ever more terrible engines of destruction," has by no means reached finality; yet—

As it is, a nation may be at peace this week, complacently viewing a sky without a cloud on the horizon, and three months hence be a burning waste; 'tough not, perhaps, till the victor has spent money in tens of millions and lives in scores of thousands.

And after "a war meant on all hands to be determinate," "the example of forcing an enormous indemnity" which Germany set in 1871

will be bettered to the full extent of draining the conquered country dry . . . It is evident that a well-calculated scheme of indemnity is not only capable of draining off through decent and business-like channels the utmost amount of spoil, but of becoming a good substitute for the ancient but now impracticable custom of enslavement . . . The great war of universal prophecy will be waged by groups of nations, so that groups of nations may be crushed almost irretrievably . . . Other civilisations . . . mostly perished by fire and sword; and though many pretty things may be said of our own civilisation, nothing can be said with greater truth than that it seems to be taking the utmost pains to provide its own destruction in that way precisely.

THE SIGNAL TO BEGIN.

The dread of risking so terrible a catastrophe might preserve peace for a time—until "any one of two or three Powers that could be named found itself the sole possessor of some precious gift of science in the shape of a singularly swift and deadly engine of war;" or "when one of the two alliances has forged its last gun with its last available shilling," when its "accumulation of armaments" can go no further.

Another difficulty threatens in the competition for trade between the nations, spurred on by the new discontent of the masses:—

It is not unlikely that a general sense of all this deepens the fear that the Great War, when it comes, will be sweepingly disastrous; first fire and sword, and then, perhaps, the Red Spectre, of which it is possible to regard the Commune in Paris, when France lay in agony under the Prussian boot, as a sort of prophecy.

RUSSIA AS AVERTER OF ARMAGEDDON.

Mr. Greenwood now turns to the bright side. He assures us, "The inevitability of the Great War is less clear to me than to most." The first ground of this confidence is supplied—strangely enough—by the growing ascendancy of Russia!

Partly from geographical extent and conditions, partly from a certain capability of self-support, partly from the very barbarism or half-barbarism of the country, the risks of the dreaded war are nothing like so great for Russia as for the other European Powers. It is this that gives her so commanding a position, and one that she is likely to retain and improve upon.

The present strain of preparation seems likely to wear out Italy first and then the German Powers. This will be Russia's opportunity. "By careful management, continuance of the waiting game, long maintenance of an attitude of sullen hostility with occasional 'movements on the frontier,' Russia may bring" the Alliance to choose between the enormous perils of a precautionary war and common action against a non-Continental foe.

A general European war is not more readily conceivable than a new Continental compact which shall put off the war, or reduce it to dimensions which imagination need not start at, by making common spoil of the outlying possessions of England. Coalitions with this view have actually been proposed within a very recent period, and only abandoned through the occurrence of accidental circumstances.

This is cold comfort, truly; but it is happily not the whole of Mr. Greenwood's gospel.

HOW BRITAIN MAY SAVE CIVILISATION.

It is not as if Britain could choose no policy divergent of the course of events. I cannot but think that if the rulers of this country were truly wise and patriotic, the chiefs of parties would meet on the purely neutral ground of national defence to settle what course of action should be prepared for Great Britain in either event; that is to say, in case the Continental Powers should drift more rapidly into the long-dreaded war, or in case the ascendancy of Russia should menace England with a coalition to stave off the war. Two things accomplished . . . and the whole aspect of affairs would change immediately. One is to remove the conviction that England's friendship has become worthless to all intents and purposes (the tale which is now being told in Siam), and the other to shatter the belief that her fighting days are over. That done, the Great War would be postponed indefinitely; for England herself would be, or could be, at the head of a coalition dictatorial of peace, and a peace in which, of course, her own dominion would remain secure.

Mr. Greenwood does not indicate how these two ends are to be obtained. Nor does he specify the other parties to the proposed coalition. He could not of course conclude without lamenting "our present political condition." If that is to be permanent, he confesses to despair both of the British Empire and the civilisation of which that Empire is the chief "prop and stay." If it be, as he believes, only "accidental and reparable"—

the people of this island still have it in their hands to rescue their splendid Empire from premature destruction, and at the same time to put Armageddon far out of the prospect.

A Plea for "District Parliaments."

AND in *Blackwood*, too, of all places in the world! "The Decadence of Parliament" sits heavy on its soul:—

The revival of the House of Lords may be regarded by patriotic men of all parties with a feeling of genuine satisfaction, because it is a revival not resting on the prejudices of an oligarchy, but on the perception of the ablest and most independent men in the country of their duty as the leaders of a patriot democracy.

But the House of Commons is in a dismal plight, largely owing to the plethora of carpet-baggers under the thumb of the caucus, and to the youth of its Members. The remedies propounded are, "get good local candidates;" "give them a freer hand;" and—in effect—multiply Home Rule!

It is hardly likely at the present moment that our rulers would consider with favour a proposal for a reduction in their own numbers. But if the time comes when District Parliaments are established for the consideration of such matters as are now dealt with by private bills, the country might with advantage remit the consideration of the great issues of State policy to a moiety of the gentlemen who now sit in the popular chamber.

"SET THE POOR ON WORK."**THE UNEMPLOYED IN THE PAST.**

THESE words are quoted from the famous Elizabethan Act which required the authorities of the parish "to take order for setting to work the children" of poor parents, and also "all persons having no means to maintain them," as well as to raise the necessary stock for these purposes "by taxation of every inhabitant."

In a most valuable and timely article in the *Nineteenth Century*, Professor Mavor gives a history in outline of the efforts made in this country to realise the ideal so set forth. After suggesting several reasons for the slight use made of the Act mentioned above—its lack of explicitness as to methods and extent of application—Professor Mavor gives a list of the more notable schemes mooted for the employment of the poor, from Sir Matthew Hale's to Robert Owen's.

THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

Proceeding to recount the actual efforts made by parochial bodies, he tells us:—

In the third quarter of last century a definite movement in the direction of founding Houses of Industry extended, especially over the south of England. . . . [They] were, as a rule, founded by a number of parishes incorporated for the purpose. Whole families were admitted, able-bodied and impotent poor alike.

THE PARISH FARM.

In addition to the Houses of Industry there were established from about 1777 onward, a number of Parish Farms. These were ordinary farms which had become vacant and were taken by the parish, and by trustees acting on behalf of the parish, for the purpose of setting the poor to work.

Where failures have occurred, and most of the farms resulted in failures, they may as a rule be traced to want of proper management rather than to any inherent defect in the system.

At Cranbrook, in Kent, the overseers, in 1730, took a farm under trustees, and worked it by the paupers until 1834. The parish being then no longer legally authorised to continue the Parish Farm, the trustees kept it going at their own risk until they were turned out by a new landlord in 1853.

The farm during that period of voluntary management accumulated a considerable amount of money. Donations were given by the trustees to the parish of Cranbrook, and even to extra-parochial objects. "When they went out many circumstances occurred to their advantage," and thus they found themselves in possession of a fund of £1,000. With this money they built a new vestry hall, paid off vestry debts, and handed over the balance for investment for behoof of the parish.

"TOO MUCH TROUBLE."

Why, then, were the Parish Farm and House of Industry not more extensively adopted? Simply because it cost too much trouble. The Poor Law Commissioners of 1834 assigned these reasons:—

1. To afford relief gratuitously is less troublesome to the parochial authorities than to require work in return for it.

2. The collection of paupers in gangs had an injurious effect upon some of them.

3. Parish employment affords no direct profit to any individual. Under most other systems of relief the immediate employers of labour can throw on the parish a part of the wages of their labourers.

"The indolence of the parochial authorities" allowed the Houses of Industry to become mere almshouses, where the young were "trained in idleness, ignorance, and vice."

While the House of Industry was thus not highly developed, almost all the overseers in England organised some simple work with the view mainly of preventing paupers from being quite idle. As a rule the workhouse-masters found it difficult to get work for the paupers to do. Needlework for the slops was done in the workhouse, and work was done in it for various tradesmen.

The new Poor Law of 1834 practically abolished the system of "setting the poor on work," excepting as a test prior to relief.

From this historical survey Professor Mavor does not derive any optimistic conclusion as to the success of modern attempt in a like direction.

The history of the parish farm shows that while it is costly and highly susceptible to the evils of bad management, it may be adapted to the needs of the beggar; but there is no evidence to show that the respectable artisan would be likely ever to enter it so long as the beggar is there.

THE UNEMPLOYED IN THE PRESENT.

MR. ARNOLD WHITE writes suggestively and caustically in the *Fortnightly Review* on the question of the unemployed. The one feature which will mark out this age from others that have preceded it is, he surmises, "the universal love and worship of comfort. To be comfortable is the dominant religion of the masses and the classes." This renders the problem more acute.

Bad harvests, cholera, the appreciation of gold, the uncertainty of trade, foreign immigration, the European outlook, Irish supremacy, dear milk, the degradation of the House of Commons, improvident marriages, and Mr. McKinley, combine to render the outlook for the coming winter—more especially if the cold be severe—a sombre and menacing prospect.

Hungry Londoners do not envy the rich their luxuries. "The abiding envy of the rich man by the poor is the certainty of food." Mr. White is not too sure of social stability. "When a hungry body contains an educated mind the result is revolution." His specific of emigration is once more to the fore. Mr. Rhodes, in return for the mother country crumpling up the Matabele, might give so much irrigated land at the Cape for our unemployed.

LARGE SCHEMES.

We might even buy tracts of land in a South American Republic, police it, and Anglicise the whole community. . . . A million of money sinks to the bottom in the shape of a single vessel. The nation does not feel the loss. A million spent on the unemployed at home and abroad could not all be sunk, and would, under skilled management, perceptibly increase the area of demand for British manufactures. . . . There are desperate men amongst them to whom no change can be for the worse. For such people the offer of a task of labour on earthworks, such as for two generations has been freely given to the Hindoo in famine times, is the least that can be expected.

A CIVIC CENTRE FOR CHARITIES.

What society can do for the unemployed then is to emigrate the four per cent. of the fit among them; stop the immigration of "chronic incurable paupers" from abroad; take the children out of what S. G. O. used to term the "guilt gardens"; give relief works to the adults; restrict charities exclusively to the sick, aged, and very young; encourage the growth of trade unionism; discourage improvident marriage, and entreat the Church to enjoin common sense as regards this subject upon her priests and deacons; and finally, remember that the work done by present charities could be done for one-third less cost by adopting a simple system of co-operation between agencies of character and standing existing within each parliamentary borough, and arranging for all gifts to that area being passed through one channel, and distributed among the agencies on a preconceived system, made to avoid overlapping.

PESSIMISM AS A RELIGION.

A FIN DE SIÈCLE ECCLESIASTES.

DR. C. H. PEARSON, whose recent work on *National Life and Character* had established his reputation for broad and philosophical if somewhat sombre views of modern tendencies, occupies the opening page of the *Fortnightly* with an investigation into the causes of pessimism.

There is said to be a strain of pessimism noticeable in the writings of the last few years. Sometimes it takes the form of despondency as to the future of humanity at large or of a particular people. Sometimes it rather seems to indicate perplexity over some great moral problem. Now and again it is a regret over some system or faith that has disappeared, and which, it would seem, cannot be replaced.

The writers adduced in support of this opening statement are Mr. Greg, M. Rehan, Matthew Arnold, M. Paradol, and the poet Clough. Carlyle's pessimism may be explained by his early surroundings and constitutional ailments: "Calvinism trains strong men, but can hardly be said to predispose to cheerfulness." Yet Shelley's ill-health, home-troubles, disgust with existing society, did not repress his buoyant and hopeful temperament. "We must look beyond the individual."

After alluding to the social forecasts of Mr. Morris, Mr. Bellamy, and M. Tschernischeffski, Dr. Pearson says—

it is only natural that the framers of these ideals and their disciples should be among the most energetic and the most sanguine of men. They have made their heaven such as they would wish it to be, and they believe it to be so nearly within reach that it only remains for them to order their ascension robes.

THE SOCIAL PARADISE A PERSONAL INFERNO.

There are many, however, whom the prospect will impress very differently. To these it will seem that the best part of the Socialistic programme—the elimination of crime and poverty from the world—is never likely to be adequately carried out. . . While, however, the great gains are problematical, certain great losses are inevitable. The new society, with its admirable bureaucracy, comprehending really all ranks, with its industrial drill, with its houses designed by a State architect, and built more or less with monotonous uniformity, with its dreary round of amusements and unvarying civic costumes, will be the very apotheosis of luxurious common-place. Everything that has made the old world—parliamentary life, military service, public meetings to urge some great change, travel, and commercial adventure is to be eliminated. . . In our world the man can at least take his own line in life, and educate himself by contact with the best of his fellow-men, or give himself up to thought and study in isolation. In the new world he is to be passed through the same educational mill as his fellows till he is twenty-one, and then to serve in the industrial army either for life, or, by Mr. Bellamy's more ingenious programme, till he is forty-five. Then, shaped as he is by civic influences, he is to be set free to cultivate what individuality may be left to him. Is it wonderful if men who regard our best in the present day as sadly imperfect are appalled at the prospect of such a Paradise as we are offered?

THE FATALISM OF HEREDITY.

The freedom which State Socialism would repress in the community, physiology with its doctrine of heredity would combat in the individual:—

Fifty years ago a man's chance of extricating himself from family failings seemed an extremely fair one. . . But we see more clearly than we did that everything which has once been in the race, endures as a permanent influence modifying it, and that family types are apt to remain scarcely alterable for generations. Even if a particular man can flatter himself with reason that he has escaped or conquered a vicious tendency, he knows he is doomed to see it reappear in his

children. Now the fatalism of science in this direction seems to be of a more hopeless kind than the old theological doctrine of predestination to life eternal or death eternal. In Calvinism the doomed man does not know his fate.

After dwelling on this gloomy prospect, Dr. Pearson mercifully reverts to the other side.

Science has not said its last word yet upon this question of heredity. Even history can assure us that the cumulative transmission of qualities does not always or necessarily work for evil. . . We can point to no particular epoch of regeneration, but we see that at the end of a few centuries there has been enormous change for the better in [certain] particulars. . . We may accept the doctrine of heredity in its extremest form, and yet believe, that its apparent consequences are perpetually eluded, as new combinations of race are formed or as training and environment determine life.

SCIENCE CANNOT STAY THE SOUL.

In astronomy, in mechanical science, and in chemistry the progress has been magnificent, and the general tone of men of science accordingly is hopeful and jubilant. . . But the sadness, if it show itself, will not be because there has been any notable failure in the achievements contemplated. Knowledge will give us all it promises, for the foundations of the great work have been laid, and what remains is only to carry up the walls heaven-high. Yet it is conceivable that, when man has subdued the forces of nature to his will, and is "ransacking the infinite seas of knowledge, and figuring that knowledge in æsthetic forms eternally new and bright," there will still be a sinking at the heart, because that which stimulates the brain cannot of itself stay the soul.

Dr. Pearson acknowledges the phenomenal expansion and progress of the English race. But India? Egypt? Home Rule?—each of these appears with an interrogation point. France with its decline in population offers him a more mournful prospect:—

Now, it is the habit of Englishmen to ascribe this particular fact in the history of modern France to the enfeebling of the people through immorality. Those who know France best do not, however, share this opinion, and ascribe it to the higher standard of comfort which has become universal, and which leads men to marry late and to restrict their families. Unfortunately, the reason which is ethically more satisfactory is politically more alarming.

He grants that the Catholic revivals have succeeded up to a certain point, "but will any sane man contend that they have been adequate?"

Of course, Clough may be explained away, but are the professed believers in a general way more hopeful? The best of them, as a rule, only invite us to abjure our virility, to renounce science and all its works, and to reconstitute a system, which has failed conclusively, upon slightly more reasonable lines. Pessimism is the highest attitude a religious mind can take up in the face of such teaching.

THE HEBREW PROPHETS PESSIMISTS.

Dr. Pearson ventures on a statement which he will find it hard to verify when he says:—

Hebrew prophets were for the most part pessimists. Yet these men were the conservators of the spirit of nationality, and when the stroke of doom fell upon them they were able to bear it with dignity.

Is it not conceivable that, of the two great inspirations which society needs, and which it is impossible to weigh out evenly in balances, the pessimism which accepts death and defeat beforehand may be even more desirable as a permanent force than the optimism which sees the first presage of victory and animates for the charge that decides the fight?

If Dr. Pearson claims to be only a pessimist of the type of the Hebrew prophets, who are among the highest exponents of human hope, we shall be delighted to hear his modern counterpart to their fair pictures of the good time coming.

IS THE ENGLISH DRAMA DECLINING?

"No," SAYS MR. H. A. JONES.

THE mission of the pessimist seems to be to make hopefulness more pronounced and explicit. The replies which Dr. Pearson's book on *National Life and Character* is eliciting, furnish a case in point. For example, his gloomy observations on the prospects of the English stage have called out from Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, in *the Nineteenth Century*, one of the cheeriest of forecasts concerning our national drama. Mr. Jones finds food or rejoicing in the very fact that Dr. Pearson has devoted seven out of his three hundred and forty-four pages to the subject.

Twenty years ago it would have almost been impossible for a philosophical or sociological forecast to have glanced at anything so trivial as the future of the English stage.

DOES SHAKESPEARE SPELL RUIN?

Mr. Jones then proceeds to rebut one by one Dr. Pearson's charges.

He goes on to say, "Unfortunately the age is no longer tolerant of work with a high aim." So far as this refers to Shakespeare it is scarcely true, for Shakespeare's plays have drawn far larger houses and commanded longer runs in this generation than they have ever drawn and commanded before.

But Dr. Pearson continues: "It has become a proverb that Shakespeare spells ruin, and the exceptions to this are where popular actors give the stage version more or less infamously garbled with such gorgeousness of costume and surroundings that the mind is diverted from the words to the presentation." . . . Who has infamously garbled Shakespeare in these days? The tendency of this age is to restore the text of Shakespeare, to preserve it superstitiously.

"GORGEOUS MOUNTING."

When Dr. Pearson blames the present gorgeous mounting and lavish scenery, it seems to me that, to a great extent, he contradicts what is surely implied in his first admirable sentence about the stimulation and instruction to be gained from seeing a play "well put on the stage." . . . But to this generation that means "gorgeous costumes and scenery." Now that we playgoers have become used to these beautiful settings, we should be certainly more distracted and disturbed by their absence than we are by their presence. I am persuaded that if Shakespeare lived to-day he would rejoice in the beautiful illustration of his plays that is now always accorded to them by the better West End theatres.

Mr. Jones also believes Shakespeare would be "very tolerant" of the "rearrangement and cutting of scenes" necessary to the revival of his plays. "He had the keenest sense for what was effective on the boards."

OTHER ELIZABETHAN PLAYS.

But Dr. Pearson also accuses the present age of being intolerant of work of a high aim because the works of Shakespeare's contemporaries are not placed on the stage. Now . . . Elizabethan plays outside Shakespeare fail, or would fail, on our regular stage to-day, and with our present play-going public, not because of their high and noble qualities, but because those qualities are marred and obscured by imperfections in design and puerilities in the conduct of the story. They fail, not because they are too good, but because in certain very important stage qualities they are not good enough. For instance, it would be impossible to put certain scenes in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* before any cultured English audience without provoking shouts of laughter.

Mr. Jones is ready to hope for the reproduction of some of these plays. The Independent Theatre has performed *The Duchess of Malfi*. The university students at Oxford might use "their annual dramatic excursions" to this end.

A HOPEFUL PROPHECY.

Another complaint of Dr. Pearson's is this:—

"We find that the serious work of modern times is never even regarded. Shelley, Browning, and Tennyson are experimented on from time to time, and put away almost instantly; Byron's name has not recommended his dramas; Swinburne has never been tried."

To which Mr. Jones replies:—

Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, and Byron do not fail on the stage because they are poets; they fail because they are not dramatists. . . . And it is scarcely true to say that Tennyson has failed. I know of nothing so flattering to the modern English drama as the intense interest latterly shown by Tennyson in the Theatre, and the pretty, touching stories that are told of his eagerness to win a success on the boards. . . . Tennyson has achieved a very great success during the last season, and stands a good chance of being continuously reproduced.

Further, Dr. Pearson says that the success of Bulwer Lytton and Sheridan Knowles "seems to show that the public is really tolerant of the drama only when it is bad." But Bulwer Lytton and Sheridan Knowles, because they wrote fustian literature, have been found out and are virtually dead on our stage to-day.

Once more, Dr. Pearson says, "The world everywhere is more orderly and reticent than it was, and less suited to theatrical effects." Perhaps so, and our drama will accordingly follow suit. Already we see a great reduction of gesture and mere ranting on our modern stage, and actors convey their meaning by quieter and subtler methods. But this does not mean the extinction of the drama.

To sum up, I believe that the English drama has never since the days of Elizabeth had such a chance of establishing itself as a national art and as a great power in our national life as it has to-day. Of course, very little has been accomplished as yet. Nothing has been garnered yet, and very little has flowered. But the ground has been prepared, and the seed sown. I believe that the work of the last ten years is bound to be immensely productive in the future.

Spitting a Sign of Devotion.

In the criminal investigation which led to the suppression of their order, "the Templars themselves admitted that they had gone through the ceremony of spitting on the Cross at their initiation." This was regarded by their judges as chief among their many crimes. Mr. James E. Crombie, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, feels this to be too harsh a judgment, and tries to find a more charitable explanation. He quotes authorities to show that with the Masai tribe in Africa spitting "expresses the greatest goodwill and the best wishes." "You had better spit upon a dameel than kiss her." "In Russia and Turkey and Greece, and anciently among the Romans, it was, and is, considered a serious breach of etiquette to praise an infant and omit to spit on it or near it."

In the North of England "a strike for a rise of wages used never to be begun till the men had testified to their intention of standing by one another by spitting on a stone:" and "the boys used to spit their faith."

Part of the Scottish betrothal ceremony consisted in the contracting parties wetting their thumbs with saliva and pressing them together, at the same time as they swore to be good and true. Nor was this practice confined to marriage contracts only.

Mr. Crombie therefore concludes:

when we consider that spitting at a secular contract was a common occurrence, and that the motive was to make it more binding; when we consider that probably the Templars themselves did it at the making of their ordinary contracts with this motive, it seems a much more logical conclusion to come to that it was with this motive also that they spat on the crucifix when they took the oath of the order and enrolled themselves as soldiers of Christ.

MARY MAGDALENE'S GRAVE.

A VISIT TO THE SHRINE OF ST. BAUME.

THE *Nouvelle Revue* of September 15th is distinguished by several good articles, notably a description of the St. Baume Pilgrimage in Provence, by M. Albalat. It is there, in a quaint little town situated not far from Marseilles, that Mary Magdalene is said to have spent the last thirty years of her life. Fifteen thousand pilgrims visit the spot annually, and under the old régime scarce a king of France but came humbly to the site which is always carefully guarded by a number of Dominicans.

The legend runs that Mary Magdalene came from Judæa in a small boat, with Lazarus, Martha, the two Marys, and Salome, bringing with them the body of St. Anne, the head of St. James the Less, and a few wee bones of the innocents massacred by King Herod. But from early ages this story has been disputed, and the Abbé Duchene, one of the most erudite writers on the early Christian saints and martyrs, considers that the relics of Mary Magdalene were probably sent from Constantinople about the seventh century. A Greek breviary, however, speaks of the saint as having died at Ephesus. The pilgrimages are to a kind of grotto, which is supposed by local tradition to have been the place where Mary Magdalene spent her old age. Be that as it may, it seems that there is no older or more picturesque place of pilgrimage in Europe. In addition there can be seen at St. Baume a forest which has practically been kept intact since the days of old Gaul. The Dominicans' convent is practically the only inn in those parts, and every visitor had to put up with the severely plain accommodation provided by a monastic cell, and simple but clean food. The convent contains about one hundred beds; the lady visitors are served by nuns, the gentlemen by monks. The convent, which looks almost as ancient as the Grotto, is situated on the edge of a vast rocky chain of hills, and almost opposite the monastery half way up the steep incline is the famous grotto cut into the solid rock. There a wide platform is hewn out, partly occupied at present by a second convent.

The Grotto is about twenty-five yards square, eight yards high, and to all intents and purposes a chapel. The principal altar is surmounted by a fine statue, representing Mary Magdalene praying. It is strange to stand on the spot, apart from the feeling connected with the great saint to whom it is dedicated, and to think of all those who have stood in the Grotto. During the year 1832 five kings journeyed there: Philip of Valois, King of France; Alphonse IV., King of Arragon; Hugh IV., King of Cyprus; John Luxembourg, King of Bohemia, and the redoubtable Robert of Provence. Nine Popes; Petrarch, it may be, with Laura; Louis XIV., accompanied by his mother Anne of Austria, are a few of the many distinguished personages to whom St. Baume was a familiar place.

But the forest seems to be even more remarkable than the Grotto. M. Albalat declares that some of the oaks are over fourteen hundred years old. Eleven miles from St. Baume proper is St. Maximin, boasting of a great basilica built on the plains, and surrounded by an arid waste, which recalls Palestine and the country round Bethel. It was built at the end of the thirteenth century,

by Charles II. of Anjou, to contain the relic of St. Mary Magdalene. The choir contains ninety-four stalls, each surmounted by a sculptured medallion, representing an incident in the life of Mary Magdalene. But though the church itself is remarkable, the crypt, supposed to contain all that remains of the saint, is far more curious. There will be found empty spaces for the relics of the saints who are said to have accompanied her from Judæa; the ashes are waiting re-discovery.

M. Albalat strongly advises all those who wish to see a picturesque and utterly unknown corner of Provence to visit St. Baume without further delay. The spot is reached by a side line from Rognac. The visitor alights at Sensiers, situated twelve miles from the Grotto and prehistoric forest.

THE CRADLE OF EUROPEAN MONASTICISM.

THE island of St. Honorat is thus described in the *Thinker* by the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., in an article of much beauty:—

To the student of ecclesiastical history the little island of St. Honorat is one of the most impressive spots in Europe. Almost invisible on the map, it at one time occupied a most conspicuous position in the eyes of the world as one of its great historical sites. As a centre of intellectual and moral influence it had, as Montalembert truly says, a greater effect upon the progress of humanity than any famous isle of the Grecian Archipelago. . . . It may well be called the Iona of the South. It is a remarkable circumstance that two little insignificant islands, one in the far north, amid the dark clouds and mists of the wild Atlantic, and the other in the far south, under the brilliant blue sky, and laved by the bluer waters of the Mediterranean, should have formed the centres which drew to them, and from whence were dispersed, all the spiritual and intellectual forces of Christendom during its darkest ages.

Dr. Macmillan deserves thanks for recalling two beautiful legends told of the saint (fl. A.D. 410) who gave his name to the island:—

Meeting one day one of those wretched lepers, who . . . were as common in Europe in the early Christian centuries as they are now in Asia, he took him home to his own room, and began to anoint his terrible sores. Suddenly the dreadful mask of deformity fell off, and the scarred face burst out into overpowering radiance; and in the transfigured leper he beheld with inexpressible awe no other than the Lord Jesus Himself.

When St. Honorat left his northern home he was accompanied by his sister, who was devotedly attached to him. . . . The strict rules of monastic life would not allow the presence of a woman within the precincts. . . . The gentle and beautiful girl, who, at her baptism as a Christian received the name of Margaret . . . was consequently sent to reside in the neighbouring isle of Lero, where she was completely separated from her brother. . . . By her entreaties she at last prevailed upon him to promise to come and see her once a year. "Let me know," she said, "at what time I may look for your coming, for that season will be to me the only season of the year." The saint replied that he would come when the almond trees were in blossom. Whereupon the legend says the forsaken Margaret assailed all the saints with her prayers and tears, until she got her wish, that the almond-trees in her island should miraculously blossom once a month; and sending each month a branch with the significant flowers on it to her brother's retreat, he dutifully came to her at once, and her heart was thus made glad by the sight of her brother no less than twelve times every year.

THE *Review of the Churches* contains full official reports of the Reunion Conferences at Lucerne, with portraits of speakers. An American edition of the *Review*—to begin this month—is announced.

"THE FEMALE HOWARD."**WHAT AN INVALID WOMAN DID FOR THE WORLD.**

"The Female Howard" was the title given to Miss Dorothy Lynde Dix, who deserved in many respects a more enduring name than the Bedford philanthropist. E. A. Meredith in the *American Journal of Politics* for September gives an interesting sketch of this heroine, based on Mr. George Tiffany's recently issued biography. A brief reminder of a career which should be had in everlasting remembrance is not here out of place.

Born at the beginning of the century, she spent a miserable childhood. At fourteen years of age she began to teach, and worked until thirty, when her health completely gave way, but not before she had practically secured the two ends of a competence for herself and a fund to educate and start in life her two younger brothers. Not till ten years later was her attention called to the shocking condition of East Cambridge Gaol, Massachusetts, and her life work begun. It was a drama in four acts.

THE CHAMPION OF THE INSANE OF AMERICA.

1. A thorough examination of all the gaols and almshouses of Massachusetts led her to the discovery of the deplorable treatment of the pauper insane, confined as they were "in cages, closets, cellars, stables, pens; chained, naked—beaten with rods and lashes into obedience." Her memorial to the Legislature compelled it to take reform in hand. She next set herself "to induce the Legislature of each separate state to take immediate measures to provide suitable asylums for the accommodation of the insane within their borders." Before long she had "carried" the Legislatures of New Jersey, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Maryland. She also moved the Canadian Government in the same direction. A large appropriation of land on behalf of the indigent insane, imbeciles, and the like in the Union was carried through Congress by her efforts in 1851, and only defeated by the Presidential veto. At the same time she was doing "as wonderful" a work in the reformation of gaols and almshouses, and found time to get an exposed island off Nova Scotia provided with lifeboats and auxiliary apparatus.

REVOLUTIONISING BRITISH LUNACY LAWS.

2. Broken down and in quest of rest she came to England in 1854, but within a few months after her arrival she set about investigating the Scottish asylums. Her reports and her influence led to the appointment of the Scottish Lunacy Commission, and eventually to the Act of 1857, which "revolutionised the Lunacy Laws of Great Britain." She next introduced reform into the Channel Islands. Then she attacked the Continent.

In feeble health, alone, and entirely ignorant of all the European languages, excepting French, of which she had only a slight knowledge, in twelve months she traversed Italy, Greece, Turkey, Austria, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Holland, and Belgium, returning by way of France to England. . . For the insane in the hospitals in Petersburg and Moscow she had nothing to ask. They possessed every comfort and all needed care. Again she found a very well directed Mohammedan hospital at Constantinople and an excellent asylum at Naples in King Bomba's territory; but one of the worst of all at Rome, under the shadow of the Vatican! With reference to this last she had an interesting interview with Pope Pius IX, with whose saintliness and benignity she was much impressed.

QUEEN OF THE WAR NURSES.

3. In 1856 she returned home to renew her crusade on

behalf of the insane, carrying legislatures and eliciting munificence in an extraordinary manner. On the outbreak of the Civil War, she was made superintendent of women nurses in the general and military hospitals, with almost unlimited powers. At the close she was offered a reward by Congress, and asked what she preferred to receive. "The flag of my country," she answered. Eighteen months more were spent in looking after widows and orphans and nurses—left destitute by the war.

4. Then she felt called to traverse the length and the breadth of the country to renew legislative interest and personal generosity in regard to the asylums, which the dislocations caused by the war had brought into a lamentable state. Up to her death in 1881, in her eightieth year, she never abandoned her rôle of knight-errant of suffering humanity:—

Whenever any great calamity occurred like the terrible fires which destroyed such large portions of Chicago and Boston, Miss Dix was sure to be on the spot with sums of money which she had collected from her friends, and quietly and judiciously searching out for herself when help was most needed, or what persons already on hand could be relied upon to expend the fund most wisely.

This life of wonderful activity was but an alternation of severe effort with complete breakdown in health. To the self-effacing humility of the heroine must be attributed the comparative oblivion into which her name has sunk.

THE BEHRING SEA AWARD.

A WRITER in *Blackwood* reviews the history of "The United States in International Law" in a spirit not too friendly to the States:—

More than any other nation in the world, the United States accepts the law of nations as an integral part of the law of the land. . . . In effect, the Americans look, or profess to look, on international law as a system of morals, from which the positive laws and prescribed usages of nations must not be separated. . . . This being the state of things, it is remarkable that the United States public men should be found through their whole history urging points of view regarding the law of nations which all other nations had rejected, and putting forward claims based on grounds too remote for serious consideration.

An explanation is found in the statement that the conduct of the Senate, with whom lies the control of foreign policy, "is ultimately determined, not by considerations of national honour and international law, but by the consideration of party necessity."

He does not "predict finality for the decision" on the Behring Sea question:—

The whole subject of these regulations, the general effect of which is more favourable to the American seal-fisheries than any one could have imagined in view of the total failure of every point of international law on which the American case rested, will need and will probably receive consideration. . . . This award may be finally accepted without protest; but if so, it will be, not because it is quite in accord with the rules of international law—

but because of British magnanimity.

A compliment to Canadian statesmanship should be noted:—

The British case, presumably prepared in great part, if not altogether, under the control of or in person by the members of the Canadian Ministry . . . is prepared in a manner calculated to excite a feeling of satisfaction that the public service of the Colonies and of the Empire can still command the use of very extraordinary ability for very insignificant rewards.

"BRITANNIC" CONFEDERATION.**A SCHEME FOR THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.**

MR. ARTHUR S. WHITE, editor of a series of essays by eminent authors on "Britannic Confederation," described in the *Asiatic Quarterly* the initial steps which in his view should be taken towards the unification of Greater Britain. He recognises the growth of Federation sentiment at home and in the Colonies. He admits that a *Zollverein* is at present impossible, "owing to the immature development of the Colonies," but declares that a *Kriegsverein* is not only immediately practicable, but is needed. Since the Home Government will not urgently, and the Colonies cannot, take the initiative, he suggests that the Governing Body of the Imperial Institute should become the "accredited agency," with the "object" of promoting "an inviolable political union between the mother country and the self-governing Colonies." "Sub-agencies" should be formed by this body in the Colonies.

AN IMPERIAL INSTITUTE CONFERENCE.

A Conference shall be summoned by the Imperial Institute, at the instance of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The Delegates shall be the Representatives on the Governing Body, who shall be aided by specialists. A programme shall be drawn up by a Special Committee and submitted to the Conference. This Programme, after receiving the sanction of the Conference, shall be submitted to the Home Government and the Colonial Legislatures for acceptance in principle. . .

Our vast Indian Empire is and must remain, in the strictest sense, an Imperial dependency. As such, its representatives on any Colonial Council or at any Conference must be the representatives of the Crown of India.

Mr. White submits a draft "programme likely to receive general support." Its chief unitive features are these:—

The Imperial Army and Navy shall be exclusively responsible, as at present, for the safety and protection of the Empire, with the loyal co-operation of the Colonies. The Colonies shall provide harbour and coast defences at their own expense, to ensure safety against surprise by a hostile Power, such forces to be regarded as a Volunteer arm of the Imperial Services. Garrisons of Imperial troops shall be maintained, as now, at the chief strategical outposts of the Empire, at the expense of the Home Government; but the Colonies shall increase their Volunteer establishments for exclusive use in their respective Colonies, to be placed in time of war under the command of the Home Government.

A COLONIAL COUNCIL.

A Colonial Council shall be formed, consisting of Her Majesty's Colonial and Indian Advisers and the Agents-General of the Colonies, whose duty it shall be to watch British Colonial interests, and to promote and maintain inter-relations between the Mother Country, India, and the Colonies.

The Imperial Government shall guarantee, subsidise, or otherwise assist trans-oceanic communications, the laying of cables and postal facilities between the Mother Country, India, and the Colonies. Armed cruisers, or mail-boats convertible as such, shall be maintained on the chief highways of British commerce by subsidies from the Home Government conjointly with the Colony or Colonies most interested.

A COMMERCIAL BUREAU FOR THE EMPIRE.

A Commercial Bureau shall be formed, within the Imperial Institute, to gather and disseminate information concerning trade and commerce—British, Indian, Colonial, and Foreign—and to promote in every way closer and more advantageous commercial relations between the Mother Country, India, and the Colonies. This Commercial Bureau shall have its headquarters, or at least a branch, in the city of London, together with agencies in every colony and in India.

The Public Services shall be open to all duly qualified British subjects, with the approval of the Crown. A special effort shall be made to enlist British subjects in the Colonies

in the Imperial Army and Navy, on the understanding that they shall be kept on duty in their respective Colonies.

The cost of maintaining all British Dependencies shall fall, as now, unless otherwise arranged—as in the case of India—on the Mother Country. The entire cost of the Diplomatic and Consular Services shall be borne, as now, by the Mother Country; but it shall be allowable for any Colony to maintain a commercial *Attaché* on the staff of any British Embassy, or Legation, or Consulate-General.

COMMON DEFENCE FUND.

The Colonies shall contribute a fixed annual sum of money to a common fund for the defence of the Empire. The contracting parties shall formally recognise the obligation to uphold and maintain the unity of the Empire as at present constituted.

Schemes of this kind are welcome if for no other reason than because they show we are passing from the stage of pious aspiration to that of practical initiative. But why "Britannic" Confederation? English-speaking is the only adjective wide enough to include the Irish.

THE WORLD-DRAMA IN DANTE'S COMEDY.

THE "historical presuppositions and foreshadowings" which Mr. W. M. Bryant finds in Dante's great poem are set forth in the *Andover Review* in style and substance richly reminiscent of Hegel's philosophy of history. The writer's mind has manifestly succumbed to the spell of the magic number three:—

Man is essentially a threefold being. He is at once a power to know, a power to do, and a power to feel. The highest mode of man as a power to know is called Science; the highest mode of man as a power to do is called Government; the highest mode of man as a power to feel is called Religion. To know the world, to wield the world, to experience the rhythm of the world—all these in one—that is to be concrete Man. And concrete man is Divinity in process of unfolding. . .

Of all the nations of antiquity three unfolded each a special one of the central phases of man's nature. . . The Greeks were the first world-knowing people. . . The Romans were the first world-ruling people. . . The Hebrews were the first people to feel keenly, surely, with all its fulness the great divine rhythm of the world in its deepest spiritual import. For this reason it was a Hebrew who first seized, as with divine vision, the utmost import for man of the central principle of *Personality*—the principle that once for all lifts man to a divine level and reveals the *Real Presence* of the creative Mind in all the infinitely varied forms of the actual world.

Modern civilisation is the chemical fusion of Greek, Roman, Hebrew elements, which the Teutonic spirit has known how to blend in finest proportions and to raise to highest life.

Thus it may be said that the Ancient world was a world of isolation, of mutual distrust, of irrepressible antagonism—that is, a very Inferno of negotiations. So, also, the Middle Ages constitute a period of interfusion, of physical and spiritual collision, of cumulative earnestness and depth of inquiry, of the gradual balancing and clarifying of the minds of men—that is, a painful but promising Purgatorial state for humanity. And finally the Modern world is the period of discovery, of growing clearness of intelligence, of increasing mutual confidence and helpfulness—that is, a state in which humanity is realising in ever-increasing degree the genuine rhythm of Paradise.

So each member of the race, beginning as a simple individual, must struggle through contradictions and negations, until he attains "concrete personality."

Clearly, then, this also is a fundamental feature of the eternal world. And no one of all mankind has realised the fact more vividly than did Dante himself, lifted as he was on the very crest of that mighty purgatorial wave in the time-aspect of this world's history known as the Middle Ages.

THE SITUATION IN SIAM AND THE FAR EAST.

REFLECTIONS on the new situation in Siam continue to occupy the attention of magazine readers. In the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for September, Mr. Coutts Trotter, F.R.G.S., gives much valuable information about the Siamese frontier (with maps), people, and trade. Tongking, Annam, and Cochin China ought, he urges, to be regarded not as separate countries but as one, "inhabited by one dominant race, the Annamese, which is akin to the Chinese."

THE BRITISH CASE IN SIAM: BY MR. CURZON.

In the *North American Review* for September, whose editor is careful to present his readers with opposing views of the Siamese question, Mr. Curzon thus states the situation from the British standpoint:—

Without much effort, with no great loss of men and no enormous outlay, she has succeeded in humiliating her petty Asiatic neighbour, has extorted from his exchequer £120,000 for damages which would have been exorbitantly assessed at one-tenth of that total, and has stripped his dominion of some seventy thousand square miles. I do not say much about the morality of the proceeding, partly because no two opinions can be held concerning it; partly because morality seems to be out of vogue in international politics.

The main object with which the French have embarked upon this enterprise has been the hope of diverting from Bangkok, and securing for Saigon, the trade of the Mekong Valley; and in the last resort of winning for France, and snatching from England, the commercial spoils of Yunnan. In this expectation I believe that they will be cruelly disappointed. . . . The Mekong River, by reason of its numerous rapids, is utterly unfitted for continuous or lucrative navigation by steam-power; whilst there is not a town of any importance upon its banks but Luang Prabang. . . .

Furthermore, if obeying the inevitable law of advance, the French, not satisfied with their present acquisitions, attempt still further encroachments upon the integrity of Siam, they are not unlikely to find themselves brought into conflict with both China and Great Britain. . . . England, for her part, cannot acquiesce in any further advance that would have the effect of squeezing the buffer State of Siam out of existence, and of planting herself and France face to face in Indo-China. Siam has been humbled and mutilated; we could not be equally indifferent to her extinction.

MADAME ADAM ON THE FRENCH CASE.

Knowing and greatly esteeming the singular abilities of Madame Adam, we turn to her statement of the French case—and find what we expect. It is simply the cry of "perfidious Albion" long drawn out, interspersed with more or less doubtful compliments at the expense of the French Government to English boldness, promptness, and persistency. Here are specimens of the only kind of argument advanced:—

Whenever France has had a difficulty, England has either produced, intensified, maintained it, or prevented its being overcome. She has ever been the enemy of France, and owes her power to her not forgetting that fact for a moment. A sinister law—discovered or, rather, formulated by one of the bold thinkers of England—governs, and will increasingly govern, the relations of English and French national life. This law is the struggle for existence! . . . Is it possible, in this age of struggle for existence, to resist Old England's triumphant, superb and enviable resources of aggression otherwise than by aggression of the same kind?

In eight pages of this sort of thing we fail to detect so much as a single reference to the rights of the Siamese, which increases our estimate of the shrewdness of Madame Adam.

"WAVERING AND WOBBLING."

According to a writer in *Blackwood*, France and Russia are leagued in a settled endeavour to destroy British power and British trade. Against the "boundless ambition" of France

British interests in Siam have been inefficiently safeguarded. . . . How our facile Foreign Secretary came to assure the French that it was "of no consequence," is a matter for which he will be surely held to account at the bar of history, if nowhere else; for it seems—from all that is as yet known of it—as perfect an example of doing just the wrong thing as it is possible to imagine. As Russia was warned off meddling with Egypt in 1877, by the clear notification of British interests there, so France would have been warned off Siam by a similar declaration, even as late as the spring of the present year. Straightforward and timely assertion of rights, with clear definition, backed up by unswerving resolution to maintain them, is the surest way to keep the peace among nations. The wavering and wobbling invite aggression, and deserve it. . . . A ring-fence of inflexible national resolution thrown round our whole empire, with all its interests, without petty discrimination, would be at once the simplest and the safest form of national defence.

ANNAM AND THE ANNAMITES.

Hon. G. R. Curzon, M.P., in the *Geographical Journal* for September, concludes the story of his journeys in French Indo-China. He describes the Annamites as an exceptionally gentle and amiable race, possessing marked industrial and artistic aptitudes, "tenacious in resistance," "hospitable, polite, lively, sentimental, and of easy temper," at the same time "tricky and deceitful, disposed to thieve when they get the chance, mendacious, and incurable gamblers." Of the produce of the coal-fields of Annam, which are being developed by British capital, he says that:—

The best quality burns well, being a fine bituminous coal; but the coarser samples require a greater draught than most grates admit of, and also crumble easily to coal-dust. To utilise this residuum a briquette factory is about to be established at Hongai. One phenomenon these mines present, which I imagine must be unique in the world. At Hatu I saw a solid seam of black coal 180 feet in depth, exposed down the entire front of a hill; nor had the bottom of the seam yet been ascertained.

The Burmese Slowly Dying Out.

A DELIGHTFUL article on a dolorous theme is that by Mr. G. H. Le Maistre in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*. In bright and vivid sentences he depicts "the gradual extinction of the Burmese race." The Burman is "the prince of easy-going fellows." A prolific soil needs scant exertion to produce ample supply for all his wants, and most of the work that is necessary he makes his wife do for him. Had he been left undisturbed in his charming land, he might have lasted for many a generation in genial idleness. But in this crowded world the Fates are not propitious to lazy men. The downfall of King Theebaw opened this luxurious paradise to more enterprising nations. Hardworking Hindus and Chinamen came in numbers. They began to develop the latent wealth of the soil. They were encouraged by the Government, for their enterprise meant the repletion of its hungry treasury. The self-indulgent and lethargic Burman has no chance with such competitors. He sinks inevitably. The Burmese women prefer for husbands the kinder and wealthier foreigner.

Only time is required for the pure Burman to disappear altogether, and for his place to be taken by a race in whose veins the blood of the Chinaman and of the native of India will mingle with his own.

HOW OUR POST OFFICE GREW.

In the *Economic Journal* for September, Mr. A. M. Ogilvie gives a most interesting sketch of the origin and development of the English postal system:—

It was not until the reign of Henry I. that the business of Government required the regular employment of persons for the conveyance of letters. Under Edward III. fixed stations were established, at which the Royal *Nunci* could change horses. Henry VIII. appointed Brian Tuke to be the first "master of the posts," chiefly to supervise these change-houses. Edward VI. and Elizabeth spent large sums in making the system efficient, but it was only when the requirements of the royal messengers had been satisfied that private messengers could get horses, and at an almost prohibitive charge of 20d. for every stage of seven miles. The royal messengers carried no private letters, except by favour.

A post to the Continent, started by Flemish trades in England early in the sixteenth century, and in 1558 the office of the "master of the strangers' post," was combined with the mastership of the royal posts.

This double service was the nucleus of the English Post Office. The two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge early in the seventeenth century, or perhaps even earlier, established posts to other parts of the country for the use of their members, but these services, unlike the corresponding services of the University of Paris, never became parts of the national system.

THE FIRST POSTAGE RATES.

Thomas Witherings, postmaster to Charles I., opened the royal posts to the public.

The first postage rates were as follows: for a single letter, i.e. a letter on a single sheet of paper, 2d. for distances of 80 miles, or less. For 140 miles, or less, 4d. For any longer distance, in England, 6d.; and to Scotland, 8d. For double letters these charges were doubled. . . . It is often said that it was never intended in the establishment of the Post Office that it should yield a profit. This may be true of an ideal Post Office; but it certainly is not an historical fact. Since 1650 there has not been a year when the Government, with the full sanction of Parliament, has not used the postal service as a source of revenue; and very often it has been administered solely for this purpose.

PENNY POST IN LONDON IN 1682.

Until the close of the reign of Charles II. posts were from town to town and not from one part of a town to another. Letters might be sent by post to places a few miles away, but there was no local service even in London. The want of such a service was felt as the suburbs grew. In 1682 William Docwra took over a private business of collecting and delivering letters and small parcels in London and Westminster and the nearer suburbs, established by a man named Murray a few years before. He opened new offices, and delivered letters and parcels up to 1lb. in weight and £10 in value for one penny each in London and Westminster, and for twopence each within a distance of ten miles.

This system was suppressed as illegal, but taken over and made a branch of the Post Office, with Docwra as comptroller. In 1709 an attempt by Charles Dovey to set up a halfpenny post was also suppressed.

FROM POST-RIDER TO MAIL-COACH.

The next great event in Post Office history occurred in 1784, when the use of coaches for the conveyance of mails was begun on the suggestion of John Palmer, who was strongly supported in his proposals by Pitt. The change was made not so much for speed as for security. The mails had increased very much in bulk, and were often more than the post-riders, who up to that time had been employed, could properly carry on horseback.

In 1839 came the great reforms of Rowland Hill. The same year the money order system was adopted. In 1870 the telegraph system followed. Despite the enormous increase in business—

The balance paid into the Exchequer is much less in proportion to the gross revenue than before the Penny Post began. In 1839 the cost of management was equal to 35 per cent. of the receipts. In 1872 it had risen to 72 per cent., and for 1892 it was about 80 per cent.

WHY NOT POSTALISE RAILWAY TRAFFIC,
AND GO AS FAR AS YOU LIKE FOR 2½D.?

This popular plea is urged by Mr. James L. Cowles in the *Engineering Magazine* for September. Why not, he asks, adopt the same principle in charging for the transmission of persons and goods as in charging for the transmission of letters?

A two-cent stamp will send a letter from Eastport, Maine, to Seattle, in Washington. Is there any essential difference between the transportation of the mails and the transportation of other freight and of passengers? On some railways the mails weigh almost a tenth as much as the passengers carried, and the actual income of American railways from the carriage of the mails in 1890 was nearly one-tenth as much as from the passenger traffic.

The principle has been applied with remarkable success to horse-car lines, electric tramways, "elevated railways," and the like. One of the main arguments against its further application Mr. Cowles meets by the proposition, which is also the title of his article, "Distance not a Factor in the Cost of Railway Traffic." He adduces statistics to show that "the cost per ton and per passenger is practically the same on the heavily-laden through-train and on the comparatively light way-train" (local-train). The through-train "wastes neither the time nor the fuel lost by the way-train in frequent stops." The main business of a railway must always be local traffic.

This is what he desires to see introduced:—

An ideal condition will be attained when the consolidation of railway systems, now under way, has been completed, and the lowest rate charged between any two stations in each particular class of service has been adopted as the standard rate for such service between all the railway stations in our country. The standard rate on passenger way-trains in the eastern part of the United States, under this rule, would be five cents per trip, and on express trains the rates would be practically in inverse proportion to the number of stops. If the stops on the express were one-fourth as many as on the way-train, the rates would be four times as much as on the way-train. Again, since Pullman cars weigh nearly twice as much as ordinary cars, and cost twice as much, while carrying hardly half as many passengers, the rates by Pullman car would be at least four times as much as by ordinary cars.

On this plan, a man on payment of twopence halfpenny could travel as far as he pleased by ordinary car and slow train.

"The Ideal Artist and Man of the World."

So Miss Virginia Butler, in *Lippincott's*, describes the President of the Royal Academy, in a warmly appreciative account of an hour at his house:—

As we entered the studio, we were met by the host, one of the most finished gentlemen, as well as one of the most accomplished artists, in Britain. . . . Strikingly handsome in face, manly and graceful in bearing, exquisitely polished in manner, picturesque in costume, he seems a realisation of the ideal artist and man of the world. . . . Sir Frederick is a fine linguist: Italian, German, and French are as familiar to him as his native tongue. A man must touch the world at many points,—such is his theory,—must have a wide acquaintance with man and nature, must be catholic in sympathies and tastes, must be a student of books, must have a knowledge far beyond the mere boundaries of his especial art, before he can be a consummate artist; and this, which is the philosophy of the true artist's culture, Sir Frederick completely illustrates.

AN URGENT PLEA FOR PENAL REFORM.

By MR. MONTAGUE CRACKANTHORPE.

"NEW WAYS with old offenders" is the taking but rather inadequate title of a most instructive essay by Mr. Montague Crackanthorpe, Q.C., in the *Nineteenth Century*. It is really a review of our present penal system and of suggested reforms, treated as a chapter in the science of punishment. Full of fact and weighty reflection as is the first part, the second, which marks out the steps yet to be taken, need alone be dealt with here. The writer confines this part of his investigation to three points:—

1. What is the true measure of criminal punishment?
2. What weight should be given to a previous conviction when sentencing for a second offence?
3. Can any means be devised for making sentences more uniform?

THE MEASURE OF PUNISHMENT.

Mr. Crackanthorpe answers the first by saying:—

The measure which our law primarily regards is the *injury done to social order*, that is to say, to the community of which the offending person is a member: not as Sir J. F. Stephen holds—

The sentence of the law is to the moral sentiment of the public in relation to any offence what a seal is to hot wax. It converts into a permanent final judgment what might otherwise be a transient sentiment.

Nor as Sir Edward Fry, that the main criterion of punishment is "the adaptation of suffering to sin," "the adjustment of pain to vice." The essayist's own conclusion is as follows:—

Ranging the factors of a criminal sentence according to their relative weights, the order appears to me to be this. Preventive justice first, reformatory justice second, and retributive justice a bad third.

SHALL PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS COUNT?

To the second question, widely diverse answers are given:—

School No. 1 ignores the previous conviction entirely. School No. 2 treats it as a ground for seriously augmenting the sentence. School No. 3, compounding with the other two, treats it as depriving the offender of the benefit of the mitigation of sentence to which it deems him, in ordinary circumstances, to be rightfully entitled.

In the case of a person convicted for the first time of an offence punishable with imprisonment, a French tribunal may now, after pronouncing such definitive sentence as it thinks right, order execution of the sentence to be conditionally suspended. The condition is that if within five years the convicted prisoner is found guilty of crime his original sentence is carried out in its integrity. If, on the contrary, he abstains from crime during that period, the original sentence becomes null and void. When a man who has been so conditionally condemned is convicted a second time, his second sentence is by the *loi Bérenger* more severe than it would have been had the first sentence not been pronounced.

Than this French plan Mr. Crackanthorpe thinks—

No expedient could be more efficacious as a preventive against a relapse. The "conditional condemnation," like the "conditional release" in our own ticket-of-leave system, puts the subject of it on a genuine and not a sham probation.

HOW TO MAKE SENTENCES UNIFORM.

To secure something like uniform sentencing, Mr. Crackanthorpe thinks the Court of Review proposed by the Judges would not be sufficient. His own proposal is—

that a Royal Commission be appointed to frame such a rule or rules on the plan of Lord Grey's Commission of 1863, which

organised our system of Penal Servitude, or of Lord Aberdare's Commission of 1862-4, which organised our Reformatory System. Both these systems, though largely the creations of speculative opinion, were placed on a solid basis by the labours of those two Commissions. It is not too much to expect that the proposed new Commission would be equally successful.

The recommendations arrived at should be circulated by the Home Office throughout the country. There would thus be gained the authoritative enunciation of general rules, their application in each case being left to judicial common sense.

MR. GOSCHEN'S "CROOKED FINANCE."

MR. W. A. HUNTER's article in the *Contemporary* under the title of "A Story of Crooked Finance" gives us an exposition of what he regards as the shortcomings of Mr. Goschen's finance. It certainly savours more of the bombardment that goes on in the hottest crisis of a general election than of the cooler intervals of parliamentary life. Mr. Hunter plants his battery on the recently published Return on Local Taxation in England:—

According to Mr. Fowler's figures, in the year 1892 no less than £11,846,482 of a total, in round numbers, of £65,000,000 raised by imperial taxation in England, was applied, not for any object of imperial expenditure, legitimate or illegitimate, but for the purpose of reducing local rates; upon an average, this represents a lowering of local rates by 1s. 6d. in the £. But the full effect of Mr. Goschen's finance was not felt in 1892, for in the current year the imperial subvention in aid of the ratepayers will, in England alone, exceed £13,000,000, or one-fifth of the imperial taxation obtained from that portion of the United Kingdom.

THREE HEAVY CHARGES.

Based on these facts he hurls with increasing vehemence the threefold indictment:—

First, the system of imposing taxes to enable local authorities to lower rates was introduced by the Tories. Even in opposition they have, through the treachery of the Whig landlord element, attained some success; but it is when in power that they have done most, and under Mr. Goschen's fostering care the system has reached gigantic and alarming proportions.

Secondly, the system of imperial subventions is merely a trick, a sort of financial sleight-of-hand, whereby out of the poverty of the poor is extracted the means to augment the superfluities of the rich. Of a total for 1893 of imperial subventions for Great Britain of £10,600,000, no less than £7,000,000 is taken from the working class and lower middle class, and handed over to the richer ratepayer and owner of land and houses. From an ethical point of view, the proceeding is with difficulty to be distinguished from pocket-picking.

Thirdly, the persons who are made to pay the lordly tribute of £7,000,000 are precisely those who are most shamefully overtaxed, and the ratepayers who receive the plunder are those whose rates bear the lowest proportion to their taxable income. It is not merely robbery; it is robbery of the meanest and most despicable character—it is robbery of the poor by the rich. The class for whose benefit this odious abuse of the power of taxation is exercised have, per head, ten times the annual income of the poor people whose pennies they do not disdain to pilfer.

In the course of his strictures Mr. Hunter declares:—

That the working classes and the lower middle class would gain all over England about £24,000,000 a year if customs and excise were abolished, and the amount lost to the Exchequer were made up by levying a rate equally according to the valuation. But even then the working classes would still pay in rates much more than a fair proportion of their taxable income, in comparison with the richer ratepayers.

THE "EXPANSION" OF THE UNITED STATES.

SOME PROS AND CONS.

Is the American Republic to take after the mother-country and go in for a *maremperire*? That is practically the question which the projected annexation of the Hawaiian Islands has forced to the front. Mr. A. T. Mahan's answer in the *Atlantic Monthly* is in effect affirmative. He is distressed at the lack of broad national policy which the Hawaiian discussion has revealed. He is especially apprehensive of irresolution with regard to the interests of his country at the Central American Isthmus:—

So long as the United States jealously resents all foreign interference in the Isthmus, and at the same time takes no steps to formulate a policy or develop a strength that can give shape and force to her own pretensions, just so long will the absolute control over any probable contingency of the future rest with Great Britain, by virtue of her naval positions, her naval power, and her omnipresent capital.

A FORWARD POLICY.

If, on the other hand, we determine that our interest and dignity require that our rights should depend upon the will of no other state, but upon our own power to enforce them, we must gird ourselves to admit that freedom of interoceanic transit depends upon predominance in a maritime region—the Caribbean Sea—through which pass all the approaches to the Isthmus. Control of a maritime region is insured primarily by a navy; secondarily, by positions, suitably chosen and spaced one from the other, upon which as bases the navy rests, and from which it can exert its strength. At present the positions of the Caribbean are occupied by foreign powers, nor may we, however disposed to acquisition, obtain them by means other than righteous; but a distinct advance will have been made when public opinion is convinced that we need them, and should not exert our utmost ingenuity to dodge them when flung at our head.

COUNT THE COST!

Quite another view is upheld in *Harper's* by Mr. Carl Schurz, who administers a cold douche of caution to the enthusiasts of the "Manifest Destiny" school:—

The new "manifest destiny" precept means, in point of principle, not merely the incorporation in the United States of territory contiguous to our borders, but rather the acquisition of such territory, far and near, as may be useful in enlarging our commercial advantages, and in securing to our navy facilities desirable for the operations of a great naval power.

Remember what the "expansion" of a republic means:—

Let us admit, for argument's sake, that there is something dazzling in the conception of a great republic embracing the whole continent and the adjacent islands, and that the tropical part of it would open many tempting fields for American enterprise; let us suppose—a violent supposition, to be sure—that we could get all these countries without any trouble or cost. But will it not be well to look beyond? If we receive those countries as States of this Union, as we eventually shall have to do in case we annex them, we shall also have to admit the people inhabiting them as our fellow-citizens on a footing of equality.

DEMOCRACY AND THE TROPICS.

It is a matter of universal experience that democratic institutions have never on a large scale prospered in tropical latitudes. The so-called republics existing under the tropical sun constantly vibrate between anarchy and despotism.

Only Europeans belonging to the so-called Latin races have ever in large masses become domesticated in tropical America. . . . That Spanish-Indian mixture is evidently far more apt to flourish there than people of the Germanic stock, and will under climatic influences so congenial to it remain the prevailing element and the assimilating force.

THE GNAT AND THE CAMEL.

Imagine now fifteen or twenty, or even more, States inhabited by a people so utterly different from ours in origin, in customs and habits, in traditions, language, morals, impulses, ways of thinking—in almost everything that constitutes social and political life—and these people remaining under the climatic influences which in a great measure have made them what they are, and render an essential change of their character impossible—imagine a large number of such States to form part of this Union, and through dozens of Senators and scores of Representatives in Congress, and millions of votes in our Presidential elections, to participate in making our laws, in filling the executive places of our government, and in impressing themselves upon the spirit of our political life. The mere statement of the case is sufficient to show that the incorporation of the American tropics in our national system would essentially transform the constituency of our government, and be fraught with incalculable dangers to the vitality of our democratic institutions. Many of our fellow-citizens are greatly disturbed by the immigration into this country of a few hundred thousand Italians, Slavs, and Hungarians.

Yet these immigrants will soon be Americanised. What, then, of the introduction of a score or more whole States of Spanish-Indians who will never be Americanised?

THE LIMITATION OF IMMIGRATION.

"We must," says Mr. Arthur Cassot in the *American Journal of Politics* for September, "at all hazards guard ourselves against unrestricted immigration, to preserve our standard of living, our morality, and the homogeneity of our people." His grounds are:—

In the first place, sixteen per cent. of our immigrants are illiterate, and about a yearly average of four and eight-tenths per cent. or 25,306 of the male immigrants "are unskilled and untrained in any avocation." Secondly, the female immigration from Italy and Hungary is only 20·6, and 26·2 per cent. of the male. Thirdly, foreigners or their immediate descendants form about two-thirds of all the paupers supported at almshouses and one-third of all the inmates of our state prisons and penitentiaries . . . The most embarrassing of all this immigration comes from Southern Italy, Poland, Russia, Hungary, and Ireland.

The remedy he proposes is—

to enact a law in addition to the rigid enforcement of existing laws, which would exclude all immigrants above the age of twelve who cannot write freely and easily their native language, an exception being made for those over fifty-five years of age coming with other members of the family, and all male persons over fifteen years of age who are unskilled and untrained in any occupation.

DEPORTATION FOR THE AMERICAN-CHINESE.

Of the one hundred and ten thousand Chinese resident in the United States, Kurt von Staufen, in the September number of the *American Journal of Politics*, reckons that one hundred thousand belong to "the scum of all China." They are brought over on false representations, under a contract which is practically slavery, by the Six Companies of San Francisco. They are celibates, ignorant of the very meaning of virtue. They undermine American morality, undersell American labour, and lower the popular respect for manual toil. Their occasional alleged conversion to Christianity is open to the gravest doubt. They are by their very nature unable to understand its ethics. To attempt to evangelise them is really "a crime against home and native land." From these and other equally strong assertions, the writer concludes that—

The truly rational way to deal with the question is to settle it permanently, and that can only be done by the deportation of all the Chinese that compete in any way with American labour in any form whatsoever.

A PLEA FOR THE GOTHENBURG SYSTEM.

BY AN AMERICAN OBSERVER.

ARDENT prohibitionists in this country may be surprised to learn that Massachusetts, though so near to the home of the Maine Liquor Law, is meditating the introduction of the Gothenburg system. A commission has been appointed to investigate the Scandinavian method, and it is to be assumed that legislative action will follow its report. So Mr. E. R. L. Gould informs us in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He recalls the remarkable results of the system which has in twenty-five years reduced the consumption of spirits per head of the population, in Sweden by 35 per cent. and in Norway by 53 per cent. It has succeeded in countries so different as Finland, aristocratic Sweden, and ultra-democratic Norway. Mr. Gould points out that it presents many features not at all new to American practice:—

The fundamental basis, license with local option privileges, is the policy in many of the States. Neither is the application of moneys derived from the liquor traffic to objects of public utility a new thing.

The Norwegian is the model most akin to American possibilities.

NECESSARY MODIFICATIONS.

But, Mr. Gould insists, the system would have to be extended "so as to include fermented as well as spirituous liquors." For though the Scandinavian takes less spirits, he has apparently more than made up for it in beer; and "of late years drunkenness has been on the increase." Capital ousted from the distilling has gone into the beer-brewing business.

The great difficulty anticipated lies in the fact that—

The standard of municipal politics in this country is not what it is in Scandinavia, and this, in the light of what has been said of the intimate relation existing between the companies and the local government, apparently offers an insuperable objection. Many would think it better to leave undisturbed the present unholy alliance, than that liquor and politics should be more closely wed.

There need not be too many misgivings on this score. Wherever the system is in operation, notwithstanding municipal relationships, the saloon is absolutely without political significance.

THE LICENSING AUTHORITY.

"The crucial test of the American mechanism of the system would be the constitution of the licensing authority."

Mr. Gould does not look with favour on the idea of creating this authority by executive appointment or by local election. He would rather constitute it "from the judges of secondary instance, for example":—

The judicial power in the United States has been comparatively little infected by politics, and would be by far the safest repository of the required functions.

The Norwegian method of appropriating the surplus might be adopted. It would be well to fix by statute the specific objects to which the funds should be applied, so as to keep them from the misappropriating ingenuity of the "local politician." Among the different interests to be favoured by subsidies, Mr. Gould believes that kindergarten and manual training and agencies for healthy recreation should have the first claim.

IT WOULD ABOLISH THE SALOON.

Let us not be accused of lack of faith if we say that to transplant the Gothenburg system to America will require heroic effort. Not only will liquor have to be fought on the social and economic side, but it must also be reckoned with as a political factor. In the latter respect, conditions are going

from bad to worse. Why trifle further? Why not invite the struggle openly on the issue of the only plan of control which eliminates the political influence of the liquor interest, and abolishes altogether the saloon as we know it to-day? If ever municipal politics are permanently purified, it will not be through outbursts of righteous wrath followed by periods of supine indifference. . . . Greater purity in municipal politics, while not an absolute prerequisite, will assuredly follow the introduction of the Gothenburg system.

In many respects the United States offers more favourable conditions for commencing than did Norway and Sweden. No legal obstacles oppose; liquor selling has never been considered a vested interest; nor are we hampered by life-holding privileges. Furthermore, we are accustomed to all sorts of experiments in regulating the trade in alcohol. Not infrequently are prohibition, high license, and low license tried in the same community during the course of a single decade. Climate and custom, too, are in our favour.

AN EXPERIMENT IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The South Carolina Liquor Law, which came into force on July 1st, is thus described in the September number of the *North American Review* by the Mayor of Aiken, S.C.:—

All parties are prohibited from trafficking in any distilled or malt liquor, while the State is authorised to establish dispensaries for its exclusive sale. A general board of control exercises a supervision over the business, and a chief dispenser receives supplies and fills the orders of the local dispensers in the various counties of the commonwealth. Branch or local dispensaries are established in most of the counties. They remain open from 7 A.M. until 6 P.M. daily, except Sundays and legal holidays. Liquor is sold in packages from one-half pint to five gallons. Beer is also supplied in pint bottles. The labels of most of the bottles are surmounted by the seal and motto of the State, while a palmetto tree in raised surface occupies the reverse side. No liquor is allowed to be sold to minors or habitual drunkards, nor can it be consumed on the premises where it is sold. Any stranger desiring to make a purchase must be identified and vouched for by a responsible person. He then fills out an application, stating his age, residence, the amount he desires to purchase, and the use to which it is to be put. The application being signed and attested by the dispenser or his clerk, the applicant receives the liquor. Distilled liquor can only be purchased once a day by one person, but any number of applications for beer may be made during the day by the same person.

The Mayor, who denounces the measure, admits that "there has been a marked decrease of drunkenness since it went into operation."

An Optimist's View of Cricket.

IN *Cassell's Family Magazine*, Mr. Blathwayt publishes an interview with Mr. Alcock, Secretary of the Surrey Cricket Club, on the subject of "Modern Cricket." Mr. Alcock says:—

It is astonishing how boys are coming forward in modern cricket. We lay great stress in this club on the coaching of our young fellows. The cricket of the future depends on them. In the old days our colts used to be twenty-seven and twenty-eight years of age—now the average would be nearer sixteen. Boys—unless they are at a first-rate public school—are never taught properly, and they get into innumerable bad habits of play, but by the system here of placing promising boys under a regular instructor and showing them the proper style, they learn to play splendidly. In the old days, for want of such a nursery, all our eleven got old at once, and we could not replace it. Now we make the Oval a nursery for the young and promising, and keep our eleven always up to par by continual drafts from this reserve. On the whole, cricket, I consider, is on the upward path most emphatically. I am an optimist where cricket is concerned. I believe in progression, and I am sure we get better every year.

TWO FRENCH POLITICAL ECONOMISTS AND THEIR MAGAZINES.



M. DE MOLINARI.

THE oldest of the French economic reviews is the *Journal des Economistes*, founded in December, 1841. The present editor, M. de Molinari, who reviews the work of the Socialist Congress at Zürich in the September number of his magazine, is well known in this country as a writer on Political Economy. He is also the author of "Religion," and "Précis d'Economie Politique et de Morale." The *Journal*

des Economistes celebrated its fifty years' jubilee by publishing a complete index to its contents for the half century of its existence.

The *Revue Socialiste* appears this month with a mourning border on its cover, for the career of its illustrious chief is over. M. Benoit Malon, who has been an invalid for six months, died on September 13, at the age of fifty-three; but his illness did not cloud his great talent, and he was able to write on till the last. At the time of his death he was engaged on an important work on Socialism.

Benoit Malon, according to the obituary notices—

came to Paris as a lad, and worked as a journeyman dyer. He afterwards directed a co-operative grocery at Puteaux, and began his literary career by writing a few poems full of transcendental Socialism. In 1869 he underwent a term of three months' imprisonment for joining the International. At the Bâle Congress, in the same year, he openly declared himself a Communist. He also shared in the revolutionary attempts of 1867, 1868, and 1869; while the Crensat strike in 1870 again brought him into collision with the Imperial authorities, and on the memorable 4th of September he was amongst those set at liberty amid the popular clamour around the foundation of the Republic.

Benoit Malon's career since then has been marked by political integrity and by faithfulness to principle. On January 22nd, 1871, he joined in the attempted insurrection, and shortly after he was elected one of the Deputies of the Seine Department in the Bordeaux Assembly, but resigned with Henri Rochefort. As a member of the Commune Malon was in favour of conciliation; and when he found that this was out of the question he kept away from the stormy and purposeless sittings at the Hôtel de Ville. When the insurrection was crushed he escaped to Switzerland, where he founded *La Revanche*, which was suppressed in 1872 by the Swiss Government. The amnesty brought the exile back to Paris, and his pen was from that moment devoted to the Apostolate of scientific Socialism by legislation, and above all without revolution. His death is a manifest loss not only for the Socialist party, but for those—and they are many—outside the Socialist camp who were captivated by his theories without being his disciples. His works will remain, but Benoit Malon's place remains vacant. Evolutionary Socialism has no longer any acknowledged exponent in the France of to-day.

A TRIBUTE TO THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG.

THE *Gartenlaube*, Heft 10, is the first German magazine to pay its tribute to the memory of the late Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The writer describes as a German prince in the true sense of the word the ruler who has just been taken from his country and the whole German nation, and says his name will figure in the first rank among those who have devoted their best energy to bring about the great changes which have been wrought in the fortunes of the Fatherland during the past half century.

The whole life of the Duke shows how seriously he took his mission—to take his stand among his people, to feel, to care, and to act with them. It was his aim to be at once a prince, a German patriot, and an active citizen of the whole German Empire; and nature provided him with the best gifts for carrying out his ideal. His personal interest in the welfare of his people won their confidence, and they felt that he was a man who would act according to his word. This same personality it was that assured him such success in the great national affairs of Germany. From 1848 the Duke's name was everywhere in things which concerned the free development of the Fatherland.

In the Schleswig-Holstein question, no one felt more keenly the miserable condition of the small States and the want of a united Germany; and no one welcomed more heartily the growing independence of the people which was to make them a political force, and result in 1848 in the National Assembly at Frankfurt, at which all the people were represented. He sought to bring about unity through the princes themselves, and the Princes' Congress at Berlin was due to his efforts. The plan was not successful, so the Duke turned to the German people in general, and to Coburg-Gotha in particular. He also took an active part in founding the National-Verein in 1859, but nothing made him so popular as the institution of the national rifle meetings at Gotha and Frankfurt. The story of the Duke and the wars of 1849, 1866, and 1870 is already too well known to need repetition now.

Nord und Süd for September, which by the way also contains an article on "William Steinway and the Steinway Pianos," publishes a description of the Musical Festival held at Gotha in the last week of July. It is well known that the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was a passionate lover of music, and that he was the composer of several operas—"Casilda," "Santa Chiara," "Diana von Solang-s," and others, besides the "Hymne," which has become the patriotic song of the Duchy. He, too, was the guiding spirit of the Festival which was instituted to resuscitate half-forgotten works and to encourage the composition of new ones. The old works revived were Cherubini's "Médée," and Boieldieu's "Little Red Riding Hood." The new ones were the prize operas, "Evanthia" by Paul Umlauf, and "The Rose of Pontevedra" by Joseph Forster.

British and German Universities.

DR. ALEXANDER TILLE, of Glasgow, is writing on the British and German Universities, in the *Deutsche Revue*. In Part I., which appears in the October number, he describes in outline the various universities of the United Kingdom; in Part II. he will probably do likewise with the German universities, but the subject is too wide for such summary treatment as is meted out to it.

A more interesting article is Dr. Bruno Stübel's "History of the Past of the University of Leipzig," in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* of September.

A LATTER-DAY UTOPIA.

THE SOCIALIST COLONY OF TOPOLOBAMPO.

Not this time in Nowhere, but in Mexico, on the Pacific coast, at the head of the harbour of Topolobampo. There a colony of Americans have settled and for nearly seven years now have been trying to convert the dream of thoroughgoing Socialism into accomplished fact. The story of the experiment is told by Mr. C. M. Harger in *Frank Leslie's Monthly*. The leading promoters were Edward Howland and his sister Marie,—both from New Jersey, students at the Guise "Social Palace" in France,—and a railway surveyor named A. K. Owen. They formed a company with 100,000 ten-dollar shares of stock, each share representing a lot in the site of the city yet to be, and took over quarter a million acres at the spot named above,—a location "alike removed from conflicting legislation and the temptations of surrounding communities of other tastes and practices."

SOCIALISM REALISED.

The company holds all the real estate in perpetuity, selling to its settlers only the right of occupancy. Shares cannot be sold by members except back to the company itself. Officers are elected by vote of stockholders as in any corporation, and all members are to have dealings only with the State. Company scrip, or credits issued for services on the public buildings, canals, etc., forms the currency of the colony, and is exchangeable for shares in the company or their equivalent—perpetual leases of blocks of ground.

A CITY WITHOUT A CHURCH.

The essential feature of it all is that everything shall be pooled and the affairs of all managed by chosen officers as are the affairs of a corporation, and that each shall receive, according to his labours and his investment.

In the original plan even minor details of life were managed by statute. Physicians and lawyers employed on salaries, use of tobacco discouraged, liquors and wines purchased only at the storehouse of the company and exclusively for family use, churches and secret societies forbidden, but freedom of worship allowed among individuals and families, co-operation in cooking, apartment houses and governmental journalism were among the items of the code of regulations. More liberal provisions have since been found advisable. The colonists have been allowed to formulate their own rules in the forum of probably the purest democracy now on earth.

ROUGHING IT.

Fifteen thousand shares having been disposed of, from New York, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Michigan and States further west, about four hundred colonists in 1886 first made the long journey to the location of what they hoped to see a model commonwealth. They took with them all their worldly possessions and began life anew.

They had to rough it badly. They arrived at the end of a long drought, and only by hardest labour could they extract subsistence from soil, and river, and sea. The rainy season drenched their ill-roofed homes, and caused the death of one settler.

DESERTERS AND RECRUITS.

But many had gone to the colony who should not have done so. . . About half the party returned home discouraged and disheartened. The remainder stayed by the venture, and for three years, their numbers being increased only by occasional little groups, they worked toward their ideal state.

In the fall of 1890 over two hundred more went to the front, and since then the colony has been swelled, until now five hundred are on the ground, with arrangements made for at least two considerable parties to be added during 1893. It is somewhat remarkable that the proportion of women and children is so large, the men being scarcely more than forty per cent, of the colony's strength. There has never been a

recurrence of the severities of the first year's experience, but the struggle has, nevertheless, been a constant one.

A recently-established system of irrigation has ensured the raising of crops.

THREE DOLLARS A DAY FOR EVERY WORKER.

Throughout the colony's experience the central idea under which it was organised has not been forgotten. Co-operation has ruled. Every pound of grain or fruit raised has been turned into a common fund, presided over by a director. Each labourer—man, woman or child—working on the ditch, on the ranch, or on the truck farm of La Logia, a four-hundred-acre tract near the river, has received payment in company scrip, three "credits," or three dollars a day. The scrip is receivable for material from the company's store-house, which has, by means of the farm's produce, the sale of stock to northern investors and contributions from friends, usually been fairly well filled. From the nature of the case many credits represented work not immediately productive, and could not be at once cashed: but he who laboured has been, at least, fed; and for him who did not there was promised no place.

THE SOCIALIST SUNDAY.

A school with half a hundred bright-eyed lads and lasses, in charge of a teacher who receives the same wages as the labourers on the farm or ditch, cares for the rising generation. Sunday is a day of recreation and relaxation. Regularly on Saturday nights there is a ball in the large company headquarters in the centre of the camp. . . . On Sunday afternoons the people gather, and one of the leaders reads from the lectures of scientists and philosophers, after which comes a general discussion—this usually taking the form of the consideration of ethical subjects.

Practically, there has been only the leadership of brains, all working together as seemed best, and no serious personal disputes have arisen. Co-operation has governed in small things as well as in great. Details from the ranks have done the cooking in the large headquarters building where the unmarried men live. The families live by themselves, and marriages receive the sanction of the director and are then an accomplished fact. The various trades and professions are, of course, not all represented, but such as are possible are found. It can be imagined that there is frequent loneliness especially among the women. The lack of religious feeling, the endless grind for material things, the years of demand for hopefulness upon the spirit of each colonist, have been productive of discouragement for many.

Already a number of English capitalists with socialistic ideas are looking with favour on the experiment, and lend their wealth and influence to its advancement.

"The Patron Saint of New Italy."

GIOSE CARDUCCI is introduced by Mary Hargrave to the readers of *Frank Leslie's Monthly* as "the greatest poet of educated New Italy." He is "essentially a lyric poet," and possessed of a "splendid classical style."

The "short lyric poem of terse and vigorous metre" which made his reputation—the "Inno a Satana":—is not by any means so diabolical as its name would seem to imply. It is simply a hymn in praise of the Genius of Progress or Civilisation, invoked under the name of the angel Lucifer or Satan—the angel who questions, reasons, and rebels. It celebrates the rebellion of reason against ignorance, of enlightenment against darkness and superstition—of course directed against the clerical party.

The poet's panegyrist ventures on a strong statement when she says:—

If Italy were to choose a new patron saint, her choice would undoubtedly fall upon Lucifer, angel of Light, hymned since Carducci's poem in all conceivable ways as symbolising progress and enlightenment.

An extraordinary development of demonolatry, truly.

THE FUTURE OF AGRICULTURE.

CO-OPERATIVE FARMING IN FRANCE.

THE Agricultural Syndicates of France are the theme of a very instructive paper in the *Economic Journal* for September by Mr. H. W. Wolff:—

Of the success generally of the *Syndicats Agricoles* there can be no doubt. Begun most modestly scarcely ten years ago by a handful of agriculturists brought into union by Professor Tanviray of Blois, they have in little time overspread France, multiplying in all to the number of 1,300, with about 600,000 members, and doing an annual business at present of 100,000,000 francs, which promises to grow rapidly to higher figures. They are to be met with in almost every part of France.

The Syndicates help the vine-grower and the sugar-beet grower, the horse-breeder and the market-gardener, they lend a hand in the destruction of obnoxious insects, the embankment of watercourses, fumigation for keeping off the frost, they have even provided French agriculture with Boards of Conciliation and Arbitration, and insurance of labourers against accidents; and, above all things, they have, in M. Gatallier's apt words, wholly "democratised" the use of artificial manures, insecticides, feeding stuffs, etc., placing what was formerly a luxury reserved for the rich within the easy reach of the poor, improving the quality, reducing the market-price by from 20 to 30 per cent., and yet increasing the annual consumption from the paltry figure of 52,000,000 francs, barely more than 2,000,000 for all France—to 120,000,000 francs.

CONSTITUTION: RICH AND POOR CLASSED.

The effort to get rid of the middleman has not, on the whole, succeeded. But—

If co-operative selling has proved a failure, co-operative buying has proved a grand success—indeed, coupled with co-operation in labour, the one success of the movement. That success is really all the more creditable, since the French law of 1884 does not deal over kindly with the syndicates. In France the syndicates must not trade on their own account. . . . The dealer . . . has to collect the money for the collective orders executed from every individual member separately.

The constitution of these associations, which were avowedly promoted in order to "suppress Socialism," varies considerably:—

Most of the *Syndicats* have two classes of members—the rich, who take up heavy shares, must not borrow, and are bound to remain members for a definite time, five years or so, these are the *membres fondateurs*; and the poor, who take up smaller shares, are free to leave, and who may borrow, these are the *membres effectifs*. In one *Syndicat* I have found as many as four distinct orders of members. . . . But it seems to me that the spirit of common interest and common action has been most strongly aroused in the *Syndicats* having only one class of members, all with equal rights and equal obligations, such as that of Auxerre, of which its secretary proudly boasts that "we form a veritable little republic." The members of course elect their officers, and committee, and council, but they elect them as a rule from out of the rich "founder" class. Most of the services are given gratuitously.

WOULD IT DO FOR BRITAIN?

The co-operative purchase and use of machinery and implements, the provision in some districts of winter employment by means of domestic industries, banking and lending, arrangement of technical lectures, provision for analyses and field experiments, prizes for the best managed farms, and subsidies towards the introduction of improved machinery and the construction of liquid manure tanks are among other services rendered by the Syndicates.

Mr. Wolff thinks that we in England do not want them or institutions like them. "Co-operation of a more modest type" is what we need:—

It is strange that our Agriculture should have shown itself so backward in turning to anything like adequate account this powerful force. There is a good deal of agricultural co-operation, no doubt, spread out over the kingdom; but nothing like what the industry wants, nothing like what it readily lends itself to, and what might in trying times to a considerable extent lessen its sufferings and its losses.

Gambling in Farm Produce.

In dealing with the agricultural problem in the same journal, Mr. W. E. Bear observes that—

Perhaps the most striking fact which the new Royal Commission will have to consider is this—that what their predecessors in 1882 declared to be the principal cause of the depression that then existed cannot be considered a cause of the present distress. The seasons for the ten years following 1882, instead of being exceptionally bad, as those of the seventies were rightly declared, were, on the whole, exceptionally favourable. If the yield of all kinds of corn for the decade ending with 1892 could be accurately compared with the corresponding figures for the preceding decade, a great excess would be noticed. The existing crisis of depression cannot be attributed to a succession of bad seasons. There cannot be any question amongst those who understand the circumstances of agriculture that foreign competition is the principal cause of agricultural distress.

One great cause of the intensified depression of the last twelve or fifteen years is branded by Mr. Bear as "gambling in farm produce."

The most important features of the system may be briefly described as the forestalling of the crops by selling them before they are grown; the sale for future delivery of goods which the sellers do not possess, and do not intend to deliver; an enormous amount of reselling, without the transfer of the commodities; rampant speculation; a method of hedging, conducted after the professional betting man's plan of book-making; and the establishment of clearing houses in which a daily or weekly settlement of sums due on variations in prices is effected. This is known as the system of trading in "options" or "futures." It has come into general use in America during the last twenty years, and for the last ten years at least it has completely controlled the market prices in that country. . . . During the last five years the system has become common in Liverpool, and has made some progress in London. The American farmers, almost to a man, denounce it as injurious in the highest degree to their interests, and two Anti-Option Bills have been introduced in the American Legislature to put an end to it. . . . Mr. Stevens, the editor of *Bradstreet's*, in an article in defence of the option system, states in effect that the sales of futures are nine times the total crop.

Character of the Russian Peasant.

MR. FRED WHISHAW contributes to *Temple Bar* a vivid sketch of his observations of village life in Russia. He thus sums up the character of the moujik:—

Easily satisfied, indolent, self-indulgent, weak, he does not care to rise in the world. So long as he can exist and allow his wife and children to exist, and so long as he can obtain for cash or credit, vodka enough to keep him going, he is content. He has no idea of any higher civilisation, or of any sort of home comfort. For the rest he loves his "little Father," the Tsar; fears God in a superstitious sort of way, and the *Lieshwi* (wood spirits) and other supernatural objects of his national folk-lore in a very real way; observes the Church festivals with bibulous piety; attends church at Easter; tolerates his wife, and knows absolutely nothing of the affairs either of this world or of the next. But education is making great strides, and the younger generation is growing up with advantages to which its forefathers were strangers. Light is stealing gradually over the land. Would that it might chase away the drink demon! With the vodka evil reduced to moderate dimensions, there would be a chance even for rural Russia.

ANTI-CHRISTIAN ASPECTS OF THEOSOPHY.

"RECENT Theosophy in its Antagonism to Christianity" is the theme of an essay which Rev. W. J. Lhamon contributes to the current number of the *Andover Review*. He defines recent theosophy as "Blavatskyism," and of Madame herself he exclaims, "strange, strong, erratic creature!"—

Mr. Stead writes admirably of her great characteristics, and marvels at her power over people, instancing the case of Mrs. Besant. He considers it no small thing to have enabled such a woman to entertain any sort of spiritual faith. Misguided, suffering, brilliant Mrs. Besant! The slightest knowledge of her history precludes a single harsh word of her. Yet, speaking both kindly and carefully, one may say that she is by nature an over-enthusiast, and that her brilliancy is not an atonement for her lack of balance.

THREE ANTITHESES.

Theosophy, he avers, is antagonistic to Christianity in three main points.

1. It is pantheistic; although it denies the charge. It rejects the idea of the "God of the Christians." It believes "in a universal Divine principle, the root of all, from which all proceeds, and within which all shall be absorbed at the end of the great cycle of being." It does not believe in prayer: it says "we act instead of talking."

2. It teaches reincarnation: the old Hindu doctrine modified to suit Western taste:—

In a land where lizards and cows are not worshipped it would hardly do to try to proselytize people to the faith that they and their children may be reborn as lizards, cats, or cows. Theosophy confines reincarnation to the human race.

3. It teaches Karma—the negation of forgiveness:—

The theosophists have simply fallen into the old inevitable inconsistency of fatalists, which is unconsciously to recognise human freedom as an agency in human life while theoretically recognising no agency but the dead, unintelligent, ceaselessly grinding mill of cause and effect.

BROTHERHOOD AND CHRIST.

After ridiculing the "miracles" of theosophy and animadverting upon alleged exposures by Coulomb and Kiddle, Mr. Lhamon opposes the theosophic and Christian doctrines of universal brotherhood. He quotes the theosophist Katharine Hillard, to the effect that brotherhood, "as taught by the Churches implies equality, not identity," but in theosophy rests on an "absolute identity."

It is but just to note here that the theosophists do recognise the historical personality of Jesus, but also that they rank him along with Zoroaster, Buddha, Pythagoras, Confucius, Orpheus, and Socrates. . . Christ "as process" means, in the language of "the Higher Alchemy," the redemption of spirit from matter.

THE FINAL TEST.

Mr. Lhamon thus concludes:—

"By their fruits ye shall know them." The last word to be said for theories and institutions must be in praise or blame of what they do for men. Compare India, China, and Japan on the one hand, with Germany, England, and America on the other, remembering where Buddha and Confucius have reigned, and where Christ; remembering also where pantheism and occultism, together with reincarnation and the Karma, have been taught, and where Christian theologies, however erratic and discordant they may have been; then say whether the worst theology is not better than the best theosophy. In this country theosophy is an exotic of the nightshade family, transplanted by erratic hands, and deadly, if entertained intelligently, to our faith in the Theanthropic person of Christ and to our sweet trust in the Fatherhood of God.

SCHOPENHAUER.

By M. VALBERT.

In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for September 1, M. Valbert presents a striking picture of Schopenhauer, both as a man and a philosopher. His great fame does not seem to have come to him till he was about sixty years of age, when he became the fashion, succeeding Hegel, who at one time had a great vogue. To Frankfurt, where Schopenhauer lived during his later life, strangers came from all parts of Europe to see him, and an audience with the Apostle of Pessimism was greatly prized. The ambition of his admirers was to sit next him at dinner at the *table d'hôte* of the Englischer Hof, the inn where he took his meals; and on his birthday he was as much fêted as a young princess, receiving bouquets of flowers, addresses and tributes in prose and verse, in which some compared him to King Arthur of the Round Table, and others proclaimed him Emperor of German Philosophy. The first time that one of his devotees kissed his hand he uttered an exclamation of surprise, but we are told that he soon became accustomed to this style of homage, and it is recorded that on being informed that a certain country gentleman proposed to build a chapel in which to keep his portrait, the philosopher simply remarked, "This is the first building consecrated to me: how many will there be in the year 2100?" Yet all his contemporaries agree in declaring that he was never happy excepting when he was miserable; but though his disciples have sometimes declared that in order to carry out his own theories he ought to have committed suicide, Schopenhauer, says M. Valbert, was always exceedingly careful of himself, and so far from wishing to destroy his connection with this world, was always wondering what he could do to preserve his life. He left Naples because of the small-pox, Verona because he heard that the tobacco was poisoned, and finally abandoned Berlin to escape from the cholera; for many years he never slept without a loaded pistol under his pillow, and he would never take lodgings higher than the first storey for fear the place should catch fire; while so great was his fear of drinking out of a contaminated glass that he used to carry about with him a small leathern cup in his pocket. M. Valbert informs us significantly that his paternal grandmother was crazy, two of his uncles were lunatics, and his father had been extremely strange. The paternal Schopenhauer had a great affection for everything English, and made up his mind that his son should be born in London. With this object in view he brought his wife to England, but as it was extremely cold and presumably foggy, he hurried her away to Dantzic, which accordingly was honoured by the birth of the great German.

Schopenhauer greatly disliked women, whom he designated as "the animals whose ideas were short, but whose hair was long"; another time he spoke of "that sex with the little waist, narrow shoulders, and large hips"; yet, continues the French writer, he had till the day of his death a pronounced liking for "that sex," and actually left a sum of money in his will to a Berlin actress with whom he had been intimate. As an old man he became attached to a young French sculptress, Elizabeth Ney, who came to Frankfurt and solicited the honour of taking his bust. They lodged in the same house, and used to take long walks together. "I could never have believed," wrote he to his disciple Lindner, "that there was in the whole world so charming a girl." Schopenhauer was very proud of his resemblance to Talleyrand, and liked to pose as being mysterious and incomprehensible to those who came from afar to listen to his conversation.

EMMA SEILER.

SCIENTIST AND MUSICIAN.

In November, 1891, a marble relief-portrait of Emma Seiler was presented by her pupils and friends to the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia. Mr. J. G. Rosengarten, through whom the presentation was made, also presented to the society, on the part of her son, Dr. Carl Seiler, her laryngoscope, said to be the first ever used in America. Madame Seiler, moreover, was one of the six women thus far admitted to the American Philosophical Society, and this distinction she owed to her earnest and exhaustive study of acoustics and vocal physiology, which resulted in the two works by which she is best known—"The Voice in Singing" and "The Voice in Speaking." *Werner's Magazine* for September contains a sketch of the career of this famous scientist and musician by Mr. F. S. Law.

EARLY LIFE.

Emma Diruff was born in 1821 at Wurtzburg. Her father was Court Physician, and she grew up in close companionship with the children of the royal family. At the age of twenty she was married to Dr. Seiler, and removed with him to Langenthal, near Berne. Several years later, on the loss of his fortune, Dr. Seiler opened a private asylum for the insane, which strongly claimed her sympathies and personal aid. These were still further enlisted by a famine which, in 1847, brought the price of provisions so high that many of the poor died from actual starvation. Deeply moved by such misery and want, and her own circumstances being greatly straitened, she not only begged money and food, but instituted industrial classes, so that her pupils should be enabled to support themselves from the product of their industry. They regarded her as their benefactress, and to this day her name is known and revered among the cottagers of Langenthal.

A STUDENT OF VOICE CULTURE.

In 1851 her domestic misfortunes reached their climax, and she found herself obliged to leave Switzerland, and support herself and her two children. She had always been interested in the voice, and she determined to fit herself for a teacher of singing. She therefore went to Dresden, and placed herself under an eminent instructor in singing, supporting herself by giving piano lessons. At the same time she studied the piano under Friedrich Wieg, the father of Madame Schumann. To her bitter disappointment she lost her voice while under instruction, and this led her to investigate the merits of the different methods of singing, in the hope that she might find some remedy for her loss. Puzzled and baffled by the contradictions and disagreements of the foremost teachers of singing, she came to the conclusion that scientific investigation alone could bring order out of the chaos, and she determined to make it her life-work to discover the correct principles of voice-culture.

ASSISTANT TO PROFESSOR HELMHOLTZ.

After a residence of three years in Dresden, she passed a year with her sister in Breslau, and thence went to Heidelberg, seeking aid from Professor Helmholtz, who was then preparing his great work, "Sensations in Sound." She studied with him the laws which form the basis of musical sound, and in return, through her phenomenally delicate ear, was able to give him great assistance in verifying his experiments. At his suggestion she used the laryngoscope, just invented (1856) by Garcia, to observe the physiological processes which occur in the larynx during the production of tone.

HER DISCOVERIES.

The laryngoscope of those days was but a primitive instrument, but her patience and energy were so great that she persevered in her study until she was able to see clearly the action of the vocal chords throughout the entire extent of her voice. This was a work of years. She threw light on the much vexed question of registers, showing their limits and varying

formation. Her unique discovery of the mechanism of head-tones—the highest tones of the female voice—is an instance of her unflinching patience. She devoted herself to the study of the dissected larynx, and was rewarded by the discovery of two small cuneiform cartilages in the vocal ligaments which produce this peculiar action.

"UNWOMANLY" PURSUITS.

Madame Seiler was, therefore, the pioneer in a field which many others have since explored. She was bent upon studying the dissected larynx, and through a medical student in Heidelberg she procured a throat, which they dissected and studied together. Owing to popular prejudice and to her friends' horror at such pursuits, this could only be done in secret and at night. For the same reason she published her first book anonymously, and not until it had challenged attention and achieved success did she avow its authorship. She used to tell with great glee of her brother, a physician, who came home one day with her book, praising it highly. His mother told him that she knew the author, whereupon he asked eagerly, "Who is it?" When she replied, "Your sister Emma," he could hardly believe her, and threw the book aside impatiently, remarking that his sister would be better employed in attending to her domestic duties than in writing scientific works.

A SCHOOL OF VOCAL ART.

Among her friends in Heidelberg were the two Bunsens statesman and chemist, and Kirchhoff, professor of physics, who with Bunsen the chemist discovered the spectroscope. After living in Heidelberg nearly six years she removed to Leipzig for further study and to educate her children in music. Long before this she had regained her voice, and her studies in acoustics and physiology had given her the knowledge necessary to instruct without fear of injuring the voice. In 1866 she left Germany and came to America, and spent the rest of her life at Philadelphia. In 1867 she published "The Voice in Singing," and in 1873 "The Voice in Speaking." In 1875, at last, she was enabled to found a school for the training of singers and teachers, but after a few years this proved too great a burden for a woman of her age, and in 1883 she sought rest and change in Europe. On her return she lived a retired life till her death in December, 1886. Her name, however will stand for that of a woman who achieved something positive in science in the face of discouragements which might well daunt the most resolute spirit.

The Wagner Question.

The Wagner Society will be delighted with an excellent article by Felix Vogt on Richard Wagner's French Triumph, which appears in Heft 1 of *Vom Fels zum Meer*. The war has been waged in Paris for thirty-two years, for it was in 1861 that "Tannhäuser" was hissed off the stage and in 1893 that "Die Walküre" was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Portraits of Jules Padeloup, Edouard Colonne, and Charles Lamoureux accompany the article.

The Art of Richard Wagner is the subject of a short but interesting paper *à propos* of a book by Alfred Ernst. It is written by George Vanor and appears in *Entretiens Politiques et Littéraires* of September 10.

In the *Young Man* for October, Mr. Haweis gives, under the title "Men I have Met," some interesting personal reminiscences of Wagner. It is curious to learn that Wagner thought "Die Meistersinger" most suited to the English. Wagner's conducting at the Albert Hall was much criticised; but it was a revelation to Mr. Haweis. At times he did not conduct at all; he let the band alone as though he inspired instead of drove them.

Mr. William Ashton Ellis continues the periodical publication of what many think the most interesting of the Wagner literature of to-day—his excellent translation into English of "Wagner's Prose Works."

CHURCH VIEW OF THE PARISH COUNCILS BILL.

THE first place in the *Newbury House Magazine* is given to an analysis and a criticism of "The Local Government Bill, 1893," by Rev. T. W. Belcher, D.D. His general standpoint appears in the words:—

The Bill ought not to be opposed but amended. . . Let us separate matters which have been cunningly or ignorantly worked into the Bill so as to injure the poor and rob the Church, and let the measure stand naked on its own feet without our opposition to its alleged principle, which most of us will support. . . It must be admitted that the old parish vestry system . . . needs reform. We live, not in the eighteenth, but at the close of the nineteenth century, and wise men will assist this proposed parish reform. They will do this by divesting it of a party or vote-catching character, by giving plenty of time for its consideration, and by endeavouring to have it amended and passed by consent so that it may be useful and permanent.

SUGGESTED AMENDMENTS.

The Bill extinguishes all parishes having less than 300 inhabitants each—nearly 7,000 out of the 13,000 rural parishes. This measure Dr. Belcher strongly opposes.

No person should be a Parish or District Councillor who cannot read or write. The want of provision for this in the Bill gives it a very illiberal and retrograde character.

Dr. Belcher strongly objects to the provision that no man can be a Councillor who within twelve months of the election has received "alms," a term which legally includes money from the church offertory for the poor. A parishioner helped in sickness or other unforeseen trouble by offertory alms is, no matter how thrifty, "classed with felons and other criminals" as unfit to represent his parish! Dr. Belcher also objects that "apparently, neither Chairman nor Councillor need ever have seen the parish for which and by which they are elected."

The District Council should be dispensed with. The parish as the unit, with the County Council immediately above it, is sufficient.

Justices of the Peace at present *ex officio* Guardians of the Poor should be retained in that capacity, "so long as they attend with fair regularity, leaving to newly appointed magistrates the disqualification proposed in this Bill."

Poor-Law Guardians should be resident in or within a certain distance of the parishes which they represent.

Different areas, *e.g.*, for School Boards and Sanitary Districts, . . . ought to be abolished, and the parochial area should be the same for all. . . School Boards and Burial Boards, and all other parochial Boards, ought to be merged in the Parish Councils, which ought to do the duty of School Attendance Committees.

There should be but one rating authority for a parish instead of several—twelve at present. Any additional rating by Parish Councils beyond what is now lawful should be on the principle of Sec. 230 of the Public Health Act of 1875, under which expenditure intended chiefly for the benefit of householders and house property, should chiefly fall on houses.

Compounding for rates in the case of small tenements ought to be abolished, so that everyone who can vote shall feel that he is a ratepayer. A budget of probable expenses ought to be published at the beginning of each official year, and accounts ought to be audited in or near each parish, in such manner as that ratepayers can attend.

The provision which obliges parish and council meetings to be held after six p.m. excites Dr. Belcher's mingled wrath and pity.

The use by meeting and Council of school-houses where the school receives a grant from the Education Department is warmly opposed:—

In fairness, if these buildings are to be used for parish purposes, then such use should be in school hours, and the

school should get credit for it, as in the case of an M.P. election. . . . If parish meetings be held in Church school-houses on Saturday nights, the Sunday-school must go to the wall next day.

Parish-rooms, mission-rooms, school-houses, and all such Church property vested in trust with Overseers and Churchwardens will—it is alleged—be given to the Parish Council. This is said to be denied by the Law Officers of the Crown. If their opinion is to be accepted it ought to be visible and intelligible in the Bill.

If the Vestry is to remain for Church purposes alone, then it should be a Vestry of Churchmen only. The Vestry system for new ecclesiastical parishes, with a few modifications, will answer this end. The ratepayer qualification for voting there ought to be abolished.

Where churchwardens are trustees for anything as Church officers they ought to be so continued. The expression "Affairs of the Church" should be defined. School-houses and parish rooms ought to be expressly exempted from confiscation.

"Ecclesiastical Charities" should be defined so as to include gifts intended by the donors to be given through the Church as a matter of Christian duty. . . . The attempt of this Bill to cut off the ministry of the Church to the poor by robbing the poor is only the prelude to the next step which will attempt to cut off the ministry of the Church altogether by robbing Her provision of the clergy. . . . No deserving poor man will make a Parish Council his father confessor.

Dr. Belcher, who urges "let there be no party politics in the matter; let the Church trust Herself and distrust party politicians," concludes with the hope "that the Primate will rouse the Church as he did about the Welsh Suspensory Bill, and help Mr. Fowler to give Churchmen what we mean to have—fair play."

MR. FROUDE'S DEFENCE OF DRAKE'S "PIRACIES."

THE story of "Drake's Voyage Round the World," and his daring captures of Spanish treasure, is told in *Longman's* with all the vividness and brilliance of Mr. Froude's narrative genius. It is the last of four lectures on "English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century." The lecturer says he looks forward to the time when "what we owe" to the Reformation "and these sea-captains of Elizabeth will form the subject of a great English national epic as grand as the *Odyssey*." Of the ethics of their conduct he speaks thus:—

Resolution, daring, professional skill, all historians allow to these men; but, like Burghley, they regard what they did as piracy, not much better, if at all better, than the later exploits of Morgan and Kidd. . . . In that intensely serious century men were more occupied with the realities than the forms of things. By encouraging rebellion in England and Ireland, by burning so many scores of poor English seamen and merchants in fools' coats at Seville, the King of Spain had given Elizabeth a hundred occasions for declaring war against him. Situated as she was, with so many disaffected Catholic subjects, she could not begin a war on such a quarrel. She had to use such resources as she had, and of these resources the best was a splendid race of men, who were not afraid to do for her at their own risk what commissioned officers would and might have justly done had formal war been declared; men who defeated the national enemy with materials conquered from himself, who were devoted enough to dispense with the personal security which the sovereign's commission would have extended to prisoners of war, and face the certainty of being hanged if they were taken. Yes; no doubt by the letter of the law of nations Drake and Hawkins were corsairs of the same stuff as Ulysses, as the rovers of Norway. But the common sense of Europe saw through the form to the substance which lay below it, and the instinct of their countrymen gave them a place among the fighting heroes of England, from which I do not think they will be deposed by the eventual verdict of history.

MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.

THIS eminent sculptor is the subject of the Illustrated Interview in the September *Strand*. It appears that he belongs to the third generation of a family of sculptors. His grandfather went to see Nelson's funeral. The wonderful car impressed him. As soon as he returned to Norfolk he went along the seashore, picked up the jet, and carved a model of the car. "Mr. Vernon saw it, and immediately sent him to Chantrey's studio." So sculpture came into the family. The grandmother, however, is described as "a North country woman, a great Puritan, and never tired of dilating upon the wickedness of sculpture, as it tended to be Popish." Her son, however, was a votary of the art, and, what is more, took a sculptress for his wife.

SCULPTURE IN THE BLOOD.

The mother of the Royal Academician was a pupil in the grandfather's studio, and her "Skipping Girl" is said to be one of the six best modern statues in Europe. Born of such parents, Mr. Thornycroft's genius is in some measure explicable. He tells the interviewer:—

There were seven of us. I was considered the one too many, so I was sent off to an uncle, who was a farmer in Cheshire, at the age of four. You see, I was bred almost in the open, and from this I believe my intense love for natural history sprang.

His father had decided to make him an engineer, but a chance purchase of Flaxman's Homer discovered in him the artist. He quietly went to work in the British Museum and his father's studio, and won a studentship at the Royal Academy. So he was launched on his career. His first great public statue—a commission from the Government—was that of General Gordon, which now stands in Trafalgar Square. It took him two and a half years to produce. Singularly enough he had never seen Gordon. He read up as many lives of Gordon as he could, studied his photographs, and so conceived the hero. How the commission to execute a statue of the late Lord Granville is being carried out is instructively told.

HOW A STATUE IS PRODUCED.

The sculptor himself makes the tiny sketch model in green wax, and a quarter size model in plaster. From these the pupils and assistants build up the statue in clay to full size, which then comes under the master's hand. It is next copied in marble. "Great blocks of marble are resting against the wall. One fine and pure piece is pointed out as weighing six tons. It cost £200. Granville is inside! A workman is sawing away at a huge piece of the product of Carrara." The chips of marble are carefully removed for use in aerated water manufacture, to be converted ultimately into the gas of the soda water! It is curious to learn that even of a dead man "the sculptor is provided with every item of clothing when it is possible—the hat particularly, as it is an excellent guide to the size of a man's head."

Mr. Thornycroft possesses a remarkable "family hearth," each tile of which bears the features of a member of the family. It was the work of Miss Helen Thornycroft. He believes the future of sculpture in this country is assured,—but in bronze,—our climate being unsuited to marble.

A WIDOW lady of my acquaintance, living in her well-appointed home in North-Western London, would be pleased to undertake the charge of an elderly invalid gentleman. Every home comfort and kind attention.—For terms, etc., address, "Widow," REVIEW OF REVIEWS Office, London.

THE RELIGION OF ZOROASTER.

THE *Asiatic Quarterly Review* contains a valuable analysis by General Forlong of the Pahlavi Texts, Part IV., which have been added to the "Sacred Books of the East" series. From this it appears that

we may reasonably accept the well-informed and studied conclusions of *Āvastian* scholars, beginning with Professor Hanz, that the prophet lived between the twentieth and eighteenth centuries B.C., and that his principal teachings—the *Āvasta* or "Laws" of *Ahura-Mazda*—were embodied with *Zand* or "Commentaries" about the seventeenth century B.C., when the Reformed Faith took effect under King Vishtāp.

The Texts under review are a "popular summary" of these teachings, from an edition of date 880 B.C., about two generations before Amos, the Hebrew prophet. They contain a "mass of weary platitudes" and wordy casuistry: but—

There is also here in abundance the highest ethical and wise teaching by writers of marked piety, goodness, and genius: men who are keen and grievously moved by the sins and sorrows, worries and miseries of their fellows, and who are profoundly anxious to alleviate these and to lead all men into paths of holiness and peace, by the doing of justice, the love of mercy, righteousness, and truth; and as they add, "looking always to and walking humbly before their God"—*Ahura-mazda*, no mean God-idea.

THE TRINITY OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

The Texts continually and piously counsel us regarding "the peace which follows the renunciation of sin." . . . There is scarcely a conceivable situation of life public or strictly private, from that of the King on his throne, the Judge on the bench, the maiden or wife in her chamber, the herdsman and his dog on the hillside, which is not here dwelt upon by these laborious and experienced old writers; and the burden of their teaching is the *Ashem Vohū* or "praise of Righteousness," as that which alone exalteth the individual and the nation. Righteousness alone maketh they say "a perfect character . . . it alone is the perfection of religion," and is summed up in the three words which ought to be ever on our lips and in our hearts—*Hūmat, Hūkt, and Hūrat*, GOOD THOUGHTS, GOOD WORDS, AND GOOD DEEDS.

SIN AND HELL.

If we would avoid sin let us begin inwardly by subduing evil thoughts, and outwardly by avoiding evil company, and all first promptings to sin. A-Niyada sees the heart and our hidden springs of action. . . . We are cautioned to beware "of seductively assuming religion, colouring thought (i.e., canting?), talking and reciting hypocritically of righteousness whilst adopting evil practices."

In hell, the souls stand so thickly about, that they cannot see each other (elsewhere it is said to be "the blackness of darkness"), and they all think they stand alone. Though there is weeping and wailing, no voice is heard, but there are noxious smells, though it freezes, here, so different to our Gehenna.

In the *Modern Review* for this month Lady Florence Dixie tells an astonishing story of how a wealthy gentleman offered her £135,000 to establish a morning half-penny newspaper which was to be devoted to the interests of women. When, however, he insisted that she was to devote a certain proportion of the paper to fashion and dress, Lady Florence rebelled, and saying to him in effect, "Thy money perish with thee!" refused to have anything more to do with the scheme. She is, however, thinking of starting a paper on her own account without his aid.

BOOKS MOST READ IN MASSACHUSETTS.

MR. C. B. TILLINGHAST tells the readers of the September *Forum* many interesting facts ascertained by the Massachusetts Free Public Library Commission, of which he is chairman, and which principally busied itself with the needs of the rural communities. It appears that the libraries are almost exclusively used by young people. Bound volumes of illustrated magazines and the higher grade of reviews are in constant and increasing demand:—

The most popular book in our libraries to-day is "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is still read in all our communities by people of all ages and classes and all nationalities. Wherever lists of books having the widest circulation are kept, this book usually heads them. "Ben Hur" retains a remarkable fascination for the reader. "Lorna Doone" and the novels of William Black, among the books by modern authors, have a large circulation. The "Scarlet Letter" and the "Marble Faun" stand high on the record of books most circulated. Some of the stories which delighted the readers of a generation ago, like "The Lamplighter," "Queechy," and "The Wide, Wide World," seem to have a perennial vitality, and are much read to-day, while some of the books whose titles are most familiar to the modern ear, like "Looking Backward" and "Robert Elsmere," after a wonderful run for a time soon drop out of the list of those widely called for. The steady demand for "Ivanhoe" and others of Scott's novels proves their undying charm; and it appears to be a fact that the number of those who read Scott is increasing, while the number of the readers of Dickens is diminishing. In the reference department of our libraries the most noteworthy of modern developments is the growing use which is made of works upon the fine arts, especially architecture. . . . Biography, especially autobiography . . . rivals the novel in popularity. The "Personal Memoirs of General Grant" . . . is still in constant demand. . . . The dry details of ancient and mediæval history are not so much read as they were a quarter of a century ago. . . . Readers at large are more interested in the present condition of a country, its resources, its people, and the habits and customs of their daily life. . . . Books which tell in simple untechnical language the story of birds, animals and plants, and other natural objects . . . are coming into more general use. . . . The good old classics of English literature, while the lighter form still retains some hold upon the general reading public, are not so widely read as they were a generation ago. Graces of style do not appear to have the charm for the present that they exercised over the preceding generation.

In Massachusetts the Free Library idea seems to be very thoroughly carried out:—

The State is divided into 352 local autonomies, and its population in 1890 was 2,238,913. There are libraries from which the people are entitled to take books for home-reading, free of all expense, in 305 of these towns and cities, which embrace more than ninety-seven per cent. of the population. The aggregate number of volumes in the libraries is two-and-three-quarter millions, and the circulation for home use is five million volumes per annum—more than two volumes to every man, woman and child in the State.

OUR REBEL INDIAN GOVERNMENT.

THE deliberate defiance of Imperial Parliament by its subordinates in India seems likely to re-open the whole question of the methods of governing our vast Eastern dependency. It forms the occasion of a curious unsigned article in *Macmillan's*. The author is a thorough-going apologist for the Indian mutineers. He deplores the disturbing "influence of fanatics and doctrinaires" in the House of Commons. It is this influence, he says, which has prompted the recent proceedings of Parliament in connection with the Cantonment Regulations, the Excise Administration, the Opium Trade, and the Indian Civil Service:—

The resolutions have been passed without the least attempt to consider each question in all its bearings, and to estimate the consequences of adopting a new policy. Members have voted for the resolutions on account of the urgency and opportunity of certain small but very ardent sections of the electorate, the rest of the electorate being entirely passive on the questions.

He admits the disobedience of the Indian Government in all four cases, and tries to justify it. "When the Government of India found, as they did in the present instance"—the repeal of the C. D. Acts—

that obedience to the House of Commons, without relieving them of a rupee of expense, practically deprived them of (say) the equivalent of two British regiments out of their effective garrison in India, was it surprising that they sought some way of escaping the consequences of obedience?

He quotes from a Bombay newspaper, that "the spirit of the orders of Parliament was evaded, but the military authorities, much less His Excellency the Viceroy, are nowise responsible." "Who then," he asks, "is responsible?" and coolly answers, "But that is another story." It is a story which will have to be told out some day—with consequences. The writer proceeds:—

But if the House of Commons passes resolutions in regard to Indian administration, and the Government of India refused to act upon them, it is clear that matters are coming to a deadlock. It is quite certain that the House of Commons will not allow its authority to be so ignored, particularly by a body such as the Government of India, which at the best of times it looks upon with little favour. What is the remedy? The remedy which has been resorted to in the present difficulties . . . is the appointment of Special Commissions to report after examination of all sides of the question.

This remedy is dismissed as "hardly adequate." So is the proposal to institute periodical Parliamentary inquiries into Indian administration. A sketch of the history of the Council for India leads up to the suggestion:—

Is it beyond hope that the India Council should be reconstituted in a manner that would give it independent authority and secure to it public confidence for the solution of all these thorny questions?

National Federation of Labour.

MR. CLEM EDWARDS, in the *Economic Journal*, continues his valuable history of Labour Federations. "The first effective effort to form a labour federation of any magnitude in this country," was that made in 1830, when the "National Association for the Protection of Labour" was brought into existence. This association appears to have embraced no fewer than 150 separate unions. This was superseded by the "Grand National Consolidated Trades Union," which collapsed in 1836. In 1845 the "National Association of United Trades" was formed, after a period of depressed vitality was revived in 1851, only to fall through in 1861. In 1865 the "United Kingdom Alliance of Organized Trades" was born, only to die two years later, its treasurer being implicated in the notorious trade outrages at Sheffield. Other attempts at making British labour "solid" have been discussed by the Trades Union Congress, but without organized result. Federation has not gone further than local Trades Councils, or than national or international organization of particular and kindred trades:—

An interesting proposal, which appears to be growing in favour, was recently submitted by Mr. Joliffe to the Bristol Trades Council regarding the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress. He proposed that the committee should form a federal link between trades councils. He suggested that it should be endowed with executive powers, and that it should have a clearly defined relationship to the trades councils and trades unions of the country.

NAPOLÉON'S VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA.

WHILE the *Northumberland* was conveying the captive Emperor to his island prison, the Secretary of the Admiral, John R. Glouer by name, was careful to keep a diary of all that he observed Napoleon do or say. This historical treasure has lain in manuscript for seventy-eight years, and is only published now for the first time. The first instalment appears in this month's *Century*. The Secretary was a man who used his eyes and ears well, and though he occasionally indulges in edifying reflections, he gives on the whole a vivid picture of the great prisoner's life on board. His record is almost microscopic in its detail.

HIS FLEXIBILITY OF MIND.

What seems to have first chiefly impressed him was the promptitude with which Napoleon accommodated himself to his changed fortunes and his immediate environment:—

This man, who but a short time since kept nations in dread, and had thousands at his nod, has descended from the emperor to the general with a flexibility of mind more easily to be imagined than described. He is henceforth to be styled general, and by directions from our Government he is to have the same honours and respect paid him as a British general not in employ.

Yet the ex-emperor did not always conceal his sensitiveness to altered circumstances. On the third day, after dinner he—

went on deck, where he walked, keeping his hat off and looking round steadfastly and rather sternly to see if the British officers did the same. Not a British head was uncovered, at which he was evidently piqued, and soon retired to the after cabin. His followers were constantly uncovered in his presence.

HIS TABLE-MANNERS.

According to present-day standards, General Bonaparte was singularly deficient in some rudiments of table-manners. We are told that he—

ate of every dish at table, using his fingers instead of a fork, seeming to prefer the rich dishes to the plain dressed food, and not even tasting vegetables. Claret was his beverage, which he drank out of a tumbler, keeping the bottle before him.

The great host of men and women who are ashamed to confess that they are "not good sailors" will probably feel a ripple of satisfaction on learning that the man who kept the world in awe was not exempt from the general infirmity of landsfolk.

Owing to the swell and consequent motion, but few of our guests were able to come to table, and the General did not make his appearance during the day.

Nor was this the only occasion when Napoleon succumbed. He usually passed the day in fine weather thus:—]

He breakfasted in his cabin. He walked the deck both before and after dinner, and spent the evening playing at ring-un.

He was evidently great at cards. He and his party were amused at the secretary's surprise on their wanting to play cards on Sunday.

HIS CONVERSATION.

Napoleon seems to have talked freely with whomsoever he met, and it is interesting to notice how he made it a point to draw people out. He talked to them about what they were interested in, even putting the worthy chaplain through a lengthy catechism on Church forms and creeds in England, differences from Continental Churches, number of dissenting sects—"in fact, he asked almost every possible question."

His reported conversations show great frankness about

himself. He confessed his designs on England, explained the "inside track" of a good deal of history then recent, and generally would have supplied the modern interviewer with whole reams of gorgeous "copy." The story of the Jaffa poisonings he disposed of evidently to the satisfaction of the secretary. He attributed his defeat at Waterloo to the disaffection of his officers who were secretly supporters of Louis XVIII.

HOW HE CAME TO RE-MARRY.

He thus described the steps that led to his divorce and re-marriage. He said that

when at Erfurth, the Emperor Alexander took an opportunity one day of pressing upon him how important his having a legitimate heir must prove to the future repose of France and Europe, and Alexander therefore advised his setting aside Josephine, to which if he would consent the emperor offered him in marriage a Russian princess (he believed Princess Anne was named). But Bonaparte said he did not at the moment pay much attention; for, having lived so long with Josephine in such harmony, and having so much reason to be satisfied with her, the idea of causing her pain disinclined him from entering further on the subject; added to which, he said he was already well aware of the falseness of the character of the Emperor Alexander. He therefore merely observed in reply that as he was living on the best possible terms with Josephine, he had never even thought of an arrangement of the nature mentioned by his imperial majesty. However, some time after, when at Paris, being strongly urged by his own friends on the same point, and Josephine having herself assented, he sent to Russia to acquaint Alexander of his wish and readiness to espouse the Russian princess who had been proffered him when at Erfurth.

But the Tsar, while assenting, made difficulties; knowing which—

some of his ministers, with Beauharnais, his son-in-law [*sic*], waited on him and pressed the advantage which might result should he consent to ask in marriage an Austrian princess, adding that the Austrian ambassador would readily engage for his court coming into any arrangement he (Bonaparte) might wish for this object. To which he replied, if such was the case, and the affair could be concluded at once, he should not on his part make objections to this new plan.

A curious glimpse of the terror which Napoleon inspired is furnished when the ship was lying off Madeira:—

We had a continuation of the violent and most disagreeable siroc wind, which commenced on our first making the island; and such was the superstition of the inhabitants, that they attributed this destructive siroc to Bonaparte being off the island, and were extremely apprehensive that their crops, which were nearly ripe, would be more than half destroyed.

Are Animals Immortal?

EMPHATICALLY yes! answers Mr. Josiah Oldfield in the *Humanitarian*. This is his case for "the continuity of all life":—

If the inexplicable sufferings of man, the inequality of terrible burdens, form a logical argument for a future life in his case, why should it not do the same in the case of animals, who suffer just as unequally, just as inexplicably, just as terribly, as man suffers? May we not conclude that in God's hand there is a salve for every wound of theirs, too; a crown for every cross of theirs, too; a recompense of life for every broken heart among them? The same thing occurs in animal life as in human life. The Gelert, who saves the child by fighting with the wolf, is killed by his master in the sudden anger of an irrevocable mistake. The great St. Bernard, braving the bitter frost to save a wayfaring stranger, is dashed over a precipice by a block of ice, and is broken into a thousand pieces. The brave Newfoundland leaps into the stormy waves to save the drowning child, and sinks exhausted, beaten helpless against a rock. . . . The argument is the same; the premises are the same; the conclusion is the same.

WALT WHITMAN'S WAR LETTERS.

A VOLUME of "Hospital Letters" (written during the Civil War) which is in course of preparation by Whitman's literary executors has been tapped by the *Century*, and the first batch selected appear this month. They make delightful reading. They are addressed to members of the poet's family,—chiefly to his mother; and are written in the most artless and simple style. They suggest something of a child's absence of self-consciousness. They thus furnish fresh insight into the heart of the man. His warm-hearted love as son and as brother makes only the more impressive his service of the sick and wounded soldiers. The editors have wisely let the letters stand as they were written, without trimming them to suit conventional grammar and punctuation.

This is how the grandeur of the Capitol impressed him:—

I spent several hours in the Capitol the other day—the incredible gorgeousness of some of the rooms (interior decorations, &c.). . . . But a few of the rooms are enough for me—the style is without grandeur, and without simplicity—These days, the state our country is in, and especially filled as I am from top to toe of late with scenes and thoughts of the hospitals (America seems to me now, though only in her youth, but brought already here feeble, bandaged and bloody in hospital), THESE DAYS, I say, Jeff, all the poppy-show goddesses, and all the pretty blue & gold in which the interior Capitol is got up, seem to me out of place beyond anything I could tell—and I get away from it as quick as I can when that kind of thought comes over me.

HIS HOSPITAL WORK.

Of his work in the hospitals, at which he did not miss a day for three weeks at a time, the following is a touching picture:—

They have great camps here in every direction, of army wagons, teamsters, ambulance camps, &c. Some of them are permanent, & have small hospitals—I go to them (as no one else goes, ladies would not venture)—I sometimes have the luck to give some of the drivers a great deal of comfort & help—Indeed mother there are camps here of everything—I went once or twice to the contraband camp, to the Hospital, &c., but I could not bring myself to go again—when I meet black men or boys among my own hospitals, I use them kindly, give them something &c. I believe I told you that I do the same to the wounded rebels, too—but as there is a limit to one's sinews & endurance & sympathies &c. I have got in the way after going lightly as it were all through the wards of a hospital, & trying to give a word of cheer, if nothing else, to every one, then confining my special attentions to the few where the investment seems to tell best, & who want it most—Mother I have real pride in telling you that I have the consciousness of saving quite a number of lives by saving them from giving up, and being a good deal with them—the men say it is so, & the doctors say it is so—and I will candidly confess I can see it is true, though I say it of myself—I know you will like to hear it mother, so I tell you . . .

WHAT HE THOUGHT OF WAR.

In the hospitals among these American soldiers from East and West, North and South, I could not describe to you what mutual attachments, passing deep and tender. Some have died but the love for them lives as long as I draw breath. These soldiers know how to love too, when once they have the right person. It is wonderful. . . . It is dreadful when one thinks about it—I sometimes think over the sights I have myself seen, the arrival of the wounded after a battle, & the scenes on the field, too, I can hardly believe my own recollection—what an awful thing war is—Mother it seems not men but a lot of devils & butchers butchering each other. . . .

Writing April 5, 1864, he says:—

Well mother I went to see the great spirit medium Foster—there were some little things some might call curious perhaps, but it is a shallow thing and a humbug—A gentleman

who was with me was somewhat impressed, but I could not see anything in it worth calling supernatural—I wouldn't turn on my heel to go again and see such things, or twice as much—we had table rappings and lots of nonsense. . . .

O I must tell you I gave the boys in the Carver hospital a great treat of ice cream, a couple of days ago, went round myself through about 15 large wards (I bought some ten gallons very nice)—you would have cried & been amused too, many of the men had to be fed, several of them I saw cannot probably live, yet they quite enjoyed it, I gave everybody some—quite a number of western county boys had never tasted ice cream before—they relish such things, oranges, lemons, &c.—Mother I feel a little blue this morning, as two young men I knew very well have just died, one died last night, & the other about half an hour before I went to the hospital, I did not anticipate the death of either of them, each was a very, very sad case so young.

CAN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BE SAVED?

THIS is the question which Mr. Harold Spender discusses, with admirable insight, in the *New Review*. He has little complaint to make of the *personnel* of the Commons. "Perhaps," he says, "it has never been higher than in the present assembly. But though the *personnel* is going up, the procedure lags behind." In seeking an explanation, Mr. Spender calls attention to a most important truth, and one which goes far to explain a great many of our difficulties outside as well as in Parliament. Democracy has, until very recently, been continually in opposition. That it is now in power is a fact which it has not yet assimilated:—

The House of Commons has been stereotyped as a machine of protest, and the difficulty of the present situation is that it has little or nothing left to protest against. . . . Wherever it takes up the reins of government, it is hampered on every hand by the code of opposition ethics that it inherits—the dogmas of rebellion and the doctrines of popular combat that have almost elevated themselves into a positive system of philosophy. . . . Democracy must set about organising itself, and putting its house in order. It must develop a doctrine of duties; it must give efficient power to majorities; it must limit the liberty of rebellion.

The worst of it is that the House does not seem to be aware of the evil:—

Excepting a few young members, who, not yet subjected to tribal influence, feel a probably transitory spirit of revolt against a cumbrous and artificial system which they do not yet fully understand, the greater number of our legislators are perfectly content with things as they are. The plain fact is that the purpose of making laws is the last purpose in the mind of the average Member of Parliament. He goes there to win victories on a large scale—for his party and himself. What he chiefly wants is a stage—an arena.

Mr. Spender's principal proposals we may thus summarise:—

(1) Diminish the number of members, in which we now far exceed all other European legislatures. (2) Let the House sit shorter hours and work harder. (3) Give the private member in Committees some share in administration, and so extend the pitifully narrow area of expert knowledge in Executive affairs. (4) Delegate Supply to Committees—the Report stage in the whole House ensuring all that is now ensured. (5) Rationalise the closure by fixing a time limit to (a) every clause, and (b) every speech, allowing members to borrow time from fellow-members.

But what we primarily want among our leaders on both sides is a feeling of the crisis through which democratic government is passing. In one sense it is perfectly true that representative government is on its trial. It is on its trial as a controller of the Executive. Representative government as a mode of legislation is a permanent form of human government.

THE REIGN OF THE MAGAZINE.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS contributes to *Scribner* a delightful paper on "The Man of Letters as a Man of Business." He begins by suggesting that "business is the opprobrium of literature. No man ought to live by an art." A special interest attaches to his estimate of the part the magazine has taken in the development of an American literary class:—

I may say that it is only since the war that literature has become a business with us. . . . Many authors live now, and live prettily enough, by the sale of the serial publication of their writings to the magazines. . . . Their incomes are mainly from serial publication in the different magazines; and the prosperity of the magazines has given a whole class existence which, as a class, was wholly unknown among us before the war. . . . The better recognised authors do get reprinted. . . . But he understands perfectly well that his reward is in the serial and not in the book; the return from that he may count as so much money found in the road—a few hundreds, a very few thousands, at the most.

THE AVENUE TO FAME.

In belles-lettres, at least, most of the best literature now first sees the light in the magazines, and most of the second best appears first in book form. . . . All this may change again, but at present the magazines—we have no longer any reviews—form the most direct approach to that part of our reading public which likes the highest things in literary art.

An interesting proof of the value of the magazine to literature is the fact that a good novel will have wider acceptance as a book from having been a magazine serial.

SCALE OF PAY.

They pay very well indeed for literature; they pay from five or six dollars a thousand words for the work of the unknown writer, to a hundred and fifty dollars a thousand words for that of the most famous, or the most popular, if there is a difference between fame and popularity. . . . Usually, the price is so much a thousand words, a truly odious method of computing literary value, and one well calculated to make the author feel keenly the hatefulness of selling his art at all. It is as if a painter sold his picture at so much a square inch, or a sculptor bargained away a group of statuary by the pound.

Passing to treat of books, Mr. Howells remarks:—

It is not common, I think, in this country, to publish on the half-profits system, but it is very common in England, where, owing probably to the moisture of the air, which lends a fairy outline to every prospect, it seems to be peculiarly alluring. One of my own early books was published there on these terms, which I accepted with the insensate joy of the young author in getting any terms from a publisher.

Every copy was sold, and he received as his share eleven shillings and ninepence!

WOMEN ARBITERS OF THE FATE OF BOOKS.

To aim a book at the public favour is the most hopeless of all endeavours, as it is one of the unworthiest; and I can, neither as a man of letters nor as a man of business, counsel the young author to do it. The best that you can do is to write the book that it gives you the most pleasure to write, to put as much heart and soul as you have about you into it, and then hope as hard as you can to reach the heart and soul of the great multitude of your fellow-men.

The man of letters must make up his mind that in the United States the fate of a book is in the hands of the women. It is the women with us who have the most leisure, and they read the most books. They are far better educated, for the most part, than our men, and their tastes, if not their minds, are more cultivated. Our men read the newspapers, but our women read the books: the more refined among them read the magazines.

I think it is pretty certain that fewer and fewer authors are turning from journalism to literature, though the *entente cordiale* between the two professions seems as great as ever. . . .

To put it coarsely, brutally, I do not suppose that any other business receives so much gratuitous advertising, except the theatre. . . . A curious fact, however, is that this vast newspaper publicity seems to have very little to do with an author's popularity, though ever so much with his notoriety.

Mr. Howells concludes that the man of letters is an artist, "economically the same as mechanics, farmer, day labourers."

THE COW RIOTS IN INDIA.

MR. G. W. LEITNER writes in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* to show that the slaughter of the cow, which is now setting Hindu and Moslem by the ears, is not required from the Moslem at his annual festival commemorative of Abraham's readiness to offer up Ishmael. The Koran only speaks of the substitution of "a noble victim," which the earliest commentators explained to mean "a ram." The feast is called in India Baqr-I'd:—

The Hindustani name for goat is "Bakra," but the "K" is a "Kef," whereas the "K" in the Arabic word "Baqr" or "Bakr" is a "qaf," but it makes all the difference to the peace of India if the "Bakra-I'd" is with a "Kef" or a "qaf." If it be, as the vulgar calls it, and it is in general practice: "a sacrifice of goats" or = "Bakre-ka-I'd" or even "Bakra-I'd," the contention between Hindus and Muhammadans is at an end, but if, as mischief-makers have invented, "Baqr-I'd" is a festival of the sacrifice of a cow, then the *Pax Britannica* may at any moment give way to an universal rising among Hindus throughout India. It is, therefore, the most elementary common-sense and good-feeling which would point out to the Muhammadans that the sacrifice of a cow is not enjoined by the text or tradition regarding the festival, but that, on the contrary, it is unusual, as it most certainly is seditious in India. In Turkey, Egypt, Syria, and Persia, where a cow might be sacrificed without causing the least offence to anyone, a sheep is preferred; why then should a cow be killed in India, where it is a most heinous crime in the eyes of the vast majority of the population, and when neither Scripture nor practice requires it throughout the Muhammadan world?

Dr. Leitner urges that British soldiers and officials should receive as little encouragement as possible in the consumption of beef. He adds:—

I cannot understand why a country that has produced Cromwell's Ironsides, should find it necessary to keep India with troops that have to be protected in any of their presumed gross appetites.

"The Divine Programme" for Africa.

THE hierophant in this case is the Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston, and his oracle, given in Chicago in August, and printed in *Our Day* for September, reads as follows:—

The chief miseries of the Dark Continent arise from twelve causes: (1) Isolation, (2) the slave trade and slavery, (3) the rum traffic, (4) cannibalism, (5) polygamy, (6) Paganism, (7) Mohammedanism, (8) tribal wars, (9) foreign aggression, (10) want of Christianity, (11) climatic conditions, and (12) lack of able native leadership.

Except that the climate and physical geography cannot be changed, it appears evident, from the signs of the times in all quarters of the modern horizon, that it is the Divine programme for Africa to remove these causes with their consequences.

The lack of able native leadership is, we are informed, to be supplied from among the negroes of the United States, who are not, however, to be deported or to emigrate in a body:—

The stern political necessities and industrial competitions to which our coloured populations are subject are an anvil of God on which He is forging a key to open not only to themselves but to the coloured populations of the world a better future.

A SCHOOL OF DEMOCRATIC CULTURE.

FOR a thorough-going endeavour to train young men and young women for the actual life which common people lead, and to give them an artistic, scientific, and practical apprehension of its meaning and possibilities, few, if any schools will come up to the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, which Mr. J. R. Campbell describes in the *Century* this month. It is quite impossible to follow him through all the ramifications, new and old, of schooling which he traces. A few illustrations will suffice. When the homeliest of home duties are based on science, are studied and practised as an art, the method pursued in less humble branches of work can be readily imagined:—

THE SCIENCE AND THE ART OF DRESS.

The department of domestic art gives morning, afternoon, and evening instruction in sewing, dressmaking, millinery, and physical culture to over twelve hundred students. Without any precedent in this country—it might almost be said in the world... Besides instruction in methods and manipulation, the courses are designed to cultivate the pupil's taste. She is constantly led to consider the style of the making and colouring of hats and dresses from an artistic and hygienic standpoint. The instruction is broadened also by talks given in the class-room on the history and manufacture of materials and textiles used, and upon colours and form. Physical culture is essential in teaching the principles of artistic dress, since a well-proportioned body is necessary to symmetry of effect in dress. There is, therefore, a course in calisthenics, which students are encouraged to take. A course in drawing is given under the direction of the department of industrial and fine arts, beginning with pencil practice, and including study of drapery, drawing of waists and gowns, practice in use of colour, problems of design, and study of the human form.

THE THEORY OF COOKERY AND LAUNDRY.

These cases of food products, and of the chemical constituents of food; the charts showing what the food must supply to the human body; the models of different cuts of meat—all these facilities of instruction are only a hint of what is attempted in the kitchens, lecture-rooms, and laboratories. . . . In a word, it is the training of women in the sciences underlying the right administration of the house, and in the arts based upon those sciences.

Here is the normal class in domestic science. It is a liberal course which they are pursuing, including German, the physical sciences, biology, psychology, household economics, and applied chemistry. All instruction is by lectures, quiz, and laboratory practice. Besides these as theory, they are given practice in cookery, and in laundry work. The same students now studying the proportion of ingredients, effect of heat upon food, or engaged in the creation of some toothsome dish, may in an hour be at the Hoagland laboratory studying bacteriology.

BLACKBOARD JOURNALISM.

The daily newspaper of this institute, which is read immediately after morning prayers, is not a bad idea.

Blackboards stretching around three sides of the assembly room are filled each morning with important news, each editor being answerable for the news he places upon his blackboard. Maps and pictures are drawn to illustrate important events. Biographies are accompanied by portraits. The exercise lasts only twenty minutes, and doubtless has its value not only in keeping teachers and students up to date, but in its educative discipline. Other exercises of the school, intended to be supplementary to the study of civics and a training in practical politics, are campaign speaking, caucus, joint session of House and Senate, balloting, and registration.

"In literature, language, and science the laboratory method is employed." This is one tendency in all the work of the school.

The theory is that while literature cultivates aesthetically and ethically, while science stimulates observation, while mathematics trains the reasoning powers, manual training disciplines and strengthens the will.

BEAUTIFYING THE HOME.

In addition to the general institute exhibit above referred to, there is an alcove showing the work of the women pupils and graduates. . . . Almost every piece of work here is in some way connected with the idea of home. Woman's true emancipation, it would seem, does not take her from her mission as the maker and glorifier of home.

Though only five years old the Institute numbers nearly four thousand students. It has sent forth thirteen hundred and twenty women workers in professional and industrial spheres. It will shortly be transferred to a more commodious and beautiful building, its founder having constructed the present edifice in such a style as to admit of being turned into a factory if the school failed.

WHY CANCER INCREASES.

MR. H. P. DUNN, F.R.C.S., in his suggestive contribution to the *New Review*, adduces statistics which show that—

in 1867, out of a million persons, three hundred and ninety-two died of cancer; in 1890, out of the same number cancer was answerable for the deaths of six hundred and seventy-six. In short, the mortality from the disease has increased since twenty-three years ago to the extent of upwards of seventy per cent. . . . Investigation shows that among all the chief causes of mortality recorded in the reports of the Registrar-General, there is no death-rate which year by year maintains so pronounced an augmenting ratio as that of cancer. . . . There cannot be two opinions on the subject of the real increase of cancer.

The mystery which hangs over the real nature of this disease Dr. Dunn does not profess to dispel. He reminds us of its resemblance to tuberculosis, the mortality from which, however, is steadily decreasing:—

Analogy would seem to indicate that cancer *must* be a parasitic disease, a disease that is, whose *fons et origo* depends upon some micro-organism. . . . The belief is now commonly held that the identity of cancer with some micro-organism is only a question of time.

Dr. Dunn proceeds to propound the paradox that one of the causes of the increase of cancer is the general increase of health in the community! Cancer usually attacks persons of or over middle age; the decrease of mortality, and especially of infant and child mortality, has increased the number of persons who reach the cancer period of life; and then the great increase of possible victims of cancer naturally involves some increase of actual victims. The paradox is confirmed by the fact that cancer cases in early life are actually decreasing in number.

"So far as we know at present nothing can strictly be said to be a *cause* of cancer." The habit of smoking is held to favour its growth, but only, Dr. Dunn supposes, owing to the irritation of lip or tongue by the stem of the pipe. The old theory that the disease is hereditary must nowadays, he says, "be held to be untenable." He gravely doubts the truth of the common impression that cancer can neither be "caught" nor "given." If, as seems growingly likely, it proceeds from a microbe, then by the analogy of tuberculosis it would be infectious and contagious.

CRIME AND VICE IN BERLIN.

FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.

In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the 1st of September M. Raffalowich contributes an interesting account of the German police and of criminal Berlin. Since the year 1742 immense powers have lain in the hands of the Berlin police, though the present organisation was only planned and regulated in 1822. The President of Police is practically the Prefect of Berlin as well, and represents the State in his dealings with each subdivision of the town, having really complete control of all that concerns the health and well-being of the population. Even the Berlin Municipality is under the direct supervision of the President of Police.

THE POLICE.

The German policeman cannot complain of his lot, for he is only expected to work during the day. After ten p.m. Berlin is confided to a number of individuals who are entitled "Watchers of the Night." These men wear a special uniform, and carry a whistle and a sword; they come on duty at ten p.m., and patrol their district till five or six a.m. Berlin is manned by three thousand five hundred policemen entirely drawn from the ranks of non-commissioned officers, who must have spent at least nine years in the army before they are eligible for a post in the police force. The policemen live on excellent terms with the townspeople, and are both liked and respected. Berlin is divided into eighty-two police districts, each officered by a Lieutenant of Police, who has under him two sergeants, two telegraphists, two messengers, twelve policemen, and two detectives, the latter carrying revolvers.

THE POLICE DES MŒURS.

It is impossible, says M. Raffalowich, to give exact statistics of the number of thieves, murderers, and criminal loafers who make any great town their centre. We are sorry to note that the laws affecting the State Regulation of Vice are in full force in Berlin, for there are four thousand *filles inscrites* on the police registers. But it is only fair to add that, so far from encouraging a woman of bad character to enter her name on the registers, the police say they only invite her to do so after she has several times received warnings of her fate, and any woman's name will be struck off the roll if she consents to enter one of the numerous homes or refuges with which the town abounds.

THIEVISH JEWS.

Germany seems to boast of a proud pre-eminence both in the number and intelligence of her thieves; but it is rare indeed that a burglary is complicated by a murder. The thieves of Berlin are thoroughly organised. At the beginning of the century there existed in the province of Posen a whole Jewish population, who lived exclusively by breaking the eighth commandment, and educated their children to do the same. Their greatest prosperity was between the years 1820 to 1830, for towards the middle of the century most of them found it convenient to distribute themselves in the various towns of Prussia. In Berlin some of these Posnians found kindred spirits, but gradually the Jewish element disappeared, and the Berlin criminal of to-day is nearly always either Protestant or Catholic; yet strangely enough the trace of the old influence remains in the thieves' slang, which is largely composed of Hebrew words.

PICKPOCKETS.

The pickpockets of Berlin (*Torf-druckers*) are celebrated all over the world. They find their happy

hunting ground in great crowds, in theatres or circuses, and in railway stations. Their victims are generally strangers or provincials. To the apostles of the craft is given the task of dealing with the pockets of drunkards or those who fall asleep on benches. Women make the best shop thieves, and the Berlin female pickpocket has an ingenious series of little hooks fastened under her gown, on which she is able to hang the various treasures she collects on her way. Another interesting category are the criminal locksmiths; but they are beaten hollow, says M. Raffalowich, by their English brethren, who occasionally condescend to give a benefit performance in Berlin. Thus, the great robbery which took place at the house of Paasch the banker was executed by a gang of London thieves.

The capital of Prussia is also a great centre for the coining of false money; and clever groups of bank-note forgers and coiners are arrested every year. The German police, like that of Paris, makes great use of what may be styled criminal detectives—spies, who for a consideration are willing to sell their comrades; they are paid according to the value of their work, but are never cited in public as witnesses against their comrades.

THE CRIMINAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Seventeen years ago the photographic album system was commenced, and in 1890 the Album consisted of thirteen volumes, of which three were devoted to the portraits of international criminals; in addition to this collection the autographs of all those who pass through the prisons are given, and when possible a list is kept of each prisoner's aliases, nicknames, birth-marks, scars, etc., etc. In the last ten years over one thousand criminals were tracked down by this system; but up to the present time no attempt has been made to introduce the anthropometric method, said to be so successful in France. The Berlin police have an organ, edited by themselves, containing matter only interesting to the force, and an up-to-date list of all home and foreign personages who are "wanted."

The German laws against obscene or pornographic literature are extremely severe, and in one year the police seized 16,000 copies of one indecent publication. Those who deal in such wares have become exceedingly wary, and will only procure anything of the kind on order. It is pleasing to hear that often the client, after giving a large sum for a pornographic publication, is disappointed in the quality of the goods provided him, being sent instead of the immoral book he longed for, a dull French novel.

"THE REFUGEES," by Dr. A. Conan Doyle, appears in German translation as the supplement of *Veltheim*, which commences a new volume with the September number.

THE *Medical Magazine* for September, which is principally educational, and offers many suggestions for the employment of the fifth year recently added to the medical curriculum, declares that for the medical aspirant to a career in Her Majesty's service "three things are obligatory. In the first place, he must be a gentleman by birth and education. Next, he should have a real liking and respect for his profession. And, lastly, he ought to steel his heart against wedlock." The editor endorses Mr. Eric Erichsen's plea for the federation of the London hospitals for clinical purposes, for lack of which students are driven to Vienna and elsewhere.

A BANKING SYSTEM FOR THE PEOPLE.

HOW HER BANKS HAVE MADE SCOTLAND.

THE *Forum* for September contains an instructive account of "Scotch Banks: Their Branches and Their Cash Credits," by Mr. A. S. Michie, president of the Royal Bank of Scotland:—

In no other country in the world (he says) are banking facilities so extensive as they are in Scotland. While in England there is a bank, or branch bank, to about every ten thousand of population, in Scotland there is one to about every four thousand . . . The banks . . . accept at interest deposits of sums as small as five pounds, and allow current accounts to be opened sometimes with trifling balances . . . The depositors in Scotch banks who have not more than one hundred pounds to their credit, on deposit receipt or on current account comprise about three-fourths of the whole number. The result is that the aggregate banking deposits of a comparatively poor country, with few sources of natural wealth, and with a population of little more than four millions, exceed £93,000,000.

"The authorised issue" of notes by any bank, against which no coin is required to be held, was fixed by an Act of 1845 as the certified average amount of notes in circulation during the twelve months preceding May 1st, 1845. The total authorised issue recently returned amounted to £2,676,350, while the total average of notes in circulation was £7,127,921. The notes in till would probably represent an equal sum. The coin actually held was £5,469,494, or more than a million above what was necessary. The excess of the actual over the authorised issue is now so great, as to change the profit once made into a positive loss—a loss Mr. Michie now estimates at £42,000 per annum.

[HANDS OFF OUR PAPER CURRENCY]

The Scottish banks have always maintained, when successive Governments have shown signs, more or less plain, of laying hands upon the privilege of issue enjoyed by the issuing banks of the United Kingdom and creating a Government issue in its stead, that the matter affects the public more than it affects themselves. If the banks concerned were to be deprived of their issues and were obliged to substitute gold or Government notes for their own notes as till-money, it would mean that they would be forced to close many of their branches because of the impossibility of their being able then to conduct them at a profit. It would mean also that they would have largely to restrict (in the case of the Scotch banks, to the extent probably of several million pounds) the accommodation which they have been in the habit of extending to their customers. It certainly would be a great mistake for any Government to tamper with the paper currency of Scotland, which has so admirably served the needs of the country and added to its wealth for so many generations. Through it the public have never lost a penny.

THE CASH CREDIT SYSTEM.

A unique feature of Scottish banking is the cash credit system. It was devised by the directors of the Royal Bank in 1728, and in an experience extending over nearly one hundred and seventy years the banks have found it "work in the main with perfect satisfaction, and to be rarely attended with loss."

The system is very simple and is especially adapted to the needs of a man in business who has money coming in day by day. Such a man may be well-to-do and able to give security (readily marketable securities are of course preferred) for the credit he desires; or he may be penniless, with no capital but his character, and be able to offer no security but the guarantee of two friends. In either case, he goes to the bank and arranges a cash credit for a specific sum. When it is established by the banker, he may then check against it whenever it suits him. He may draw as little of it or as much of it

as he pleases, but he must never exceed the maximum sum arranged for. Interest is charged to him day by day only upon the sum of which he is found to have availed himself each day. The cash credit is of the nature of a permanent arrangement, and so long as confidence is maintained and everything works smoothly, it may, and often does, exist for years. The rate charged will average from four and one-half to five per cent., but it is manifest that such a rate, charged on fluctuating balances, may be, and it generally is, more favourable to the customer than would be a considerably lower rate charged upon a specific sum for a specific period. It is not too much to say that the cash credit system has largely contributed to the wealth of Scotland.

The average dividend for the last year of the ten banks is eleven per cent., while the average dividend of a similar number of English banks, whose position is in all essential points the same, except for the important difference that they have no note issues, is seventeen per cent. . . . Their stocks stand in the market at an average premium of one hundred and sixty-five per cent., and that the average yield to present purchasers is only a little more than four per cent.

SOME DUTCH MAGAZINES.

De Gids opens with the first portion of a novel by Louis Couperus, whose *Noodlot* was translated into English and published about two years ago under the title of *Footsteps of Fate*. The new novel (*Majesty*) begins well, describing troubled times in "Liparia"—inundations and a ministerial crisis; it promises to maintain the author's reputation. Dr. J. S. Warren concludes his *Sacred Fables*, dealing in this instalment chiefly with the stories and sayings of Buddhist writings and wise men. He shows us that many of our fables and legends most probably have their origin in those writings. The stories in which woman is spoken of in a becoming manner belong to pre-Buddhist times. Dr. Byvanck continues his account of the youth of Isaac da Costa. The alteration of the Electoral Law is a "burning question" in Holland at the present time, and receives treatment both in this magazine and in *Vragen des Tijds*. It is proposed to give votes to all those (men) who can read and write, and are able to maintain a dwelling-place, these two qualifications being interpreted thus: the ability to write an application for one's name to be placed on the List of Voters; and the absence of one's name from the books of workhouses and benevolent institutions.

Vragen des Tijds contains two articles in addition to that just mentioned: one on the Triumph of Wagnerism, and the other on the Simplification of Spelling and Declension. This latter article is instructive as showing the spread of the tendency to make things easier for the scholar and thus save time to be devoted to the acquisition of further knowledge. There is not much difficulty in the Dutch declensions; but those who regard declension of any kind as a hindrance will rejoice to know of this attempt to make a step forward in the direction which accords with their ideas.

Elsevier's Geillustreerd Maandschrift, unlike the other two magazines, is (as its name shows) illustrated, and well illustrated too. The interview with the Dutch artist, Elchanon Verveer, affords an opportunity for reproducing several of his works. This article is followed by the opening chapters of a novel, "Clever Jan," which is worth reading; a humorous and well-written short story, the title of which may be freely translated as "The man who didn't like soldiers"; a visit to Alphonse Daudet; and some miscellaneous matter. A very fair number all together.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

THE place of honour in Annie S. Swan's new magazine, *The Woman at Home*, is given to a sketch, with numerous portraits, of the Princess of Wales. The parts of it which will probably appeal most to the democratic sympathies of the modern woman are those which tell of the straitened circumstances in which Her Royal Highness was brought up. Looking back to the wedding-time, the writer remarks:—

In the papers of the period there was very little said of the Princess's early life; possibly it was not thought respectful to allude to the wife of the heir to the English throne having known what the stress of poverty meant in her youth. This bit of snobbishness might well have been done away with; if anything could have added to the heartiness of her reception, the consciousness that she had that personal knowledge of poverty which is the surest bond of brotherhood, would have fastened her even more firmly to the majority of the hearts she had come to rule over. Judging from the simple manner in which she has brought up her daughters, the Princess herself is far too fine and noble a lady to have the slightest desire to ignore that period of her life when, rumour says, she and her sisters made their own dresses and trimmed their own bonnets.

FROM POVERTY TO ROYALTY.

When the Princess was born, in 1844, her father was not in the direct succession to the crown of Denmark. Indeed, so far was he from close relationship to the then king, that he had to go back to common ancestry of them both in the fifteenth century.

The Princess and her sisters were all educated at home, and seem to have led very quiet and retired lives. There is a rumour, which, however, we cannot vouch for, that during her childhood her father was so poor as to be compelled to earn money by giving drawing lessons in a little town in Germany. It is not at all unlikely to be true, for with a very small income and a large family, Prince Christian may well have been reduced to such straits. His beautiful, amiable wife, whose quiet dignity was so much admired at her daughter's wedding, apparently has not been less loved by the simple, kindly people she has reigned over for having experienced the lot common to most of her subjects. With the recognition by the nation of the Prince's heirship to the throne, brighter, or at least easier times, must have come.

AN UNEXPECTED EVENT.

The story of the birth of the late Duke of Clarence shows that there are contingencies from which even Royal households are not exempted.

His birth took place under somewhat unusual circumstances, for whereas he was not expected until March, he arrived with such promptitude at Frogmore one Friday evening early in January, when his mother had been skating on Virginia Water, that there was not a single garment there for him, and the local draper had to supply the best he could, until the carefully-prepared little garments could be sent from Marlborough House, where due preparations were being made for him.

Cordial emphasis is laid on the affection which led the princely pair to keep their children ever near them.

There are those who speak of Prince George as having been a veritable pickle in those days. Very funny stories are told of his pranks, especially those played upon his grandmother, of whom the young gentleman seems to have stood in no fear whatever, notwithstanding her august condition and titles.

THE TIRED SEWING GIRL.

Here is a pretty incident which will bear telling often:

Crossing the hall of Marlborough House late one afternoon just before Christmas, she saw a delicate-looking young girl standing there waiting. Noticing her tired expression and her

modest demeanour, the Princess asked her to sit down and inquired her business. She had brought some little garments for children, which the Princess had ordered to be made by the then new-fashioned sewing machine. The Princess took the girl, who was quite ignorant of who her conductor was, into her own room, examined the garments, and praising the neatness of the work, asked who did them. The girl replied that she had made them. She had an invalid mother to support, and she hoped by becoming an expert and good worker on the new machines that she might be able to save enough from the shop, which took her away from home all day, to purchase a machine of her own, when she might be able to earn a little more than bare bread for her mother. The Princess rang the bell, and ordered a basket to be brought with some wine, oranges, and biscuits in it, asked the girl's address, and gave the basket to her to take home. On Christmas morning what was the girl's astonishment to receive a handsome new sewing machine with a paper attached to it bearing the words, "A Christmas gift from Alexandra."

Incidents of the kind quoted above suggest a line of defence for our monarchical institutions which, perhaps, is not sufficiently recognised. In this country every political arrangement, even Royalty itself, exists solely by the sovereign will and pleasure of King Demos. That this gruff potentate demands character in those who aspire to become crowned presidents of his realm, has been made abundantly evident, and the womanly virtues of the Princess of Wales cannot fail to increase the stability of the Throne. But, this condition once satisfied, few things could appeal more strongly to the heart of Demos than to feel that Royalty itself had tasted poverty. Demos knows what poverty means. His life is one long battle with it. And just as in the old fighting days, the monarch's power was strengthened by the fact of his having dared the perils and borne the scars of actual warfare, so now the monarch gains in security by being known to have faced and felt the onset of want. The day may come when the story that the Princess Alexandra once made her own dresses, and that her father worked for his living like other poor men, will do more to uphold British Royalty than all the ancient pedigrees and blazonry and wealth it has ever gloried in.

An Electric Whirlpool.

It is probable that we are only at the beginning of the utilisation of electricity for the cure of diseases, and this being the case it is only natural that there should be some interest excited by the claim made by M. Arsonval, who has described as his own an invention of an electrical medical apparatus which bears, to say the least, a very suspicious resemblance to a machine invented by Professor D'Odiardi. Professor D'Odiardi communicated a description of the apparatus in 1892 to a French engineer with a view to having the instrument made in France and communicated to the Academy. Nothing more was heard of it until this year when M. D'Arsonval described a machine closely resembling that of Professor D'Odiardi, as if it had been an invention of his own. It is impossible for an uninstructed outsider to explain how this machine works. The patient seems to live in the centre of wire coils through which electricity is passed in order to induce currents in his inside in the form of an electric whirlpool. Edison noticed long ago that men who worked near the dynamos never suffered from either consumption or rheumatism, and Professor D'Odiardi believes that if you live inside his coils and have the electric whirlpool kept going on inside your body you may probably live for ever, or at least for a much longer time than would otherwise be possible. Pleurisy, dropsy, and tumours could be treated in this fashion.

THE GERMAN TRAMP.

AS STUDIED BY AN AMATEUR VAGRANT.

MR. "JOSIAH FLYNT" recounts in the *Century* his experiences of "Life among the German Tramps." He was in Berlin. He wanted to study the German variety of vagrancy. He inquired of the Berlin beggars. He applied at the Statistical Bureau; but without gaining what he sought. At last Dr. Bertholdt said to him, "The only way to know the entire truth about the tramp is to live with him." Mr. Flynt having played the tramp in his own country readily fell in with this advice, rigged himself out accordingly, and, set out on his travels. In the fourth class railway car, he picked up an invaluable companion, Karl, who initiated him into the mysteries of trampdom. He learned that the title of honour by which tramps knew each other was *Chausegrahentapezirer*, upholsterer of the highway ditches. He slept at nights in the tramps' lodging-houses in the cities and out in the country in barns. He found a regular market or exchange carried on in the sleeping resorts.

THE BEGGAR'S WAGES.

He remarks :—

I was struck in these auctions by the absence of Jews. In fact, I met only three during the trip, and they were extremely well dressed. . . . I think the usual wage for diligent begging is between one mark fifty and four marks, in addition to the three meals. Of course there are a few who are much more successful. . . . There was one beggar in the room who even kept an account of his income and expenses. I saw the record for March, and found that his gains had been ninety-three marks and a few pfennigs, not including the meals which he had had in various kitchens where the servants were friendly.

Here is a characteristic incident :—

Five tramps, including myself, had stopped on Easter night at one of the large bonfires that the peasants had built, just outside of Hanover, to commemorate the great holiday. When we arrived they were carousing most jovially, and seemed only too glad to welcome other companions; so we all took part, and danced around the fire, sometimes with the peasant girls, and then again by ourselves or singly. The peasants took no notice of the fact that we were tramps, and shared their sour milk and brown bread with us as if we were their best friends.

SUMMARY OF RESULTS.

I was tired, nauseated, and homesick. I made quick work with the towns of Elberfeld, Essex, Barmen, and Dortmund, and once settled down in Berlin, with almanac and gazetteer before me, found I had been 15 days "auf der Walze," on the tramp, had travelled over 1000 kilometers, studied more than 70 towns and villages, and met 341 voluntary vagrants, all of them, however, less voluntary than I.

The German tramp, if these experiences justify me in judging him, is a fairly intelligent fellow of not more than average tramp education, more stupid and less vicious than his American *confrère*, and with the traits of his nationality well stamped upon him. He is cautious, suspicious to a degree, ungenerous, but fairly just and square-dealing in the company of his fellows. He is too much of a Bohemian to be a Social Democrat, but has not enough patriotism to be easily fired with enthusiasm for his Kaiser. He loves schnappa. Liquor is just as much of a curse in Germany as anywhere else, and brings more men into trampdom than is calculated. The Schnappsfiasche (brandy flask) is in nearly every tramp's pocket, and he usually empties it twice a day. Yet I found just outside of Brunswick a female tramp, nearly sixty years of age, who could empty Die Finne (the flask) in a single "go," and seemed healthy too. This woman was the only feminine roadster I met during the journey, and I think she is one of the very few.

In regard to the public on which the German tramp lives and thrives, it is only necessary to say that it is even more inanely generous than its counterpart in the United States. With all its groans under taxes, military and otherwise, it nevertheless takes upon itself voluntarily the burden of the voluntary vagrant—the man who will not work.

POETRY IN THE PERIODICALS.

THE poem by Mr. Swinburne in the *Nineteenth Century* is entitled "The Palace of Pan," and inscribed to "my mother." It is a description of the autumn woods, and is marked by the wealth of colour and the honey-sweet flow of sound which we always associate with the work of this poet. One stanza, which rings out its verses in such rugged rhymes as "panic," "Titanic," "volcanic," seems meant to act as the passing discord which deepens our sense of the general harmony. Of the thirteen stanzas, take this as a sample :—

THE PALACE OF PAN.

As the shreds of a plumage of gold on the ground,
The sun-flakes by multitudes lie,
Shed loose as the petals of roses discrowned,
On the floors of the forest engilt and embrowned
And reddened afar and anigh.

AMONG the poetry which the World's Fair has called forth, the fine stanzas contributed by Mr. R. W. Gilder to the *Century* deserve to take a leading and a lasting place. This is the second stanza :—

THE VANISHING CITY.

Thou shalt of all the cities of the world
Famed for their grandeur, ever more endure
Imperishably and all alone imperiled
In the world's living thought, the one most sure
Of love undying and of endless praise
For beauty only,—chief of all thy kind;
Immortal, even because of thy brief days:
Thou cloud-built, fairy city of the mind!
Here man doth pluck from the full tree of life
The latest, lordliest flower of earthly art;
This doth he breathe, while resting from his strife,
This presses he against his weary heart.
Then, wakening from his dream within a dream,
He flings the faded flower on Time's down-rushing stream.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, at the close of the picturesque article he contributes to the *National Review*, introduces a poet into "The Garden that I Love." The poem which this guest recites overflows with melodious melancholy. The second stanza :—

IF LOVE COULD LAST.

If Love could last, the rose would then
Not bloom but once, to fade again.
June to the lily would not give
A life less fair than fugitive,
But flower and leaf and lawn renew
Their freshness nightly with the dew.
In forest dingles, dim and deep,
Where curtained noonday lies asleep,
The faithful ringdove ne'er would cease
Its anthem of abiding peace.
All the year round we then should stray
Through fragrance of the new-mown hay,
Or sit and ponder old-world rhymes
Under the leaves of scented limes.
Careless of Time, we should not fear
The footsteps of the fleeting Year,
Or, did the long warm days depart,
'T would still be Summer in our heart,—
Did Love but last!

MR. KEELY'S SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY.

PAUL JANET, in writing of the origin of the philosophy of Comte, said of the different and contrary conceptions found in various so-called systems, that they arise, he thinks, from the fact that *no true system of philosophy has yet been propounded*, and that only when a "*véritable système*" has had birth will all diversities and contradictions disappear from the teachings of the schools.

However willing thoughtful men and women may be to admit that "Science has done a great work in cleaning away the kitchen-middens of superstition," they see that her methods are at fault and that the results are disappointing failures. Edward Carpenter, in a criticism on modern science, says, "Science has failed because she has attempted to carry out the investigations of nature from the intellectual side alone—neglecting the other constituents necessarily involved: she has failed because she has attempted an impossible task; for the discovery of a permanently valid and purely intellectual representation of the universe is simply impossible; and it must be confessed that Science now finds herself in almost every direction in utterly hopeless quandaries."

If, as Carpenter asserts, Science has landed herself in pure absurdities in every direction, while the unknown thing remains unknown, the independent existence around the corner still escapes us, the time has come in which it may be well to look into a philosophy that, for the first time, gives us a system which teaches "a vast organisation, absolutely perfect and intimately knit, from its centre to its utmost circumference, existing embryonic in every individual man, animal, plant, or other organism, the object of all life, experience, suffering, and toil—the ground of all sensation, and the hidden yet proper theme of all thought and study."

This is the philosophy which Keely's system discloses, as made known in Mrs. Bloomfield Moore's book, "Keely and his Discoveries: Aerial Navigation. The Practical Result of these Discoveries."* It is asserted that Mr. Keely has demonstrated to men of science his ability to "hook on his machinery to the machinery of nature," drawing therefrom a harmless propelling and controlling power, which, it is claimed by him, is the force which keeps the planets in their places, lifts the oceans from their beds, and controls the universe: and to be the only safe and suitable energy for navigating the highways of the air.

After Mrs. Bloomfield Moore's book was completed and in print, she received from Mr. Grant Allen the following prefatory note, intended for its pages, which we have the privilege of making room for in our columns, and which cannot fail to create some interest in the publication:—

In this volume Mrs. Bloomfield Moore endeavours to give some account of the physical philosophy of Mr. Keely, who claims to be the discoverer of an unknown energy. There can be no doubt at all that Mrs. Moore is thoroughly competent for the task she has set herself; for no other person has been so intimately associated with Mr. Keely's work during the last ten years, and no other has followed it throughout with such disinterested and single-hearted enthusiasm. It is impossible not to sympathise with so rare a determination to assist struggling genius. In Mrs. Moore's opinion, Keely has made great discoveries; and she has generously devoted no little time and trouble to aid the inventor in gaining public recognition. Now, I am a heretic in physics myself (though my heresies are not the same as Mr. Keely's), and therefore I am interested

in the general principle that all heresies should meet at least with a fair and open trial at the bar of scientific opinion. That fair and open trial is now demanded for the views promulgated in the present volume. All its author asks is an impartial judgment; and Mrs. Moore is herself so conspicuously honest and candid that she deserves no less at the hands of specialist critics.

The work, as I regard it, is rather concerned with Mr. Keely's theories and with Mr. Keely's philosophy, than with his actual performance. Now, what the world most wants is rather proof positive and material of the existence and reality of the unknown power. As soon as it can be made to "do work" (if I may borrow the very unsatisfactory phrase of the modern physicists) practical men, I take it, will be only too glad to employ the latest known form of energy. It appears, however, that grave difficulties are supposed by many to stand in the way of the practical utilisation of the alleged motor. Till those difficulties have been overcome it is but natural that an incredulous world should stand by and suspend its judgment, if indeed it does not refuse to so much as suspend it. But Mr. Keely is fortunate in having found a supporter whose faith rises to the full height of so painful a situation. If success should ever crown his life-long efforts, it will be largely to Mrs. Moore's unfaltering encouragement for the last ten years that the world will owe its new motor.

With regard to the theoretical part of the present work—and it is mainly theoretical—I should be inclined to say that a great many of the principles for which Mrs. Moore contends have now been reckoned among the probabilities or even the certainties of science. Such are the principles of the unity and uniformity of energy, the reducibility of all energies to a single ultimate kind, and the underlying antagonism between forces and energies. But others, more novel, are couched in a new terminology of Mr. Keely's inventing, and are difficult for the physicist to correlate with the ordinary principles of his known science. To say this is not, of course, equivalent to condemning them, for every new science has had to begin by inventing its own terminology, and electricity in particular passed at first through a stage of very curious nomenclature, proved by later research to be in large part erroneous. But the language in which Mr. Keely clothes his ideas is so peculiar to himself that it cannot readily be followed by physical investigators. Much of it, I must confess, conveys little meaning to me. Nevertheless, I have honestly done my best to grapple with the reasoning involved, and I shall watch henceforth with the greatest interest the final developments of Mr. Keely's mechanism.

Every great thing that has ever appeared on this earth began by being somebody's "fad" and somebody's "eccentricity." For that reason I have always felt that we should be very receptive to fads and eccentricities, even when they don't happen to appeal to us personally. We should remember the fate of Young's undulatory theory. It is better that a thousand doubtful philosophies should stand their trial before the world than that one truth should run the risk of being crushed to death prematurely or being stifled still-born. On this ground, therefore, I would ask a respectful consideration for the work of an able, a single-minded, and a disinterested thinker like Mrs. Moore. In a universe where so many unknown powers surround us it is possible there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

* Publishers: Kegan Paul and Co.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

AMONG many articles in the *Fortnightly* of high value and bearing noted names, Dr. Pearson's on "The Causes of Pessimism," which along with Mr. Arnold White's paper on the Unemployed is noticed elsewhere, fitly stands first. A pathetic interest attaches to the late Mr. J. A. Symonds' "Notes of a Journey in South Italy"—a series of extracts from his last diary. Dr. McKendrick describes at length the marvellous structure and behaviour of the electric fishes, and concludes that the study of these and allied phenomena may serve as guides to the invention of better electrical appliances than those we have in use. Lady Dilke treats of "The Industrial Position of Women."

Sir Robert Ball, in his "Atoms and Sunbeams," follows up further Helmholtz's solution by the theory of shrinkage of the paradox that the sun—

has radiated forth already a thousand times as much heat as could be generated by the combustion of a sphere of coal as big as the sun is at present; and yet, notwithstanding this expenditure in the past, physics declares that for millions of years to come the sun may continue to dispense light and heat to its attendant worlds with the same abundant prodigality.

HOW TO WRITE HISTORY.

Mr. Frederic Harrison discloses in the form of a dialogue what he conceives to be "the royal road to history."

Well, what I would advise a young man going into the historical line to bespeak is—first, indefatigable research into all the accessible materials; secondly, a sound philosophy of human evolution; thirdly, a genius for seizing on the typical movements and the great men; and, lastly, the power of a true artist in grouping subjects and in describing typical men and events. All four are necessary.

The fault of Oxford is that she seems to think the first to be enough without the rest. The four qualifications were combined, or very nearly combined, by Gibbon.

History is only one department of Sociology, just as Natural History is the descriptive part of Biology. And History will have to be brought most strictly under the guidance and inspiration of Social Philosophy. The day of the chronicler is past; the day of the literateur is past. . . . The histories of the future . . . will illustrate philosophy.

UNIVERSITIES, NAPOLEONIC AND GERMAN.

Mr. Patrick Geddes supplies an exceedingly valuable sketch of university systems past and present. Especially interesting is his contrast of the two most potent modern systems, the Napoleonic and the German. Napoleon was "the first and still supreme educational autocrat," Wilhelm Humboldt "the first and still foremost educational statesman of the century." Napoleon planned "to make a cast-iron examination system, workable by a militarised bureaucracy, to turn out mandarins and stool-covers." His system, "introduced and organised cram," set the model to the London University and our Education Departments. Humboldt and the Germans granted freedom to teach and to learn, laid chief stress on original research, and as a result have created a system productive of intellectual life and progress unequalled in the world. The Englishman, even when triumphantly productive—

remains always (as the German recognises at a glance) more or less of an amateur. Our greatest scientific names, in fact, are instances of this—witness Darwin, Lyell and Murchison, or take any other line of special study, such as economics.

The ideal now striven after in England, Scotland and America, is German.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE *Nineteenth Century* attains this month its two hundredth number, and its contents are worthy of the occasion. It has several first-rate articles. Mr. Auberon Herbert's satirical *Vale-mecum* for Cabinet Ministers, Professor Mavor's "Setting the Poor to Work," Mr. Crackanthorpe's "New Ways with Old Offenders," Mr. H. A. Jones' reply to "Dr. Pearson on the Modern Drama," and Mr. Swinburne's poem are noticed elsewhere. Professor Prestwich bewails the anomalous "position of Geology" in this country at the present time, with its freedom of inquiry restricted on the one side by the Uniformitarians, who assume that every position must be reduced to a fixed measure of time and speed, and on the other by the Physicists, who remind geologists that the subject is outside their sphere of inquiry, and Rev. Canon Irvine tells how with his help Thackeray took as his "Study" for Colonel Newcome—

Captain Light, an old officer of fine profile and a grand "frosty pow," who had served Her Majesty and Her Royal predecessors in an infantry regiment, and had lost his sight (so he told us) from the glare of the rock of Gibraltar. Blindness had brought him to seek the shelter of Thomas Sutton's Hospital, where he lived with the respect of old and young, tended lovingly through all the hours of daylight by his daughter.

DR. MARTINEAU ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Mr. Kendel Harris' criticisms have led Dr. Martineau to write a second paper—of rejoinder and explanation—on the Gospel of Peter. The article concludes:—

On the whole, the fresh light which the researches of the last half-century have thrown upon the early life and literature of Christendom during the growth and selection of a body of sacred writings, justifies by new reasons our thankfulness for the New Testament as it is. Clear as it has become that the volume has been made up, not by supernatural dictation or even by critical discovery of authorship and testing of contents, still clearer is it that what has been let drop can claim no preference over that which has been saved; and that, in consulting and defining, from time to time, the Catholic feeling of the Christian communities, the Church authorities, in the name of the Holy Ghost, have really been prevailing led by good sense and practical piety.

"THE FATHER OF THE FRENCH PRESS."

Mr. James Macintyre recounts the story of Théophraste Renaudot, who in 1631 founded the first French newspaper, the weekly *Gazette de France*. This journal, strange to say, has survived all the vicissitudes of French history and is alive to-day. Mr. Macintyre is tempted into comparisons between "Old Journalism and New."

Much has been heard lately of something called the New Journalism. Its character is vague and nebulous, differently explained by different exponents, but its main features seem to be the glorification of the personal, the unveiling of all secrets and scandals of diplomacy and courts and the utilisation of ingenious schemes which serve primarily as an advertisement, and subordinately as a decoy to prospective material advantage. When the last-mentioned characteristic is given full play, the literature is merely thrown in. It ought to be pointed out that to call this thing New Journalism is a misuse of words. It is not new at all. There is scarcely one of its devices which is not as old as the *Gazette de France*, and few of them reach the utility of Renaudot's schemes. . . . In Court secrets Renaudot's achieved feats which would raise the envy of the most advanced exponent of the pseudo New Journalism. He had among his regular contributors King Louis the Thirteenth himself; Richelieu supplied him with paragraphs; and his successor, Cardinal Mazarin, sent accounts of battles and victories which never took place.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE *Contemporary* for October is very far from a record-breaking number. The specific gravity of most of the articles is decidedly high. Mr. Hunter's attack on Mr. Goschen's finance, noticed elsewhere, will probably make most stir. Professor Weissmann concludes his reply to Mr. Herbert Spencer, but how far he has established his comprehensive thesis—"the All-sufficiency of Natural Selection"—no one who is not thoroughly at home in the technical vocabulary of biology could venture to pronounce. Nor does Mr. Romanes' note on panmixia allure the *profanum vulgus*. Professor Ramsay's researches concerning "The Holy City of Phrygia" are more recondite than attractive.

CHINESE ART AND ARTFULNESS.

The brightest of all the articles is one by Rev. W. A. Cornaby on "Chinese Art, an Index to the National Character." There is a piquant individuality about the writer's style which is as rare as it is refreshing. We quote a few sentences:—

The straight line is an abomination to the Chinese. . . . They will always substitute a curve wherever possible, or they will torture it into a zigzag. . . . They think in curves and zigzags. To the Chinese mind the straight line is suggestive of death and demons. . . . The Egyptians, and after them the Greeks, idealised the straight line. The Chinese have idealised the curve and zigzag, notably in their national emblem, the dragon.

Chinese art is sombre, where Japanese is volatile. The latter is a necessary overflow of high child spirits; the former is a somewhat pessimist protest against the real. . . . The characteristic of Chinese art and literature may be expressed in the one word, euphemism.

Idealist dreamers and coarse Coolies, or combinations of the two in varying proportion, make up the Chinese nation. . . . The scholar and the Coolie alike are idealists, each in his own way. The ideal is not real, therefore the unreal is ideal, is the syllogism at the basis of Chinese art, religion, and thought generally. . . . The high classical ideal in art and literature, then, is luminous mist.

"A NATION OF ARTISTS"

After pages of this glittering satire, Mr. Cornaby at last reveals his objective, which is, in plain English, the conduct of the Chinese officials before and after the riots. The mandarin, "unusually gay,"

proceeds to draw up an idealised account of the doings of the rioters and of their provocation. Dr. Fell, well versed in anatomy, and a lover of exact definition, may exclaim at his leisure, "All Chinamen are liars;" but we, for once euphemistic, do but affirm them to be a nation of artists, the principles of which art may not be tabulated too rigidly, nor arranged in cruelly straight columns.

In the closing paragraph the mask of satire is almost dropped in the strenuousness of the practical demand:—

The lion (with apologies to the emblems of other countries) makes a spring—in a straight line, of course. The dragon is caught! Not so. With many an intricate curve it soars on high, far above the lion's head. Emboldened by this magnificent success, the anti-foreign schemers lay their trap, carefully concealed by imperial proclamations on tissue paper, torn in some places, but easily patched up with more tissue paper, on which is written an artistically softened account of the late riots. Meanwhile . . . as, not the dragon Emperor with his smooth promises, but a certain old dragon—of the existence of which it is now the turn of China to reassure the West—seems to be the master of mobs of ten thousand barbarians, yelling for the death of two peaceable men, there is a pressing need for the speedy importation of a little real, straight moving justice into this land of curves and zigzags.

"THE COMMUNAL CONTROL OF LAND."

Mr. Munro Ferguson, M.P., charges Parliament with having proceeded in regard to land—

Not only on different, but on inconsistent principles. For, in the first place, State arbitration has been instituted to rectify the relations of owner and occupier; in the second, tenant occupiers have been helped to become occupying owners; and in third, local authorities have obtained certain powers to acquire and administer land.

The first arrangement ultimately results in "legislative enactments providing for land purchase." The second only turns the unearned increment into the pockets of a lawyer, instead of a number of landowners, and extends the vices of landlordism over a greater area of the population. In the third Mr. Ferguson finds the logic of the situation. "The drift of Land Reform" sets towards communal control.

Its strength lies in its flexibility. In one district the land system could remain entirely unchanged; in another a few allotments might be formed; in a third small holdings; while all the while private effort might be stimulated. Owners might be bought out from a city or from a countryside; for the system can be applied equally to the site of a cottage or of London, to the island of Lewis or a roadside allotment. Land commissioners would no longer be needed, and with a few minor Acts the land system could be left to take care of itself.

Mr. Ferguson would not confiscate existing ground-values, but would enable the town council to retain any future building-values, as well as to rate unoccupied land on its capital value.

A SPANISH IBSEN.

José Echegaray is presented to us by Mrs. Hannah Lynch as the Spanish dramatist of "the modern conscience, and its illimitable scope for reflection, for conflict, and temptation." The way in which the sins of the fathers are visited on their children is terribly emphasised by him. "We cannot with impunity corrupt the sources of life," says one of his characters:—

Not even Tolstoi, with all that delicacy and keenness of the Russian conscience, that profound seriousness which moves us so variously in his great books, has a nobler consciousness of the dignity of suffering and virtue than this Spanish dramatist. And not less capable is he of a jesting survey of life. Echegaray writes in no fever of passion, and wastes no talent on the niceties of art. The morality and discontent that float from the meditative North, have reached him in his home of sunshine and easy emotions, and his work is pervaded nobly by its spirit. And unlike Ibsen, he illuminates thought with sane and connected action.

OTHER ARTICLES.

"An Early Aspirant to the German Imperial Crown" is none other than the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, whose liberal sympathies, popularity in Germany, and expected elevation to the supreme position in the general revulsion from Prussian and Austrian claims in the 'sixties are recounted by Karl Blind. It appears that the Duke once in 1860 invited Blind and other political exiles to meet him in Buckingham Palace. Caroline Holland describes how "the Banditti of Corsica" dominate the island, overruling the elections and terrorising the people.

One does not exactly see why such an article as Miss Julia Wedgwood's "Message of Israel" should have been published, except to show how a person who is not an expert may yet feel her way after her cherished beliefs amid the new results of Old Testament criticism.

THE NEW REVIEW.

THE October number does not exceed the average quality of contents. Mr. Harold Spender's plan of saving the House of Commons, which is the most important article, and Dr. Dunn's "Increase of Cancer" are noticed elsewhere. Mr. Leslie Stephen revives the memory of William Cobbett. Mrs. Lynn Linton, who writes in a calmer mood than usual, discusses the alternative of living in town or country, and concludes that the choice is between Life and Repose.

A NEW USE FOR THE BARREL ORGAN.

Sir Augustus Harris contributes a second group of notes and reminiscences of "Opera in England." He complains of the extreme conservatism of the British public in matters operatic:—

They take with great difficulty to a new work. The fact is, that in this Protestant country the music in our churches is far beneath the music in the Catholic places of worship, where from their earliest days children hear and get accustomed to music of the highest order, and thus are more ready to grasp and understand the works of the modern school. . . . There is a story told of the late E. T. Smith, who, when manager of Her Majesty's Opera House, used to engage barrel organs to play and popularise the tunes of an opera he was about to produce.

NINE DECISIVE MARRIAGES.

Mr. Spencer Walpole starts from the principle that "though the marriages of kings usually engage only a secondary attention, it may be safely stated that the decisive marriages of the world have had more influence on its fortunes than the decisive battles," and recalls the effects produced on English history by nine marriages—of Bertha, who won, and of Anne Boleyn, who lost, England for Rome, of Emma and Ethelred, of Matilda and Henry I., of Eleanor and Henry II., of Elizabeth and Henry VII., of Margaret and James IV. of Scotland, of William and Mary, of Sophia and the King of Bohemia. "English history would not have been what it is, nay, England herself would not have been what she is, if it had not been for these marriages."

A THREAT OF REVOLT.

Mr. S. T. Evans concludes his paper on "The Liberal party and the claims of Wales" with the following words, which are evidently intended to make any eating of the leak next session impossible:—

To threaten revolt is not pleasant, and perhaps not particularly dignified; but it would not be fair in this case to follow the proverb which says, "Never say you are going to do a thing until you have done it." It is surely better to state clearly and without equivocation that the representatives of Wales in Parliament must and will accept the responsibility which the situation will place upon them, unless next Session the Government are prepared to redeem their promises to the Welsh people.

CHOLERA AND TYPHOID.

Mr. Adophe Smith asking, "Are we prepared to resist a cholera epidemic?" makes the somewhat surprising announcement that

the drainage of the poorer property in England is fairly good, that of the slums in large cities is the best of all. Sanitary inspectors, amateur inspectors, slum explorers, philanthropists, missionaries, and many others are constantly prying into the dwellings of the poor; and though there is much surface-filth, any real organic defects are promptly detected and remedied. It is the middle-class dwellings, the houses rented at from £30 to £100 a year, that escape inspection, and that are often very badly drained.

Having observed the fact, namely, that cholera follows in the wake of typhoid fever he ventures to surmise that as in England we are not yet exempt from typhoid fever, we cannot consider ourselves safe from cholera

. . . There is no lack of hard drinkers in England. There is no lack, either, of misery, of overcrowding, of personal uncleanliness; and these constitute the culture ground of the cholera microbe. To save ourselves from cholera, we must cement a firm alliance between the social reformer and the sanitary reformer.

ARE WEATHER FORECASTS TRUSTWORTHY?

Mr. Robert H. Scott, of the meteorological department, endeavours to correct the popular impression of the inaccuracy of weather forecasts. He quotes statistics to show that in the thirteen years, 1879-1891, the forecasts for the various districts of the United Kingdom averaged a percentage of 45.5 entire, and 34.8 partial successes, against 6.6 entire, and 13.1 partial failures. The least successful districts are, in order of their figures, the West of Scotland, the South of Ireland, and then the North of Ireland and the North-west of England, ranking equally.

HOW TO TELL A LIFE STORY.

Mr. Leslie Stephen writes out of much experience of biographers and biographies, to protest against the style of biography that takes as its model the blue-book or the funeral oration. He pleads that "biography should once more be considered as a work of art: the aim should be the revelation, and, as much as possible the self-revelation, of a character." He observed that "letters in the main are the one essential to a thoroughly satisfactory life."

The Economic Journal.

THE September number of the *Economic Journal* presents a substantial bill of fare, in which the technical does not overpower the general human interest. The leading place is given to Mr. Goschen's address at the Annual Meeting of the British Economic Association. His recognition of the place of ethics in economics and of economics in ethics, seems likely to derive from his personal antecedents and official position a sort of epochal significance. Mr. Bear's formulation of problems for the new Royal Commission on Agriculture, Mr. Clem Edwards' history of Labour Federations, Mr. Ogilvie's Rise of the English Post Office, and Mr. Wolff's account of the French Agricultural Syndicates are referred to elsewhere. Caroline A. Foley, M.A., treats of Fashion as a factor in production and distribution. Fashion is an economic power perhaps too little dwelt on in the systematic exposition of the science; and there is a poetic fitness in a woman endeavouring to supply the lack.

Among other solid subjects of contemporary fame, the Silver Question naturally comes in for extensive treatment: one of the writers, Mr. Dana Horton, describing the issue of the order closing the Indian mints to silver as a veritable *coup d'état*.

In the *Westminster Review*, Mr. Charles Roper tells ghastly tales of the oppression East Anglian labourers suffer at the hands of gamekeepers and game-preserving magistrates. Another writer unfolds a new plan of distributing fish direct to consumers—the formation of a National Fish Supplying Company, pledged never to charge a penny more to the public than would provide for a fixed dividend and necessary reserve. Mr. Harry Davies writes on the Future of Wales, and on the strength of the eminence of Welsh preaching asserts that "There is, given due advantages, enough fire and enthusiasm in the Welsh nature to set the world ablaze in all the arts and sciences." Though so enthusiastic about the Welsh, he deplores not only England's neglect of Wales, but also the exclusiveness of the Welsh and their stubborn resistance to the English language.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE *National Review* is greatly exalted over the defeat of the Home Rule Bill by the Lords, but otherwise does not reach a very high pitch. Lord Ashbourne leads off with a psalm on the "Crowning Mercy." He winds up by asking,

What has been the feeling of the country on the rejection of the Bill? It appears to be genuine relief. There are no signs of sorrow or indignation. It is impossible to flog up a particle of enthusiasm against the House of Lords for doing what was expected by all, and hoped for by millions. Everyone feels that the Peers did their duty; and a growing majority of the people of Great Britain, and a growing minority of the inhabitants of Ireland, entirely approve their action.

WHICH SIDE DO YOUNG BLOODS PREFER?

"M. P." reviewing the personal aspects of the session, while eulogizing the Unionist leaders, and not withholding his admiration from "this miracle of enduring vitality," as he calls Mr. Gladstone, declares:—

Already, indeed, ambitious youth seems to be recoiling from Gladstonianism. Any observer in the galleries will be struck by this obvious difference between the Gladstonian and the Unionist benches. On the former he will see almost unbroken rows of elderly or middle-aged men; on the latter he will see a plentiful sprinkling of young men.

Sir George Baden-Powell laments the "barren labours" of the session.

A VERY FLAT CHAMBER.

Mrs. Crawford delineates the persons and parties and prospects of the new Chamber of Deputies. She opens with a very decided summary of the situation:—

The new French Legislature is one of very middling quality. Taking all in all, the governmental majority is perhaps the flattest ever elected since the Consulate—a government which sprang up when the guillotine had cleared away most of the heads that shed lustre on the National Assembly and Convention. Nearly every brilliant talent, of no matter what party, has been rejected by the electorate and regardless of past services.

VIA MEDIA ANGLICANA.

Rev. G. J. Cowley-Brown takes up the controversy on Ritualism where it was left in the *Contemporary* by Archdeacon Farrar and Canon Knox-Little, and implores both extremes to recognise the *Via Media* which the Church of England is meant to embody. He deplors that "an increase of scepticism is met by an increase of superstition:—"

Some who profess to speak in the name of the Church have required men to believe so much that now they will believe nothing. Questions of ceremony which bear nothing upon conduct are gravely debated, while people are debating and doubting the very existence of a God.

AN OLD HOUSE OR A NEW?

The gem of the number is undoubtedly Mr. Alfred Austin's "The Garden that I Love." The poetry is mentioned elsewhere. In recounting how he found his beloved garden, the poet thus breaks forth:—

I do not know how people consent, save under dire compulsion, to build a house for themselves or to live in one newly-built for them by others. For my part, I like to think that a long line of ancestors, either in blood or sentiment, have slept under the same roof, have trodden the same boards, have generally entertained under the same rafters, have passed through the same doors and up the same staircases, drunk out of the same cellars and eaten out of the same larders I now call mine. I like to think that I am not the first to bring life and death, sigh and laughter, merry-making and mourning, into a human habitation.

ASIATIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THIS review covers a signally wide range of interest, and contains a remarkable store of information along with a wealth of practical initiative. Mr. Arthur White's scheme for beginning "Britannic Confederation," and Dr. Leitner's suggestions on the Cow-killing Riots, are noticed elsewhere. So are General Forlong's account of Zoroastrianism as set forth in the Pahlavi Texts, and Mr. Le Maistre's prophecy of the speedy extinction of the Burmese. The Marquis of Lorne contributes a note on the outlook of the British East Africa Company, in which he says:—

A chartered British Company means, according to the present Government interpretation, a Company that the Government are chartered to encourage and desert, after hampering it to the utmost extent in their power by rendering its financial hopes ridiculous. . . . I hope it may not be necessary to repeat the little platform campaign of last winter to confirm the Government in the belief that East Africa must remain part and parcel of the British Empire.

SUGGESTED ALLIANCE OF INDIA AND CHINA.

Mr. Alexander Michie presses the point that—

The offensive alliance, or whatever it may be called, between France and Russia ought in reason to be met by a corresponding defensive alliance between India and China. There are men in China who see this, as there are men in India and England who see it. . . . But we suspect that India has so far proved the more backward of the two. . . . A noteworthy reawakening of China during the past twelve months should not escape our attention. . . . and it is interesting to see that the easternmost section of the Siberian railway has been opened to traffic in the same year that witnesses the completion of the Chinese line as far as the Great Wall. The broad facts stand out clear enough that Great Britain and China are at this very moment engaged in a common effort to save a friendly kingdom from being broken up.

The greatest obstacle to the projected alliance Mr. Michie finds in the personal policy of the leading statesmen on both sides. The Chinese leaders are bent on ousting foreigners. The English leader, "strong as Samson, as desperate and as blind," is bending his might to overturn "the pillars of his own house."

WAS ABYA A RACE-TERM?

Lord Chelmsford continues his reply to Mr. George Curzon's advocacy of a forward policy in Japan, and "An ex-Panjab Official" energetically denies that there is any treaty or promise obliging England to defend Herat against Russian aggression, or requiring the Amir to submit his foreign policy to ours. Mr. Charles Johnston argues from various ethnological phenomena to show that—

The Rajputs are a red race, neither Scythian nor Brahman; and are the direct descendants and successors of the Rājanyas Kshattriyas, or Warriors of Ancient India.

Whether they are Aryans also, is another question. "There is the strongest reason for doubting whether Arya was ever a race-term at all."

THE *Deutsche Rundschau* for September gives us a critical study of Fritz von Uhde and his pictures by Herman Grimm, who is of opinion that the gospels are not there to be illustrated, their contents raising them above the rank of pure imaginative literature. No one ought to be prevented from understanding the New Testament as he pleases, but nothing can be gained by painting pictures to represent the gospel stories in accordance with the newer readings. *Westermann* for October also contains an interesting study of Fritz von Uhde and his art, by F. H. Meissner.

THE ARENA.

THE September number falls considerably below the *Arena* average. B. O. Flower's "New Education and the Public Schools" has been elsewhere referred to. The inexpressible currency question claims no fewer than three articles all to itself. The second batch of "verdicts" by well-known writers on the "Bacon-Shakespeare case" contains five for, and one against Shakespeare's authorship.

A THEOSOPHIST ON SPIRITUALISM.

"Spiritualism," says Ella W. Wilcox in this number, "is merely the ante-room to the vast cathedral of the Wisdom religion." Apparently it is an ante-room where, on her showing, you are sure to meet with bad company and to run great risks. "To investigate spiritualism without the defensive knowledge which theosophy alone can give is as foolish as for a child to play with edged tools." These are the reasons:—

The dead who die in selfishness, avarice, and lust, and with the higher spiritual qualities dormant, hover about the borders of this astral world, and are eager to communicate with earth. The ignorant "investigator of the occult" not only retards their final spiritual progress by placing himself in reach of them, but he subjects himself to their evil influences. . . Besides these earth-bound spirits, the astral world or the one adjacent contains the "body of desire," which the spirit drops behind it in its upward flight, just as it dropped its body of clay in the grave. This "body of desire" contains a certain amount of memory and intelligence, which it received from the spirit during life, even after that spirit goes on about its business.

Hence arises the mixture of sense and absurdity in the messages which inquiring friends receive from it.

It is only the cast-off, baser part of your friend who is talking to you, actuated by a sort of automatic memory and a remnant of intelligence. Let it alone and it will decay. Fill it with the magnetism of mediums, and it will live on and on, but the mediums will lose health, morals, and reason.

THE "FOREIGN DEVIL" LOOSE IN JAPAN.

A terrible indictment is brought by Elizabeth A. Cheney in the September *Arena* against the consular courts in Japan. Under existing treaty-arrangements, Europeans or Americans charged with offences against Japanese must be tried before the consul of the Power to which they belong. According to the writer before us this simply means that the most abominable atrocities are committed by foreigners on the Japanese with impunity. The foreign tribunals apparently side with the foreigner, whatever his guilt. Here are some of the facts adduced:—

An American woman, a procuress, being unable to live in her own country, went to Japan. After she landed in Yokohama, about fifty young daughters of respectable families disappeared. Every one knows that the entire evidence is clearly against her; but judicial power being in the hands of foreigners, she has lived safely in Japan for over five years.

Again, the foreign roughs—mostly, perhaps, the sailors going to the public bathhouses on pretence of bathing—often forcibly break into the women's department, and attempt to outrage their persons. From this horrible indignity Japan gets no protection.

There is another case on record too horrible to relate here, and of which a normal imagination can barely conceive. It regards the treatment of a Japanese woman. Yet it is a fact, is known all over Japan, and the perpetrators of the deed remain unpunished.

These are but a few of the thousands of incidents of the application of the unjust treaty by which the judicial power of the Japanese is entirely ignored. Is the foreign hyena who preys upon the liberty and virtue of the women of Japan to escape, simply because foreign jurisdiction alone controls the decision of these cases?

These statements might seem incredible; but the Cantonment Blue Book just issued serves to remind us afresh of the scant regard which "Caucasian" officials pay to the legal rights of Eastern womanhood. No wonder that the question of treaty revision is uppermost in Japan.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE September number is predominantly political, but possesses beside much variety of interest. Ex-Speaker Reed, Mr. Carnegie, and Sir John Lubbock, discuss the silver crisis in the United States. The English and the French view of the Siamese question are set forth by Mr. Curzon and Madame Adam respectively, while Earl Donoughmore writes in support of the House of Lords' treatment of the Home Rule Bill.

Dealing with "Play-writing from the Actor's Point of View," Mr. W. H. Crane states that "there has never been so prolific a creation of manuscript plays as at present." "A manager of a city theatre is agreeably surprised on a day when he does not receive a new drama at his office." "It would not be a bad guess to assert that if fifty new plays are produced yearly on the American stage, ten thousand have been written and submitted during that period." He grants also that "many more really meritorious dramas are written."

THE FORUM.

THE *Forum* for September is a mine of solid and varied information. Its most sensational feature is Dr. McGlynn's revelation of episcopal intrigue in the Papal Church. This and other articles are noticed elsewhere.

Mr. E. M. Shepard extols "the Brooklyn idea in city government," by which is meant the investment of the mayor with a sort of modified municipal autocracy, the "deposit of sufficient or decisive power in the mayor alone." It "discards largely the principle of checks upon executive power." The mayor may without hindrance determine the entire *personnel* of the municipal administration, except in the finance and audit departments, and except in the uniformed police and fire forces, whose members are removable for cause only and after trial." The adoption of this principle is declared to be "the most important gain in municipal reform within our time."

Mr. M. B. Morton reminds us, in an article full of statistics, that the Southern States pay pensions to ex-Confederate soldiers to the amount of over a million dollars per annum.

President Harper, of Chicago University, finds the annual pay of American college professors to average \$1470—or about the yearly income of blacksmiths, brakesmen, railway conductors, and the like. Even German professors receive more in hard cash, while, if the relative cost of living be taken into account, they are twice as well off. Mr. Henry Irving describes his four favourite parts; and the inevitable silver crisis has two articles all to itself. Mr. O. W. Atwater has a very interesting article on the food waste of America, quotation from which I reserve until I have to deal with the waste of food in the series, "The Wasted Wealth of King Demos."

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

THE *Revue des Deux Mondes* for September contains an exceptional number of interesting articles. We have noticed elsewhere M. Bazin's account of the Italians of to-day, and M. Raffalovich's article on Criminal Berlin.

THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

In the number for September 1st, M. de Varigny commences what promises to be an interesting series of articles on the West Indies. The author journeyed from New York to Hayti, thence to Jamaica, Cuba, and St. Domingo. He gives of Bermuda and the Bahamas satisfactory accounts. In a few words he gives an account of the orchid industry in the Bermudas. The three days spent between that portion of the West Indies and New York prevents any quantity of blossoms being exported; but an enormous trade is done in bulbs; in New York five to ten dollars is often paid for a fine orchid button-hole, and the wedding bouquet presented to the daughter of Mr. William Astor was entirely composed of white orchids, and cost £80. The soil of Bermuda seems specially adapted to the lily of the valley, whilst that of the Bahamas produces the finest bananas, oranges, citrons, tamarinds, and pineapples.

Under the title of "A Modern Prophet," M. Mille attempts to give a character sketch of Laurence Oliphant.

THE FRENCH ANTILLES.

In the following number M. Monchoisy deals with the French Antilles, Martinique, and Guadaloupe, where apparently the whole population is given over to the production of sugar and alcohol. Nowhere in France, remarks the writer of the article, will you find such religious fervour as in these two Colonial islands, where the clergy are treated with extreme deference and respect; Government officials walk in the religious processions, and in the villages the mayor will consult the curé before he will ask advice of headquarters. As in Ireland, the clergy seem to exercise a most salutary influence over the morals of their people; the priest is obeyed, but rather feared, for he is his own police and looks after the bodies and souls of his parishioners with an ever vigilant eye. The French Antilles keep the carnival in great state, the fêtes and masked balls beginning some six weeks before Lent, which is kept very strictly. The finest building in Guadaloupe is the cathedral, a splendid iron monument.

MEDIÆVAL CHEMISTRY.

A really interesting article, and which must have required an enormous amount of research, is M. Berthelot's on the "Chemistry of Antiquity and the Middle Ages." In it he shows that the science of the ancient world was ever associated with religion, were it only because its temples required a knowledge of geometry and mechanics, while the Greeks first imagined science as detached from the service of religion. Of the Middle Ages a number of manuscripts remain, giving many extraordinary recipes for the mixing and composing of chemicals. Italy seems specially rich in such lore. In the Library of St. Mark, Venice, is a volume copied about the year A.D. 1000 from an older work, and which is a veritable manual of Byzantine chemistry, treating of various metallic alloys, the moulding of bronze, and the method of dyeing chemically stuffs and skins. At Lucca is another manuscript, dating from the days of Charlemagne, and containing formulæ for the colouring of mosaics, writing in gold and silver, etc., etc. M. Berthelot has rendered himself master of his subject, and

has produced a valuable addition to the history of the Middle Ages.

IS A WOMAN A PERSON?

M. Fouillée's article on "The Physiology of the Sexes" cannot but have to English readers an old-fashioned ring. The first part is scientifically interesting, the second consists of a fine defence of the moral position and consequent moral equality of women. But it is somewhat late in the day to discuss the question as to whether or no women are persons, and possess their own personality, or exist exclusively for man's pleasure and advantage. M. Fouillée answers this in a striking and conclusive manner; which may be commended to those who have not yet reconciled themselves to the citizenship of woman.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

THE great feature of the *Nouvelle Revue* are the articles contributed by M. Behrs, Count Tolstoi's brother-in-law, on the family life of the Russian novelist. English readers, however, have already had an opportunity of reading the substance of M. Behrs's work in a volume published by him in London last year.

In the September numbers M. Jules Zeller, of the Institute, gives a stirring account of Luther's life up to middle age; and as he writes for a public which knows little and cares less for the Lutheran doctrine, he imparts his information with curious vigour and freshness. In England, Luther is regarded either as a spiritual hero or as a lamentable apostate. M. Zeller looks at him from neither of these points of view. He describes him as some erudite person of the twentieth century may describe Wesley or General Booth. But underlying his eloquent writing is the conviction that Luther went much further than he originally intended; and he argues on this point with a clearness which is all the more telling because he does not even allude to Luther's own marriage. The monk is presented to us as filled with early fervour in the cause of reform, and as gradually stripping himself of all his early conceptions of Christianity. Even in the heat of the battle he continued to say mass, and when he was finally excommunicated he was made miserable by being unable to go to confession. M. Zeller winds up his second article by the statement that not only the Catholic Church, but the Empire of Germany was threatened with destruction by the new wine put into old bottles. He leaves the reader with the sense that the civil powers suffered as much as the ecclesiastical; but he expresses no regret. It is this singular impartiality to which we English are quite unaccustomed which gives the articles historical freshness. He brings out Luther's mysticism, and the ultimate tendency of his intellect to exalt faith to the exclusion of work; and says that in matters of fact and science he remained full of the prejudices of times anterior to his own. "Doctors," said Luther, "who speak of our maladies as being due to natural causes, are ignoramuses who do not realise the power of the Devil." But hypnotism seems as if it were likely to vindicate Luther.

Mme. Anna de Lamperière gives a short vivid account of the Russian section of the Woman's Building at the World's Fair. The exhibits which have been arranged and organised by Princess Marie Wolkowsky and Mme. Alexandra Narischkine have been divided into two classes, the Industrial and the Artistic. The Tsarina, who took great interest in the section, contributed two large cases of Russian embroidery and real lace. In the same number, M. Gavillot replies to Baron Rieg's August attack on the Judicial Reforms of Egypt.

SOME ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

The Woman at Home.

THIS is the title which Annie S. Swan has chosen for her new magazine (Hodder and Stoughton, 6d.) The contents as well as the title mark her intention to cater for women that stay at home, rather than those whose duties or tastes take them out into wider spheres. "It is no mean ambition, no easy task to essay," says the editress,

this provision of fireside reading for the "woman at home." The older I grow the more fervently and keenly do I feel the power and influence of woman in her own kingdom, and I would place the home unhesitatingly before the State, because it is the nursery of souls, and from it go forth the influences which, matured, guide the destinies of nations.

This self-imposed limitation naturally forbids measuring the venture by more exacting standards. What is distinctive about the new-comer is not the presence of any totally fresh or original elements, but rather the grouping of features which are found separately in many other varieties of periodical literature, but which have not been conjoined as here. The individuality of the magazine lies in the personality of the editress. The constituency which her books have already won for her shows how widely that personality has been appreciated.

As observed elsewhere a sketch of the Princess of Wales has the first place. A triplet of pretty stanzas by Norman Gale, a serio-comic tale of a Chinese butler by Mrs. Sarah Grand, an exchange of confidences between Madame Patti and her interviewer, Baroness von Zedlitz—all profusely illustrated—are among the principal items of attraction.

Harper's.

IN *Harper's* a copiously illustrated article on "Caravan Travel from Trebizond to Tabreez" is written and drawn by Edward Ford Weeks. "The Childhood of Jesus" is an attempt to reconstruct from intuition and analogy the story of the child and boy in his early years. It is illustrated by copies of Raphael's "Belle Jardinière," Murillo's "Holy Family," and other noted pictures. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, under the title of "A French Town in Summer," sketch the out-of-door life of Toulouse. Colonel Dodge, in "Riders of Syria," rather undermines our traditional admiration for the Arab steed. He says:—

The exceptional Arabian is a fine fellow, but—and I think I can claim some experience, as I have seen and used horses in a great many parts of the world—apart from a certain attractiveness we readily grant him, I do not think that the best Arabian is nearly as good as the best hunter, the best trotter, the best racer, or the best saddle-horse of England or America.

Perhaps the most popular article will be that on "Undergraduate Life at Oxford," in which the doings and sayings of that curious product of civilisation is well and wittily sketched by an outsider. Noticed elsewhere are the articles on "Manifest Destiny" and "Witchcraft Superstition in Norfolk."

The Strand.

THE *Strand* has a somewhat belated article on White Lodge and Princess May and her family. Sherlock Holmes has duplicated himself, and now prosecutes his investigations in company with his brother; and in addition there is another story of the amateur detective type. The article on Sun-dials is pleasant reading. The sketch of Hamo Thornycroft receives notice elsewhere.

The English Illustrated.

THE *English Illustrated* gives a fine portrait of the new Governor-General of Canada, with a brief sketch. Lady Colin Campbell and Mrs. Lynn Linton indulge in strong words about the use of tobacco by women, Lady Colin advocating and Mrs. Linton shrilly denouncing it. Mr. Charles Lowe gossips about the Coburgs, and gives us portraits of the Dukes, past, present, and future. The double-page engraving of the Paymaster-General and two habitués of Monte Carlo is very striking.

The Idler.

THE *Idler* has the usual complement of fiction and amusing frivolity. Raymond Blathwayt discourses on Sir Charles Beresford, ashore and afloat. "A real hero," is Sir Charles' description of the engineer Benbow, who did a remarkable feat of engineering under fire, on the Gordon Relief expedition. This is what depended on it:—

If Benbow had not put that patch on the boiler, under countless difficulties and dangers, under a hot and continued fire, we must have been lost. Wilson's party must have been lost, and as has since transpired through Father Ohrwald and many Sheikhs from the Soudan (who were then fugitives in the Mahdi's camp), the whole of the little column at Metemneh would have been lost too, as the action at Wad-el-Habashi delayed the arrival of Nejjun and his army of 40,000 men.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE *Pall Mall Magazine* is exceedingly lavish of illustration, marked by varying degrees of merit. An etching of Kokarski's Marquise de Béarn, and an engraving of MacWhirter's "A View on the Tummel," carry off the palm. Pictures of the World's Fair buildings at Chicago are well executed, but appear somewhat late in the season. The solidest articles are two on the Bi-metallist controversy, in which Sir John Lubbock states the case for gold, and Mr. Vicary Gibbs the case for silver. The story of Sarawak is retold. Fiction, and not of the tamest order, is predominant.

The Century.

THERE are some fine portraits in the *Century*, notably one of Whitman in the "War-time." Castaigne's "Champs Elysées" is strikingly reproduced. Mr. W. L. Wyllie's pictures of "Plague in a Pleasure Boat" are impressive. Mr. Loeb supplies some admirable illustrations of work at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, to which fuller reference is made on another page. The diary of a fellow voyager of Bonaparte on his way to St. Helena, and "Walt Whitman's War Letters" are the chief distinctions of this excellent number, and they also, along with the amateur German tramp's experiences, find notice elsewhere.

Scribner.

FEATURES of this month's graphic art are "Glimpses of the French Illustrators," with examples of their work, and some fine sketches by Mr. Francis C. Jones of "Historic houses of Washington." Mr. Frederic Remington's portraits and groups of the North-west Mounted Police of Canada are very spirited. The principal article, by Mr. Howells, on "The Man of Letters as a Man of Business," is noted elsewhere. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's introduction to his grandfather Robert Stevenson's reminiscences of a voyage with Sir Walter Scott, in the "Lighthouse" yacht, has a curious interest of its own.

PRIZES FOR OCTOBER.

THE competition for the Calendars seems to be kept up in spirit by the various competitors, who take a great deal of pains in compiling their papers. The following is the order of merit this month:—

CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

1. The Prize is won by Charles Douglas Rosling, Horwell Endowed School, St. Stephen-by-Launceston, Cornwall.
2. W. Culling Gaze, Fengate, Peterborough.
3. Miss Cécile Lambert, 27, Blenheim Crescent, W.
4. Miss Sarah Lukes, Clyton House, Par, Cornwall.
5. Miss N. Edwards, Park Farm House, Eltham, Kent.
6. "Veritas," 3, Avoca Terrace, Blackrock, Dublin.
7. Miss J. S. Keeling, Stapenhill, Burton-on-Trent.
8. George F. Wright, Ings Cottage, Burton-on-Humber.

The competition for the other prizes does not seem to be so brisk. For the five-guinea prize which I offered for the best paper upon "How to Improve Our Towns," several papers have been sent in. After careful consideration we have decided to divide the prize, giving three guineas to Albert E. Lander, of 62, Church Road, Croydon; and two guineas to "Civas," of Brighton, who did not give his address. The third in order of merit was Mr. J. S. Higham, Highfield, Accrington, Lancs.

The guinea prize for the best list of the most useful publications is won by Henry Williams, Hawthorn, Lavender Sweep, Clapham Common.

The guinea prize for the best short story is divided between Thomas Kensington, 6, Farm Bank Road, Sheffield, and "Seraphabel."

The papers sent in for the other competitions do not justify the award of the prizes.

A Catholic Social Scheme?

At the Catholic Truth Society Conference at Portsmouth last month there was talk of a new social scheme of Cardinal Vaughan's. It was said that the Cardinal had discovered a "Key to the Social Problem." But after his paper was read a priest was heard to observe that it was a splendid paper, but "where was the Key?" It was, however, a step in the right direction. Isolated priests and men and women have long been working at the social problem with little effect, but as yet the Pope's Encyclical on the Labour Question and Archbishop Ireland's recent trenchant speech have not resulted in any united action on the part of the bishops and clergy. That is still to come, and the sooner the better. A significant incident occurred on Tuesday. The Cardinal sat among the people, an appreciative listener, while the platform was occupied by a lady reading a paper on the "Catholic Letter and Literature Guild."

Our Father's Church.

MR. J. PAGE HOPPS has issued an encouraging little report as to the welcome which his suggestion of Our Father's Church has received in all parts of the world:—

About eighteen months ago, Our Father's Church sent forth its message. But the newspaper press has done most of the work of dissemination. By its help *The Ideal* has been laid before millions of readers in almost every part of the world. Besides this, many thousands of copies of *The Ideal* have been circulated in English and Italian. A German translation is in the press, and French, Spanish, and Welsh translations are in hand.

The result has been, not so much to attract a large number of confessed members, as to elicit a very remarkable agreement in favour of the principles of the church, and especially in favour of the conception of a church as a spiritual communion

of kindred spirits without external organisations, and of adherents without sectarian operations.

At present this seems to be the mission of Our Father's Church—to set forth this human and serviceable gospel—in the hope that every one may in time come to see that the truest church-work is the world's work, and that, to be a member of Our Father's Church anywhere is to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God.

Mrs. Besant's Church.

MRS. BESANT, who is publishing her autobiography in the *Weekly Sun*, last month referred to the aspirations in which she indulged with me in 1887, as to the foundation of a church based upon the service of man, and adds that she did not know then that the Elder Brothers had already formulated the principles on which this church should rest—the Theosophical Society to wit—to which it is the glory of her life to belong.

The Mission of the Music-hall.

DR. ANDREW WILSON tells in the *Humanitarian* how powerfully a rough music-hall audience in Newcastle was affected by the singing of "Home, Sweet Home," and other simple English ballads. From this and like experience elsewhere, he pleads with the directors of music-halls to give the ballad a fair chance. "Every succeeding visit to the music-hall" convinces him more and more that "it has a future before it as 'the people's concert room,'" and he argues for its educational value:—

When you can draw tears from rough eyes, and soften rough hearts with the simple song of long ago, you do wrong to neglect this source of education in the finer feelings, whereof the world to-day is none too full. . . . Are there not thousands and thousands of the younger generation growing up who have never heard what good old English, and Scottish, and Irish ballads are like at all? I plead for these thousands, quick, by reason of their inherited sympathy, to know and to feel what is good and true in the music of their land.

What is a First-class Game?

Is golf? That is the question Mr. Alfred Lyttelton considers in the *National Review*. He lays down what he considers to be the most salient among the true requisites of a first-class game. These are—

1. The vigorous and graceful employment of the highest bodily activities.
2. Sufficient luck to disturb scientific certainty.
3. Opportunity for judgment, nerve, temper, concentration, leadership, combination, *esprit de corps*.
4. Strokes affording sensuous pleasures.
5. The occurrence of frequent crises in which the highest skill evokes the highest skill.
6. A playground among pleasant surroundings.

He had previously "ascertained in every way" these requisites before applying them to golf. On application to it, however, he finds that "it is clear that in many important respects golf is found wanting." But all the same "a good game on a good links would tempt me now from almost any other sport."

THE story of the Amazon of Nice—Catarina Segurans—whose sudden valour saved, in 1543, the citadel of her native town from the all but victorious Turks, is vividly re-told in the *Leisure Hour*. The modern advance of woman seems to call for the construction of a Calendar of Heroines, from which our growing girlhood might claim old precedent for new ambitions. In such a calendar, the fifteenth of August—the day of her great achievement—may well be set apart to the memory of this brawny fisherman's daughter.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE CIVIC CHURCH.

CIVIC CHURCH OR FEDERAL CENTRE?

AT the Reunion Conference last month in Lucerne there was much discussion both before and after the delivery of the paper on the Civic Church, an abstract of which appeared in the September REVIEW. Broadly speaking, the result of the discussion may be summed up in one sentence. Every one agreed with the conception, and every one disagreed with the name. That is to say, the obvious advantage of having a Federal Centre in every community round which could be grouped all organisations which labour for the improvement of the condition of that community, commended itself to every one. But Mr. Price Hughes and one or two others who took a prominent part in the debate, were loud in their denunciation of the proposal to call this Federal Centre a Civic Church.

THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

Mr. Price Hughes's argument amounted to this, that my idea of a church was based upon a radical misconception of the difference between the Christian Church and the Kingdom of God. The only excuse for me was that I erred in company with St. Augustine and of all those who followed his lead in this matter. The Kingdom of God is wide enough to include all those who take trouble to do good to their fellow-men. But the Church Militant, according to Mr. Price Hughes, is by no means composed of the same individuals as those who form the Church Triumphant above. The Church Triumphant above is composed of all those who belong to the Kingdom of God, whether they are in conscious relationship with our Lord or not. The Church Militant, however, is a select body, which is no more coterminous with the Kingdom of God than the Civil Service is coterminous with the Queen's subjects. Hence the term "Church" was declared at once to be too narrow and too sacred to be applied to the union of those who love for the service of those who suffer.

CARDINAL MANNING.

When long ago I was starting this movement, Cardinal Manning wrote to me, "Call it anything but a church and I will support you all I can; persist in calling it a church and neither I nor any of my people will do anything to help you." For my part I confess, whether it be owing to crass stupidity or to invincible ignorance, I cannot see the force of the distinction which is drawn between the church and the kingdom. I have always used the term the Church of God as if it were a synonym for the Kingdom of God. Hence, I held that those men and women constitute the Christian Church who in their various spheres are doing that which Christ would have done had He been in their place, whether or not they are in conscious personal relationship with Him.

All those who do any good in the world are doing it by virtue of the Grace of God. As no one can do good of himself, if any man does good to his fellow-creatures he must obviously do it by the influence of the Divine Spirit working through him, manifesting itself in

spite of his imperfections, and all those in whom the Spirit works are naturally and necessarily, so far as they are animated by the Divine Spirit, members of Christ, and therefore members of the mystic body of the Church.

CHRISTIAN IS THAT CHRISTIAN DOES.

Neither can I see the need of making so much difference between the consciousness and the unconsciousness of the creature through whom the Divine influence is transmitted. Every incandescent light that is switched on to the central main shows that it is united with that main, not by any consciousness on its part of any organic union with the main, but simply by the light shining through it and manifesting itself to the world. In this manner those who are the light of the world are those through whom the Divine light streams, and they are in organic union with the central main in so far as they manifest that light. Therefore the true way of finding out those who belong to the Church is to find out those who let the light shine through them in the divinely appointed way, of taking trouble to do good to their fellow-men. That is to say, those who live a life of self-sacrifice for the welfare of others are in Christ. If they do not they are out of Christ, and the question of the conscious personal relationship, although important, is quite subsidiary to the vital question as to whether or not the spirit of God shines through them, radiating their lives and making them the light of the world.

A RELUCTANT CONCESSION.

It would, however, be ridiculous to insist upon a label, however correct, if the result of insisting upon the accurate label were to defeat the object for which it was invented. That is to say, if the reunion of Christendom is to be brought about we must not stand on such pedantries as the right or wrong name for the association on the basis of which Christendom will be reunited, and therefore I am quite willing to substitute wherever possible the title of Federal Centre for that of Civic Church. But if any one asks me what this new institution is the centre of, I will reply it is the Federal Centre of the Civic Church. By which, of course, I understand all those people and associations that are willing to take trouble to make their fellow-men better, and to make the community in which they live more worthy of the Christian name. It will be interesting to see how far this condescending to brethren who are offended by the use of the term Church will lead to the multiplication of the Federal Centres.

Milk as a Beverage.

THE warfare against the public-house will not be undertaken in serious earnest until a glass of good fresh milk can be had as easily as a glass of beer. For hot weather there is no beverage so refreshing as cow milk. Yet in many districts it is as inaccessible as Nepenthe. In New York a dairy has been established on East River at the foot of Third Street, where the coalheavers consume immense quantities of milk at a penny a glass. The milk is sold at twopence per quart by a philanthropist. He also sells what he calls sterilised milk—that is to say, milk heated up to 158° is sold at threepence per quart for the use of infants.

PROGRESS TOWARDS FEDERATION.

THE movement towards federation seems to have considerable life in it at present, as will be seen from the following report of the progress which has been made in this direction:—

The earliest practical effort in recent years to secure the co-operation of all the Churches and other agencies in a federated effort to promote the general weal took place at Newcastle-on-Tyne. There was constituted in that city on April 21, 1890, what was called the Religious Conference. On this Conference every church and chapel in Newcastle and Gateshead has a right to be represented by three members. The Vicar of Newcastle was elected chairman, and the Conference contained representatives of Churchmen, Roman Catholics, Nonconformists, Jews, and Positivists. The Conference began its labours by organising a demonstration against gambling and betting, then it discussed the question of prostitution, and in the following year held a demonstration on the subject of temperance. The defect of this organisation was, that it was academic rather than executive, and confined itself to making occasional demonstrations. It did not attempt to undertake the duties of the Civic Church.

A similar organisation on almost identical lines was established at Liverpool, and with almost the same results.

In March, 1891, a Conference held in connection with the Association of Helpers at Bradford gave a stimulus to the idea of federated action.

The first Civic Centre to be formally constituted was at Glasgow. A Conference, presided over by the Lord Provost, was summoned by the Presbytery of the Established Church, and attended by representatives of all the other churches, and of many public and private institutions. It was decided to form a Social Questions Conference, which was publicly launched by Lord Rosebery, May 13, 1892. The following public bodies are represented on this Conference:—The Presbyteries of the Established, Free and United Presbyterian Churches; the Episcopal Church; three parochial boards; Merchants' House; Trades' House; the Landlords' Association; the House Factors' Association; the Trades' Council; the Charity Organisation Society; the Social Union; and the Ruskin Society. The following subjects were submitted for discussion in the order of urgency:—

1. The organisation of labour centres where work may be provided for all who are willing to work.
2. The housing of the poor and practical suggestions for the improvement of their dwellings.
3. How to provide rational and pleasant recreation for the citizens.
4. The condition of the class guilty of minor offences in relation to short terms of imprisonment.
5. How to put down vagrancy and rescue the children of vagrants.

Very useful and valuable reports were drawn up under these heads, and the Conference undertook last winter to organise popular concerts on a large scale.

The first Civic Centre to be constituted in England, and the only Civic Centre which calls itself by that name, was established at Brighton. The formation of this Centre dates from November 29th, 1891. It is constituted by representatives from the churches, chapels, trade unions, co-operative societies, friendly societies, and other organisations. Mr. George Jacob Holyoake is one

of the vice-presidents of the Brighton Civic Centre. The objects of the Centre were thus defined:—

1. Decrease of public-houses and enforcement of the laws concerning the liquor traffic.
2. Enforcement of the law against gambling.
3. Better lighting of back streets and slums.
4. Improved dwellings of artisans.
5. Public baths and washhouses.
6. Increased technical and moral education.
7. Shorter hours of labour and seats for shop assistants.
8. Free news-rooms.
9. Gymnasiums and swimming baths for boys and girls.
10. Open spaces and playgrounds for children.
11. Election of suitable persons for public bodies.
12. Strengthening the hands of the Vigilance Committee.
13. To secure shelters for flymen.

The minimum subscription is fixed at a shilling. The Committee meets once a month. It has been very active, and has brought constant pressure to bear upon the Town Council in the right direction. Mr. Holyoake, who is one of the oldest veterans in the work of social reform, recently remarked that he had never known any society that had made such rapid, such solid progress as the Brighton Civic Centre.

A Civic Centre was constituted at Cardiff on May 13, 1892, its object being declared to be to promote the social and moral well-being of the community. Its constitution defined its members as consisting of original sympathisers, ministers of religion, and elected members. A permanent committee of women only dealt with women's questions. The council meets quarterly. Its chief work has been the institution of dinners for starving children during the winter.

Conferences and public meetings were held to discuss the proposed Civic Church at Walsall, Wolverhampton, Swansea, Ipswich, Burnley, Bristol, and Middlesbrough, but owing to local causes the movement in these places did not pass beyond the initial stage of appointing a committee to consider and report.

The most notable advance in the direction of the Civic Church has been made at Manchester. The Social Questions Union was formally constituted on November 29, 1892. The Bishop is the President. Its members consist of any persons desirous of promoting the objects of the Union, who subscribe not less than one shilling a year to its funds; but their nominations must be approved by the Council. The objects of the Union were thus defined:—

To unite members of the various Christian communities and others, for the purpose of studying and taking united action upon questions affecting the moral and social well-being of the community, such as drunkenness, gambling, social impurity, and the condition of the people, and for the promotion of purer and happier conditions of social life generally.

The means by which these objects were to be obtained were thus defined:—

- (a) By obtaining all necessary information.
- (b) By informing and developing public opinion.
- (c) By putting existing social laws into operation, and promoting fresh legislation.
- (d) By co-operating with existing social organisations, and, if need be, initiating others.

The following committees were appointed:—(1) Temperance. (2) Gambling. (3) Social Purity. (4) Educational and Recreative. (5) Labour, and (6) Conditions of Home Life. The council meets once a quarter, and the reports of the committees show that most useful work has been done.

Another useful Civic Centre has been established at Rochdale. It is established on much the same lines as that in Manchester, but the Standing Committees are as follows:—(1) Housing of the Poor. (2) Police Court Mission. (3) Temperance. (4) Recreation. (5) Smoke Abatement. The President is the Mayor, and the Centre is working in hearty co-operation with the Town Council.

In Edinburgh the excellent Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor has for years anticipated several of the features of the Civic Church. But at the opening of this year an attempt was made to convert it into a Civic Centre. The hearty co-operation of the police and the city authorities was secured, but as yet the work is carried on on the old lines.

In the Old Swan, Liverpool, the Civic Church movement has led to the opening of a social centre in the disused police-station. An attempt to establish a similar social centre at Aintree, Liverpool, failed, owing to the indisposition of the local churches to respond to the generous offer of Mr. Hartley.

These form, so far as I am aware, all the successful attempts that have been made to constitute working Civic Centres on lines broader than that of Established or Free Churches.

The movement, however, has led to considerable activity in the direction of federation among the Free Churches. At Walsall, for instance, the attempt to found a Civic Centre broke down owing to differences about disestablishment, but a Nonconformist Council sprang from the ruins of the Civic Centre.

At Swansea the proposal to establish a Civic Centre resulted in the formation of a Christian Council, in which Churchmen and Dissenters met, but which did not include either Catholics, Unitarians, or Jews.

In London a Nonconformist Council has been in existence for a year or two. It issued a manifesto on the eve of the County Council Election, and meets periodically for the consideration of questions of public importance.

Birmingham, in February, 1893, decided to constitute a Nonconformist Council for the united consideration of moral, social, and religious questions. The executive committee is composed of four ministers and four laymen from the Wesleyans, Congregationalists, and Baptists, and one each from the Friends, Presbyterians, Primitive Methodists, United Methodists, New Connexion, and the Salvation Army. The Council is considering the taking of a religious census, and has held an important conference on the subject of juvenile prostitution.

There have been many Nonconformist Councils formed in other towns, but so far the movement has chiefly been confined to the Free Churches, with the exceptions noted above.

I conclude this hasty survey with a brief reference to the Council of Churches in Victoria, which was constituted in September, 1892, by the representatives of the Orthodox Protestant Churches. Its object is defined as that of giving opportunity for consultation and co-operation on matters affecting the religious, moral, and social interests of the community.

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE VISITATION.

THE Rev. Thomas Law, of Bradford, brought before the attention of the Reunion Conferences at Lucerne the fact that the most practical measure of reunion that had taken place in recent years had been the union of the Nonconformist Churches in certain large towns. In Bradford, Halifax, Birmingham, and Leeds, the Nonconformists have united for the purpose of making a thorough survey of the whole of the town in order to ascertain the extent to which the population attended church or chapel, and the children the Sunday-schools. Mr. Law gave a very interesting account of the house-to-house visitation which had taken place in Bradford. In that town all the Nonconformist bodies united, including the Unitarians. Every house was visited, and as a result the committee, which constituted a sort of Federal Centre so far as the Nonconformists were concerned, found that those who professed unbelief were very few and those who were indifferent were very many. They also found that both the publicans and the municipal employees complained that the nature of their vocations rendered it impossible for them to attend church. As the result of this visitation, a Nonconformist parochial system was established, each church being held responsible for the spiritual oversight of a certain number of houses in its vicinity.

In other towns the Unitarians have not been permitted to take part in the visitation. This limitation was defended by Mr. Price Hughes on the ground that while it was perfectly legitimate to accept the co-operation of the Unitarians in works of charity and philanthropy, it was not possible to accept that co-operation when the task in hand was such distinctly spiritual work as securing attendance at places of worship. This objection,

which was very strongly held by the Wesleyans, points to the desirability of eliminating from the objects of the house-to-house visitation anything that can be regarded as distinctively spiritual in this sense. At present, however, this is the first object and starting-point of the whole movement.

A house-to-house visitation has been made during last month in Leeds, where the effort has at least evoked an excellent spirit among the religious communities which have taken it up. What is to be hoped is that when the enumerators have finished their task the representative committee which has directed the visitation will take serious counsel as to the best way of remedying the evils which this census has brought to light. It is tolerably certain that any attempt to deal with them upon any basis less wide than the co-operation of all the men of goodwill in the whole town will not succeed. Not even the combined force of evangelical Nonconformity is sufficient, and hence it is possible that before long out of this movement may spring up Federal Centres which will form that much desired counterpart to the Town Council.

The chairman of that Centre, if he is adequately supported, will become the Angel of the town in which he exercises his functions, and it would not be surprising if we were to see the reunion of Christendom brought about by this revival of a real episcopate. Although in many cases the bishop or chairman of the Federal Centre would not be an ecclesiastic, and in some cases not even a professing Christian, he would have to be, what is much more important, a Christian in deed if not in word, and, as supervisor of all the churches and agencies for doing good, he would undoubtedly be in the true apostolic succession.

"ONLY A PENNY!"—A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

FOR some time it has been evident that the original conception of the Helpers' Association was too narrow. It has brought me into helpful contact with many valuable workers in various parts of the country. But, in the first place, those who are willing to help and are enrolled as Helpers find themselves in a position of isolation, and they do not know how many there may be who sympathise with them in their immediate neighbourhood. Secondly, many of them being poor men and women were not able to carry out any work that required any expenditure on their part. In the third place, the Association made no provision for those who wished to subscribe or those who were willing to enrol themselves, as ready to co-operate in case anything required to be done in the neighbourhood in which they lived. The work of the Helpers' Association has always been from the first to promote the union of those who love for the service of those who suffer, and it has taken as one of its first objects the humanising of the workhouses. Even this required money as well as time, and many who were in hearty sympathy with the object could not undertake the duty of Helper. Pondering these things in my mind, it occurred to me, when in Lucerne, that the time had arrived when it might be possible to establish a wider association upon a broader basis. On the last Sunday of the Reunion Conferences at Lucerne, I availed myself of the opportunity of setting forth the result of my cogitations to an open air meeting held under the trees in the grounds of Madame Merle D'Aubigné at the Gutsch. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon, and representatives of both England and America, and of many sections of the Christian Church, were present at the closing meeting. After a preliminary exposition, chiefly autobiographical in its character, explaining what seemed to me to be the scriptural foundation of the Civic Church or Federal Centre, I spoke as follows:—

THE NEED FOR ORGANISATION.

I want to lay a practical proposal before you. It may not come to anything. No one can tell how many of the hundreds and thousands of acorns which fall from an oak will spring up and take root. I am going to plant a small acorn; I do not know if it will grow up. What I wish to ask you is, whether we could not discover some method which would enable each individual in the land to feel that he or she was being enabled to help on the great secular works of righteousness and mercy and justice and peace which so much need to be attended to? There have been several societies founded in the United States for this purpose which have had a great success. There has been no corresponding society founded in England. The societies to which I more particularly refer are Christian Endeavour Society, the Society of the King's Daughters, the Lend-a-hand Society, and some others. Do you think that there is room among all our multifarious societies for one, a National Civic Society, which would be as general as the Christian Endeavour Society, but which would not be limited by a sectarian title, and which would take as its object the doing of the six things which our Lord says will be the tests at the Day of Judgment?

WHY NOT A PENNY FELLOWSHIP?

The first thing we should have to settle would be its name. Mr. Hughes proposes that it should be called a Fellowship. I like the word fellow, because it is neutral. It is one of those words, of which we possess so few, which signifies either she or he. So does comrade, so does member, and so does fellow-servant. But on the whole I prefer fellow and fellowship. But instead of calling it a Civic Fellowship, I should like to have a name which would be a little more distinctive. A Civic Fellow! What is a Civic Fellow? I therefore propose to call the suggested association—if it is ever heard of again after this afternoon—"The Penny Fellowship," and I should like the badge of my association to be a penny, or if a penny be too large to hang on a watchchain we might substitute for it—in honour of the country in which we are holding this meeting—a tene centime piece. This is the reason why I propose the penny.

ONLY A CIGARETTE A DAY.

The time has gone past for declamation, and the time has come for organisation. We are all pretty well agreed about this, but how many of us are there that are agreed? How many of us in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America—for we speak particularly of the English-speaking peoples—are sufficiently in earnest to give up the cost of a cigarette a day for a systematic effort to do these secular works of mercy more generally and concertedly than has yet been done? Supposing that you pay the cost of a cigarette a day into the Fellowship funds, and that 100,000 persons did the same—do you know that the Fellowship would have an income of £150,000, which is five per cent. on three millions sterling? That is not available at present, but it is not for the want of the will, but for want of organisation. I cannot doubt that there are 100,000 persons who would not grudge the cost of a cigarette a day if they saw a chance of doing any good with it.

IF NOT PER DAY THEN PER WEEK.

The first objection, of course, comes from the people who are already pretty well milked dry by the perpetual and incessant appeals of their own charities and churches, until they shrug their shoulders and say "A penny a day: that is sevenpence a week," and so on. I don't know if any of you have ever learned to milk cows, but if you have you will know that if you don't strip a cow very dry she will go off her milk; and I have found that as a rule the more you make people give the more they are willing to give. But I do not propose to strip these good people of more than a penny a day, or I would even allow those who could not afford more to pay a penny a week. But it is the penny which is the distinctive thing.

WHO SHOULD BE FELLOWS?

But who would be eligible to subscribe the pennies? I propose that the Fellowship should be an association of all who love for the service of all who suffer. I would not limit it further than that. I do not ask him anything as to his creed: so long as he loves and subscribes his penny he is eligible for the Fellowship.

WHAT SHOULD THEY DO?

But you say how would they serve those who suffer? I would take the six heads which are Christ's tests on the last day. There are hungry people and thirsty people, and strangers, naked people, sick people, and people in prisons. I should divide those into the six categories, and I should say that the work of this Fellowship is to promote the union of all those who are trying to alleviate some of these miseries in their locality for the service of all who suffer. Hunger, thirst, hospitality to the stranger, clothing the naked, caring for the sick and visiting the prisoner. But you say, "Oh, people do that already." Some do, some do not. Take feeding the hungry, for instance. I think that the best practical method of working for the hungry is to throw more Christian zeal and energy into the election of our Boards of Guardians.

and to constantly appeal to the churches and other societies to get your best people to serve on the Boards and to act as visitors to the workhouse.

THE WORKHOUSE TEST.

I think that if England were to stand before the Judgment Seat to-morrow she would be asked more about her workhouses than as to the state of her churches and chapels. Here in our midst are gathered together a certain number of people who are very wretched and very miserable, many of whom are dwindling down to death, and will only leave those walls when they are carried to a pauper's grave. Could there be a position which ought to appeal more to all who bear the Christian name? But I believe that I am under the mark in saying that there does not exist a workhouse in any of our large towns in which there are sufficient visitors to afford all the patients five minutes' talk with one human being in the course of the week. I ciphered it out when I was in Manchester, with the master of the workhouse there. Merely to give the patients there five minutes' talk in the week would require more visitors than the churches and chapels of Manchester were capable of supplying. Let us define under each of these six heads what could be done.

I.—I WAS HUNGRY, AND YE FED ME.

For instance, in the feeding of the hungry, the first thing to do is to get to know who your Poor Law Guardian is. Of course we are hoping that the whole of the Poor Law administration will be redistributed, so that every one will know who his guardian is; but at present it is one of the most difficult things. Have you ever thought of the dumb pathos of the lists which are regularly nailed to church or chapel door to make public the names of those who have been nominated or of those who are eligible to vote for the guardians? It seems to be a mute appeal from the State to the Church, saying to every one of us, "Could you not get the best people elected?" Then there is the question of volunteering to visit and of showing a little kindly sympathy to the poor old people. I will give you one example from the letter which I have received from my sister. She writes describing the exquisite enjoyment afforded to some old people in Wandsworth Workhouse by a day in the park and tea at a gentleman's house. Now imagine that kind of thing done, not merely once or twice, but as a regular branch of church work. Do you not think that there would come a little of the joy of life into these people's hearts? You do not know what a workhouse is like until you have been inside one.

THE GOSPEL OF GOSSIP.

If a person came to me and asked me to advise him as to what he could do for the poor in the workhouse, I should not say, read the Bible to them, or read a sermon or distribute tracts, but—do not misunderstand me—go and "have a crack" with them. They are practically prisoners; many of them will not leave their beds until they die, and a kindly, genial person who would come in and have a talk would be one of the greatest blessings they could have. I was taught that lesson when I was only a few years old. I used to go and read to an old woman in a bye-street at Howdon. I did not like it; but my mother laid it on my soul, and so I used to read to her from the Bible and the *Appeal*. One day I remember, when I had finished reading, the old woman heaved a great sigh of relief, and said, "That's done! Now we will have a crack!" It taught me a lesson I have never forgotten. If you were to be put on a diet of tracts you would soon have indigestion. It is all very well to take a tract now and then, as a piece of the great outside world. Then it may be a spice. But you cannot dine off mustard altogether.

II.—I WAS THIRSTY, AND YE GAVE ME DRINK.

So much for hunger. Now about drink. The first thing to get to know is to ascertain where the ordinary person has a chance of getting a drink outside the public-house. At one time, in England in many places, a man would have had to walk a long way in order to get a drink of water. I have heard people groaning over the working-man. "Why does he

go to the public-house to get a drink?" they ask. The answer is easy. If the man has to walk half-a-mile to get a drink of water, it is very natural that he should go to the public-house which is close at hand. But it is not only water, for a man cannot drink only water alone; he requires something else occasionally. Now I think that I should begin to believe that the Christian Church has taken this matter to heart when in every town there is one good Temperance tavern or coffee-palace for every ten intemperance taverns that exist. But you say this is all material, this is all carnal. Well, gentlemen, we all unfortunately have stomachs, and I must say this, that you must all remember the time when out walking or bicycling in the country, that you would rather have seen a public-house than the most splendid cathedral in Christendom. Thirst is an imperious tyrant; you cannot argue with it. You must drink, and the ministering to this simple elementary need of mankind ought not to be left to the publican.

III.—I WAS A STRANGER, AND YE TOOK ME IN.

Now as regards hospitality. All of us here probably are in families; but there is a state of things which is enough to make a man, and still more a woman, feel as if they would like to curse God and die; and that is when they are living in a whole cityful of people there is no man or woman to speak to them or to whom they can speak. I believe that our Sunday-schools and our choirs have been more blessed as affording an opportunity for introducing people to each other than even they have been in teaching the Bible or in improving the singing. We often forget what a blessed matrimonial agency the Sunday-school has been. If two young men come up from the country, and one belongs to any organised form of Christianity and is sufficiently keen to go into the Sunday-school or the choir, that young man will soon have made friends on all sides, and will be rooted in human surroundings. But the other one, who never goes to the Sunday-school or into the choir, often the only girl to whom he can speak is the barmaid or a girl of the town. When the Bradford House to House Visitation took place, one of the people visited said he never went to chapel or church. When asked the reason, he said: "I went to church for six months, and nobody spoke to me during the whole time." Those who dispense fire-water would never have let that man come in and go out without shaking hands with him. That kind of thing is left to those who dispense the Water of Life. What we must do is to minister to the craving wants of human nature. Just consider what a desolate place London is for young girls and young fellows, and you will see what need there is to have a place, well lighted and well warmed, in which they could meet each other in friendly social intercourse.

IV.—NAKED, AND YE CLOTHED ME.

Then there is the question of clothing the naked. In Edinburgh the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor and the police have clothed all the ragged and shoeless children that were to be found in the streets of the town. My friend Mr. Waugh thinks that the Edinburgh people are acting on wrong principles. But supposing our Lord Jesus should look down and see all the little ragged children running about the streets of Glasgow and Liverpool, and then look at Edinburgh and see all the children well and warmly clothed, I think it would take a good deal of arguing to convince Him that Glasgow and Liverpool were acting on more correct principles than Edinburgh. I am glad to see that they are introducing the same system into Birmingham. That is only a simple thing, and there is nothing original about it. But we want to get all the best things that already exist adopted everywhere.

V.—SICK, AND YE VISITED ME.

Then in the visiting the sick. That is recognised as such a common duty that it has been handed over to the Scripture reader or to some other kind person. It has become professional. If every church and chapel were to know all those who were sick, and invite any of its members to pay them friendly calls in order to show their interest in them and cheer their spirits, I think it would do a great deal of good. Of

course, I do not propose that you should let loose a rampant mob of churchmen and churchwomen upon a scarlet fever patient, but a good deal might be done short of that.

VI.—IN PRISON, AND YE CAME UNTO ME.

Then again as to prisons. They are fortunately not so numerous as they used to be in the olden times. But there are great difficulties, I am sorry to say, in visiting prisons. It is one of those things from which I am debarred, for no one who has been inside a gaol as a prisoner is allowed to visit them afterwards. But if ever you had had the good luck to have been in prison you would sympathise with the poor fellows who are there.

What I propose is that the Penny Fellowship should take united action in their own localities to do these six things. Do you think it is worth while trying?

A QUESTION BY COUNT TOLSTOI.

I was much impressed with one thing when I was staying with Count Tolstoi. One summer afternoon we had a long walk from his country seat towards the railway. When we reached it we found a gang of navvies getting their tea or something to eat in the afternoon. They were sitting outside their huts, and very miserable huts they were. They were only holes dug out of the hillside, with a few sleepers for a doorway, and in these huts these fellows slept. After Tolstoi had read them one of his little apologues, to which they listened attentively, one of them came up to him and said: "Do you think we could have a little straw to lie on?" "I will send you some straw at once," he answered. He walked for a hundred yards, muttering to himself, "On the bare earth! on the bare earth!" Then he turned to me and said, "You call yourself a Christian?" I replied, "Yes." "Where are you going to sleep to-night? You are going to sleep on a feather bed? How dare you sleep on a feather bed when these poor fellows have not a straw to sleep on! Do you think that Christ would have done so?"

WASTED WEALTH.

But his saying, although I do not accept it in its entirety, represents a great truth. Many of us who have been blessed with this world's gifts could minister a great deal more than we do at present to those who have them not, without impoverishing ourselves in the least or adding a penny to the cost of our living. I think there are many ways in which we could minister to our brothers without impoverishing ourselves. Every now and then I have an inclination—I do not know whether you would call it a temptation of the devil or an inspiration from on high—to give up everything and go and live in the slums. I have often thought that if I had been alone in the world I would have done it, but I have never seen my way to carrying it out. I am quite sure that I might have made greater use of the things with which I have been favoured than what I have done.

I.—BOOKS.

Take, for instance, books. Dr. Spence Watson, Chairman of the Newcastle Liberal Association, wrote to me once, saying, "When I get a good book I feel that it is a kind of sin to let it remain upon my bookshelves unused." You say, but books don't come back again. Well, suppose they don't; some do. Of course I do not ask you to send round your family Bible, or any book that you are constantly using in your daily work; but a book, which after you have read it, would remain upon your bookshelves unused, do you not think you might send it round? It might be announced in every church and chapel that if any young man or woman had no interesting books to read, Mr. So-and-So would communicate with those members of the congregation who have libraries, and by this means the whole of the libraries of the Christians of the place might be made useful to every one.

II.—CARRIAGES.

There is another thing which weighs upon me. That is a question for those who have horses and carriages. The principle to which I want to call your attention is this. There is a church in America which has a well-to-do congregation. They have a list at the church of all the people who have carriages and are willing to allow them to be used for the ailing and the sick. There are difficulties in the way of course. I would not like to trust my poor pony with every one who came to take her out for a drive. But it could be arranged. There are people who can drive. But how often our horses stand in the stable, sometimes week in and week out, without being used more than half an hour a day! People who keep carriages send their horses out to exercise them whether the carriage be empty or full. Why could not such persons be in communication with the churches and chapels in the neighbourhood, so that any sick or ailing person could have a drive? It would give an immense amount of pleasure.

III.—BICYCLES.

Take another question, and that is the question of bicycles. I have a couple of bicycles standing in my coachhouse at Wimbledon. I feel sadly that these bicycles are doing no good at present. How many young fellows in Wimbledon would be only too glad to have a ride on them! But there they stand, useless to any one. I can assure you these bicycles weigh a great deal heavier on my conscience than any of the heresies which were charged against me last week at the Conference.

IV.—GARDENS AND GROUNDS.

Then there are grounds. I have not a large garden, only about an acre. I cannot help feeling that we do not use that garden as much as Jesus Christ would have used it if He had been in my place. I think that there are many people to whom it would be a very great boon to sit underneath the trees. You can say they might go on to the common. But it is not the same thing.

V.—HOUSES.

Then again there is the question of the house. How many of us have houses which are comfortable, pleasant, and bright, and how many there are of those whom we know, educated people, gentlemanly people and ladylike people, to whom an opportunity of living in a house like that, while we are away from it, would be a very God-send! "Ah!" you say, "I do not dare to let them be in the house while I am away from it." But often those same people let their houses to total strangers. Do you not think we could do more in that direction? I maintain that all these things could be done. I think that if 100,000 persons in England would undertake to do these things, or some of these things, there would be a great deal more sweetness and love in England at the end of the year.

THE FELLOWSHIP FUND.

I think also there would be available a great fund for good works. I would expend the fund in many ways. I will only mention one small matter. I would use part of that fund for the endowment of charwomen. I think the endowment of charwomen would remove a great obstacle out of the way of a great deal of good work. Whenever you propose to use any church or any school-room for a secular service, people say, "Oh, they will make the place so dirty, we will have to pay the woman." That is only a very little thing. There are thousands of other things.

LOCAL FUNDS.

I should propose that the Fellows should be organised in towns and counties so that the funds which were raised in one district should also be spent in that district. If 100,000 persons gave the cost of a cigarette a day there would be a fund of £150,000 to do that work. I may be very optimistic, but I cannot help thinking it possible that we may yet succeed in raising up among all our churches and chapels 100,000 penny-a-day Fellows!

THE LANTERN AND THE PULPIT.

AN ENCOURAGING REPORT FROM AMERICA.

AT the Photographic Congress in America, the Rev. W. A. Patten, of Illinois, read a paper concerning the camera and the pulpit, in which he said several things which are worth while quoting here, for the encouragement of those who are somewhat timidly beginning to invoke the aid of what Dr. Patten calls "the servant of God, to render vivid and clear spiritual truth":—

The camera has received a hearty welcome into the studio, the manufactory, the school-room, the lodge-room. It has also received a like welcome in recent years into the church. Religion has its basis in history. It expresses its symbols in art. The earliest forms of architecture, as well as the highest expressions of art are religious in their motive. The temple became the repository of all that was most glorious in sculpture and painting. The history of the religions of mankind cannot well be studied without a knowledge of the monuments of past civilisations.

In recent years there has been a great advance in the study of archaeology. Here the camera has come in as a large factor.

In the teaching of the life and history of the church the pulpit cannot do without the camera. Christian art and archaeology go hand in hand. The inscriptions are best copied now by the camera. Many places there are where the use of the squeeze paper and brush are indispensable, but in most instances photography saves labour and accurately preserves the record. The work done by the Palestine Exploration Fund and the Egyptian Exploration Fund within the past twenty-five years has brought to light a vast lot of material whose richness and importance as contributions to the study of the religious life of these countries is simply inestimable. Thus the study of the Christian evidences from the standpoint of archaeology, the study of the religions of antiquity as preserved in their monuments, the study of the developments of Christian art as found in the catacombs and elsewhere, is rendered possible and exceedingly valuable by the rich fruits of the camera.

The Christian missionary to foreign fields now goes to his work armed with his camera and optical lantern. To reproduce a map, to illustrate the life of our Lord or the journey of his apostles, to bring before the people the manners and customs of Bible lands, the beam of light as a swift-winged messenger comes to his aid. In studying recently the book of Nehemiah and his great reform, during which he built up the dismantled walls of Jerusalem, discussion turned upon the course of the walls and the general topography of the city. From views taken on the spot with my own camera a few months ago it became possible to illustrate the subject in such a manner as to invest it with the utmost reality and vividness.

In the ordinary ministrations of the pulpit the camera is coming to be recognised. Under certain circumstances and on given occasions the use of the screen projection is assuredly a powerful adjunct. Its use may, of course, degenerate into a mere spectacular performance which is only a common show; but in proper hands beneficent and lasting results must certainly follow. A pastor in England affirms that through one of his illustrated sermons, delivered at various places, over three hundred persons had been roused to lead a better life. The illustrated sermon may have as real dignity and effectiveness as the illustrated volume, and be more impressive because of the added element of personality.

The existence in England of what is called the "lantern service" is well known. Illustrated themes are published and slides are borrowed. In this country the interest in this kind of work has greatly augmented within the last ten years. Some of our churches are now provided with apparatus for this purpose. One church recently built in Chicago has a laboratory for the manufacture of the glasses, and the pastor, who, it is needless to say, is a thoroughly live man, has great success in presenting the truth thus illustrated to his people. Another church, in Minneapolis, I believe, is provided with a screen,

lantern, etc., all at the control of the pastor by means of electric communications. If he desires while preaching to illustrate his subject, he may by pressing the respective buttons unroll the screen, turn out the lights, and signal the operator for the picture. What is more, in many of our theological schools may be found a complete optical outfit for the purpose of teaching Christian art, architecture, paleography, and the latest results in exploration and discovery in Bible lands.

All this serves to illustrate the statement that "science is the handmaid of religion," and none are so ready to acknowledge this as the Christian teachers. Many clergymen are expert amateur photographers, and are finding the camera a valuable adjunct in their work. It must not be understood that the illustrated sermon is in any sense to supersede the ordinary service of the church, but to find its place in specific lines, as above indicated. The church is more and more to use the camera—(1) to teach Christian art and archaeology; (2) in work in the foreign mission fields; (3) in the Sunday-school and normal work; (4) in special services to children; (5) in evangelistic services among the masses; (6) in providing a high class of instruction along the line of art and history.

A Girls' Seaside Camp.

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE describes in the *Modern Review* for this month an experiment which she made last year that might well be imitated elsewhere. A friend having given her £100 to be spent as she thought best among the poor, she decided to establish a seaside camp for girls. She hired three large bell tents and two marquees, besides some smaller square tents for use in bathing. A friend lent her his park, and supplied four boats for the use of the girls, each having a stout old fisherman in command. She then selected a uniform, a blue flannel jacket and scarlet knickerbockers and a straw hat. The wives of the fishermen looked after the girls, thirty of whom were soon established at the camp. The result was entirely successful; the girls stayed there for three weeks, and bathed, rowed, went picnics and generally romped round, doing all the duties of the camp, fetching and carrying wood and water and everything else. Lady Florence is very anxious to establish a permanent seaside camp for girls where the slave girls of London might have three weeks' outing every year.

The November Elections.

BEFORE the next number of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS appears, the November elections will be over. I hope that our Helpers, and all those who sympathise with the general objects of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS, will take care to impress upon any of the candidates who appeal for their suffrages the importance of providing adequate open spaces, parks, and playgrounds for the children of the towns where such open spaces do not at present exist. It would be also well, when mooted this subject, to suggest the advisability of establishing swings and gymnastic apparatus. A good deal may be done by judicious pressure exercised just before the election, and every citizen is responsible for using or neglecting to use the influence which an election brings within his reach. Any Helper who wishes to go into this question more thoroughly will find much useful information in the tenth annual report of the Metropolitan Public Gardens' Association, of 83, Lancaster Gate, London.

THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

THE Lucerne Conferences on the Reunion of Christendom have not terminated, as did those at Grindelwald without placing on record some tangible, practical declaration as to the end in view, and the best way thither. The Rev. Dr. Lunn, who has most wisely accepted an invitation to enter the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, has reason to congratulate himself upon the signatures which he has obtained to the following declaration:—

For many years the Home Reunion Society and the Christian Conference have been preparing the way for a more public discussion of the manifold divisions which impair the efficiency of the Church of Christ in English-speaking lands.

During the summer of 1892 a series of Conferences for this purpose was held at Grindelwald, attended by representatives of the most diverse schools of theological thought and ecclesiastical polity. Similar gatherings have been held during the present summer in Lucerne.

After long and careful consideration it has been decided to draw up a respectful address to all Christian men and women embodying suggestions which have resulted from the discussions of the Reunion Conference, and that this address should be signed by representatives of different Churches.

The propositions are as follows:—

I. The representatives of all branches of the Christian Church who were present at Grindelwald or Lucerne being agreed in believing that to preach Christ and Him crucified as the Divine Saviour of the world is the first duty of the Church and the Divinely appointed plan for the salvation of the world, were further convinced that this common end can be best attained by extending as much as possible the united action and the brotherly co-operation which already exist between branches of the Church on all subjects upon which they are agreed.

II. As a means of promoting such united action they would respectfully call the attention of Christian men everywhere to the following suggestions:

1. That the practice be adopted of setting apart one Sunday in the year for special services for the promotion of Christian unity, and that this practice be accompanied by

(a) An interchange of pulpits as far as it is practicable;

(b) The united attendance of all believers within any given district at Holy Communion;

(c) The delivery on the part of Christian ministers of at least one sermon in the year, calling attention to the good works of some other branch of the Church than their own, especially those whose many excellences are obscured from the observations of their fellow Christians by the prejudice and suspicion engendered by centuries of strife.

2. The representatives of the various branches of the Christian Church in any given locality might unite as they have united in such cities as Glasgow and Manchester to form a Social Union for the purpose of taking concerted and collective action for the promotion of those more social, philanthropic, and public objects of Christian endeavour, which can be most effectively dealt with by the co-operation of all Christians within any given area.

3. The examples of the various Missionary Societies in the Mission field might be followed with advantage at home in its respects.

(a) In the practice of a periodical conference between all Christian ministers in a district for purposes of counsel and encouragement, and

(b) In a concerted agreement between the representatives of the various denominations to discourage, in the face of the existing spiritual destitution of many districts, the waste of effort in overlapping of Christian agencies in districts already oversupplied with places of worship, and to promote whenever possible the concentration of Christian effort in strong organizations instead of frittering it away in the creation of weak societies.

EPISCOPALIAN :

J. J. S. Worcester.
S. A. Barnett.
F. W. Farrar.
W. H. Fremantle.
J. B. Heard.
J. J. Lias.
H. Kingsmill Moore.
H. C. G. Moule.
H. W. Webb-Peploe.

PRESBYTERIAN :

A. B. Bruce.
T. M. Lindsay.

CONGREGATIONAL :

Chas. A. Berry.
Alfred Cave.
W. J. Dawson.
A. Duff.
R. F. Horton.
Alex. Mackennal.
Norman H. Smith.
F. Herbert Stead.
W. T. Stead.
R. Wardlaw Thompson.
Benjamin Waugh.

BAPTIST :

John Clifford.
Richard Glover.
Charles Williams.

METHODIST :

F. W. Bourne.
Percy W. Bunting.
H. Price Hughes.
J. Scott Lidgett.
Henry S. Lunn.
W. F. Moulton.
Mark Guy Pearse.

Whit-Sunday, 1894, is recommended, where convenient, for the first "Reunion Sunday."

Here, at least, is something practical. Let those who believe in Reunion take these counsels to heart, and endeavour to give effect to them, each in their own district. Then something will at last get itself accomplished.

THE "CORRESPONDENCE CHURCH."

THE brief article published last month calling attention to the suggestion made by the Rev. Standen Holden in the *Daily Chronicle* as to the advantages that might accrue from the establishment of the Correspondence Church, has led to several communications being addressed to me. The writers for the most part cordially concur with the idea, and suggest various methods by which such a Church might be got into being. It seems to me that it would naturally be developed out of the fellowship which I suggested at Lucerne in the speech reported in the preceding pages. The members of that Penny Fellowship Society would form the natural basis for such a Church. I use the word Church in the sense in which it was used by Mr. Holden, who, by the bye, is a clergyman of the Church of England—that is to say, as an Association of men and women who are willing to help each other by mutual counsel. It is a practical attempt to realise the idea of fellowship which lay at the basis of the Christian Church. Mrs. Nolan Slaney, who some time ago organised the Catholic Letter Guild, and who is now, I am glad to say, assisting me in this department of the Review, assures me that her experience in working the Letter Guild, convinces her that not only is there a great need for such an organisation, but that it is perfectly practicable, and could be carried out without much difficulty. It is obvious that it would be much more efficiently carried out if it formed a branch of a daily paper; and in our Christmas Number I discuss at some length the way in which this department might be worked in connection with the Fellowship. I will not, therefore, at present, go further into the subject, beyond printing a few of the letters which I have received, and which certainly cover a tolerably wide range of suggestion:—

The Rev. Standen Holden, with whom the suggestion originally emanated, writes from Belstone, Redhill:—

We want at once a correspondence *centre*, and as many good front rank men of all opinions and creeds—able to counsel and able to help—from all the professions, as can be got. Some one too to read up the correspondence, circulate the matter into their various and requisite channels, and generally to organise and scheme for its widest publicity, scope, and constituency. He should be in touch with the London and Provincial Press, and keep all papers in employment for the service of the constituency. He should organise all over the country lectures and rendezvous, conversaziones, debates, etc., for the discussion, propagation, and ventilation of such subjects and principles as are for the good of the individual, municipality, and nation. The chief vehicle employed will be the penny post, and the press, daily and periodical. Such a scheme has been floating in my mind for years. I have watched, and joined even, various movements in hopes of seeing my ideal realised. But hitherto nothing precisely as I think is needed has been developed. I really do think and hope the greatest things from this. I do trust you are pushing the idea into corporate shape.

AN OFFER OF HELP.

Mr. C. E. Trower, writing from 1, Carlton Terrace, Redhill, says:—

I think the idea of a "Correspondence Church" a capital one, and if carried out it may be of great help to those who stand in need. I should like to suggest that the greater privacy the more likelihood of the advice being asked for, could it be arranged so that the one giving advice should not know to whom he is giving it. If a central office were established, this might, I think, be managed by each correspondent giving in a *nom de plume* to be registered, together with his

own name and address; he could then write the letter under the *nom de plume* and send it to the office, or direct to the one who was willing to give help, and who could then send to the office an answer addressed to the *nom de plume* given in the letter; the clerk, or one in charge, could add the proper name and address from his register and post on the letter. I should be very glad to see this put into working order. If a central office for the receipt and despatch of letters should be wanted I should be quite willing to give my services, provided the postage could be arranged for.

FROM A MATRIMONIAL POINT OF VIEW.

A Bachelor, Manchester, suggests that the Correspondence Church might be used for matrimonial purposes. He says:—

At no time in the history of our Christian Churches has more effort been put forth on behalf of our young men and maidens than to-day. And yet in that, which, next to the acceptance of salvation, is the most important step in life—the choice of wife and of husband—we are left as a vessel without a helmsman. And the result is, of course, shipwreck. "Marriage is an ordinance of God," wrote Taylor, but its right use is in our own hands. And too many, lacking counsel and direction, rush heedlessly into the married state, and find—horrible discovery—they have hopelessly blundered. And this is why so many thousands of us remain celibate. It is not because we do not want to marry. For we all believe, with Jeremy Taylor, that "a good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man;" but simply because we cannot meet with a girl who is sufficiently well credentialled. And the proposed Correspondence Church would seem an ideal creation to supply this need. In London, in Liverpool, in Manchester, and in Birmingham are thousand and tens of thousands of us earning our livings in the warehouses and shops, drawn from homes all over the country. Innumerable attachments spring up, but how can we learn about each other's antecedents? And ought marriages to take place without such knowledge? Others again, when at the seaside for their holidays, find themselves in similar positions. And would not the girl feel more secure in giving permission to the man to write to her, if she could privately ascertain that his life was good and all it should be? Ay, this is but reasonable. And why should not such an organisation exist, under the control of sober Christian men and women? Suppose I wished to become engaged to a girl working in the same shop with me in Manchester, but hailing from Reading. I know nothing of her past life, nor of her friends. I am not hankering after money; but I want to know if there is any family taint—insanity, for instance—that would preclude marriage. I forward a fee of, say 10s. (a fee would prevent mischievous use), to the Marriage Bureau of the Correspondence Church. The secretary (of necessity a minister in holy orders) writes to a brother Nonconformist at Reading and the vicar. He gives no names, but obtains the information I ask for, sends it to me, and destroys all the correspondence. I am amazed that some one has not helped in this direction before. The whole idea of the Correspondence Church is noble, and if you will add to its functions the performance of the duty which I have suggested, you will perform a service, the good effects of which will remain so long as we English are a people.

A YOUNG MAN'S DIFFICULTY.

Mr. Albert Louis Taylor, writing from 3, Peck Lane, Nottingham, states very lucidly the dilemma in which many find themselves:—

I do hope your Correspondence Church will get beyond a suggestion, for if properly organised and put in good working order it will do an enormous lot of good, and it is the thing wanted to-day more than ever. Speaking as a young man who takes a great interest in Herbert Spencer's, Max Müller's, Kuenen's, and similar works, I cannot help but feel the

inadequacy of the foundations on which the old faith is established when it is subjected to the critical examination, under which all truth ought to undergo, compared to the lucid manner in which the religious conceptions and progress of primitive man are depicted by our scientists. I feel that, to meet the requirements of our thinking young men and women, whose heartfelt desire is to be Christians, but whose conscience revolts against the old methods of interpretation of the Scriptures, that a Church or society such as you suggest would be the thing; for to most of our young men and women only two ways seem open, to be out-and-out Christians and accept all its old interpretations, in spite of their knowledge, or to give up all their Christian work, knowing they cannot conscientiously carry out all its commands and precepts. In organising the church or society, I think more than six persons will be necessary to do the correspondence, as the work will increase on becoming known. Would it not be wiser to form centres in nearly all towns, whose work would be to correspond to inquirers where possible in the town, and also to correspond with the leaders of the movement at headquarters, when unable to answer to satisfaction any inquirers? also to encourage the study of ancient religions and the sciences relating to them. To make known

the objects and work of the Church or society by pamphlets, etc., and, where possible, to give lectures and addresses in schools or missions, and for you to insert in *THE REVIEW* or *Reviews* reports of progress and suggestions, and to give names of persons willing to lend books or pamphlets which will in any way help on the work.

A Presbyterian minister at Edinburgh, who appears to have reached the age of the author of *Ecclesiastes*, writes me a curious letter, the refrain of which is vanity of vanity, all things are vanity—especially the idea that any good can be done by the Correspondence Church. Where the Roman Church has failed, he asks how any one else can hope to succeed—especially among Protestant Churches, which are but heaps of sand. But surely all life is but a series of failures and of rebeginnings, and the Roman Church has at least achieved a sufficient measure of success, when working in her sectarian limits, to justify a hope that some good might be done if a fellowship of Helpers could be founded on the broad foundation of the service of man.

SHOULD TIED HOUSES BE ABOLISHED?

A REJOINDER BY A SHAREHOLDER IN A COMPANY.

IT must be premised that the following remarks relate to London and its suburbs, where the practice of the trade differs somewhat from that in the country. It may be admitted that the Licensing Laws of England are not perfect, that they are capable of improvement, and that evils connected with the present system might be reformed. Such a desirable result is, however, more likely to be brought about by the facts of the case being correctly stated, and the question being more thoroughly understood, than is possible by reading such articles as the one by "A Friend," in the September number of *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS*. The strongest indictment which "A Friend" can make against the present system is a selected quotation from a report of a Police Committee, dated in "the second decade of the present century." But let that pass. His view appears to be that if the large brewer could only be eradicated and the capital which he has embarked in his business destroyed by a stroke of the legislative pen, the drink trade would be established upon a satisfactory basis. Apparently he does not object to the trade itself, and takes it for granted that it can be carried on in a proper and legitimate way if the brewer has no hand in it. The publican when free from the brewer would be actuated by a desire "to regard the well-being of the nation and the health of his customers;" his prosperity is not to depend so much upon his supplying what the public demand, but upon his power to persuade his customers that they should drink a "glass of light wine" or "slightly alcoholised ale," he would not only become a guardian of the health of the community, but of its morals, for he would allow none but the good to refresh themselves at his counter. It is upon the brewer that "A Friend" pours all the vials of his wrath and accuses him of being the source of all evil. The brewer is in league with the magistrates, who will allow "the most disorderly and licentious conduct of the houses belonging to particular brewers," rather than inflict

any penalty by taking away the licence. He has by a "grinding monopoly" acquired absolute control over the publican; he compels him to sell "poisonous raw foreign spirits and adulterated beer," and "to have connived at, if not to have promoted illegal, disorderly, disgraceful, and sometimes even criminal conduct, among the frequenters of the retail drink shops." It is assumed that not only does no tenant or lessee ever take of his own free will a house the freehold or superior lease of which may happen to belong to a brewer, but if he should even buy a house in the open market and then go to a brewer for a loan wherewith to complete his purchase, he binds himself hand and foot in such a manner as to be for ever after a "veritable white slave," selling at the bidding of his master "the brewer."

Statements like these, being of a rhetorical character, may be left to take care of themselves, but there are some further statements of what purport to be facts, but are so opposed to the truth that it would not be right to leave them uncontradicted. One of these is summarised as follows: "The position to-day is that many thousands of public-houses are in the hands of men who have no money invested in the business to make them careful as to how the houses are conducted."

This is not true, at any rate in the district now referred to, which comprises a population about half as large again as Scotland or Ireland. It is the custom for a publican desiring to purchase a licensed house to make his own bargain for the same, and having done so to apply to his brewer for a loan on mortgage to enable him to complete the purchase. But the important point is that it is the all but universal practice for the purchaser to find a substantial part of the capital himself. The portion lent by the brewer amounts on an average to about sixty per cent. of the whole purchase money. It will thus be seen that the licence-holder, having himself a vital interest, has the strongest motive for the good conduct of his house. It is of course the understanding that so

long as the licensee is thus indebted to the brewer he will purchase his beer from him, but if the former has any cause for dissatisfaction with his brewer, he can, and frequently does, change his trade to another firm who will take up his mortgage. There are other cases where the freehold or superior lease belongs to the brewer, and it is usual in such cases to grant to the intending purchaser a long lease with a clause binding him to deal for beer only with that brewer. Here again the publican always has a large stake in the house, and is himself the direct sufferer if anything happens to diminish its value. The number of houses temporarily under management owing to the brewer having to foreclose his mortgage or for other reasons amounts to so small a percentage that it may practically be disregarded. It is not the case, as stated by "A Friend," that the publican having a loan from his brewer is charged "above the market price of the goods." No difference in price is made between such a customer and one who has no loan.

As regards the statement that the system "turns the retailers of drink into veritable white slaves, selling at the bidding of their masters, the brewers, poisonous raw foreign spirits and adulterated beer as the best quality of alcohol beverages": it is not the custom for the London brewer to supply his customers with anything except the beer which he brews himself. But that is a small matter compared with the statement as to adulterated beer; if there were a tittle of truth in this, it is obvious that no punishment could be sufficiently severe to mete out to such dealers.

It is difficult to tell whether "A Friend" means that the brewer supplies adulterated beer to his customers, or compels that customer to adulterate it in his own cellar. If he means the first, he cannot be well acquainted with the ways of an Exciseman in a brewery; of the rigid supervision exercised over the manufacture, from the time the raw material is taken on to the premises, till the finished product is on its way to the customer's cellar. If he means the latter, what has already been said of the freedom of the publican from dictation of the brewer would be sufficient answer. But further than that, what possible motive could the brewer have in wishing his beer to be adulterated by the publican? In what form could the brewer benefit by having his beer spoilt *after* he had sold it? Would he get a better price for it in future? Would it enhance his reputation? Would he sell more of it? It can only be blind prejudice which causes any one to attribute such a suicidal policy to an ordinarily prudent-minded man of business who has to meet competition at every turn in the quality of the article he manufactures, and who suffers heavy loss when by accident or mistake he cannot maintain the standard of his rivals in business. It is equivalent to saying that the brewer is not governed by motives of self-interest unless associated with trickery, fraud, and the demoralisation of his fellow-creatures.

According to the report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, it appears that beer is sometimes tampered with by certain publicans, but this is either by the addition of sugar or by dilution. The addition of either sugar or water, or both, to the beer by the publican after it leaves the brewery is an offence against the Excise, and not an adulteration in the popular sense. Sugar used in brewing is subject to duty, and if added by the publican the duty is evaded. The utmost care is taken by the Excise to detect such an offence, and if proved the publican is heavily fined. In this particular the interest of the brewer is certainly on the side of the

Excise, for his legitimate and duty-paid manufacture must be seriously interfered with by illegal and illegitimate competition.

If, as "A Friend" seems to imply, the publican is in the habit of adding *deleterious* substances to his beer, how is it that, notwithstanding the army of analysts employed by Somerset House and numerous public bodies throughout the country in the detection of such offences, prosecutions against publicans are so rarely heard of?

"A Friend" complains of the high, and, as he says, fictitious value attached to public-houses; but the value is real and has been caused by the State which, by a series of enactments, has created a monopoly. It is not the fault of the brewer that these licences were originally granted for no valuable consideration. On the contrary, the brewers have frequently pointed out the absurdity of this free gift to the original recipients, but these licences have repeatedly changed hands, and to punish the present holders for the error of the State would be scarcely equitable. But is the high value an evil? It at least imposes on all those having an interest in the maintenance of the licence a tremendous penalty for any infraction of the law, and what security for public order would the suggestion of a *personal* licence give which is not afforded by the present system? As it is now, the licence is always granted to a *person* before the business can be carried on in the licensed house.

It would not perhaps be irrelevant to ask where the justice would be of repudiating a brewer's loan to a publican while admitting that the publican himself should be enabled to meet all his other liabilities. How would it be possible to distinguish between money invested in a private loan direct to the publican, and money invested by a private person in a Brewery Company, and which through that channel becomes a brewer's loan to a publican?

It may well be doubted whether exaggerated mis-statements about the condition of things, and random rancorous accusations against classes and individuals effect any good result with whatever honesty of belief and intention they may be made. The probabilities are that they only lessen the influence of their authors and impair their authority in advocating really useful reforms.

THE FREE LITERATURE SOCIETY.

I would renew my appeal to my readers for literary lumber in the shape of illustrated papers and magazines of all kinds. A card to the Free Literary Society, Bouverie House, Salisbury Square, E.C., will bring a collector who will remove the parcel and distribute their contents to the Workhouses. I have to acknowledge a parcel from "Vulcan" of Leeds. A lady at Ealing writes me as follows:—

"Sir,—Seeing your appeal for literary lumber, suggests my telling you how much may be done by the younger members of a family for hospitals, etc., in the way of making 'illustrated picture books,' not 'scrap books.' The receipt is as follows: Take one number of any of the larger illustrated papers, say *Graphic*, or two, if there be not too many pages. Separate it into its sheets. Cut out and paste pictures from the comic papers, etc., all over the letterpress, i.e., on the pages alternating with the illustrated pages. Fold each sheet separately and pile them up one over the other; about a dozen sheets are enough, as the volume should not be too heavy. Then, with an awl and fine string fasten them all securely together. The cover is made with a thick sheet of brown paper, with coarse calico pasted either all over it, or a strip all round the edges and down the middle may be enough to prevent its tearing. This is then well sewn on to the sheets at the back.

THE PEERS AND KING DEMOS.

FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE, CRITICISMS AND SUGGESTIONS.

THE possibility of utilising the peers as counsellors of King Demos and leaders of our people into a new and better social era has occasioned much discussion, which, for the most part, has not found its way into print.

A DUKE'S DISSENT.

A well-known Duke sends me a private letter, from which I hope he will not object to the selection of the following extracts which set forth a view of the case, that is, to say the least, well worthy of attention.

First of all, is there not a little ambiguity in urging the word "Aristocracy" as synonymous with Peerage? There are many country gentlemen whose rent-rolls are as large and whose homes are as magnificent as those of their titled neighbours, and to whom, therefore, I presume you would wish your practical suggestions to extend. That premised, I proceed to say that I have much sympathy with your leading principle, which I understand to be the old one *noblesse oblige*. That, you rightly say, was the animating principle of Young England half a century ago, and I have never seen reason since to doubt its justice or wisdom; but when I come to discuss the various modes you suggest for its application we may not agree upon them all.

Under the head "The obligations of the Peers," my experience is that much which you think ought to be done is being, and has been for generations, done by them. Their picture galleries, their collections, their gardens and grounds are thrown open to all classes, and afford a fund of enjoyment, and, I hope, instruction, to what you call King Demos, whom, I venture to think, you idealise pretty considerably, and in places confuse with King Middle-class. Taking, then, his supposed wants as stated by you, I should say he either does not want, or is very foolish if he does want, the labourer to be settled on the land as he is in Belgium or Switzerland.

The experiment of small proprietorships is now being tried with, so far, scanty success; and, personally, I have found no willingness on the part of my small tenants to exchange their annual holdings for freeholds; nor, knowing something about the state of agriculture under the system of free imports, can I wonder at their decision.

Next comes "social equality." Therein I think you make a profound mistake. My experience convinces me that as political equality has advanced, so has social equality receded; and that by the wish, not of those on the upper, but of those on the lower rungs of the social ladder.

As to King Demos's boys and girls having a fair start in life, that I imagine they have now; and I don't see how the Peers, individually or collectively, can promote that object.

Then we come to the "demon of ecclesiastical arrogance," etc., and from all you say on that subject I dissent, *to the very end*, and desire not "to cut the comb of the country clergy," but to replenish, if it be possible, their empty purses. In your criticism of their conduct you appear to forget that by the immemorial Constitution of the country they are, and can't help being, the parsons or representative parsons of their parishes. The Constitution may, or may not, in that respect require revolutionising; but so long as it exists the clergy must fulfil the obligations it lays upon them, and I entertain a strong opinion that if they ever cease to occupy their present parochial position, King Demos will have no reason to rejoice at the change.

I return to the consideration of one or two of your other suggestions. For the reason I have given earlier, I don't think masters and matrons of workhouses, schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, etc., would care to mix in the society of what you call the Noble's castle, and if they did they would not represent King Demos; to carry out your primal idea the ploughmen and the

dairymaids should be invited. Public days at the Palace and the Castle have died out. I attended the last Lambeth Palace public day dinner fifty years ago, and I suspect that if any Peer attempted a revival, in however modest a way, of the custom, he would be denounced as an aristocrat apeing the conduct of bygone Barons, or laughed at as a mediæval dreamer. But in saying this I don't mean to dissent from your general proposition that the owners of great houses and ascertained standing in the counties may beneficially, from time to time, extend hospitality to some of the classes you enumerate. Indeed, in not a few instances that hospitality is now exercised.

In what you say as to mitigating the severity of the work-house to the veterans of toil, I concur; but as Peers have but little to do with the management of Poor Law relief now, and are likely to have still less under the new system about to be established, it is difficult to see how they can exercise any beneficial influence in that direction. It is notorious that in the Unions least under the control of the gentry the management is the strictest and most economical.

"THE COMBS OF THE COUNTRY CLERGY."

"A Country Clergyman," who writes me from the West Country, states, temperately enough, the theory upon which rests "the sacerdotal presumption and sectarian arrogance" to which I called the attention of the peers. There is, however, so much confusion of thought in his letter that it may be well to explain what I meant when I wished the peers to cut "the combs of the country clergy." Nothing was further from my thought than to suggest that a species of social persecution should be brought to bear upon High Church clergymen because they would not admit Nonconformist ministers to their pulpits. To begin with, the law forbids any such "recognition of the commission of the chapel minister;" therefore no clergyman could be blamed for refusing to break the law. It is not exchange of pulpits that is wanted, but exchange of civilities—a frank recognition not of Nonconformist "orders," but of the work and of the citizenship of Nonconformists themselves. "A Country Clergyman" says:—

We regard the dissenting communities as occupying a quite unjustifiable position, and one displeasing to Our Lord. It is not such a case of irregularity as might arise if men on a desert island appointed one of their number to minister to and for them.

It may be replied, that if a theory of the Church necessitates ministerial exclusiveness, it stands self-condemned. But any theory which regards the Church as a visible organisation necessitates this. If Our Lord appointed things in a certain way, it is not "charity and breadth," but disloyalty, to compromise the truth.

How is a clergyman holding this theory to recognise the ministerial commission of the chapel minister? You do not blame Romanists for acting on their principles. Why may not we believe in apostolical succession? I say nothing about the defects, very grave ones, which we believe to exist in the Nonconformist presentation of the Gospel of the Kingdom.

Surely my correspondent has gone out of his way to mistake the drift of my argument. No one objects to his believing in anything—however incredible it may appear to other men—provided his belief does not lead him to treat those other men as if they were not good citizens. His reference to Romanists enables me at once to bring our difference to a point. If the country clergy would

treat their Nonconformist brethren in their villages as Cardinal Manning habitually treated the Nonconformists of London, there would be no need to appeal to the peers to "cut their combs." "A Country Clergyman" cannot pretend that the Cardinal did not hold the doctrine of apostolic succession. Yet he found it easy to reconcile his High Church doctrines with a brotherly kindness and good feeling which many country parsons do not show. I hope my correspondent will understand me when I say that I ask for nothing more than that the peers may cut the combs of the country clergy in this respect to the pattern of Cardinal Manning.

THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

The Earl of Pembroke sends me the following long and interesting letter on the general question:—

Dear Mr. Stead,—I was a good deal surprised to see my own name in the letter of a correspondent of yours, which I feel sure was not intended for publication—certainly not without suppression of names.

The kind things that your correspondent has seen fit to say about me oblige me to state that for reasons with which I need not trouble you, I should not think of claiming to be even up to the average of peers in the performance of public and neighbourly duties in my own locality.

The story about the man who knew the people well saying that the labourers in his part of the county would not believe anything coming from a man in the position of a peer requires correction in some small details. Lest my tenants should imagine that a new burden is likely to be added to agricultural distress, let me say that it is not to them that I am in the habit of delivering annual addresses on public subjects; and the speech in question was not about Home Rule—could any one in these days be reasonably expected to read a speech about Home Rule?—but on the scarcely more soluble problem of how rural labourers are to be provided with sufficient housing under present conditions and according to modern requirements.

But the story is in other respects a true one, and illustrates a side of the matter that is sometimes forgotten by people when they blame peers for trying so little to make use of the influence which it is supposed should belong to their position. In the present state of political opinion it is in some respects a positive disadvantage to a man who wishes to influence it to be a peer; and the feeling that this is the case acts as a discouragement.

It will be interesting to see whether this very natural outcome of democratic prejudice increases or diminishes as time goes on. I am inclined to think that there is so much kindly feeling of a personal sort towards the peers amongst the people, that if they will only go on doing their duty, and "keep pegging away," they will eventually obtain all the influence that their personal qualifications may entitle them to.

I did not originally intend to make any comments upon the article you kindly sent me; because it is difficult for a man to write about his own class, in the sense in which I should be inclined to write, without seeming to be trying to blow his own trumpet, or to excuse his own shortcomings. And I have already hinted that if this were really my object it would be my duty to spend much more ink upon the second than upon the first division of the subject.

But if your readers will kindly accept my assurance that anything I say has no reference to my own doings or omissions, I should like to remark that the two points that struck me chiefly on reading the article were: first, that much that is recommended in it as though it were novel or exceptional, is already the general rule to a much greater extent than the writer of the article seems to be aware, though not to such an extent as could be wished; secondly, that a good deal that is recommended in it which would be really novel is unfortunately also impracticable.

As regards the first point, so far as my knowledge of peers goes, it is the rule for them, as it was for their fathers before

them, to take an active and often a leading part in all kinds of county business, besides looking after their own estates, and presiding at those numerous meetings for all manner of objects which have become, so increasingly of late years, such a prominent feature of our provincial life. The men who attempt to shirk all such duties are really the rare exceptions. And such county and estate work does bring them, just as you wish, into personal contact with the staff of men and women who carry on in their various capacities the governing of the district in which they live.

How frankly the majority of the peers have accepted the new and democratic state of things is proved by the number of them who have offered themselves as candidates for their County Councils, and the leading part that they have taken in politics amongst the villages—conduct which generally meets with anything but approval from the enemies of their order. And I think I might claim that they have long ago proved themselves to be in sympathy with several of the present wants of King Demos that you enumerate. Before Education Acts were they built schools for the children on their estates, and in many cases training schools for the older girls as well; and it is really absurd to blame them for not instituting a general system of technical education, when they had neither the means to do it with, nor the power to use taxation for the purpose. If they have not instituted peasant proprietorship (and it must not be forgotten that the practicability of so doing has yet to be proved), they have at least led the way in the providing of allotments. And they have worked during the last fifty years, at their own expense, a real revolution in the housing of the agricultural labourer.

As regards hospitality, there are few peers I imagine who do not at least try to provide their neighbours of all classes with occasional opportunities of enjoying their beautiful parks and gardens. You seem to hold that the peers, of whom all these things could be said, are the exceptions. I believe that such exceptions are to be found in nearly every county in England.

It is true that my claims on their behalf fall somewhat short of your brilliant picture of what a peer might be and do; but that is, I think, because some things therein are hardly capable of realisation in fact. You quote with approval Carlyle's ideal of what a peer might be. He is to mould and manage everything and everybody on his estate till both his people and his dominion correspond to the ideal he has formed. Refractory subjects he is to banish (?); the relations between all classes, from the biggest farmer to the poorest orphan ploughboy, are to be under his control, and so on. It is odd that so thorough a democrat as yourself should not feel how out of date (if ever it was possible) such an ideal is now, how utterly inconsistent it is with the democratic spirit of our day. Imagine the just indignation of the banished and their friends, and the resentment of every one, from the highest to the lowest, at the landlord's interference in what they would consider their private business. A pretty pickle both the peer and his estate would soon be in if he set about his business in this spirit. There is much for him to do no doubt in the way of peacemaking, moderating, and assisting the oppressed, but his attitude must be that of a friendly counsellor, not of an autocrat.

I have much the same comment to make on your suggestion, that the peer is to save the Church by snubbing the parson into being more civil to the Nonconformist minister. Peers and landowners often do much, I don't doubt, in a quiet way to encourage a less hostile attitude towards the Nonconformist than some of the clergy are inclined to assume; but any attempt to dictate to the clergy on such a matter, even by the indirect means suggested, would be bitterly and rightly resented as an impertinence.

With regard to the exercise of personal hospitality to the classes you enumerate, who do the real work of governing the district, I will not deny that more might be done than is usually done; but even in this direction the limits of what is possible to all but most exceptional men and women are very definite. There is something very plausible and very attractive in the idea of making the big house the

centre of hospitality for the worthiest people of all classes and pursuits in the district, but it is not one that is easy to realise. Fêtes, garden parties, school feasts, county tenants' and servants' balls, are very well in their way, but do not go very far in the desired direction; and when the peer and his wife have established the habit of seeing all the people that you mention on their own business as occasion arises—the best of all ways of establishing personal relations with them—it is not easy to know what to do next. To invite them with no other object than to meet their host and each other, is open to the fatal objection that it will give them something the reverse of pleasure. If the peer were to invite the squire, the master and matron of the workhouse, the parson, the superintendent of police, the schoolmaster and schoolmistress, the doctor and the relieving officer, to meet under his roof for social enjoyment, he would only succeed in offending some of them and making them all constrained and miserable. The fact is that there is no people in the world among whom social class divisions of a certain kind are so marked as amongst the English, and especially in what are usually called the middle and lower classes. And these class distinctions of ours are very curious in kind—perhaps unique. They have nothing to do with politics; they imply no class hostility; they do not even militate against a deep sense of human equality, and a firm belief that Jack is as good as his master; they do not forbid the most cordial co-operation, or even the easiest and friendliest social intercourse at the proper time and place; but they *will not* allow (as the world is at present ordered) people whom they divide to meet for the sole purpose of social enjoyment at a *private* tea or dinner table. It is very absurd, no doubt, but if we want to do anything we must take facts and people as they are. Men and women there may be among the peerage of great social genius and personal magnetism who could make such gatherings succeed, but it is not fair to expect of a class what only an exceptional genius can accomplish; and I think most ordinary mortals among the peers will be wise to confine themselves to the more general and conventional forms of hospitality, and to the practice of holding themselves always ready to see any one who wishes to see them on business, or who requires their counsel or sympathy, with all the personal interest and kindness they may have at their command to bestow.

Let me say in conclusion that I agree in the main with the spirit and intention of your article. My only fear is that it will do harm by leading the public to believe that the peers as a body are far more remiss and behindhand than they really are. In so far as it may give a filip to a body of men who have great inducements to be idle, it can do nothing but good.

Yours faithfully

PEMBROKE.

Lord Pembroke thinks it ridiculous that Carlyle should have suggested the banishing of evil persons from the territory over which the peer exercises his authority. Why so? Surely Lord Pembroke is well aware that banishing, not of evil persons but of excellent citizens because of their political or religious faith, has constantly been resorted to on many estates. It is done quietly, no doubt, nowadays, for King Demos resents that kind of tyranny. But only the other day I heard quite by chance of a peer who refused to transfer the lease of one of his best tenants to that tenant's son, because the clergyman reported that the applicant did not support the church! And has Lord Pembroke never heard of decrees of banishment enforced against unfortunate girls, which were never put in force against the men who caused their fall?

FROM THE FARMER'S POINT OF VIEW.

As to Lord Cantelupe's outspoken letter, Lord Pembroke may be interested to see how it impressed so intelligent an observer as Mr. James Long, who in the *Farm Notes* in the *Manchester Guardian* states the farmer's view of the question as follows:—

Mr. Stead's remarkable article is one of the most conservative articles he has ever written. Now, those who live and

move among the rank and file of the farming class must be aware that the farmer is being gradually weaned, and solely by the force of circumstances, from his support of the land-owning classes. The labourer has his eyes open; but when the eyes of the Conservative farming classes have been opened equally wide there will be a terrible day of reckoning for those who have refused them help in the hour of trial. . . . The great landowner who speaks of his tenantry as his "men," as though we still lived in feudal times, just as he speaks of the vicar of the parish in which he resides as "my parson," is not likely to be over-tender in the proposition he makes for the tenantry of England. I have personally heard great landlords speak of their tenantry, men occupying large farms in which thousands have been invested, as farmers themselves may speak of the live stock on their farms. Lord Cantelupe, whose action is very much to be commended, and who deserves the sympathies of the people, appears to be one of the members of his order who plainly see the right side of the present state of affairs. He declares that the poor state of cultivation of much of our land is to a large extent due to the enormous size of many of our farms. I am glad to notice that he says he has always found that a small tenant keeps his land in far better condition and makes more out of it than a big tenant. I believe the principle is quite correct. He thinks that a man occupying 700 acres may, through want of capital, be quite unable to keep it all in high condition, whereas with 100 acres he might do very well. I would undertake to put my finger on hundreds of farms to which a similar remark would apply. It is morally impossible to find either the labour or the manure for the cultivation of a large acreage, whereas both can be supplied upon a small acreage with considerable facility. Men are not too proud to receive the rents paid by their tenants, but they are much too important to receive it first hand or even to make the acquaintance of the men who pay it. We can all name great landowners who spend the greater portion of their lives away from their estates, who do not personally know their tenants, and who never attend a rent audit. During the shooting season a portion of the estate may be traversed, but even then the tenantry are not recognised, and in some instances known to myself the tenants have not received a visit from their landlord during the whole of their many years' occupation.

A COUNTRY SQUIRE'S REMARK.

"A Country Squire" in Worcester sends the following significant hint, after reading the letters published in our last number. He says:—

These letters are all interesting. It is true that many of our greatest peers, who are also great landlords, live, for the greater part of the year, away from their country estates. It has ever been so, and probably will be so to the end. And it is a mistake to suppose that the country gentry wish it otherwise. They do not want to be entertained by these noble lords. Nor can they afford in these bad times to do much in the way of entertainment themselves. The truth is that these great noblemen belong to an unique class, and choose their friends from the class to which they belong. The families of gentlemen living in the neighbourhood of their country mansions are occasionally asked to dinner, or for a day's shooting, etc., but there is no freedom of intercourse between them. As the immortal Mr. Jorrocks of sporting renown observes, "where there's ceremony there's no friendship." Believe me, these big people are not missed. On the other hand, suppose these wealthy noblemen left London to live entirely in the country, in that event London would lose in a pecuniary way exactly in the same proportion that the country gained. London without the aristocracy would no longer rival Paris. The clock would be put back several centuries, and London would become, as of old, famous only as a resort for merchants.

And what would the poor rich lords do with themselves, shut up in their country houses? They have now as much shooting and hunting as they want, while living chiefly in London. Would they take to farming a portion of their large estates? I fear that they would only lose money, and gain nothing in other ways. We must, I really believe, accept the theory of Pope, that "whatever is, is best."

THE STORY OF A CRIME.—WHO IS THE CRIMINAL?

THE ADVENTURES OF THE ALBERT PALACE, BATTERSEA.

But Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land? Whiles it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? Why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God.

THE above text is one which kept recurring to my mind all the time I have been cudgelling my brains to find out why the Albert Palace has not been bought for the people. That it has not been bought is unfortunately too true, but why it has not been bought, no one can tell. There is something wrong somewhere, but nobody seems to know exactly where, yet the loss which is inflicted upon the community by the miscarriage of the well-meant plans of philanthropists and public bodies is a disaster, and whoever is responsible for it is guilty, however little he may know it, of a crime against the commonweal.

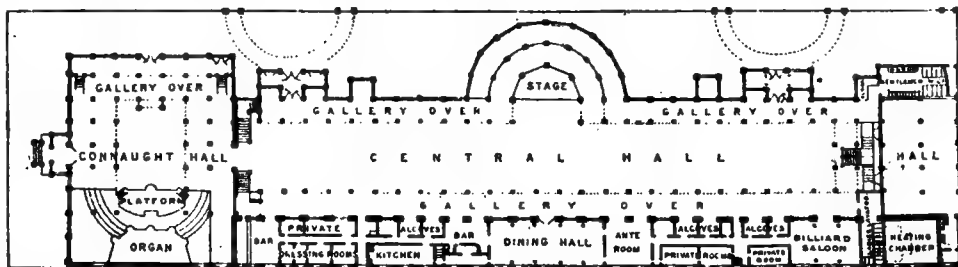
There are crimes and crimes. Some crimes are those which are committed by one individual against another. There are others committed by one individual against the community. The latter are often much more heinous than the former; but, as a rule, they are much less severely punished. One reason for this, no doubt, is that if one man assaults and blinds his neighbour, there is usually little difficulty in bringing home to the assailant his guilt; but when the injury is inflicted not upon Bill Jones or Tom Smith, but upon a whole community of Bill Joneses, it is difficult to bring the offence home to the perpetrator. Possibly enough the criminal is honestly unaware of the enormity of his crime, or even of the fact that he has injured his fellow-men. Sometimes, also, there is considerable confusion and uncertainty as to who the real criminal actually is. The crime may be patent, the misery which it has entailed may be only too obvious, but at the same time it is almost impossible to say who ought to be hanged.

Somebody ought to be hanged undoubtedly if the Albert Palace is lost to the public; but at present it seems to be as difficult to find out the right person to hand over to the executioner as it is to discover the nimble pea under the thimbles at the fair. Each of the parties concerned strenuously denies that he is the guilty person; each professes to be as earnest as ever they were in favour of securing the Palace, and yet, although the money had been all promised, and although Parliament legally undertook the responsibility—the Bill receiving the Royal assent—the Palace is lost to the public, and unless something is done, and that rapidly, to extract the Palace from the mass of confusion into which it has drifted, there seems to be no small risk that the whole scheme will fall to the ground, and an opportunity which has never before been offered to the public of south-west London will be sacrificed for them.

The story of the Albert Palace at Battersea is an illustration of a crime, or a blunder, which, fortunately, is not yet perpetrated, but may be consummated before

this month is out unless some prompt action is taken. The story is one of modern philanthropy. Rather a dingy romance, but still one which is full of interest. The Palace was built some years ago by some adventurous philanthropists who believed that if a Crystal Palace were established in the heart of London instead of being erected on the Southern heights, it could hardly fail to be a great success. Strong in this faith, they spent over £100,000 in building a palace of glass and iron, enclosing nearly three acres of land. In addition to a spacious Central Hall nearly a quarter of a mile in length, there is a great Music Hall, capable of seating five thousand persons, fitted up with organs which it cost over £5,000 to construct, and a Picture Gallery of four hundred feet in length, which experts declare to be the best gallery in London for purposes of displaying pictures to advantage. There are annexes also large enough for gymnasia for men and women and children, and refreshment-rooms, dining-rooms, lavatories, and all the conveniences of a roofed-in pleasure ground. The great Central Hall is surrounded by galleries which communicate with a balcony which commands an extensive and beautiful view over Battersea Park. No expense was spared to fit it up so as to make it the Crystal Palace of Battersea. Unfortunately, from causes into which it is unnecessary to enter, the Albert Palace never paid its expenses, and after struggling bravely for some years, the promoters gave up the enterprise, and put the buildings up to auction.

Up to this point there is nothing in the story more than the often-told tale of a well-meant attempt to provide a place of public entertainment and instruction which failed to pay its way. It was not until the effort was given up, and the property was offered for sale, that the mystery of the story comes in. The moment that it was announced that the Albert Palace was for sale, it was felt that it would be a sin and a shame to allow a building erected in the midst of so dense a population, dedicated to art, science and recreation, to be pulled down, if by any means it could be saved. Just about the same time also the Glasgow Association for Improving the Condition of the People had drawn up a strong report, calling attention to the immense need which existed in all great towns of providing some substitute for the parks in winter time. The committee in Glasgow had recommended the purchase of sites and the erection of large



A PLAN OF THE PALACE.

buildings in three of the most crowded districts of the city, which would serve the purpose of winter gardens; and this, they pointed out, was a natural and necessary corollary to the establishment of public parks. If a public park is necessary in summer time, then a winter garden is even more necessary in winter time and in wet and inclement weather. In our climate this means at least two-thirds of the year.

The proximity of the Albert Palace to Battersea Park naturally suggested the possibility of securing this building for a Winter Garden. Everybody agreed with this, and when it was announced that a building which had lost its builders more than £100,000, could be purchased outright and put into good condition for £22,000, every articulate person with an opportunity for utterance declared that it was quite obvious that the Palace must be secured. But to lose such an opportunity would be wanton wickedness, and all the constituted authorities and wealthy philanthropists were adjured to lose no time, but to buy up the Palace without delay.

But it so often happens that that which is everybody's business is nobody's business, and there seemed some possibility of the whole affair ending in smoke, when an announcement was suddenly made that a philanthropist, an anonymous philanthropist, had decided to come to the rescue, and contribute out of his resources no less than £10,000 towards the sum required to acquire the Palace for the benefit of the community. At first there was some scepticism. Philanthropists who are able to and willing to find £10,000 for public purposes are rare, and there are some who said of this anonymous philanthropist, as Betsy Prig said to Sarah Gamp, "I don't believe that there is no such person."

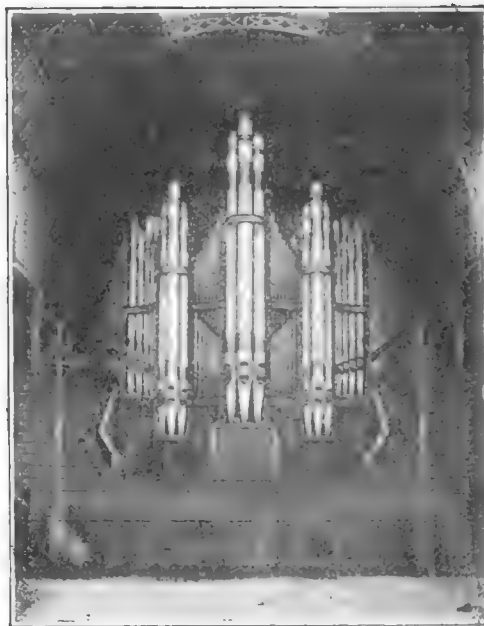
All doubt, however, on the subject seemed to be removed by a speech which was made by Mr. John Burns at Battersea Vestry, when he declared not only that this philanthropist was no myth, but a flesh-and-blood reality, with a balance at his bank, but had actually given him—John Burns—a signed cheque for £1,000 as an earnest of his determination to provide the money. Even the most sceptical admitted that there was something in it, and the word went round that Albert Palace was saved.

There was still, however, a good deal to be done before this desired end was actually achieved. Ten thousand pounds was not enough. The sum needed exceeded £20,000. Towards this, however, on the strength of the mysterious philanthropist, and the signed cheque in John Burns' pocket, the Battersea Vestry voted £5,000, and it was understood that Chelsea Vestry, just across the way, and Clapham Vestry, would also contribute of their means to the Albert Palace fund.

Everything seemed set fair, and all the world and his wife congratulated themselves upon the public spirit

which had produced such a philanthropist at the hour of need, and pleasantly chuckled over the prospect of having an ideal Winter Garden established in a great London centre, where they would be able to set the world an example of how to do it.

The County Council, of course, was appealed to, for it was not only necessary to raise the money to purchase the Palace, but after it was secured, an annual expenditure of nearly £5,000 was necessary. Now, £5,000 a year represents the interest upon a very much larger sum than the £22,000 needed to purchase the Palace; but Mr. Burns, with his enthusiasm, and backed up by the mysterious philanthropist with his £1,000, succeeded in overcoming all opposition.



THE GREAT ORGAN.

Mr. Hood Barrs, who from the first took a prominent part in saving the Palace, energetically seconded Mr. Burns. The press cordially supported the scheme, especially the *Weekly Times* and *Echo*, which pointed out in a very vigorous and cogent article the duty of acquiring the Palace. This article began by "wondering that the rich landlords and capitalists had been able to pass and re-pass the shut-up Palace without longing to buy it, and re-open it free for the recreative needs of the teeming districts." It rejoiced in the hope that this building was to be secured; but it announced that the mysterious philanthropist who had given the cheque of £1,000 to Mr. Burns was willing to give more than £10,000. This benefactor's offer and intention was to pay the whole cost of the building and the ground it stood upon, and to hand it over absolutely free to the London County Council, provided that the Council, in co-operation with the local authorities, would undertake to put it into repair,

and to dedicate it in perpetuity to the free use of the people of London.

The article concluded by declaring that these institutions were just what we have been asking for for years:—

They fill a need which is especially felt during the greater half of the year in London, and they will do more to soften the manners and brighten the leisure of our people than anything else that can be suggested. We want more social life in common, before the healthy social instinct will fully dominate our citizenship. We want the daily opportunity of the common enjoyment of the beauties of science and art and nature which are now the exclusive privilege of the wealthy, and no more eligible opportunity has ever offered itself of securing one big instalment of all this than the happy prospect now in view of acquiring the Albert Palace first for the benefit of Battersea and the adjacent districts, and next for the whole Metropolis.

Public admiration for this mysterious benefactor rose higher than ever, and with reason. Instead of limiting his offer to a miserable £10,000, he was willing to defray the whole cost, whether it was £12,000, £15,000, £30,000, or whatever it might be. Here, at least, was a man who was yearning for the welfare of the teeming population in the midst of which the shut-up Palace stood. Here

was a philanthropist with a bank balance as large as his heart; a man to whom a grateful community might well set up a statue in the Palace which his munificence had rescued from the hands of the destroyer.

Of course, there were various statements made as to this good man's identity. It was said that he bore a name familiar in the ears of Londoners as that of the proprietor and editor of a public newspaper; but it was understood that he was a man who did good by stealth, and blushed at the mere mention of fame, and, therefore, beyond envying the approval of a good conscience and the affluence which enabled him to gratify the desire of his heart, London did not inquire too closely into the matter, remembering the old adage about "not looking at the mouth of a gift horse."

On the strength of this understanding, the County Council introduced a special clause into their Bill, which they brought in last session. This clause was as follows:—

In this Act the expression "The Albert Palace" means the lands and buildings delineated on the plan thereof signed by William Coddington, the Chairman of the Committee of the House of Commons to whom the Bill for this Act was referred.

If the Albert Palace is granted and conveyed to the Council free of expense and freed and discharged from all incumbrances (the buildings, together with the organ therein, being in good repair and condition to the satisfaction of the Council), the Council may accept and hold for all the estate and interest therein of the grantors, and shall thereafter manage and maintain the same for the use and recreation of the public.

It shall be lawful for the Council after such grant and conveyance as aforesaid, and so far as the same shall vest in the Council the fee-simple of the Albert Palace free from incumbrances, to utilise and adapt the Albert Palace or portions thereof for the purposes of a museum, picture gallery or exhibition, or for a library, or for a reading, music or lecture room, or for a gymnasium or any like purpose, and to appoint officers for the care and management thereof; or for the Council to let on payment or otherwise, or use the Palace or any parts thereof for the purposes of meetings, lectures, entertainments, or such other purposes as the Council may think fit; and from time to time to make such reasonable charges for admission to the Albert Palace and on such occasions as the Council may think fit.

The meaning of this is perfectly plain. Without some such clause they would not have been authorised to undertake the responsibility, and to incur the expenditure necessary to keep the Palace open as a Winter Garden. Neither would they be allowed to charge any sum for admission in case popular concerts or other entertainments were given in the hall. It was expressly stated that this clause was under discussion; that it was for this purpose that the clause was introduced; and it was understood that this was entirely in accord with the wishes of the mysterious philanthropist.

The Bill containing this clause was printed and published in January, 1893. The clauses were framed by the draughtsman in order to meet what are believed

to be the views of the anonymous philanthropic donor. It was the opinion of the Parks Committee, or the lawyers of the Council, and of the Parliamentary draughtsmen, that these clauses were necessary to enable them to avail themselves of the philanthropic offer which had been made.

Everybody regarded the matter as settled. February passed, and March, and April, and May. During these months the Bill made its way through one House of Parliament, and then the other. All this time not a hint, not a whisper was heard as to any dissatisfaction on the part of the donor with the terms of the clause. At last the Bill received the Royal consent.

Up to this point everything went well, and then came the mystery. No sooner was the County Council placed in a position in which it could legally accept the offer of the mysterious donor, than that gentleman, for some undiscovered or unknown reason, went back on his promise, stopped the payment of the cheque which Mr. Burns had been carrying about in his pocket-book all the time, and refused to pay a single farthing of the £15,000 which had been promised, and on the faith of which the clause was secured in the Act of Parliament. The blank dismay with which this intimation was received can be imagined. The first impulse of every one was that of sheer incredulity. The sceptics roundly said that they had been right from the first, and that there was no such financier, and that he was all a bogus plant in order to gull the public. The Battersea Vestry, however, and the London County Council had been allured on to undertake expenditures on the faith of the existence of this anonymous

philanthropist, and could not so easily dismiss the subject.

The philanthropist in question when asked about it said that the County Council, by taking power to make a charge in the clause above mentioned for admission to the Palace, had departed from the scheme in support of which he had promised his money. When he was asked, however, if he objected to any charge being made for concerts and such like entertainments, he replied that nothing was further from his mind than to preclude the possibility of making such charges, as it was a vital part of his scheme that such entertainments should be provided.

What then, was asked, did he require? It was understood that he stated that he would be satisfied if there was an express undertaking given that no attempt would be made on the part of the County Council to exploit the Palace for the purpose of profit. As might have been expected, there was not the slightest difficulty in obtaining such an undertaking. An official order was at once dispatched, pointing out that by Act of Parliament they were precluded from abusing their position in the manner in which they feared, and undertaking that no such attempt would be made by them in the clause of the Act. Unfortunately, this communication seemed to have left the matter exactly



AN INTERIOR VIEW.

where it was, and the result is that to this day the philanthropist has locked up his cheque-book, and the Albert Palace is to be sacrificed, unless the London County Council, or some other philanthropist who will not change his mind when the time comes for fulfilling his promise, steps in the breach.

The question now arises, What is the explanation of this mystery? Who is to blame? Some one must be, and in the pursuit of some one upon whom the responsibility can be laid, the evidence seems to point in one of three different directions. It may be the fault of John Burns—but this, I confess, seems improbable, if, indeed, it is not entirely excluded by the admitted facts. No one for a moment questions the veracity of the Member for Battersea, and he has publicly and repeatedly stated that the promise was made, nor has any one ventured to deny it. But if the promise was made, how is it that the promise has not been kept? Excluding John Burns, therefore, we are shut up to two alternatives. Either it is the fault of the anonymous donor, or it is the fault of the London County Council. It would be the fault of the London County Council if in the plan they had proposed to use their funds for purposes of carrying out a scheme which was in direct opposition to the declared intentions of the donor, i.e., if they had declared their intention to convert the Palace into a ginshop or a tanyard, the philanthropist would undoubtedly have reason to refuse to subscribe the money which he had promised in the belief that the building was to be devoted to purposes of recreation. But we look in vain for the evidence that the London County Council has done anything of the kind. Of course they may have blundered, but no one can deny that it is honestly desirous of meeting the views of the philanthropist in question. The donor had six months during which he could have intimated his objection to the clauses, or any part of the clauses, in contravention of his ideas as to the utilisation of the Palace, and it was only when he appeared to be perfectly satisfied, preserving that silence which gives consent during all the stages of the Bill, that the Bill received Royal consent for passing through. If even now the philanthropist in question would be good enough to condescend upon particulars, and specify exactly what kind of clause it is that he wants, he could have it for the asking; but at present there seems to be no prospect of getting this simple matter arranged. As a result the public suffers.

Now, what is the explanation? Can it be that we have here a case of that double personality, which Robert Louis Stevenson made such use of in his famous story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? This explanation would enable the charitable to conclude that the money after all may be paid, and the Palace secured to the public. A donor, whom we will call Dr. Jekyll, was evidently honest, and desirous of benefiting the population of half-a-million which live in the immediate neighbourhood of the Albert Palace. In order to give effect to his wishes he publicly committed himself to a promise to subscribe all the money that was necessary to save the Palace for the people. How then is it that the Palace has not been saved? Is this not a case of a Mr. Hyde usurping the appearance and identity of Dr. Jekyll, and to dishonour the name and fame of his original? If so, we must all hope that Dr. Jekyll will assert himself speedily, and Mr. Hyde may no longer be allowed to play tricks with the good faith of a public benefactor.

In any case, even if Mr. Hyde should continue in perpetuity in possession of the bodily appearance of Dr. Jekyll, I earnestly hope that the London County

Council and the public will not allow the Palace to be sacrificed because of the double identity of a single individual. It would have been well, no doubt, if Dr. Jekyll could have carried out his benevolent designs without the interference of his *alter ego*, but if the worst should come to the worst, and we should have Mr. Hyde in permanence, let us hope that other philanthropists will come forward and save the Palace for the people.

BETTERING THE LOT OF WORKING WOMEN.

MISS EMILIE A. HOLYOAKE, Secretary of the Women's Trade-Union League, reviews the present "Industrial Position of Women" in the *Humanitarian*. Her general conclusion is that "the event which will most surely hasten the improvement in workshop and factory life is the appointment of women inspectors":—

It is to be hoped that, now we have women factory inspectors, we shall never in the future need to approach a Home Secretary with such grievances as reached Mr. Asquith's ears recently from workers in factories. Many of the complaints were in written documents, handed in unread, that they might not offend the ears of those present. Hundreds of women suffered daily from a state of things admitted to be too bad to be openly discussed; women are allowed by society to live under these conditions, but not to speak of them.

THE GOSPEL OF COOKERY.

Happily there are brighter stories to tell—of the care of employers and others for women at work:—

The great disadvantage to women employed in factories and workshops, is that they acquire no domestic tastes. . . . Young girls in factories need this deficiency in their education remedied, and it is to some extent being counteracted by the teaching of cooking in board schools.

The Honor Club for Working Girls, in Fitzroy Square (founded by Miss Honor Brooke), has this end in view. It gives working girls a place of meeting, and creates sociability among them, with opportunities of learning cooking and other useful arts: the special feature of the cooking is that it is such as would be required in a workman's home, and with only such utensils as would be found in a poor man's house. . . .

Colonel Ackroyd, of Ackroydon, near Huddersfield, set an example by building large rooms where the women could cook their food, and ladies at first went down to superintend the meals. Messrs. Cope, the cigarmakers of Liverpool, also gave their employées the advantage of large well-lighted workrooms, fitted with separate tables for workers. At this factory a woman was employed to teach the girls cooking, and fifty were taught at a time. . . . This fact caused the girls employed there to get married so readily that Mr. Cope stated it was a disadvantage to him.

FLOWERS, PICTURES AND AFTERNOON TEA.

Another example of workshops where the usual monotony is broken, and the girls have opportunity of having flowers around them, and pictures for the eye to rest on, in place of bare walls, is the Co-operative Wholesale Society's Boot and Shoe Works, in Leicester.

"The Ship," a workshop built by Messrs. Longman and Co. on Saffron Hill, is also mentioned:—

Afternoon tea is arranged for there, and the women and girls troop into a spacious dining-room, at the sound of a gong. At midday, dinner is cooked for the employées—some clubbing together for a small joint, and others having separate dishes. Besides the comfort of a large dining-room with comfortable seats, there is the great advantage that the work-rooms are being replenished with fresh air.

THE *Sentinel* for October publishes an analysis of the personnel of the Opium Commission, and also reports briefly the proceedings at the International Conference of the British and Continental Federation against the State Regulation of Vice, held at the Hague, Sept. 21-24.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

NOTICE.—For the convenience of such of our readers as may live at a distance from a bookseller, any Book they may require, mentioned in the following List, will be forwarded post free to any part of the United Kingdom, from the Publishing Office of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, 125, Fleet Street, on receipt of Postal Order for the published price of the Book ordered.

IN the first year of the present century a saint was born in England who died in 1882, after having given his name to a movement which transformed the Anglican Church. The task of writing his biography was undertaken by another saint, the most distinguished of the disciples of his school, who, after eight years' labour, fell by the way and died. Then the work passed into other hands, and is now being slowly carried out to its completion. The first saint was E. B. Pusey, a married saint, who owed probably more of his religious drift to his wife than to the Fathers of the Church. The second saint was H. P. Liddon, and the first half of the biography,* which was published last March, has been completed by the Rev. J. O. Johnston and the Rev. R. J. Wilson, who are now busy with the remaining volumes. The book is ponderous. The subject, although of fascinating interest to the ecclesiastic and the historian, is no longer possessed of much attraction for the ordinary man. Pusey and the Tractarians of sixty years ago played a great part in their time. But to us they are coming more and more every day to resemble the gigantic Saurians whose fossil remains are carefully preserved in museums of natural history. As we read this devout and scholarly tribute to the scholar and the saint whose name was for a whole generation the rallying cry of sectarian bitterness, we feel how entirely he was a man of another epoch. It is probable the interest will diminish rather than increase, for the heroic period of Dr. Pusey's life, the time of the Tracts, and the suspension, fell in the first half of the century, and are described in these volumes. The rest of his life was passed in times of much less storm and stress.

A very handsome volume† indeed is that in which Mr. Rowland Ward presents us with the latest adventures of Mr. F. C. Selous, the Nimrod of South Africa. Mr. Selous, who intended to have been at this moment lecturing in America, has been summoned to Mashonaland to defend the territory of the concession against Lobengula. The author of this delightful book was so recently the subject of a character sketch in these pages, that it is unnecessary to say more than that this latest book is worthy of his fame, and is produced in a style befitting the reputation of both author and publisher. It is more than a record of hunter's adventure. The concluding chapters tell modestly but lucidly the story of the occupation of Mashonaland. Mr. Selous was the guide of the pioneers, and the maker of the road by which they entered the country.

A much smaller book, but one which deals with much more important subjects than the embers of extinct con-

troversy or the vicissitudes of a Nimrod in Africa, is Dr. Goldwin Smith's "The United States."** This volume is a sketch by a master hand of the American Republic. It only professes to be an outline of the political history, but it gives more succinctly and vividly a picture of the rise and progress of the United States than any book of similar compass. Dr. Goldwin Smith is a brilliant writer, a philosophic observer, and a painstaking historian. He believes, as he tells us, that he "regards the American Commonwealth as the great achievement of his race, and looks forward to the voluntary reunion of the American branches of the race within its pale." Some day, possibly, he will see that the view of voluntary reunion of a world-encompassing race must be wider than a single continent. But he has done good service to the great cause by writing this handy, eloquent, and suggestive volume.

"His is a feeling about life which leads him to regard women as so many superfluous girls in a boys' game," said Mr. Henry James in a notable appreciation of Mr. Stevenson, which he contributed to one of the American magazines some years ago. And the majority of critics, always as ready to cavil at a man for what he has not, as to praise him for what he has, have joined in the cry: "Mr. Stevenson," they said in effect, "cannot draw a woman, cannot as a novelist enter into the passion of love." Gloriously are they answered, for his new book "Catriona"† contains two girl characters as loving and as charming as any in the fiction of Mr. Stevenson's contemporaries. Barbara Grant alone, the scheming Advocate's daughter, who works throughout the story for David Balfour's safety and happiness, should be enough with her delightfully winsome ways to make the fortune of a romance ten times less attractive than is "Catriona." "It is the fate of sequels to disappoint those who have waited for them," says Mr. Stevenson in his dedication; but he need have no fear: readers of "Kidnapped" have been eager for the redemption of his promise to continue the story of David Balfour's adventures. But even if they forget their delight in the keenest criticism they will find little in "Catriona" with which to be disappointed. It is true that the untoward ending of David's heroic endeavours to raise suspicion from and to save James Stewart of the Glens is a little bathetic, that this interest, with his after adventures in Holland with Catriona, make the book rather in two halves than in one complete and rounded whole, and that the David of the sequel is many years older, far more canny, than was the David who fled with Alan Breck through the heather. But when we consider the skill of characterisation, the wealth and variety of incident—there is no scene, by the way, as sensational as those by which "Kidnapped" is mostly remembered—and the charm of the

* "Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey, Doctor of Divinity, Canon of Christ Church, Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford." By Henry Parry Liddon, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., late Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's. Edited and prepared for publication by the Rev. J. O. Johnston, M.A., Vicar of All Saints, Oxford, and the Rev. Robert J. Wilson, M.A., Warden of Keble College, Hon. Fellow and formerly Tutor of Merton College. Four volumes. (Longmans.) Vols. I. and II. With Portraits and Illustrations. 36s.

† "Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa. Being the narrative of the last eleven years spent by the author on the Zambesi and its tributaries; with an account of the Colonisation of Mashonaland and the Progress of the Gold Industry in that country." By Frederick Courteney Selous, C.M.Z.S., Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Society, Author of "A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa." (Rowland Ward and Co.) With numerous illustrations and map. 21s.

* "The United States: an Outline of Political History, 1492-1871." By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. (Macmillan and Co.) 312 pp., 8s. 6d.

† "Catriona, a sequel to 'Kidnapped,' being Memoirs of the further Adventures of David Balfour at Home and Abroad; in which are set forth his Misfortunes anent the Appin Murder; his Troubles with Lord Advocate Grant; Captivity on the Bass Rock; Journey into Holland and France; and Singular Relations with James Moore Drummond and MacGregor, a Son of the notorious Rob Roy, and his Daughter, Catriona." Written by Himself, and now set forth by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Cassell.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 7p. 371. 6s.

descriptions and the dialogues, one is content to praise almost entirely a story which, if it is not foremost, is yet in the front rank of Mr. Stevenson's romances. The characters of the wily Lord Advocate Grant and of James More Drummond will stand among his most notable successes; while Catriona Drummond herself is a character whom we shall continue to love as long as fiction holds delight.

One of the most handsome books which has been published this year is the "Memoir of Edward Calvert," which has just been issued by Messrs. Sampson Low. The volume is an imperial quarto, illustrated with thirty-one full-page plates and forty-one other illustrations, together with a portrait of the artist. The edition, which is limited to 350 copies, and is published at three guineas, is sumptuously got up and will do much to generalise the reputation which Calvert has long enjoyed among artists. Calvert was one of the friends of William Blake in his youth. In his latter days he devoted himself to classical subjects. He seems to have been in painting what Keats was in poetry,—an ancient Greek reincarnated in England at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The biography, which is written by his third son, tells the story of a long life more interesting to the artist than to the lover of adventure. There is added to the biography a second part devoted to the Principles of Art, taken from Calvert's notebooks. We have also notes and suggestions for the musical theory of colour. The chief attraction of the volume, however, is in the facsimile reproductions of Calvert's engravings. It is doubtful whether any more handsome book will be published this year.

BIOGRAPHY.

BELLASIS, EDWARD. *Memoirs of Mr. Serjeant Bellasis, 1800-1873.* (Burns and Oates.) Royal 8vo. Half leather. Pp. 215. 10s. 6d.

A very sumptuous biography illustrated with numerous photographic portraits of the Serjeant, his relations, and his friends. Serjeant Bellasis, although not one of the most conspicuous men of his day, nevertheless played some part in the Tractarian Movement of 1833, in connection wherewith he left papers of interest; and he was also an able, and for nearly a quarter of a century, a notable member of the Catholic body.

LINTON, W. J. *Life of John Greenleaf Whittier.* (Walter Scott.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 202. 1s. 6d.

A volume of the Great Writers Series, including a bibliography by Mr. John P. Anderson of the British Museum.

Personal Recollections of Werner von Siemens. (Asher.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 416. 15s.

A volume of recollections of considerable personal and scientific interest. Werner Siemens besides being the head of the great firm of Siemens and Halske is, in his way, a scientific discoverer of importance. His services in developing the telegraphic system of Prussia and his discovery of the self-acting dynamo will be remembered by all interested in electricity, while some of the most interesting portions of the work are those in which he refers to the cable-layings in the Mediterranean and Red Seas, and between Ireland and the United States. The description of his early military career in the Prussian Artillery, where among other scientific discoveries he invented the processes of plating and gilding, and proposed and proved practicable the defence of harbours by means of submarine mines, to be fired by electricity, is well worth reading.

WATSON, JOHN, F.L.S. (Editor). *The Confessions of a Poacher.* (Leadenhall Press.) Paper Covers. 1s.

The poacher of these "Confessions" is no imaginary being; and Mr. Watson says in his editorial note that "he never met any man who was in closer sympathy with the wild creatures about him." The book is very fully illustrated by Mr. James West.

WHEATLEY, H. B., F.S.A. (Editor). *The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M.A., F.R.S. Volume II.* (George Bell and Sons.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 434. 10s. 6d.

The second volume of this very handsome and, for the first time, complete edition of Pepys' Diary. Mr. Wheatley has retained Lord Braybrooke's notes, but he has added many of his own, so that besides being the only complete edition the present is by far the most useful and the most convenient. The illustrations in this volume are portraits, reproduced in photogravure, of Sir Edward Montagu, Earl of Sandwich, K.G., Mrs. Pepys, and William Hewer.

ESSAYS, CRITICISMS AND BELLES-LETTRES.

GROSART, ALEXANDER B. (Editor). *"Thoughts that Breathe and Words that Burn," from the Writings of Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England.* (Elliot Stock.) 24mo. Cloth. Pp. 206. 3s. 6d.

Another of the delightful little volumes of the Elizabethan Library. Dr. Grosart protests the difficulty of indicating the wealth of Bacon's writings in so small a selection, but he seems to have chosen wisely, and his readers will carry away no faint idea of the supreme richness of Francis Bacon's work. The "Essays" have been drawn upon but sparingly, being better known to all classes of readers than the majority of the author's books. "A reader of Bacon," says Dr. Grosart in his short introduction, "must be prepared for a demand on the most strenuous intellectual effort of which he is capable if he would scale the heights, or plumb the depths, or explore the vast reaches of the thinking herein set before him."

MALORY, SIR THOMAS, KT. *Le Morte d'Arthur. Part II.* (J. M. Dent and Co.) 4to. Paper Covers. 2s. 6d. net.

The second part of the very beautiful edition of "Le Morte d'Arthur," which Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is illustrating with his wonderful decorations, designs, and initials, and for which Professor Rhys is to write an introduction.

TREVELYAN, MARIE. *Glimpses of Welsh Life and Character.* (John Hogg.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 406. 6s.

With the object of awakening English interest in the land and life of the Cymru, Miss Trevelyan has endeavoured "to give glimpses, or faithful sketches, rather than studies of life and character in Wales."

FICTION.

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DELAND, MARGARET. *Mr. Tommy Dove, and Other Stories.* (Longmans.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 288.

It is possible that the note of continual but never overstrained pathos in the short story that gives the name to this latest volume by the author of "John Ward, Poacher," may deter many readers from continuing what is certainly one of the cleverest and, in every sense, admirable collections of stories that has come from America since Miss Wilkins attracted the attention of the English reading public with her "Humble Romance." There is something of Miss Wilkins' touch in "Mr. Tommy Dove." Like many of her stories, it deals with the love of the middle-aged, but Miss Deland has infused her sketch with a sadness which has seldom its counterpart in Miss Wilkins' New England series. But the story is intensely natural, and one is hardly likely to forget the love that grew up for one another in the hearts of the middle-aged village apothecary and his old-maid patroness.

DICKENS, MARY ANGELA. *A More Cypher.* (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 428. 3s. 6d. New edition.

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DOYLE, A. CONAN. The Great Shadow and Beyond the City (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 320. 3s. 6d.

To those who have eagerly read every book that has come from Dr. Conan Doyle since the appearance of "A Study in Scarlet," the stories in this volume will not be new. "The Great Shadow" appeared as the Bristol Annual for last Christmas, and was praised somewhat enthusiastically in THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS at that time, while "Beyond the City" formed the Christmas number of *Good Words* two or three years ago. It is amusing; but Dr. Doyle can do so much better work than one is jealous of its commonplace. As an instance of his versatility, however, it is interesting, for it belongs to neither of the two classes of fiction with which his name is now associated. The volume, by the way, is bound with such an entire absence of taste that one almost grudges it a place with the rest of Dr. Doyle's works.

FYFE, H. HAMILTON. A Player's Tragedy. (A. D. Innes.) Paper Covers. 1s.

The hero of this story is an actor, who felt his part so strongly that it gradually overpowered him, rendered him incapable of remembering the facts of his life, and brought him to a state of madness in which the characters and incidents of the play he is acting in are the only realities. The idea is a novel one and it is well worked out; but Mr. Fyfe's characters are not alive, and his habit of interrupting the progress of his story while he delivers his opinion on sundry irrelevant matters is hardly pleasing.

HARDY, THOMAS. The Hand of Ethelberta: A Comedy in Chapters. (Sampson Low.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 412. 2s. 6d.

The latest volume of the cheap and tasteful monthly reissue of those of Mr. Hardy's novels which Messrs. Sampson Low publish.

HARTE, BRET. Sally Dows, etc. (Chatto and Windus.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 295. 3s. 6d.

Although the four stories in this volume will hardly rank with some of Mr. Bret Harte's earlier work, the book contains at least one character, that of Sally Dows herself, which for charm and winsomeness will be remembered with the best of his heroines. Miss Dows is a sort of Bathsheba Everdene. Alone in her southern State she had the strength of mind to adapt herself to the all real conditions which followed the disastrous War of the Rebellion, and to use her influence to make the blacks who had been her uncle's slaves return to the work which the war had stopped. The story commences with as vivid and real a scene from the war as has been written, but its action mainly takes place three years afterwards, when white race and black were gradually settling down and the whites were accepting as inevitable their changed relations. The story hardly hangs together, perhaps, for its exciting conclusion, in which the tracking of a black man through a swamp by bloodhounds is among the incidents, seems rather an afterthought, and not part of the original scheme; but it is very readable. The other three stories are far shorter: only one of them, "The Transformation of Buckeye Camp," shows Mr. Bret Harte at his best.

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JEROME, JEROME K. Novel Notes. (The Leadenhall Press.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 292. 3s. 6d.

These "Novel Notes" were so widely read in the *Idler*, where they have lately been appearing, that it is unnecessary to say more about them here than that they are perhaps the best work that Mr. Jerome has done, and that they are likely to please even those superior persons to whom he has ever been anathema. In fact, here and there is admirable writing and a faculty of invention which we would hardly have expected from the author of "Three Men in a Boat." The book is profusely illustrated by the *Idler* staff of artists.

LYSAGHT, SIDNEY ROYSE. The Marplot. (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 425. 3s. 6d. New edition.

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PRÆD, MRS. CAMPBELL. December Roses. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol.) Paper Covers. 1s.

She was "a free, careless Bush girl," and she had promised to wait for him—"a romantic young Scotchman with a red beard and grave pathetic blue eyes, who reitell Longfellow and 'Childe Harold' in the intervals of musing cattle and shelling Indian corn." But her guardian interfered, and married her to a rich and brutish Englishman, who treated her so badly that, after ten years of misery, she had to get a divorce. And then she meets the Scotchman again, when he is on his way to meet his betrothed. The sequel is worth discovering—in a railway carriage.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER. Kenilworth. (A. and C. Black.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 473. 5s.

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SCOTT, SIR WALTER. Kenilworth. (J. C. Nimmo.) Two volumes. Crown 8vo. Cloth. 6s. each, net.

The Border Edition of Scott has now been running for twelve months. In another year it will be complete, and we shall have then one of the most worthy editions of any great novelist's works which have ever been published. Mr. Lang and Mr. Nimmo between them contrive to keep up the high standard of excellence with which the edition was inaugurated. "Kenilworth," which appeared on September 1st, is a story which lends itself well to illustration, and the twelve sketches which adorn these two volumes are all drawn and etched by Ad. Lalauze with true artistic expression, and a clear appreciation of the novelist's purpose. Mr. Andrew Lang, in his introductory essay, enters very fully into Scott's construction of the story and the truth about Amy Robsart, so far as the truth about her has been ascertained since "Kenilworth" was written. We advise all who want a good edition of Scott, if they have not already done so, to hurry up and subscribe for the Border Edition. "The Pirate" appeared in two volumes on October 1st.

SPENDER, MRS. J. KENT. A Strange Temptation. (Hutchinson.) Three volumes. 31s. 6d.

Does a conscience really exist? and, if it does, has it enough force and vitality to affect the happiness and even the action of a person healthy in body and mind, and quite unprepared by training for any ideas of either God or sin? This is the problem which Mrs. Kent Spender has tried to work out in the form of a story. Her heroine, Polly, in whom the power of conscience is tried, is a far more attractive and interesting character than the somewhat rigid Ralph Carlyon or the saintly Eleanor.

The Passing of a Mood. (T. Fisher Unwin.) Long fcap. 8vo. Paper Covers. Pp. 203. 1s. 6d.

The twenty-one sketches in this volume are, we believe, the work of contributions to the now defunct undergraduate journal, the *Cambridge Observer*, in whose pages they made their first appearance. Some one or two are very clever, an equal number are rather clever, one at least is exceedingly disagreeable, and the rest are rubbish; but the collection is worth reading if only to see what the modern young man, with a culture derived from a study of De Maupassant and contemporary French novelists, can do when he lets himself down to produce the work after which his soul yearns. In most cases the result is, not naturally, analysis run mad and clumsily treated wit.

WINTER, JOHN STRANGE. The Soul of the Bishop. (F. V. White.) Two volumes. 21s.

Forsaking for the moment the light chronicling of barrack-room stories and the romances of the garrison town, Mrs. Stannard has turned her attention to the theological novel. She has attempted to present in the character of her heroine "an attitude of mind which is very prevalent to-day," and which is mainly to be traced to a sense of the inconsistency of some of the Church's Articles of Religion and "the original Christianity which Christ Himself taught." Cecil

Constable, Mrs. Stannard's heroine, during her engagement to the Bishop of the diocese in which she lived, not unreasonably turned her attention somewhat more carefully to the doctrine of the Church in which, as a matter of course, she had from childhood worshipped. With terror she discovered, much as Mrs. Besant discovered, that there were things in the orthodox creed against which her common-sense revolted and which no tradition of faith could induce her to accept. Nor could her lover do more than temporarily still her questioning: the doubts reasserted themselves, and she came to the conclusion that she had no religious belief of any kind. Under these circumstances nothing was to be done but to break off her engagement with the man whom she loved with her whole heart and who loved her with the strength and constancy which so often comes with middle-age. And so were the two lives blighted: Ceilidh by reason of the doubts first instilled into her mind by the inconsistencies and unjust teaching of the Thirty-nine Articles; the Bishop's by his great loss and the disappointment of all his hopes. The story is not ill-written, and it contains plenty of pages of theological discussion.

ZANGWILL, I. *Ghetto Tragedies*. (McClure.) 18mo. Parchment. Pp. 236. 1s. net.

There can be no question, with this volume and "Children of the Ghetto," from which to judge, that Mr. Zangwill's true forte is not so much in the humorous story as in the treatment of Jewish life and character. He combines a meretricious but effective style with an unusual power of characterisation and of dramatic intensity, and there is not one of these four poignant and original sketches which do not show the hand of the artist. Mr. Zangwill is at present the supreme delineator of the picturesque East-end Jew. Taking for his subject a class which to the outsider appears sordid and ugly, he has presented it with a success and in a manner that is his alone; and now that he has awakened our keen interest in the Ghetto and its inhabitants, it is to be hoped that we may have many other volumes with a similar source of inspiration. Mr. McClure deserves a word of praise for the way in which "Ghetto Tragedies" is produced: of pocket libraries its shape is as convenient as any, and in paper, cover, and type it leaves nothing to be desired.

HISTORY.

ALLCROFT, A. H., M.A., and W. F. MASOM, M.A. *The Tutorial History of Rome to 14 A.D.* (W. B. Clive and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 416. 3s. 6d. University Correspondence College Tutorial Series.

This volume, which shows the usual drawbacks and the usual advantages of very compressed manuals, traces the history of Rome down to the reign of Augustus. Its plan of arrangement is to divide clearly foreign from domestic history, while at the same time indicates how the one series of events affected the other. Very ingenious little maps in black and white clear up the geographical aspect of the history; but the absence of an index detracts very largely from the value of the volume.

JOYCE, P. W., M.A., etc. *A Concise History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to 1837*. (M. H. Gill and Son, Dublin.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 312. 3s.

Dr. Joyce has condensed the greater portion of this book from his "Short History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to 1608," which was published a month or two ago; but the chapters dealing with the years between 1608 and 1837 is of course new. Although greatly condensed "it is not," he says, "a cram book, but a connected, intelligible narrative, into which I have tried to infuse some life and spirit." The volume is divided into four parts, dealing respectively with the manners, customs, and institutions of the ancient Irish; Ireland under native rulers; the period of the invasion; and the period of insurrection, confiscation, and plantation.

BESANT, WALTER. *The History of London*. (Longmans.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 256. 2s. 6d.

In a letter to the *Athenæum* Mr. Walter Besant denies that this book is merely an abridgement of his larger work on the same subject, published last year by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. "The History of London" is, he says, "a history of the city and its institutions, written in the hope that the study of this history, which may be taken to represent in essence the history of all other English towns, will be found helpful in the education of our children, to whom we have at last begun to teach something of their duties and responsibilities as citizens, the privileges of their position, and the meaning of their inheritance." The book is very fully illustrated.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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CORBET, R. ST. J. *From the Bull's Point of View: the True Story of a Bull-Fight*. (Leadenhall Press.) Paper Cover. 6d.

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PITT, RUTH J. *The Tragedy of the North Gods*. (T. Fisher Unwin.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 256. 6s.

Miss Pitt has attempted to show in this volume what the religion of the old Norseman was, on what lines he formed his life, and what were the ties which braced him for warfare and death. Four illustrations are by Mr. J. P. Jacobson-Hood and Mr. J. A. J. Brindley.

WAGNER, LEOPOLD. *More About Names*. (T. Fisher Unwin.) 8vo. Buckram. Pp. 287. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Wagner, who is already well known to the curious in such matters from his "Names: and their Meaning," gives us in this volume what is practically a continuation of his first. It is full of interesting matter not easily to be found elsewhere, and an astonishing amount of reading and research must have gone towards its compilation. The titles of some of the chapters are: "Things Theatrical," "Titles of Honour," "Firearms and Projectiles," "Matrimony," "Schools of Philosophy," "Articles of Attire," "Prioung Types," "Cordials and Beverages," "Poets and Poetry." Without an index such a book would be almost valueless, so it is well that "More about Names" contains one that is universally complete.

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Poems of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë, with Catalogue of Poems by Patrick Brontë. (J. M. Dent and Co.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 246. 2s. 6d. net.

Issue in uniform with the edition of the Brontë novels which Messrs. Dent are now publishing. The volume contains three illustrations: the Birthplace of Charlotte Brontë, the Brontë Waterfall, and Haworth Church and Parsonage.

WRIGHT, J. C. (Editor.) *Wordsworth for the Young*. (Jarrold.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 100.

A selection of those of Wordsworth's poems which are most suitable for young readers, with brief notes by the editor.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

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A timely guide to the law relating to public libraries and technical education, and all other statutes affecting libraries, museums, art galleries, etc., in the United Kingdom. The Acts of 1892 and 1893 being included, the volume is an indispensable handbook to all interested in the Public Library and Technical Education movements. The complete list of towns where the Public Libraries Acts have been adopted, corrected to June 30, 1893, is given in the Library Association Year Book referred to below.

Library Association Year-Book for 1893. (Simpkin.) Paper Covers. Pp. 91. 1s.

This book gives, besides syllabuses of the examinations held by the Library Association and specimens of examination questions, the British Museum Cataloguing Rules, the Bielefeld Library Cataloguing Rules, and the Cataloguing Rules adopted by the Library Association. The rules of the British Museum are appalling; those of the Bielefeld are more reasonable; and those of the Library Association are quite simple and sensible.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.

"A SON OF THE MARSHES," Forest Tithes and Other Studies from Nature. (Smith, Elder and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 208. 5s.

A series of papers, reprinted from the magazines, by the only man upon whom the mantle of Richard Jefferies has fallen.

BURNETT, J. COMPTON, M.D. Diseases of the Skin: Their Constitutional Nature and Cure. (Homeopathic Publishing Co.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 240. 3s. 6d. Second edition, revised and enlarged.

BUTLER, EDWARD A., B.A., B.Sc. Our Household Insects: An Account of the Insect Pests found in Dwelling-houses. (Longmans.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 344. 6s.

The contents of this book originally appeared as a series of articles in *Knowledge*, whence they have been reprinted with a large number of very admirable illustrations, photographs and otherwise. Mr. Butler has written primarily for those who have no special knowledge of the subject, endeavouring to put the descriptions of insect structure into ordinary language as far as possible; and his aim has been to show that every one has ready to hand, with very little trouble in the way of collection, abundant material for the practical study of that most fascinating branch of natural history, entomology.

DAWSON, SIR J. WILLIAM, F.R.S., etc. Some Salient Points in the Science of Earth. (Hodder and Stoughton.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 7s. 6d.

"The present work contains," says Sir William Dawson in his preface, "much that is new, and much in correction and amplification of that which is old; and is intended as a closing deliverance on some of the more important questions of geology, on the part of a veteran worker, conversant in his younger days with those giants of a younger generation, who, in the heroic age of geological science, piled up the mountains on which it is now the privilege of their successors to stand." In his final paper upon "Man and Nature," the author says that "mere materialistic evolution must ever and necessarily fail to account for the higher nature of man," and that the present want of union in the relations between man and nature "requires for its rectification nothing less than the breathing of that Divine Spirit which first evokes order and life out of primeval chaos." Other chapters deal with such subjects as "World-making," "The Imperfection of the Geological Record," "The History of the North Atlantic," "The Apperition and Succession of Animal Forms," "The Genesis and Migration of Plants," "The Growth of Coal," "The Great Ice Age," and "Early Man."

HOUSSEY, FRÉDÉRIC. The Industries of Animals. (Walter Scott.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 258. 3s. 6d. Contemporary Science Series.

This English translation has been revised throughout and enlarged, with the author's co-operation. It deals, *inter alia*, with the hunting, fishing, wars and expeditions of animals, their methods of defence, their provisions and domestic animals, the rearing of their young, and their dwellings and their defence and sanitation. The book contains forty-four illustrations.

HUXLEY, THOMAS H. Method and Results: Essays. (Macmillan.) Globe 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 430. 5s.

The first volume of a collected edition of Professor Huxley's works to be published at monthly intervals in the Eversley Series. The book opens with a short autobiographical paper, which is followed by a series of essays, the oldest of which first appeared in 1866. In one of the essays, that upon Descartes' "Discourse touching the Method of Using One's Reason rightly and of Seeking Scientific Truth," is given an account of the indispensable conditions of scientific assent, as defined by Descartes; the remaining eight, in Professor Huxley's own words, "set forth the results which are attained by the application of the 'Method' to the investigation of problems of widely various kinds; in the right solution of which we are all deeply interested." What these problems are can be gathered from the titles of the different essays: "On the Advisability of Improving Natural Knowledge," "The Progress of Science," "On the Physical Basis of Life," "On the Hypothesis that Animals are Automata," "Administrative Nihilism," "On the Natural Inequality of Man," "Natural Rights and Political Rights," and "Government: Anarchy or Regimentation."

MACH, DR. ERNST. The Science of Mechanics: a Critical and Historical Exposition of its Principles. (Watts and Co.) Crown 8vo. Half Leather. Pp. 534.

This volume is not, says the author, a treatise upon the exposition of the principles of mechanics, its aim being rather to clear up ideas, expose the real significance of the matter, and get rid of metaphysical obscurities. The little mathematical it contains is merely secondary to its purpose. The book is illustrated with numerous diagrams, portraits, etc.

Philips' Anatomical Model: a Pictorial Representation of the Human Frame and its Organs. (Philip.) Royal 8vo. Paper cover. 2s.

Dr. Schmiel's descriptive text for this work has been adapted into English by Mr. William S. Farnaux. The arrangement of the model of the human body is very ingenious, and the book is likely to interest many readers in human physiology and anatomy.

WALKER, JANE H., M.D., etc. A Handbook for Mothers. (Longmans.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 200. 2s. 6d.

Contains simple hints to women on the management of their health during pregnancy and confinement, together with plain directions as to the care of infants.

THEOLOGICAL.

EXELL, REV. JOSEPH S., M.A. The Biblical Illustrator: Hebrews. Volume II. (Nisbet.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 685. 7s. 6d.

EXELL, REV. JOSEPH S., M.A. The Biblical Illustrator: The Acts. Volume I. (Nisbet.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 722. 7s. 6d.

MACGREGOR, REV. JAMES, D.D. The Revelation and the Record: Essays on Matters of Previous Question in the Proof of Christianity. (T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 265. 7s. 6d.

TRAVEL, GEOGRAPHY AND TOPOGRAPHY.

BICKFORD-SMITH, R. A. H., M.A. Greece under King George. (Bentley.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 350. 12s. With Map.

A very comprehensive work whose scope can best be judged from the titles of the chapters: "Population," "Agriculture," "Forests," "Industries," "Commerce," "Business," "Internal Communication," "Finance," "Public Order," "Education," "Culture," "Archæology," "Religion," "Army and Navy," "Politics," "Society," "Philanthropy," and "Pan-Hellenism." It is pleasant to notice that Mr. Bickford Smith takes a very cheerful view of the Greek character, and of the country as it stands to-day.

EYRE-TODD, GEORGE. Byways of the Scottish Border: a Pedestrian Pilgrimage. (James Lewis, Selkirk.) 4to. Cloth. Pp. 226. 4s. 6d. net.

The record of a ten days' walking tour through some of the most famous districts of the Border country, from Moffat eastwards. The volume is illustrated with process reproductions of twelve water-colour drawings of Mr. Eyre-Todd's companion, Mr. Tom Scott, A.R.S.A., and is certainly produced in a way that reflects the greatest credit both on provincial printing-press and provincial publisher.

GORDON, A. E., "Clear Round"; or, Scenic Story from Other Countries. (Sampson Low.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 7s. 6d.

This is a record of a scamp round the world in three and a half months from Liverpool across Canada to Japan, to which the most interesting part of the book is devoted, and then home over India.

MORLEY, GEORGE. Rambles in Shakespeare's Land. (The Record Press.) Fcap 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 58.

A charming and useful little volume containing a series of descriptions "of the scenes in the shire for ever made famous by the birth and genius of Shakespeare." The author's aim has been to gather some account, somewhat more lengthy than is usually to be found in guide-books, of the chief places of historical and antiquarian interest in Warwickshire. He has certainly succeeded.

PAYNE, EDWARD JOHN, M.A. (Editor). Voyages of the Elizabethan Seamen to America: Select Narratives from the "Principal Navigations" of Hakluyt. First Series. (Clarendon Press, Oxford.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 272. 5s. New edition.

Besides the lengthy, but very interesting, introduction, and a brief note on Hakluyt's life and works, this first series contains "Directions for Taking a Prize," the narratives of the three voyages taken by Hawkins, the three by Frobenius, the famous voyage of Drake, and the description of "The Great Armada."

CONTENTS OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

Altruistic Review.—21, Quincy Street, Chicago. Sept. 15. 20 cents.
The Case at Brook Farm. Rev. A. B. Chaffee.

Amateur Work.—Ward, Lock, Salisbury Square. October. 6d.
Cutting and Polishing Pebbles. Illustrated.

American Journal of Politics.—114, Nassau Street, New York.
September. 35 cents.

The Limits of a State Education. General M. M. Trumbull.
Should We Restrict Immigration? Arthur Cassot.
Miss Dix, Philanthropist and Asylum Reformer. E. A. Meredith.
Wealth and Its Distribution. E. N. Dingley.
A Permanent Solution of the Chinese Question. Kurt von Staufen.
The Congress of Law Reform. Belva A. Lockwood.

Andover Review.—27, King William Street, Strand.
September—October. 50 cents.

The Supernatural. Rev. Chauncey B. Brewster.
Historical Presuppositions and Forebodings of Dante's "Divine Comedy."
William M. Bryant.
An Elizabethan Mystic: Giles Fletcher. Gamaliel Bradford, Jun.
Sunday in Germany. Prof. G. M. Whicher.
Recent Theosophy in Its Antagonism to Christianity. Rev. W. J. Lhamon.
The Next Meeting of the American Board.

Anglo-Continental.—16, Tokenhouse Yard, Lothbury. Sept. 6d.
Seville. E. A. Richlugs.
Hohensollern-Sigmaringen. James Baker.
"La Mare au Diable," by George Sand. Alice H. Ward.

Antiquary.—Elliot Stock. October. 1s.
Notes on Archaeology in the Blackmore Museum, Salisbury. J. Ward.
The Archaeology of Kent. Illustrated. G. Payue.
Quarterly Notes on Roman Britain. F. Haverfield.

Arena.—153, Fleet Street. September. 50 cents.
A Money Famine in a Nation Rich in Money's Worth. G. C. Douglas.
Seven Facts about Silver. Hon. W. H. Stanlish.
An Inquiry into the Law of Cure. M. W. Van Denburg.
Moral and Immoral Literature. Rev. H. MacQuary.
Japan and Her Relation to Foreign Powers. E. A. Cheney.
The Currency Problem through a View of Fifty Years. Albert Brisbane.
Spiritual Phenomena from a Theosophical View. Ella W. Wilcox.
A Study of Benjamin Franklin. E. P. Powell.
The Bacon-Shakespeare Case. Verdict No. 2. Rev. M. J. Savage and Others.
The New Education and the Public Schools. B. O. Flower.

Argosy.—8, New Burlington Street. October. 6d.
The Pyramids "At Home." Illustrated. C. W. Wood.

Asclepiad.—(Quarterly). Longman. Second Quarter. 2s. 6d.
The Lancet as an Instrument of Precision in Medical Practice.
The Healthy Culture of the Literary Life.
John Locke. With Portrait.
Theory of a Gaseous or Vaporuous Atmosphere of Nervous Matter.

Asiatic Quarterly Review.—Oriental University Institute, Woking.
October. 5s.

The Defence of India. General Lord Chelmsford.
The Alliance of China and India. A. Michle.
Facts about the Alleged Afghan Treaty.
The Spoilation of Landlords and Tenants in Behar: the Castealra Corvée. Sir
Roper Lethbridge.
The Evils of the Salt Monopoly in India and the Opium Agitation. J. B.
Pennington.
The Gradual Extinction of the Burmese Race. G. H. Le Maistre.
Cow-killing in India and its Prevention. Dr. G. W. Leitner.
The Marquis of Lorne and the Imperial British East Africa Company: Its
Last Proposals. With Map.
Australia for Anglo-Indians: a Rejoinder. Hon. J. L. Parsons.
The Imperial Institute and the Colonies. A. Silva White.
History of Tchampa (now Annam or Cochín-China). Commandant E.
Aymonier.
The Red Rajputs. Charles Johnston.

Atalanta.—5a, Paternoster Row. October. 7d.
New Serial Stories—"Sir Robert's Fortune," by Mrs. Oliphant, and "A Costly
Break," by Maxwell Gray.
The Royal British Nurses' Association. Princess Christian.
Wonderland: Yellowstone Park. Illustrated. Percival Rivers.
The Realistic Novel. As Represented by J. M. Barrie. Sarah Tytler.

Atlantic Monthly.—Ward, Lock. October. 1s.
The Isthmus of Panama and Sea Power. A. T. Mahan.
The Tilden Trust, and Why it Failed. J. L. High.
The Hayes-Tilden Electoral Commission. J. Monroe.
The Gothenburg System in America. E. R. L. Gould.
The Permanent Power of Greek Poetry. R. C. Jebb.

Austral Light.—St. Francis' Lodge, Melbourne. August. 6d.
The Land Question in Victoria. Very Rev. P. Delany.
The Silver Question: Bi-metallism and Wages. G. D. Meudell.

Bankers' Magazine.—85, London Wall. October. 1s. 6d.
Banking Reserves and Autumn Demands. R. H. Inglis Palgrave.
Crops and the Exchanges.
South African Gold Supplies.
The Australian Crisis.

Employers' Liability and National Fund for Insurance against Accident in
France.

Blackwood's Magazine.—37, Paternoster Row. October. 2s. 6d.
Our Latest Arbitration: The United States in International Law.
Thirty Years of Shikar. Sir Edward Braddon.
A Night-Long Strife with a Salmon and a Wife.
A French Lesson in Eastern Asia: Siam, etc.
The Taxpayer under Home Rule.
Murders in China.
The Peers and the People.
The Decadence of Parliament.

Board of Trade Journal.—Eyre and Spottiswoode. September 15. 6d.
Development of the World's Telephones.
German Economy in Iron Manufacture.
The Cork Forests of Spain and Portugal.
Fruit Culture in Malaga.
The Oil-Producing Plants of Formosa.

Boy's Own Paper.—56, Paternoster Row. October. 6d.
How to make a Telephone and Fix it Up when Made. Illustrated. R. A. R.
Bennett.
Monkeys in India. Rev. R. D'O. Martin.
Accumulators: How to Make and Use Them.

Cabinet Portrait Gallery.—Cassell. October. 1s.
Portraits and Biographies of the Tzarevitch, Mdles. Giulia and Sofia Ravogli,
and Mr. A. W. Piner.

Californian Illustrated Magazine.—5, Agar Street. September.
25 cents.

The Southern Ute Indians. Illustrated. Verner Z. Reed.
Pacific Coast Women's Press Association. Illustrated. Emilie T. Y.
Parkhurst.
American Finances. Morris M. Estee.
Silver Coinage. Hon. W. W. Bowers.
The Californian Naval Battalion. Illustrated. W. F. Burke.
Smuggling. Illustrated. John Craig.
A Foreigner's Misconceptions: Mr. Bryce on America. Ex-Gov. L. A.
Sherbon.

Henry Irving. With Portrait. Peter Robertson.
Nevada Footprints. Illustrated. Robert H. Davis.

Canadian Magazine.—Ontario Publishing Co., Toronto. September.
25 cents.

The Manitoba School Question. Prof. Bryce.
A Whirlwind of Disaster in the United States. Erastus Wiman.
A Study in Criminology. Rev. W. S. Blackstock.
Down the Yukon. Wm. Ogilvie.
The Financial Depression in Australasia. Vortigern.

Cassell's Family Magazine.—Cassell. October. 7d.
The Simpon Pass. Illustrated. A. J. Butler.
My First Salmon. Illustrated.
Animal Playfulness. Illustrated. Alex. H. Japp.
In Parliament Assembled. Illustrated. A. F. Robbins.
Reprise Embroidery. Illustrated.

Cassell's Saturday Journal.—Cassell. October. 7d.
Do Clergymen make Mistakes at Marriages? A Chat with Mr. J. A. Pickett.
The Greatest Conjuror in the World: A Chat with Mr. J. N. Maskelyne.
The Clerk of the Council and his Duties: A Chat with Sir C. Lennox Peel.
A War Artist's Perils and Trials: A Chat with Mr. Frederick Villiers.

Cassier's Magazine.—27, King William Street, Strand. Sept. 25 cents.
Copper Mining in Nevada. Illustrated. Ernest V. Clemens.
Steam Engines at the World's Fair. IV. Illustrated. G. L. Clark.
The Glasgow and West of England Technical College. Illustrated. T.
Crichton Fulton.
Modern Gas and Oil Engines. VII. Illustrated. Albert Spies.
The Life and Inventions of Edison. XI. Illustrated. A. and W. K. L.
Dickson.
Boilers at the World's Fair. II. Illustrated. H. W. York.

Catholic World.—Burns and Oates. September. 35 cents.
The Spirit of St. Francis de Sales in the North-West. Illustrated. E. G.
Martin.
The Missionary Outlook in the United States. Rev. Walter Elliott.
How, Perhaps, to Study Shakespeare. Appleton Morgan.
Education: Utilitarian, Liberal, and Jesuit. Rev. T. Hughes.
The Boland Trade School in New York. Illustrated.
The Catholic Champlain. Illustrated. J. F. O'Shea.
A People's University in Germany. Rev. J. H. McMahon.

Celtic Monthly.—17, Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow. October. 3d.
The Ven. Wm. Macdonald Sinclair, Archdeacon of London. With Portrait.

Century Magazine.—Fisher Unwin. October. 1s. 4d.
Life Among German Tramps. Illustrated. Josiah Flynt.
Taking Napoleon to St. Helena. John R. Glover.
Walt Whitman in War-Time: Letters from the Capitol. With Portrait.
Walt Whitman.
Frederick Law Olmsted. With Portrait. Mrs. Schuyler von Rensselaer.
The Pratt Institute. Illustrated. James R. Campbell.
Street Paving in America. Illustrated. William Fortune.
Beranger. Illustrated. C. Coquelin.
Leaves from the Autobiography of Salvini. Tommaso Salvini.

Chambers's Journal.—47, Paternoster Row. October. 8d.
The Royal Irish Constabulary.
A Siamese Pageant. David Ker.
A Secret of the Solomon Islands. J. F. Hogan.
Bee-Hive Huts. S. Baring-Gould.
The Silver Question.

Chautauquan.—Kegan Paul. September. 2 dollars per annum.
From Buffalo to Bremen. Illustrated. Bishop J. H. Vincent.
Ralph Waldo Emerson. J. Vane Cheney.
What makes a Presbyterian? Rev. B. L. Agnew.
The Monage Scientific Expedition. Illustrated. W. S. Harwood.

Chums.—Cassell. October. 6d.
New Serials:—"Twixt Earth and Ocean," by S. O'Grady; "Under the Shadow of Night," by D. H. Parry.
A Chat with Lord Charles Beresford. With Portrait.
A Chat with a Famous All-Round Athlete: Mr. W. H. Grenfell. With Portrait.

Church Missionary Intelligencer.—16, Salisbury Square. Oct. 6d.
The History of the Church Missionary Society. Rev. C. Hole.
The Depressed Classes in India. Rev. A. F. Painter.
Recollections of a Bengal Missionary. Rev. A. P. Neale.
In the Far West of China. D. A. Callum and Rev. O. M. Jackson.

Clergyman's Magazine.—27, Paternoster Row. October. 6d.
Friendly Relations between Parson and People in Country Parishes. Rev. H. W. Beauchamp.
The Importance of Maintaining a High Standard of Spiritual Life among Christian Workers. Major S. Churchill.

Contemporary Review.—Isbister. October. 2s. 6d.
A Story of Crooked Finance: Imperial Subvention in Relief of Local Rates. W. A. Hunter.
An Early Aspirant to the German Imperial Crown: Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Karl Blind.
The Banditti of Corsica. Caroline Holland.
The Drift of Land Reform. R. Munro Ferguson.
Serpent-Worship in Ancient and Modern Egypt. Prof. A. H. Sayce.
The Message of Israel. Juli Weigwood.
The Holy City of Phrygia: Hierapolis. Prof. W. M. Ramsay.
José Echegaray, Spanish Dramatist. Hannah Lynch.
The All-Sufficiency of Natural Selection. Conclusion. Prof. A. Weissmann.
A Note on Panmixia. George J. Romanes.

Cornhill Magazine.—15, Waterloo Place. October. 6d.
What Men Call Instinct.
Happy Pairs at Dunmow.
Camp Life in Cashmere.

Dial.—24, Adams Street, Chicago. September 16. 10 cents.
Ibsen's Treatment of Self-Illusion. H. H. Boyesen.

Economic Journal.—Macmillan. September. 5s.
Report of Annual Meeting: Ethics and Economics. G. J. Goschen.
The Agricultural Problem. W. E. Bear.
Labour Federation. H. Clem Edwards.
Some Controverted Points in the Administration of Poor Relief. C. S. Loch.
The Rise of the English Post Office. A. M. Ogilvie.
Fashion. Caroline A. Foley.
The Suspended Rupee and the Policy of Contraction. Dana Horton.
The Indian Currency Committee's Report. F. C. Harrison.
"Syndicates Agricoles." H. W. Wolff.
A French Co-operative Society at Villaines. Le lie F. Scott.
Fiscal Reform in Holland. Professor H. B. Greven.
French Protection and Swiss Retaliation. E. Castelot.

Educational Review.—(American.) F. Norgate and Co. September. 1s. 8d.
Samuel Chapman Armstrong. Herbert Welsh.
Literary Spirit in the Colleges. F. H. Stoddard.
The Educational Ideas of Leland Stanford. D. S. Jordan.
The Old and the New Geometry. G. B. Halsted.
International Educational Congresses of 1893. R. Waterman, Jun.

Educational Review.—(London.) 2, Cree Lane. September. 6d.
Religious Education: Ways and Means. Rev. Prebendary Harry Jones.
The Cambridge Historical Tripos. Oscar Browning.
The Crisis at Westminster School. John Gibson.
The Cambridge Summer Meeting. Arthur B. Fry.
Westfield College. Illustrated.
Francis K. Shenton. Maude Egerton Klug.

Engineering Magazine.—Salisbury Court, Fleet Street. September. 2s. 6d.
Some Facts about the Silver Industry. Albert Williams, Jun.
A Scientific Analysis of Money. Emil Schalk.

The Real Condition of the Farmer. G. E. Roberts.
Fallacy of Municipal Ownership. M. J. Fraucisco.
Steamboating in the West and South. Illustrated. W. Kennedy.
Growth of Commerce on the Lakes. H. C. Pearson.
The Need of Uniform Building Laws. W. J. Fryer.
Nickel-Steel Armour-Plate for the Navy. Illustrated. R. B. Dashiell.
Electricity and Electric Generators. Illustrated. H. F. Parshall.
Distance and Railway Tariffs. J. L. Cowles.

English Illustrated Magazine.—198, Strand. October. 6d.
The Coburgers and the English Court. Illustrated. C. Lowe.
Ranelagh Gardens. Illustrated. Austin Dobson.
The Race for Wealth in America. Illustrated. Edgar Fawcett.
The Wax Effigies in Westminster Abbey. Illustrated. A. G. Bradley.
A Naturalist in a Swiss Forest. Illustrated. C. Parkinson.
Should Women Smoke? Lady Colin Campbell and Mrs. Lynn Linton.
Canada and Her New Governor. Illustrated. P. A. Hurd.

Expositor.—27, Paternoster Row. October. 1s.
Ariston, the Author of the Last Twelve Verses of Mark. F. C. Conybeare.
Was there a Golden Calf at Dan? Archdeacon Farrar.
St. Paul's Conception of Christianity. Professor A. B. Bruce.
The Church and the Empire in the First Century. Professor W. M. Ramsay.

Expository Times.—Slupkin, Marshall. October. 6d.
"In Many Parts and in Many Fashions." Bishop B. F. Westcott.
Alexander Vinet. Vernon Bartlett.
The Kingdom of God in the Teaching of Christ. Prof. H. H. Wendt.
Wendt on the Self-Witness of Jesus. Prof. James Orr.

Fireside Magazine.—7, Paternoster Square. October. 6d.
The late Rev. W. B. Chester, Bishop of Killaloe. Illustrated. Rev. C. Bullock.
The History of Common Things; Boots and Shoes. G. L. Apperson.

Fortnightly Review.—Chapman and Hall. October. 2s. 6d.
The Causes of Pessimism. Dr. C. H. Pearson.
The Unemployed. Arnold White.
Atoms and Sunbeams. Sir Robert Ball.
The Royal Road to History. Frederic Harrison.
The Balance of Trade. General Sir G. Chesney.
The Industrial Position of Women. Lady Dilke.
The Pomaks of Rhodope. J. D. Bourcher.
University Systems. Prof. Patrick Geddes.
Electric Flashes. Dr. McKendrick.
Notes of a Journey in South Italy. J. A. Symonds.
The Silver Question. Dana Horton.
Rehabilitation of Silver. A. G. Schiff.

Forum.—Edward Arnold. September. 2s. 6d.
A Century's Struggle for Silver in United States. John B. McMaster.
The Vatican and the United States. Rev. Dr. E. McGlynn.
Phenomenal Aspects of the Financial Crisis. A. C. Stevens.
My Four Favourite Parts: (Same Article as in *English Illustrated Magazine* of September). Henry Irving.
The Brooklyn Idea in City Government. Edward M. Shepard.
Criminals not the Victims of Heredity. Wm. M. F. Round.
Books and Readers in Public Libraries. C. B. Tillinghast.
Federal and Confederate Pensions Contrasted. M. B. Morton.
Women's Excitement over "Woman." Helen Watterson.
The Scotch Banks, Their Branches and Cash Credits. A. S. Michie.
The Pay of American College Professors. Dr. W. R. Harper.
Food Waste in American Households. Professor W. O. Atwater.
Compulsory State Insurance: Its Effect in Germany. John Graham Brooks.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.—110, Fifth Avenue, New York. October. 25 cents.
Perpendicular New York. Illustrated. Rev. Peter MacQueen.
The World's Fair Cosmopolis. Illustrated. Edward B. McDowell.
Giosuè Carducci. Illustrated. Mary Hasgrave.
A Journey to the Garden of Eden. Illustrated. Etta B. Donaldson.
The Unifying of Germany. Illustrated. Daniel D. Bidwell.
Topolobambo: A Latter-day Utopia. Illustrated. Charles M. Harger.

Gentleman's Magazine.—Chatto and Windus. October. 1s.
The Crime of the Templars. James F. Crombie.
The "Demon" Star. Algol. J. Ellard Gore.
Life in Modern Egypt. C. B. Roylance Kent.
Moses Mendelssohn (1729-1786). Rev. Dr. Joseph Strauss.
The Parish Church of the House of Commons—St. Margaret's, Westminster.
Mary L. Sinclair.
The Massacre of Chicago. James Milne.
Some Curiosities of Geology. G. W. Bulman.
The Stock Exchange and the Public. H. J. Jennings.

Geographical Journal.—1, Savile Row. September. 2s.
Journeys in French Indo-China. Concluded. Hon. G. N. Curzon.
The Zoutpansberg Goldfields in the South African Republic. Fred Jepps.
The Stairs Expedition to Katangaland. J. A. Maloney.

Girl's Own Paper.—56, Paternoster Row. October. 6d.
Dove Cottage, Grasmere. Worleworth's Home. Milward Wood.
Caroline of Anspach. Sarah Tytler.
What Working Girls say about Sunday. Ruth Lamb.
The Great Java Eruption. Lady Mary Wool.
The Flags of our Empire. What They Are and How to Make Them.

Godey's Magazine.—376, Strand. September. 1s.
The Woman Question in Japan. Illustrated. Helen E. Gregory-Fletcher.

Good Words.—Isbister. October. 6d.

"Lea, Kindly Light," and Cardinal Newman. Rev. T. V. Tymms.
 Flodden or Branxton? Illustrated. W. Scott Dalgleish.
 Mars as a World. Illustrated. Geoffrey Winterwood.
 Reminiscences of Frederika Bremer. Andree Hope.
 Winchester Cathedral. Illustrated. Canon Benham.

Great Thoughts.—28, Hutton Street, Fleet Street. October. 6d.

Interviews with the Earl of Winchelsea, David Christie Murray, and Rev. H. Russell-Wakefield. With Portraits. R. Blathwayt.
 W. E. Henley, the Poet-Editor. With Portrait.
 John Ruskin on Education. Wm. Jolly.
 Christian Socialism. Rev. S. E. Keeble.

Harper's Magazine.—45, Albemarle Street. October. 1s.

From the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf. I. From Trebizond to Tabreez. Illustrated. E. L. Weeks.
 Our National Game-Bird: Quail. Illustrated. C. D. Lanier.
 A French Town in Summer: Toulouse. Illustrated. Elizabeth R. Pennell.
 "Manifest Destiny": United States Annexation Policy. Carl Schurz.
 Lisperuiri's Meadows, New York. Illustrated. T. A. Janvier.
 Riders of Syria. Illustrated. Col. T. A. Dodge.
 Undergraduate Life at Oxford. Illustrated. R. H. Davis.
 On Witchcraft Superstition in Norfolk. C. Roper.

Hertfordshire Illustrated Review.—62, Paternoster Row. September. 1s.

St. Albans Grammar School. Illustrated. A. E. Gibbs.
 A Hertfordshire Ulysses: Sir John Maundeville. Illustrated. A. F. N. Joyner.
 Lord Beaconsfield. Illustrated. E. Fergusson Taylor.

Homiletic Review.—44, Fleet Street. September. 30 cents.

The Preacher and the Lecture Platform. Bishop J. H. Vincent.
 The New "Life of Christ" Recently Discovered in Egypt. Rev. Camden M. Cobern.
 The Modern Pulpit Vindicated. C. B. Hulbert.
 Novels and their Value to Ministers. Rev. James E. W. Cook.
 The Law of Chastity. Kerr B. Tupper.
 The Church Army and the Salvation Army. Rev. J. Hegeman.

Humanitarian.—Swan Sonnenschein. October. 6d.

Cremation. Sir Spencer Wells.
 The Multiplication of the Unfit. Victoria Woolhull Martin.
 The Industrial Position of Women. Miss E. A. Holyoake.
 The Ballad at the Music Halls. Dr. Andrew Wilson.
 Are Animals Immortal? Josiah Oldfield.

Idler.—Chatto and Windus. October. 6d.

My First Book. "A Romance of Two Worlds." Illustrated. Mario Cor III.
 Lord Charles Beresford. Illustrated. Raymond Blathwayt.
 Memoirs of a Female Nihilist. Illustrated. Sophie Wassilieff.

Illustrated Carpenter and Builder.—313, Strand. October. 6d.

Examples of Church Work. Illustrated. J. Barsley.
 Mechanics' Institute.

Imperial Federation.—Caswell. October. 4s. per annum.

Politics in the United States. J. Castell Hopkins.

Index Library.—(Quarterly.) C. J. Clark, 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

September. 21s. per annum.

Calendar of Wills in Prerogative Court of Canterbury.
 Calendar of Gloucester Wills.
 Calendar of Lichfield Wills.
 Gloucestershire Inquisitions, p.m.
 Calendar of Chancery Proceedings.

Indian Journal of Education.—V. K. Iyer, Madras. September.

The Philosophy of Education. Hon. W. T. Harris.

Indian Magazine and Review.—121, Fleet Street. September. 6d.

The Ramabal Association.

Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society.—Guy, Cork. September. 6d.

Cloghan Castle in Carbery. With Map. H. W. Gillman.
 The Private Bankers of Ireland. C. M. Tensou.

Journal of Geology.—46, Great Russell Street. August. 50 cents.

The Basic Massive Rocks of the Lake Superior Region. W. S. Bayley.
 The Las Animas Glacier: Rocky Mountains. George H. Stone.

Kindergarten Magazine. Woman's Temple, Chicago. Sept. 25 cents.

The International Kindergarten Union.
 Astronomy for Children. Mary Protor.
 The Kindergartens in Congress assembled at Chicago.

King's Own.—48, Paternoster Row. October. 6d.

Constantinople and the Sultan. Illustrated. David Williamson.
 Bible Account of Creation. Rev. D. Gath Whitley.
 The Houses of Parliament: Parliamentary Life. Illustrated. S. H. Pike.

Knowledge.—326, High Holborn. October. 6d.

The Life-History of a Solar Eclipse. E. Walter Maunder.
 Whales and Whalebone Whales. R. Lytkeker.
 Galls and their Occupants. IV. E. A. Butler.
 What is the Sun's Photosphere? A. C. Raneyard.

Ladies' Treasury.—23, Old Bailey. October. 7d.

The Kiss in History and in Practice.
 About the Wedding Ring. D. R. McNally.

Leisure Hour.—56, Paternoster Row. October. 6d.

The Doctors of Bolt Court: Dr. Samuel Johnson. Illustrated. W. J. Gordon.
 The Way of the World at Sea: The Arrival. Illustrated. W. J. Gordon.
 Quiet Corners in Oxford: St. John's Library.
 Microscopic Sea-Life. IV. The Marine Aquarium. Illustrated.
 The Protection of Our Sea Fisheries. F. G. A. Ballo.
 A Heroine of Nice: Catarina Segurana.

Light on the Way.—16, New Brown Street, Manchester. October. 2d.

The Coal Crisis. Interview with an Agent. S. W. Rolan.

Lippincott's.—Ward, Lock. October. 1s.

Two Belligerent Southrons: John Randolph and Henry Clay. Illustrated.
 Necromancy Unveiled. A. Herrmann.
 Confessions of an Assistant Magician. Illustrated. Addie Hermann.

Little Folks.—Casell. October. 6d.

Strange Homes and their Inmates: Ice Homes. Elith E. Cutbell.

Longman's Magazine.—39, Paternoster Row. October. 6d.

English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century: Drake's Voyage round the World. Professor J. A. Froude.
 Dr. Chesterfield's Letters to His Son on Medicine as a Career. Sir Wm. B. Dalby.
 A Winter at Davos. C. W. Kennedy.

Lucifer.—7, Duke Street, Adelphi. September 15. 1s. 6d.

The Foundation of Christian Mysticism. Continued. Franz Hartmann.
 The Mummy. John M. Pryce.
 Elementals. Continued. H. P. Blavatsky.
 Reincarnation a Scientific Necessity. Thos. Williams.
 The Law of Analogy. Sarah Corbett.

Ludgate Monthly.—53, Fleet Street. October. 6d.

Lord Armstrong and Newcastle-on-Tyne. Illustrated. Frederick Dolman.
 Modern Billiards. Illustrated.
 Our Volunteers: The London Irish. Illustrated.
 Young England at School: Marlborough. II. Illustrated. W. C. Sargent.

Macmillan's Magazine.—29, Belford Street, Strand. October. 1s.

The Great War: Franco-German War. Frederick Greenwood.
 Fowling on Longshore. "A Son of the Marshes."
 Samuel Daniel.
 The Late Epidemic.
 Parliament and the Government of India.

Medical Brief.—9, Ash and Olive Streets, St. Louis. September.

1 dollar per annum.

The Climatic Cure of Phthisis in Colorado. H. B. Moore.

Medical Magazine.—4, King Street, Cheapside. September. 2s. 6d.

Some Notes on the Five Years' Curriculum. B. C. A. Windle.
 Her Majesty's Service as a Career for Medical Men.
 Openings for Medical Men in Egypt.
 The Teaching of Sanitary Science.
 How to Obtain a University Degree in Medicine.
 How to Obtain a Registrable Qualification.
 The Teaching of Medical Jurisprudence.
 The Massacre of the Innocents: The Teaching of Children's Diseases.

Men and Women of the Day.—Simpkin, Marshall. October. 2s. 6d.

Portraits and Biographies of Cardinal Vaughan, Madame Belle Cole, and Sir Robert Ball.

Merry England.—43, Essex Street. September 5. 1s.

A Poet's Religion: Coventry Patmore. Francis Taunter.
 The Smallest Things Alive: Microbes. Rev. R. F. Clarke.
 On the Excessive Concentration of Capital and Labour and its Remedies. Rev. J. Dewe.

Missionary Review of the World.—44, Fleet Street. October. 2s. 6d.

Christian Work in Moslem Cities. Rev. Dr. J. F. Riggs.
 The Attitude of the Moslem Mind towards Christianity.
 Missions in Turkey. Rev. Dr. H. F. Barnum.
 The Year in Japan. Rev. Dr. G. W. Knox.
 The Church of Abyssinia. Professor G. H. Schodde.
 The Evangelisation of Arabia. Rev. S. M. Zwemer.
 Evangelical Russia. Rev. P. Z. Easton.
 D. L. Moody and His Work. Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon.
 Union of Moslem Church and State in Turkey and Persia. Rev. Dr. J. H. Shell.

Month.—Burns and Oates. October. 2s.

The Temperance Question and the Present Parliament. Rev. J. Halpin.
 The Saints and the Animal Creation. J. B. Jagger.
 Roma la Santa. Rev. H. Thurston.
 Père Léon Ducondroy. A. M. Clarke.

Monthly Packet.—A. D. Innes, Belford Street. October. 1s.

Making Verses. Peter Piper.
 Nursery Rhymes, or Survivals. Selma Gaye.
 Thinkers of the Middle Ages. M. Bramston.
 The Winchester Celebration.

National Review.—W. H. Allen. October. 2s. 6d.

The Crowning Mercy: The Home Rule Bill. Lord Ashbourne.
Biography. Leslie Stephen.
Is Golf a First-class Game? Hon. Alfred Lyttelton.
The New Chamber of Deputies. Mrs. Crawford.
Via Media: Ritualism. Rev. G. J. Cowley-Brown.
A Fortnight in Finland. J. D. Rees.
The Session: I. Its Personal Aspects. M. P. II. Its Barren Labours. Sir George Baden-Powell.
A Missing Page in Alpine History. Richard Edgcumbe.
The Garden That I Love. Alfred Austin.

Natural Science.—Macmillan. October. 1s.

The Effect of the Glacial Period on the Fauna and Flora of the British Isles. G. W. Bulman.
Some Recent Researches on the Habits of Ants, Wasps, and Bees. George H. B. Carpenter.
The Recent Plague of Wasps. Oswald H. Latter.
The Hights in a Bird's Wing: A Study of the Origin and Multiplication of Errors. C. Herbert Hurst.
The Problem of Variation. T. Cunningham.

Nautical Magazine.—28, Little Queen Street. September. 1s.

The British Corporation.
Jury-Steering Arrangements.
The Ships of the Nations. III. Capt. Edw. Bond.
Maritime Exhibits at the World's Columbian Exposition. [2]

New Peterson Magazine.—Philadelphia. September. 20 cents.

Memories of Augsburg and Innsbruck. Illustrated. R. B. Stroup.
New England Nooks. Illustrated. Mary E. Umsted.
Rise of the Bootblack. Illustrated. E. Leslie Gilliams.

New Review.—Longmans. October. 1s.

The Liberal Party and the Claims of Wales. S. T. Evans.
Are We Prepared to Resist a Cholera Epidemic? Adolphe Smith.
William Cobbett. I. Leslie Stephen.
Town or Country? Mrs. Lynn Linton.
Some Decisive Marriages of English History. Spencer Walpole.
The Increase of Cancer. H. P. Dunn.
Can the House of Commons be Saved? Harold Spender.
Weather Forecasts. Robert H. Scott.
European Culture and Asiatic Criticism. Prof. Vambéry.
How to Popularise a Free Library. Peter Cowell.

Newbery House Magazine.—Griffith, Farran. October. 1s. [2]

The Local Government Bill, 1893. Rev. Dr. T. W. Belcher.
The Recovery of Lachish. Rev. Thomas Harrison.
St. Helena. Rev. S. Baring-Gould.
The "No Less Female": Sisters of Great Men. P. W. Roze.
A Visit to the Queen of Madagascar. Concluded. Archdeacon Chiswell.
Galileo's Daughter: Sister Marie Celeste. Helen Zimmer.

Nineteenth Century.—Sampson Low. October. 2s. 6d.

A Cabinet Minister's *Adieu*. Hon. Auberon Herbert.
"Setting the Poor on Work." Prof. James Mavor.
Through the Khyber Pass. Spencer Wilkinson.
Dr. Pearson on the Modern Drama. Henry Arthur Jones.
The Position of Geology. Prof. Prestwich.
The Archaic Statues of the Acropolis Museum. Hon. Reginald Lister.
The Transformation of Japan. Concluded. Countess of Jersey.
A Study for Colonel Newcome. Rev. Canon Irvine.
Théophraste Renaudot: Old Journalism and New. James Macinlyre.
The Forests. Miss Cornelia Sorabji.
New Ways with Old Offenders. Montague Crackanthorpe.
The Gospel of Peter. Rev. James Martineau.
Tennyson, as the Poet of Evolution. Theodore Watts.

North American Review.—Brentano. September. 50 cents.

The Political Situation. T. B. Reed.
England and France in Siam. Hon. G. N. Curzon and Madame Adam.
Polar Probabilities of 1894. General A. W. Greely.
The House of Lords and the Home Rule Bill. Earl of Donoughmore.
The Wealth of New York. T. G. Gilroy.
Christian Faith and Scientific Freedom. Rev. J. A. Zahm.
Playwriting from an Actor's Point of View. W. H. Crane.
Counting Room and Cradle: Business Women and Marriage. Marion Harland.
The Lesson of Heredity. Dr. H. S. Willi ms.
The Silver Problem:
A Word to Wage-Earners. Andrew Carnegie.
The Present Crisis. Sir John Lubbock.
The South Carolina Liquor Law. W. G. Chafee.
The Briggs' Controversy, from a Catholic Standpoint.
Needed Prison Reforms. F. C. Eldred.

Our Day.—28, Beacon Street, Boston. September. 25 cents.

The Divine Programme in the Dark Continent. Joseph Cook.
Papal Encyclical on American Schools.
Hymns of Foreign Missions.
Satelli and the Public Schools. Joseph Cook.

Outing.—170, Strand. October. 6d.

Sketching among the Sioux. Illustrated.
Boars and Bear-Hunting. Illustrated. Dr. G. A. Stockwell.
Len's World Tour Awheel. Illustrated.
The National Guard of Pennsylvania and Its Antecedents. Illustrated. Capt. C. A. Booth.

Overland Monthly.—Pacific Mutual Life Building, San Francisco. September. 25 Cents.

Painting a Yosemite Panorama. C. D. Robinson.

Pall Mall Magazine.—18, Charing Cross Road. October. 1s.

Sarawak. Illustrated. M. Griffith.
The Black Art. III. Illustrated. James Mew.
The Follies of Fashion. Illustrated. Mrs. Parr.
Russian Jewry. Illustrated. Hall Caine.
Chicago. Illustrated. Lloyd Bryce.
Bimetallism:
The Case for Gold. Sir John Lubbock.
The Case for Silver. Vicary Gibbs.

People's Friend.—186, Fleet Street. October. 6d.

Bank Holiday in Epping Forest. Annie S. Swan.

Philosophical Review.—Edward Arnold. September. 75 cents.

Metaphysic and Psychology. Professor John Watson.
The Ethical Implications of Determinism. Dr. Eliza Ritchie.
The Truth of Empiricism. Professor James Seth.
German Kantian Bibliography. Dr. Erick Adikes.

Poet-Lore.—195, Summer Street, Boston. August-September. 2s. 6d.

A Pessimist Poet: Giacomo Leopardi. Gamaliel Bradford, Jun.
Ruskin as Art-Teacher: Some Further Unpublished Letters. W. G. Kingland.
Gentle Will; Our Fellow. F. G. Fleary.
Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar." W. J. Rolfe.
The Poetic Structure of Browning's Shorter Lyrics. Ethel Davis.
The Sightless. A Dramatic Prose Poem. M. Maeterlinck.

Practical Photographer.—Memorial Hall, Ludgate Circus. October. 1d.
Our Photographic Schools: the People's Palace. Illustrated.

Primitive Methodist Magazine.—6, Sutton Street, Commercial Road. October. 6d.

Nooks and Corners of Old London: Christ's Hospital. Illustrated.

Quiver.—Cassell. October. 6d.

New Lights on the Sacred Story. Illustrated. Rev. R. Payne Smith.
Interview with Archdeacon Sinclair. Illustrated. R. Blatwayt.
The Beauties of Childhood in Lowly Places. Illustrated. Mabel E. Wotton.

Religious Review of Reviews.—4, Catherine Street, Strand. September 15. 6d.

The Future of the Scottish Establishment.
English Clerical Poets. A. L. Salmon.
Some of Our Hymns. II. Rev. M. Marshall.
Home Missions of the Church. VIII. Illustrated.
Philanthropic Institutions. VIII. Illustrated.

Review of the Churches.—Haddon, Salisbury Square. September. 6d.
The Reunion of the Churches: Official Reports of the September Conference. Illustrated.

Chautauqua. Bishop Vincent.

St. Martin's-le-Grand.—(Quarterly.) Secretary's Office, G. P. O. October. 9d.

The Post Office and Mr. J. H. Heaton, M.P.
The New York Post Office. Illustrated. Miss A. Jarvis.
The Transvaal Postal Service. Illustrated. J. Stewart.

St. Nicholas.—Fisher Unwin. October. 6d.

The Story of a Grain of Wheat. Illustrated. W. S. Harwood.
Santo Domingo and the Tomb of Columbus. Illustrated. Eustace B. Rogers.
The Rajah of Sarawak. Illustrated. Rounsevell Wildman.

Scottish Geographical Magazine.—Stanford, Charing Cross. September. 1s. 6d.

The Siamese Frontier. With Map. Coutts Trotter.
The New Map of Persia. Jas. Burgess.
The Arid Lands of the United States.
The Andes of Western Colombia.

Scribner's Magazine.—Sampson, Low and Co. October. 1s.

The North-west Mounted Police of Canada. Illustrated. J. G. A. Creighton.
The Man of Letters as a Man of Business. W. D. Howells.
Historic Houses of Washington. Illustrated. T. S. Hamlin.
Scott's Voyage in the Lighthouse Yacht. Illustrated. R. L. Stevenson.
Reminiscences of Sir Walter. Robert Stevenson.

Shakespeareana.—(Quarterly.) B. F. Stevens. September. 50 cents.
The "First Heir" of Shakespeare's "Invention": Venus and Adonis. Appleton Morgan.

The Bankside Reference Canon of the Shakespeare Plays: A Plea for its Adoption for all the Plays. Alvey A. Ade.

Southern States.—Baltimore. September. 15 cents.

Cotton Interests of New Orleans and Louisiana. Illustrated. H. G. Hester.
Rice-Growing in Louisiana. Illustrated. Reginald Dykers.
New Orleans the Southern Metropolis. Illustrated. Frederick J. Cooke.
Louisiana's Attraction for Immigrants. Illustrated. M. B. Hillyard.
Commerce and Industries of New Orleans. Illustrated. Major J. H. Behan.

Strand Magazine.—Stamington Street. September. 6d.

White Lodge. Illustrated. Mary Spencer-Warren.
From Behind the Speaker's Chair. IX. Illustrated. H. W. Luty.
Portraits of Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Westminster, A. J. Webb, Robert Louis Stevenson, H. H. Thorneycroft.
Fun-Dials. II. Illustrated. Warrington Hogg.

Sunday at Home.—56, Paternoster Row. October. 6d.
In the Downs. Illustrated. Rev. T. S. Treanor.
The French in London. Mrs. Brewer.
District Visiting.
The English Bible. J. Taylor Kay.

Sunday Magazine.—Isbister. October. 6d.
The Coast of Syria. Illustrated. William Wright.
The World's Babies. Illustrated. Rev. A. R. Buckland.
Two Stinging Caterpillars. Illustrated. Bernard Jones.
Types of Stundists.
Some Ancient Sepulchre Cross-Slabs. Illustrated. Kate E. Styan.
Jubilee Remembrances of People I have Met. Concluded. Newman Hall.

Sylvia's Journal.—Ward, Lock. October. 6d.
A Chat with Mrs. Meynell. With Portrait. Mrs. Roscoe Mullins.
Wanderers in the Land: Tramps. Illustrated. Bertha Newcombe.

Temple Bar.—9, New Burlington Street. October. 1s.
"Lamb's Duchess"; Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle.
Village and Villagers in Russia. Fred Whishaw.
The Poems of Robert Bridges. J. C. Bailey.
Walt Whitman.

Theosophist.—7, Duke Street, Adelphi. September. 2s.
Old Diary Leaves. XVIII. H. S. Olcott.
Esoteric Teaching. A. P. Sinnett.
India and Her Theosophists. William Q. Judge.

Thinker.—21, Berners Street. October. 1s.
The Iona of the South: St. Honorat; or the Cradle of European Monasticism.
Rev. Hugh Macmillan.
Anomalies in Old Testament Character. Prof. W. Garfen Blaikie.
Did Our Lord Unite in Prayer with His Disciples? Rev. D. W. Forrest.
Evolution and the Doctrine of the Incarnation. Prof. J. H. Bernard.

Timehri.—(Half-yearly.) Stanford. June. 4s.
The Seasons in Guiana. James Rodway.
The Indians of Guiana. J. J. Hartinck.
Amateur Insect Collecting in British Guiana. H. C. Swan.
The Beginnings of British Guiana. N. Darnell Davis.

United Service (American).—4, Trafalgar Square. September. 3s. 6d.
The Geographical Knowledge of the Atlantic in the Time of Christopher Columbus. A. Hautreux.

United Service Magazine.—15, York Street, Covent Garden. October. 2s.

Two Maritime Expeditions: Syracuse and the Battle of the Nile. Capt. A. T. Mahan.
The Volunteers at Aldershot. Col. Howard Vincent.
The Public Schools Battalion of 1893. Capt. Dyas.
The Times and the Volunteers. Major E. Balfour.
The United Service Institution Prize Essay: a Reply. Lieut.-Col. J. Farquharson.
Autumn Manœuvres in the Rhineland. Major F. Trench.
The Loss of the *Victoria*; and the Manœuvring Powers of Steamships. Vice-Admiral Colomb.

Argosy.—October.

Gifts. C. E. Meekerke.
In the Days of Our Youth. Christian Burke.

Art Journal.—October.

The Spirit of Solitude. Illustrated. A. L. Salmon.

Atalanta.—October.

The Houses of Tudor and Stuart. Illustrated.
Sir Launcelot at the Forest Chapel. Illustrated. Maxwell Gray.

Atlantic Monthly.—October.

Tone-Symbols. J. H. Ingham.
Love is Dead. Marion C. Smith.

Blackwood's Magazine.—October.
Sea-Wrack. M. O'Neill.

Catholic World.—September.

A Mood. Rev. J. McDouald.

Celtic Monthly.—October.

King Robert the Bruce in Kintyre. Duke of Argyll.

Century Magazine.—October.

The Cold Meteorite. William R. Huntington.
Life. Florence Earle Coates.
The Vanishing City. Richard W. Gilder.
The Autumn Waste. Archibald Lampman.

Chautauquan.—September.

The Church Bells. Hjalmar H. Boyesen.
To Truth. Katharine L. Bates.

Clergyman's Magazine.—October

The Loss of the *Victoria*. H. A. R. Joy.

The Naval Manœuvres. Capt. O. Churchill.
The Home Campaign of 1893. C. Williams.
Military Re-Organisation in New South Wales. F. Williams.

University Extension World.—46, Great Russell Street. September. 10 cents.

The University Extension in its Relation to the Working Classes. E. L. S. Hornburgh.

Household Economics and University Extension. Mrs. C. Kendall Adams.

Westminster Review.—6, Bouverie Street. July. 2s. 6d.

Love and Marriage.
How the Game Laws Work. Charles Roper.
The Future of Wales. Harry Davies.
John Gay. George A. Aitken.
The Tyranny of Socialism.
The Unity of Thought and Action: Their Evolution.
A Plan of Distributing Fish to Consumers.
Party Government. F. V. Fisher.
Human Armour: A Retrospect. Florence Peacock.
A Plea for the Farmer. W. F. G.

Wilson's Photographic Magazine.—853, Broadway, New York. September. 30 cents.

Jex Bardwell. An Autobiographical Sketch.
Dry Collodion Plates by the Coffee Process. Jex Bardwell.
Negative-Making. J. E. Rosch.
Hand-Camera Practice. II. C. Ashleigh Snow.
Posing and Illumination. E. M. Estbrook.

Woman at Home.—Hodder and Stoughton. October. 6d.

The Princess of Wales. Illustrated.
Ab Man. Illustrated. Sarah Grand.
Brides and Bridegrooms. Illustrated.
A Child's Experiences in M. Pasteur's Institute. Illustrated. Olga Easty-Kington.
Illustrated Interview with Madame Patti. Baroness von Zedlitz.
A Page of Confessions. Adeline Patti.

Work.—Cassell. October. 6d.

Capital and Labour Men: Lord Masham. With Portrait.
G. W. R. Works at Swindon. I.

Young England.—86, Old Bailey. October. 3d.

In a Japanese Tea-House. Illustrated.
Commander C. N. Robinson.
About Pheasants. Illustrated. F. A. Fulcher.

Young Gentlewoman.—Howard House, Arundel Street. October. 6d.
How to Make Book-covers and Reading-Cases. Illustrated. Ellen T. Master.

Young Man.—9, Paternoster Row. October. 3d.

John Ruskin: The Man and His Message. Illustrated. W. J. Dawson.
Gymnastics.
Jerome K. Jerome. An Interview. Illustrated.
How to take a London B.A. Frank Ballard.

Young Woman.—9, Paternoster Row. October. 3d.

Edna Lyall. Illustrated. Interview by Frederick Dolman.
The Story of My Life. Illustrated. Miss Frances Willard.
What Christianity has done for Women. Hugh Price Hughes.

POETRY.

English Illustrated Magazine.—October.

Dear Love, Come Back. Philip Bourke Marston.

Gentleman's Magazine.—October.

The Passage of the Statues. Translated from Victor Hugo, by C. E. Meekerke.

Girl's Own Paper.—October.

A Cinderella. E. Nesbit.
A Better Country. Helen Marion Burnside.

Good Words.—October.

Summer and Autumn Fancies. Illustrated. William Canton.

Harper's Magazine.—October.

Death, Who art Thou? Annie Fields.
Secrets. Nina F. Layard.
The Anchored Dories. Mary T. Higginson.

Leisure Hour.—October.

Over the Sea. William Cowan.
Granny's Good Night. Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

Lippincott's.—October.

The Path of Gold. Carrie B. Morgan.

Longman's Magazine.—October.

A Song of Sunlight. Duncan J. Robertson.

Magazine of Art.—October.

Carols of the Year—October. Illustrated. Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Merry England.—September 5.

A Carrier-Song. Francis Thompson.

Monthly Packet.—October.

The Hymn of Kleanthes. Translated by A. D. Innes.

Nineteenth Century.—October.
The Palace of Pan. A. C. Swinburne.
Our Day.—October.
Boston Hymn—Dawn and Sunset. Joseph Cook.
Pall Mall Magazine.—October.
The Heroes of Rhonda Vale. H. D. Rawnsley.
Poet Lore.—August-September.
Walt Whitman. Louis J. Block.
Quiver.—October.
A Wish. Ellen T. Fowler.
St. Nicholas.—October.
The Orchard on the Hill. Illustrated. Maurice Thompson.

Scribner's Magazine.—October.
Moritura. Margaret G. George.
The Security of Desolation. Edith M. Thomas.
Nell Guy. Bliss Carmin.
Shriven. H. C. Bunner.
Sunday at Home.—October.
Labours of Love. Isabella Fyvie Mayo.
Temple Bar.—October.
Philosophy of the Summer. Alfred Cochrane.
To Mabel. Anthony C. Deane.
Woman at Home.—October.
Hester Sinclair. Illustrated. Norman Gale.

MUSIC.

American Art Journal.—23, Union Square, New York. 10 cents.
 September 2, 9.
Folk Music in Chicago: Songs and Dances of the Dahomeyans.
Atalanta.—October.
In the World of Song.
Song:—"Thine Eyes Still Shined for Me," by Dr. C. Hubert H. Parry.
Atlantic Monthly.—October.
Two Modern Classicists in Music: Robert Franz and Otto Dreel. W. F. Apporph.
British Musician.—21, Bevis Marks. September. 3d.
Haydn. With Portrait.
Church Musician.—4, Newman Street, Oxford Street. Sept. 15. 2d.
The Edinburgh Musical Degrees.
The Cultivation of Boys' Voices. Stocks Hammond.
Anthem:—"Te Deum Laudamus," by Dr. A. E. Tozer.
Étude.—1708, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. September. 15 cents.
Does Piano Playing Pay? E. B. Perry.
Song:—"The Shadows of the Evening Hour," by F. G. Rathbun.
Girl's Own Paper.—October.
"Eventide." Song by J. W. Hinton.
Guest's Musical Entertainer.—1, Paternoster Avenue. October. 2s.
Songs:—"To Anthea," by J. L. Hatton; "The Outlaw," by E. J. Loder; and others.
Ladies' Home Journal.—Curtis, Philadelphia. October. 10 cents.
The Home of Christine Nilsson. Illustrated. Lucy H. Hooper.
The Study of the Voice. Christine Nilsson.
Music:—"Dancing Waves Waltzes," by Edward Strauss.
Lippincott's.—October.
Song:—"Once in a Purple Twilight," by Eugene Cowles.
Lyra Ecclesiastica.—40, Dawson Street, Dublin. September. 6s.
The Tonality of Gregorian Chant. Rev. H. Bewerunge.
Gregorian Chant and Modern Music. Dom L. Janssens.
Catholic Choir Music:—"Benediction Service in F," by Dr. Joseph Smith.
Magazine of Music.—29, Ludgate Hill. October. 6s.
Words for Music.
Dr. William Rea, Organist.
Franz Liszt: Described by his Musical Contemporaries.
Musical Review.—174, Wabash Avenue, Chicago. September. 20 cents.
Folk Music in America. H. E. Krebbiel.
Early Phases of American Music. L. C. Elson.
The Present State of Music in Russia. J. De Zelninski.
The Influence of Women's Amateur Musical Clubs in America. Mrs. Theodore Thomas.
Music as a Factor in Philanthropic Work. Charlotte Mulligan.
Value of Words in Songs. W. M. Lawrence.
Scope of Musical Terminology. W. S. Pratt.
The Development of the Voice and Æsthetic Nature in Singing. Clara Munger.
Introduction to Interpretation of Beethoven's Pianoforte Works. A. B. Marx
Musical Herald.—8, Warwick Lane. October. 2d.
Dr. Swinnerton Heap. With Portrait.
Music in the Slums.
Part-Song (In Both Notations):—"How Sweet the Calm," by G. A. Blackburn.
Musical Messenger.—141, West Sixth Street, Cincinnati. September. 15 cents.
T. Martin Towne. With Portrait.

Musical News.—130, Fleet Street. 1d. September 16.
Worcester Musical Festival.
Musical Record.—Oliver Ditson, Boston. September. 10 cents.
Piano Solo:—"Joys of the Dance Waltz," by A. Geibel.
Musical Standard.—185, Fleet Street. 3d.
 September 2.
German Vocalization. Harry Brett.
Common Faults in Boys' Singing.
 September 9.
Wagner and His Works.
Mr. Frederick Dawson. With Portrait.
 September 16.
Wagner and His Works. Continued.
Musical Festivals.
The Great Italian and French Composers. G. T. Ferris.
 September 23.
Wagner and His Works. Continued.
Are Conservatoires Wanted?
Musical Times.—Novello. October. 4d.
A New American Composer: Horatio W. Parker.
"Of the Mastersingers' Gracious Art."
Part-Song:—"A Lover's Council," by F. H. Cowen.
Musical World.—147, Wabash Avenue, Chicago. September. 15 cents.
Mlle. Nikita. With Portrait.
New Review.—October.
Opera in England: Some Notes and Reminiscences. Sir A. Harris.
Organ.—149A, Tremont Street, Boston. September. 25 cents.
A Visit to a Famous Organ at Freiburg. W. G. Pearce.
Organ Music:—"Processional March," by C. E. Reed.
Organist and Choirmaster.—139, Oxford Street. September 15. 2d.
Why should Organists Study Acoustics? Sedley Taylor.
The Organ as an Aid to Divine Worship. Rev. W. P. Hains.
Anthem:—"The Souls of the Righteous," by Dr. C. W. Pearce.
School Music Review.—Novello. October. 1d.
"Ye Olde Englyshe Pastymes." Rev. F. W. Galpin.
Two-Part Chorus:—"A Lullaby," by J. L. Roedel.
Strad.—22, Leicester Square. October. 2d.
Biographies of Mr. Van der Straeten and Henri Marteau. With Portraits.
The Technique of Violin Playing. Carl Courvoisier.
Sylvia's Journal.—October.
Herr Curt Schulz and the Zither. Illustrated. Flora Klickmann.
Vocalist.—97, Fifth Avenue, New York. September. 20 cents.
The Business of Music. I. F. H. Tubbs.
How to Avoid Coughs, Colds, and Catarrh. I. A. R. Baker.
A Plea for Culture. Helen P. Briggs.
Werner's Magazine.—108, East 16th Street, New York. September. 25 cents.
First Principles of Voice Production. T. Kelly.
Emma Seiler—Scientist and Musician. F. S. Law.
Songs, Singers and Singing. A. M. Foerster.
Young Man.—October.
Richard Wagner. Rev. H. R. Haweis.
Young Woman.—October.
How to Play the Violin. Rev. H. R. Haweis.

ART.

Art Amateur.—Griffith, Farran. October. 1s.
The National Gallery. Theodore Child.
Drawing for Illustration. Ernest Knauff.

Art Journal.—Virtue, Ivy Lane. October. 1s. 6d.
"Gunpowder Plot: the Last Stand." Etching after Ernest Crofts.
On the Arun. Illustrated. Cosmo Monkhouse.
Rinaldo Carnielo, Italian Sculptor. Illustrated. Helen Zimmern.
The Criticism of Wood-Engraving. Illustrated.
The Henry Tate Collection. Illustrated. W. Armstrong.
Design in Furniture. Illustrated. L. F. Day.

Century Magazine.—October.
The Cats of Henriette Ronner. Illustrated. A. Janvier.

Classical Picture Gallery.—33, King Street, Covent Garden. Oct. 1s.
Reproductions of "Madonna," with Angels singing, by Sandro Botticelli; and eleven others.

Contemporary Review.—October.
Chinese Art an Index to the National Character. Rev. W. A. Cornaby.

Harper's Magazine.—October.
The Childhood of Jesus. Illustrated. Henry Van Dyke.

Lippincott's.—October.
An Hour at Sir Frederick Leighton's. Illustrated. Virginia Butler.

Magazine of Art.—Cassell. October. 1s.
"The Splinter." Etching after the late Edwin Long.
Sculpture of the Year. Illustrated. Claude Phillips.
An Art Teacher: the late F. W. Moody. Illustrated. Owen Gibbons.
Jules Breton: Painter of Peasants. Illustrated. Garnet Smith.
"The Life of John Ruskin." Illustrated. M. H. Spielmann.
Michelangelo. Illustrated. Charles Whibley.
Notre-Dame and Medieval Symbolism. Illustrated. Mrs. Sophia Beale.

Scribner's Magazine.—October.
Glimpses of the French Illustrators. Illustrated. F. N. Doubleday.
The Art of the White City. Illustrated. Will H. Low.

Strand Magazine.—September.
Hamo Thornycroft. Illustrated. Interview by Harry How.

Studio.—16, Henrietta Street. September 15. 6d.
Artistic Houses. Illustrated. J. S. Gibson.
Galleries: National and Provincial. C. T. J. Hiatt.
An Interview with Mr. C. F. Voysey. Illustrated.
Wall-Paintings in the Birmingham Town Hall. Illustrated.
Sketches by Claude Monet and Eugène Boudin. Illustrated.
Technique in Glass-Painting. Illustrated. H. A. Kennedy.

Sylvia's Journal.—October.
Decorative Frames. Illustrated. "Autolycaus."

THE GERMAN MAGAZINES.

Alte und Neue Welt.—Benziger, Einsiedeln. 50 Pf.
Heft 12.

The Pfäfers Festival at Rappoltsweller. Illustrated. Paul Friedrich.
Night Flowers. Karl Bleibtreu.
The Wedding of Princess May and the Duke of York. Illustrated. Dr. A. Heine.

Heft 1.
The Evolution of the Telautograph. Dr. M. Wildermann.
Tübingen and Its Environs. Illustrated. A. vom Rhein.
The Agricultural Movement in Middle Europe. P. Freidank.

Chorgesang.—Hans Licht, Leipzig. 2 Mks. per quarter.
September 1.

F. X. Arens. With Portrait.
Choruses: "Untreu," by M. Iferrler; "Der Wanderbursch," by Wilh. Sturm; "Gott grüsse Dich," by A. Weber.

September 15.
Alexander Siloti. With Portrait.
Choruses for Male Voices: "I weiss net, wie's kommet," by J. Pache; and "Abschied der Zugvögel," by Reinhold.

Daheim.—9, Poststrasse, Leipzig. 2 Mks. per quarter.

September 2.
Julius Müllensiefen. With Portrait.

September 9.
The World's Fair: A Retrospect. Paul von Szczepanski.
Parroquets. Illustrated. Christian Schwarzkopf.

September 16.
Letters from Sumatra. Gertrud Danne.
Amateur Photography. Illustrated. Dr. A. Mielche.

September 24.
The Berlin Labour Colony. Paul Lindenberg.
The Eastern Travels of the Tzarevitch. Illustrated.

September 30.
The Largest Organ in Germany: The Organ at St. Nicholas Church, Hamburg. Illustrated. M. Allihn.
A Visit to Theodor Storm. Carl Hunnius.

Deutscher Hausschatz.—Fr. Pustet, Regensburg. 40 Pf. Heft 17.
Travels in the Alps. Illustrated. H. Kerner.
Cholera and the Hamburg Epidemic. Dr. A. Schmidt.

Deutsche Revue.—Tauenzienstr. 50, Breslau. 6 Mks. per qr.
September.

King Charles of Roumania. XX.
Lothar Bucher. IV. Heinrich von Pöschinger.
Dental Hygiene. Karl Risse.
The Nature and Basis of Prejudice. Jürgen Bona Meyer.
Sixteen Years in Leopold von Ranke's Workshop. XIV. T. Wiedemann.
Correspondence of Joseph von Görres. II. J. von Gruner.
The Germans at the World's Fair. K. A. Schneider.

October.
King Charles of Roumania. XXI.
Lothar Bucher. V.
Inter-Confessional Parallels in the Church History of the Nineteenth Century. F. Nippold.
Persia in European Politics. General Sir F. Goldsmid.
Is the Kant-Laplace Theory of the Universe Compatible with Modern Science? L. G. Meil.
British and German Universities. Alexander Tille.
Unpublished Letters to George Andreas Reimer. I. G. Hirzel.
Goethe and Frederick. H. Kruse.

Deutsche Rundschau.—Lützowstr. 7, Berlin. 6 Mks. per quarter.

Giuseppe Giochini Belli. Paul Heyse.
The Aborigines of Ceylon. Ernst Haackel.
The Persecutions of Christians by the Roman Emperors. I. Frießländer.
Girgenti and Palermo. Dr. Julius Rodenberg.
The Poor in Art: Fritz von Uhde's Scriptural Pictures. Herman Grimm.
Political Correspondence: Germany and Russia; France and Spain; the French Elections; the Silver Question, etc.

Freie Bühne.—Köthenerstr. 44, Berlin. 1 Mk. 50 Pf. September.

The Origin of Life. Theodor Jaensch.
"Dämmerung." Act V. Ernst Rosmer.
Kraft-Ebing's New Hypnotic Experiments. Albert Moll.
Zola's "Docteur Pascal." Georg Lebedour.

Die Gartenlaube.—Ernst Kell's Nachf., Leipzig. 50 Pf. Heft 18.

The Observatory on Mont Blanc. Illustrated. H. Gauss.
Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Illustrated.
Germany at the World's Fair. Illustrated. R. Cronan.
Instantaneous Photography at the Manœuvres.

Die Gesellschaft.—Wm. Friedrich, Leipzig. 1 Mk. 30 Pf. September.

The Working Man's Sense of Beauty. J. Sabin.
Poems by Karl Streckler and Others.
Karl Streckler. With Portrait. Hans Merian.
The Bastille. Ottokar Stauf von der Marck.
Giordano Bruno. Karl Bleibtreu.
The Hostile Brothers: German Authors and Journalists. Irma von Troll-Borostyán.

A Visit to the Secessionists in Munich. Oskar Panizza.

Gleichheit.—12, Furthbachstrasse, Stuttgart. 10 Pf. September 6.

Legal Protection of Working Women a Hygienic Necessity.

Internationale Revue über die Gesamten Armeen und Flotten.

—Max Babenzien, Rathenow. 24 Mks. per annum. September.
The Composition of a Modern Seagoing Fleet. Lieut. von Witschel.
Blicher in Liege in 1815. Captain Zernin.
The Battle of Spicheren, August 6th, 1870. Continued. Lieut.-Col. Nienstedt.
The Attack and Defence of Fortified Positions. Continued.
The Partial Mobilisation of the British Fleet and the Naval Manœuvres in 1892.

The Political and Strategical Significance of the Vladikaukaz-Tiflis Railway.

Jahrbücher für die Deutsche Armee und Marine.—A. Bath, Berlin. 32 Mks. per annum. September.

The Campaign of 1809 in the Tyrol, in Salzburg, and on the South Bavarian Frontier. Concluded. Captain Hellmann.
Napoleon's Plan of Operations and the Concentration of his Army in September and October, 1806. Captain Stavenhagen.
The Franco-German Paper War on the Subject of Armoured Capulas. Concluded. Major-Gen. Schröder.
The Relative Fighting Value of Cavalry against Infantry and vice versa.
The Smallest Bore for Rifles. Lieut. Benckendorff.
What will be the Role of Cruisers in Future Naval Wars? Vice-Admiral von Henk.

Die Katholischen Missionen.—Herder, Freiburg. 4 Mks. per ann. October.

The Pre-Christian Crosses of Mexico and Central America. Illustrated.
On Kilima Njaro. Illustrated. Continued. Mgr. Le Roy.

Konservative Monatsschrift.—E. Ungleich, Leipzig. 3 Mks. per quarter.

Heinrich Leo's Historical Monthly Reports and Letters. II. Otto Kramm.
The Extradition of Political Criminals. K. von Bruch.

Reform of the Lunacy Laws. F. von Oertzen.
Letters from the World's Fair.
The Trojan Question. Ernst Böttcher.

Magazin für Literatur.—Lützow-Ufer, 13, Berlin. 40 Pf.
September 2.

Hypnotism and Suggestion in Vienna. W. Preyer.
Nietzsche. Kurt Eisner.
The French Theatre of This Century. Henri Beque.
September 9.
The French Theatre. Continued. Henri Beque.
Fatalism.

September 16.
Dresden Life. Wolfgang Kirchback.
Fatalism. II.
The French Theatre. Continued. Henri Beque.
September 23.

Goethe's Outward Appearance. K. J. Schröder.
Are Ibsen's Plots and Characters Norwegian? Professor N. Hertzberg.

Mittheilungen aus dem Gebiete des Seewesens.—Carl Gerold's.
Sohn, Vienna. 17s. per ann. Parts VIII. and IX.

The Torpedo and Quick-Firing Guns of Large Calibre. I. The Torpedo in a
Fights between Ships at Sea. F. Ahlmayr.
The New Regulations for the Gunners Training in the French Navy.
The Allen Ice-Making Machine. 2 Figs.
The Italian Naval Budget for 1894.
The Morris Naptha Engines for Steamboats. 10 Figs.
The Schneider (French) System for Quick-Firing Ammunition Hoists. 3 Figs.

Musikalische Rundschau.—I. Maria-Theresienstr. 10, Vienna. 25 kr.
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Music and the Teaching of Music. III. Eugen Krantz.
A German Hymn Writer: Michael Weiss. Max Graf.
September 15.
The Teaching of Music. IV. Eugen Krantz.
Notes from the Bohemian Watering-Places. IV. Alois John.

Neue Militärische Blätter.—Dievenow a. d. Ostsee. 32 marks per ann.
September.

Reminiscences of the Franco-German War, 1870-1. Colonel H. de Ponchaon.
The Imperial Yacht *Hohenzollern*.
The Loss of the *Victoria*.
A Sketch of the Battle of Lubeck. Continued. G. E. von Natzmer.
Reminiscences of the Italian Campaign in 1866.
The Italian Army and Navy Estimates.

Neue Zeit.—J. H. W. Dietz, Stuttgart. 20 Pf.
No. 49.

Guy de Maupassant. Paul Ernst.
The German "Gymnast" of To-day. E. Erdmann.
No. 50.
The Labour Movement in Sweden. Hjalmar Banting.
No. 51.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Edw. Aveling.
The Hygienic Conditions of the Baking Trade.
No. 52.

The Elections to the Prussian Landtag and Social Democracy. Ed. Bernstein.
The French Elections.
The Passing of the Swiss Factory Act. Dionys Zinner.

Nord und Süd.—Siebenhufenerstr., 2, Breslau. 6 Mks. per quarter. Sept.
William Steinway. With Portrait. Otto Floersheim.
Leaves from the "Werther" Circle. Concluded. Eugen Wolff.
The Church under Napoleon I. H. A. Talne.
Musical Festival Days in Gotha. Paul Litzlau.

Preussische Jahrbücher.—Kleiststr., 16, Berlin. 2 Mks. 50 Pf. Sept.
The Army of Social Democrats. Vivus.
German and English National Economists.
Leipzig University in the Past. Dr. Bruno Stibel.
The Mimes of Herondas. Professor Adolf Bauer.
The Style of the Period of the Migrations of the Nations. Prof. J. Strzygowski.
The Folk-Song of Israel in the Mouths of the Prophets. Karl Buddie.
A German Knight of Malta in the Sixteenth Century. Dr. M. Wagner.
Germanic Pre-historic History.
Political Correspondence: The French Elections, the Silver Crisis, the New
Taxes, the Customs War.

Schweizerische Rundschau.—A. Müller, Zürich. 2 Mks. September.
Guy de Maupassant. Hermann Stegmann.
Landmann Saller as Poet and Historian. E. Göttinger.
Decorative Poetry. K. Ketterborn.
An Ascent of Vesuvius. D. E. Zollinger.

Sphinx.—Kegan Paul, Charing Cross Road. 2s. 3d. September.

Theosophy at the Parliament of Religions. Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden.
The Influence of Psychic Factors in Occultism. Dr. C. du Prel.
Prof. Kraft-Ebing's Experiments. C. de Puységur.
Victoria Chaplain Woodhull and Her Visions. Thomassin.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach.—Herder, Freiburg, Baden. 19 Mks. 80 Pf.
per annum. September 14.

Albert Ritschl's Teachings on the Godhead of Christ. I. T. Granderath.
Nietzsche and Incorporated Science. B. von Nostitz-Rieneck.
The False Baldwin of Flanders. I. I. Schmitt.
Private Property in Land in the Middle Ages. H. Pesch.
Pascal's Last Years. II. W. Kreiten.

Ueber Land und Meer.—Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart. 1 Mk.
Heft 3.

A Boating Regatta in Hamburg. Illustrated. F. Vezin.
Thorn. Illustrated.
Mme. Récamier. With Portrait.
Luz, the Pearl of the Danube. Illustrated. F. Zöhrer.
Rudolf von Gottschall.

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Marie Reichenhofer, Actress. With Portrait. L. Pietsch.
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The Old and New Dukes of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. With Portrait.

Unsere Zeit.—Schorer, Potsdamerstr., 27A, Berlin. 75 Pf. Heft 14.
Modern Painting. Illustrated. Emil Peschkau.
Handwriting in Court. H. Langenbruch.
Why Germany must have Colonies. Dr. R. Jannasch.
Imperial Finance Reform. Eugen Ludwig.

Heft 1.
Artificial Flowers and their Manufacture. Illustrated. E. Bely.
A New Telegraph: The Telautograph. Leo Silberstein.
German Social Democracy. Dr. Kalthoff.
South German Castles. Illustrated.

Veihagen und Klasing's Monatshefte.—53, Steglitzerstr., Berlin.
1 Mk. 25 Pf. September.

Murillo. Illustrated. H. Knackfuss.
How Berlin Grows! Illustrated. Hanns von Zobeltitz.
Anna Schramm, Actress. With Portrait. Julius Hart.
Louis XVII. of France. Illustrated. T. H. Pantenius.
Chicago's High Houses. Paul von Sacsepaniski.
Cloudland. Illustrated. Dr. Klein.

Vom Fels zum Meer.—Union Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft, Stuttgart.
1 Mk. Heft 1.

The Children of Venice. Illustrated. Waldemar Kaden.
The Secret of Immunity in Disease. Dr. M. Alberg.
Fire Brigades Past and Present. Illustrated. Paul Lindenberg.
Wagner's Victory in France. Illustrated. Felix Vogt.
Innsbruck. Illustrated. Johannes Proels.
Electric Light on the Stage. Illustrated. F. Grosse.
Walking-sticks. Illustrated. Richard March.

Die Waffen Nieder!—E. Pierson, Dresden. 6 Mks. per annum. Sept.
The Sport of War. Moritz Adler.
Federation and Peace. Marchese Panjoffi.

Westermann's Illustrierte Deutsche Monatshefte.—Brunswick.
4 Mks. per quarter. October.

Fritz von Uhde. Illustrated. F. H. Meissner.
Otto Ludwig. With Portrait. Ludwig Geiger.
Reminiscences of Persia. Illustrated. H. Brugsch.
Letters of Friedrich Bodenstedt to His Wife. With Portrait.

Wiener Literatur-Zeitung.—I. Spiegelgasse 12, Vienna. 25 kr. Sept.
The Overrating of the Drama. Vivus.
Rudyard Kipling. Marie Herzfeld.
The Dramatic Censorship. E. Weigraf.
Eduard Devrient in Karlsruhe. H. Sittenberger.

Zuschauer.—II. Durchschnitz, 16, Hamburg. 1 Mk. 50 Pf.
"Doctor Pascal." Wilhelm von Polenz.
The Technique of Artistic Creation. G. F. Graf von Schack and Gustav
Falke.

THE FRENCH MAGAZINES.

**Association Catholique: Revue des Questions Sociales et
Ouvrières.**—262, boulevard St. Germain, Paris. 2 frs. Sept. 15.

False Conceptions of Law. G. de Pascal.
Rural Savings Banks in Alsace. Concluded. H. Danzas.
Official Statistics of the Condition of Workers in Belgium. H. Bussoul.

Bibliothèque Universelle.—18, King William Street, Strand. 2 fr. 50 c.
September.

The Hygiene of Food and Lodging. Louis Wuarin.
Notes of an Explorer in Patagonia. III. Dr. F. Machon.

Hall Caine. II. Auguste Gildron.
Woman's Work, Ancient and Modern. III. Mlle. Berthe Vadier.
Chroniques: Parisian, Italian, German, English, Swiss, Political.

Chrétien Evangélique.—G. Bridel, Lausanne. 1 fr. 50 c. September 20.
Canon Butler and His Wife. Concluded. H. Mouron.

Entretiens Politiques et Littéraires.—8, rue St. Joseph, Paris. 60 c.
September 10.

The Art of Richard Wagner. George Vauor.
Buddhism. Continued. Emile Cère.

September 25.

Drumont and the Maligning of the Jews. Charles Albert.
Buddhism. Continued. Emile Cère.

Ermitage.—28, rue de Varenne, Paris. 60 cents. September.

Religious Decadence in France. Dr. Fortuné Mazel.
French Poetry. Hugues Rebell.
Two Definitions of Crime and Socialism. Saint Antoine.

Journal des Economistes.—14, rue Richelieu, Paris. 3 fr. 50 c. Sept.
The Socialist Congress at Zurich. G. de Molinari.
The French Elections and Political Economy. E. Lamé-Fleury.
The Parliamentary Work of the Chamber of Deputies (1892-93). A. Liessle.
How Many 5-Franc Pieces Remain to Us? A. de Foville.
Scientific and Industrial Movement. Daniel Bellet.
Review of the Academy of Moral and Political Science from May 15 to August 10, 1893. J. Lefort.
The Annual Meeting of the Cobden Club.
Anti-Semitism and Jew-Baiting in Switzerland. Paul Muller.
Do Economic and Moral Laws Authorise a Nation to Alienate its Colonies for Money?

Journal des Sciences Militaires.—L. Baudoin, 30, rue et passage Dauphine, Paris. 40 frs. per annum. September.

Objectives, Directions and Fronts. General * * *
On the Tactical Instruction of Officers. Continued. 1 Map.
The Education of the Soldier.
Long Distance Signals by Means of Captive and Free Balloons. 1 fig. Captain Dibos.
The Fighting Tactics of Infantry. 3 figs.
The Campaign of 1814: the Cavalry of the Allied Armies. Continued. Commandant Weil.

Ménestrel.—2 bis, rue Vivienne, Paris. 10 frs. per annum. September 3, 10, 17, and 24. Marie Malibran. Arthur Pougin.

Monde Artiste.—24, rue des Capucines, Paris. 50 cents. September 3. Song: "Chanson de Mal." Alfred May.

La Nouvelle Revue.—62 francs. 18, King William Street, Strand. Sept. 1.
The Family Life of Count Tolstol. I. E. Behrs.
Of Idealism and Realism in Fiction. Savvas Parha.
Study on Luther's German Reformation. J. Zeller.
With the Indians of Oklahoma. Mathilde Shaw.
The Future of Languages and Literature. P. Loliée.
Egyptian Judicial Reform. A. Gavillot.
The Russian Section of the Woman's Building at Chicago. Anna Lamperière.
Letters on Foreign Politics. Madame Juliette Adam.

September 15.
The Family Life of Count Tolstol. II. E. Behrs.
Study on Luther's German Reformation. J. Zeller.
The Life of Atoms. J. Macé.
A Journey to Saint Baume in Provence. A. Albalat.
Life at the Bathing Resorts of the Sixteenth Century. F. Engerand.
Count Ruolz. R. de Salberg.
Pope Leo XIII. and the Unification of the Liturgic Chant. M. Destin.
A Letter on Foreign Politics. Madame Juliette Adam.

Nouvelle Revue Internationale.—23, boulevard Poissonnière, Paris. 50 frs. per annum. September 1.

Review of European Politics. Emilio Castelar.
The Pamir Question. V. S. Kiménès.
The Contemporary Literary and Historic Movement. Eugène Asse.

Réforme Sociale.—54, rue de Seine, Paris. 1 fr. September 16.
Moral Philosophy and Social Reform. J. Garlair.
Germany in the Middle Ages. Clément Juglar.
Annual Meeting of the Belgian Society for the Study of Social Economics.
The Tradition of "Patronage." Alexis Delaire.
Statistics of Landed Property in Galicia. Ernest Dubois.
The Distribution of Price. Léon Ollé Lapruno.

Revue d'Art Dramatique.—44, rue de Rennes, Paris. 1 fr. 25 c. September 1.

Thomas Cornille. G. Timmory.
Mlle. Montausier, a Theatre Directress. M. Pascal.
September 15.
Theatrical Folk Lore. Lazo Kostitch.
Thomas Cornille. Concluded. G. Timmory.

Revue Bleue.—Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. 60 c.

September 2.
The Press in England. Max Leclerc.
Three Days at Chicago. Concluded. M. Bou hor.
September 9.
Literary Reminiscences: An Editor Sixty Years Ago. P. Audebrand.
Education and Solidarity. Charles Reuvin.
September 16.
An Indian Journalist: Behramji Malabari. Silvani Levi.
The Rejection of Home Rule. F. Amoretti.
September 24.
Behramji Malabari. Concluded.
Advertisement in the United States. Léo Claretie.
September 30.
The Great American Republic. B. Buisson.
Hector Malot. J. Levallois.

Revue des Deux Mondes.—18, King William St., Strand. 62 frs. per annum. September 1.

The Italians of To-day. R. Babin.
The West Indies. I. Bermuda and the Bahamas. C. de Varigny.
A Modern Prophet, Lawrence Oliphant. Pierre Mille.
The Police, Vice and Crime of Berlin. A. Raffalovich.
The Fables of the Middle Ages, and the Origin of Modern Fairy Tales. F. Brunetière.
Schopenhauer. The Man and the Philosopher. G. Valbert.
September 15.
Selections from the Memoirs of the Chancellor Pasquier.
Ancient and Medieval Chemistry. I. M. Berthelot.
International Critics and Criticism: George Brandès. J. Thorel.
The Physiology of the Sexes. A. Fouillée.
The French Antilles in 1893. M. Moncholey.
The English Reviews. T. Wyzewa.

Revue Dramatique et Musicale.—11, rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Paris. 40 cents. September 10.

The Part of Shylock. A. Lambert.
Irving as Shylock. A. Lambert, fils.

Revue Encyclopédique.—17, rue Montparnasse, Paris. 1 fr.

September 1.
Elizabeth, Empress of Austria. Illustrated. Ernest Tissot.
The International Socialist Congress at Zurich.
Victor Hugo's Posthumous Poems—"Toute la Lyre." With Portrait. A. Bonneau.
Letters of George Sand. With Portrait and Illustrations.
September 15.
Byzantine Art and its Influence on the West. Illustrated. Prof. L. Migne.
Letters of George Sand. Continued. With Portraits.
Reform of French Orthography. M. Gréard.
Cardinal Richelieu. Illustrated. Pierre Bertrand.
Maritime Progress, 1892-93. Illustrated. Ernest Lalanne.

Revue de Famille.—8, rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Paris. 1 fr. 30 c. September 1.

Woman: The Mother. Jules Simon.
Two Fancy-Dress Fêtes at the Court of Prussia, 1836. Illustrated. Henri Bouchot.
The Drama during the Romantic Period. Germain Bapst.
The Peace Movement in Europe. Baroness Bertha von Suttner.
The French and the Kanakas. Paul Mimaude.
September 16.

Patriotism. Alfred Mézières.
The Ems Dispatch. Jean Heimweh.
The Bishops of the Eighteenth Century. Francisque Bouillier.
A Journey in the West Highlands of Scotland. Henri Potes.
French Art before Louis XIV. Gustave Larroumet.

Revue Française de l'Etranger et des Colonies.—1, place d'Iéna, Paris. 1 fr. 50 c.

September 1.
The Buffer State on the Upper Mekong. With Map. A. de Pourvoirville.
The Railways of Central America. With Map.
The Chinese in the United States.
The Wine Industry of Australia. A. A. Fauvel.
September 15.
The Trans-Siberian Railway and the River Navigation of Siberia. With Map.
The Situation at Tonkin.

Revue Générale.—Burns and Oates. 12 frs. per ann. September.
The Revision of the Constitution. Charles Woeste.
Jean Lemaire and the Renaissance. Concluded. Georges Doutrepont.
The Hôtel de Rambouillet. Concluded. Etienne Marcel.
Lausanne. Charles Buet.

The Tradition of "Patronage." A. Delaire.
Janssen and the History of the German People. H. Francotte.

Revue de l'Hypnotisme.—170, rue St. Antoine, Paris. 75 c. September.
Passive States: Sleep and Dreams. Dr. Liébault.

Revue Maritime et Coloniale.—L. Baudoin, 30, rue et passage Dauphine, Paris. 50 frs. per annum. September.

Description and Theory of a Route Controller. 5 figs. Lieutenant Fajola.
Design for a Differential Revolution Indicator Reproducing in any part of the Ship the Indications Furnished by the Engine Room Indicator. 3 figs. Lieutenant G. Dronet.
Historical Account of Nautical Astronomy Instruments. 21 figs. Rear Admiral Fleuriel, Hydrographer to the French Admiralty.
Study on the Civil and Military Organisation of China and of the Province of Kwang Si. Major Famin.
Sound Signals for Indicating the Course of a Ship at Night or in a Fog. 4 figs. Lieutenant Fitte.
Historical Studies on the War Navy of France, 1765-1772. Continued. Captain Chabaud-Arnault.

Revue Philosophique.—108, boulevard St. Germain, Paris. 3 fr. September.

The Sensation of Pleasure. Bourdon.
Vibratory Theory and Organic Laws of Sensibility. Dr. Pi ger.
Repetition and Time. L. Weber.
Philosophy: Misery in Spain. J. M. Guardia.

Revue des Revues.—7, rue Le Peletier, Paris. 1 fr. September.
Are We All Ill? Present Day Pessimism. Guillaume Ferrero.
The New Schools of Poetry in France. George Lefèvre.

Revue Scientifique.—Flaher Unwin, Paternoster Square. 60 c.
September 2.
The Banzirs of French West Africa. With Maps. F. J. Clouzel.
September 9.
The Domain of Mechanical Science. Saint-Loup.
The Fight against Alcoholism in Europe. J. Bergeron.
September 16.
Theatres from the Point of View of Optics. Illustrated. R. de Saussure.
The Marvellous and Suggestion in History: The Miracles of St. Vincent
Ferrier. A. Corre and L. Laurent.
September 24.
Tuberculosis and Marriage.
Theatres from the Point of View of Optics. Illustrated. Continued.
September 30.
The Defects of the Human Intelligence. G. Ferrero.
The Climate of Brazil. O. d'Aranyo.
Revue Socialiste.—10, rue Chabanais, Paris. 1 fr. 50 c. September.
The Decentralizing Action of Socialism. G. Ghisler.
The Law of Sociality. Dr. J. Ploger.
The International Socialist Congress at Zürich. V. Jaclard.
The Nature and Exercise of the Military Profession. Hamon.
Direct Legislation by the People. Charles Burckill.
Schopenhauer and Proudhon as Moralists. Frablan.

Revue Sociale et Politique.—39, rue Joseph II., Brussels. 5 frs.
September-October.
Collectivism. Dr. A. Schaeffle.
The Situation in Law of the Universities of the United States. Prof. J. van
den Hennel.

Revue de Théologie.—Montauban. 1 fr. 50 c. September.
The Belief in the Pre-existence of Christ. Continued. H. Cordey.
The Gospel and Apocalypse of Peter. A. Wabnitz.
Pessimism and Christianity. E. Bernard.

Revue du Vingtième Siècle.—7, Kühlenberg, Bâle. 1 fr. 25 c.
September 5.
Dramatic Evolution in 1893: Antoine and the Théâtre Libre. A. de Brahm.
The Alsatian School in Paris.

September 20.
The Origin and Spread of Cholera. Dr. D. Goldschmidt.
Université Catholique.—25, rue du Plat, Lyon. 20 fr. per annum.

September 15.
The Gospel according to St. Peter. E. Jacquier.
Taine and Renan as Historians. Continued. P. Ragey.
Janssen. Continued. Pastor.
Abbé Guétal: An Artist Priest. Continued. A. Devaux.

THE ITALIAN MAGAZINES.

La Civiltà Cattolica.—Via Ripetta, 246, Rome. September 2.
The Pope's Letter to the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux.
Democracy, Ideal and Real.
The Migrations of the Hittites. Conclusion.
The Copernican System in the Days of Galileo and at the Present Time.
September 16.
The Actions and Instincts of Animals.
The Chicago Columbian Exhibition.
The Twenty-third Birthday of the Third Rome.

La Cultura.—Via Vicenza, 5, Rome. 12 lire per annum.
September 3-9. Statesmen of Europe and America. B.
September 10-23. The Berlin University. B.

La Nuova Antologia.—Via del Corso, 466, Rome. 46 lire per annum.
September 1.

Reminiscences of Guido del Duca. F. Turraca.
A Census of Professions. Carlo F. Ferraris.
Patronism in the Poems of Lorenzo de' Medici. Conclusion. N. Scarauo.

THE SPANISH MAGAZINES.

L'Avenç.—Ronda de l'Universitat, Barcelona. 50 centimos. August 31.
Marxism, Ideal and Real. Conclusion. A. Cortada.

España Moderna.—Cuesta de Santo Domingo, 16, Madrid. 30 pesetas
per annum. September.

The So-called Universal Suffrage. G. Tardp.
Clothing in the Exhibition of Ancient Art. C. Narváez.

La Ciudad de Dios.—Real Monasterio del Escorial, Madrid. 16 pesetas
per annum. September 5.

Jansenism in Spain. Manuel F. Miguélez.
The Economic Schools in Their Physical Aspect. José de las Cuevas.
September 20.

Catalonian Literature in the Nineteenth Century. F. B. Garla.
The Sacred Host in the Escorial. Continued. Eustasio Esteban.

THE DUTCH MAGAZINES.

Elsevier's Geillustreerd Maandschrift.—Luzac and Co., 46, Great
Russell Street. 1s. 8d. September.

W. B. Tholen and His Paintings. X.
Reminiscences of Flemish Life. E. Rica.
Holiday Colonies. J. B. H. Asbeek Brussee.
The Centenary of (Dutch) Horse Artillery. II. F. de Baas.

De Gids.—Luzac and Co. 3s. September.

Majesty. Conclusion. Louis Cuypers.
Ernest Renan. II. Dr. H. J. Polak.
Goethe's "Friederike." J. N. Van Hall.

THE SCANDINAVIAN MAGAZINES.

Danskeren.—Jungersen, Nygird and Schroder, Kolding.
8 kr. per annum. September.

Reminiscences of M. A. Goldschmidt. L. Schroder.
The Burial of H. Sveistrup. H. Nutzhorn and P. La Cour.
H. Sveistrup. L. Schroder.

Efteråt ?—Spiritualistic Magazine. Stockholm. September.
Reflections on Some of the Truths of the Gospel. Andreas.
Kingsjag. Huseby and Co., Kristiania. 8 kr. per annum. No. 5. (16.)

Monaco and Monte Carlo. Illustrated.
The Social and Economical Aspect of Mexico.
Thomas Carlyle. H. Tambo Lyche.
Guy de Maupassant.

Idun.—Fritiof Hellberg, Stockholm. 8 kr. per annum. No. 38. (301.)
Emma Lefter. With Portrait. A.—r.
Reading for Girls. Efraim R. senius.

Ord Och Bild.—Wahlström and Widstrand, Stockholm. (Illustrated.)
10 kr. per annum. September 11.

The Cathedral of Upsala. Anno 1593. Illustrated. C. R. Nyblom.
The Leading Men of the Upsala Cathedral Restoration Work. With Portraits.

Svensk Tidskrift.—Frans von Schéele, Upsala. 10 kr. per annum. No. 11.
On the Jubilee of 1893. E. N. Söderberg.
The Decree of the Upsala Assembly in 1593. Dixl.
The University as a Social Power. Hjärne.
The Influence of the Universities on the Culture of the People. S.—o.

Tilskuieren.—M. Galaschiot, Copenhagen. 12 kr. per annum.
A New Literature. III. Stéphane Mallarmé. Johannes Jorgensen.
Poetry in Prose. Stéphane Mallarmé.

Teosofisk Tidskrift.—Stockholm. 4 shill. per annum. September;
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Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index.

A. C. Q.	American Catholic Quarterly Review.	F. L.	Folk-Lore.	Nat. R.	National Review.
A. J. P.	American Journal of Politics.	F. R.	Fortnightly Review.	N. Sc.	Natural Science.
A. K.	Andover Review.	F.	Forum.	N. N.	Nature Notes.
A. A. P. S.	Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.	Fr. L.	Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.	Naut. M.	Nautical Magazine.
Ant.	Antiquary.	G. M.	Gentleman's Magazine.	N. E. M.	New England Magazine.
Arch. R.	Architectural Record.	G. J.	Geographical Journal.	New R.	New Review.
A.	Arena.	G. O. P.	Girl's Own Paper.	New W.	New World.
Arg.	Argosy.	G. W.	Good Words.	N. H.	Newbury House Magazine.
As.	Asclepiad.	G. T.	Great Thoughts.	N. C.	Nineteenth Century.
A. Q.	Asiatic Quarterly.	G. B.	Greater Britain.	N. A. R.	North American Review.
Ata.	Atalanta.	Harp.	Harper's Magazine.	O. C.	Our Celebrities.
A. M.	Atlantic Monthly.	Hom. R.	Homiletic Review.	O. D.	Our Day.
Bank.	Bankers' Magazine.	I.	Idler.	O.	Outing.
Bel. M.	Belford's Monthly.	I. L.	Index Library.	P. E. F.	Palestine Exploration Fund.
Black.	Blackwood's Magazine.	I. J. E.	International Journal of Ethics.	P. M. M.	Pall Mall Magazine.
B. T. J.	Board of Trade Journal.	I. R.	Investors' Review.	Phil. R.	Philosophical Review.
Bkman.	Bookman.	Ir. E. R.	Irish Ecclesiastical Record.	P. L.	Post-Lore.
C. P. G.	Cabinet Portrait Gallery.	Ir. M.	Irish Monthly.	P. B. R.	Presbyterian and Reformed Review.
Cal. R.	Calcutta Review.	Jew. Q.	Jewish Quarterly.	P. M. Q.	Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review.
C. I. M.	Californian Illustrated Magazine.	J. Ed.	Journal of Education.	Pay. R.	Proceedings of the Society for Physical Research.
C. F. M.	Cassell's Family Magazine.	J. Micro.	Journal of Microscopy.	Q. J. Econ.	Quarterly Journal of Economics.
C. S. J.	Cassell's Saturday Journal.	J. P. Econ.	Journal of Political Economy.	Q. R.	Quarterly Review.
C. W.	Catholic World.	J. R. A. S.	Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.	Quiver.	Quiver.
C. M.	Century Magazine.	J. R. C. I.	Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute.	R. R. R.	Religious Review of Reviews.
C. J.	Chambers's Journal.	Jur. R.	Juridical Review.	Rel.	Reliquary.
Char. R.	Charities Review.	K. O.	King's Own.	R. C.	Review of the Churches.
Chaut.	Chautauquan.	K.	Knowledge.	St. N.	St. Nicholas.
Ch. Mis. I.	Church Missionary Intelligencer.	L. H.	Leisure Hour.	Sc. A.	Science and Art.
Ch. Q.	Church Quarterly.	L. Lib.	Library.	Scots.	Scots Magazine.
C. R.	Contemporary Review.	Lipp.	Lippincott's Monthly.	Scot. G. M.	Scottish Geographical Magazine.
C.	Cornhill.	L. Q.	London Quarterly.	Scot. R.	Scottish Review.
Cos.	Cosmopolitan.	Long.	Longman's Magazine.	Scrib.	Scribner's Magazine.
Crit. R.	Critical Review.	Luc.	Lucifer.	Shake.	Shakespeareana.
D. R.	Dublin Review.	Lud. M.	Lodge Monthly.	Ser.	Strand.
Econ. J.	Economic Journal.	Ly.	Lyceum.	Sun. H.	Sunday at Home.
Econ. R.	Economic Review.	Mac.	Macmillan's Magazine.	Sun. M.	Sunday Magazine.
E. R.	Edinburgh Review.	Med. M.	Medical Magazine.	T. B.	Temple Bar.
Ed. R. A.	Educational Review, America.	M. W. D.	Men and Women of the Day.	Th.	Theatre.
Ed. R. L.	Educational Review, London.	M. E.	Merry England.	Think.	Thinker.
Eng. M.	Engineering Magazine.	Mind.	Mind.	U. S. M.	United Service Magazine.
E. H.	English Historical Review.	Mis. R.	Missionary Review of the World.	W. B.	Westminster Review.
E. I.	English Illustrated Magazine.	Mod. R.	Modern Review.	Y. R.	Yale Review.
Ex.	Expositor.	Mon.	Monist.	Y. M.	Young Man.
Ex. T.	Expository Times.	M.	Month.	Y. W.	Young Woman.
		M. P.	Monthly Packet.		

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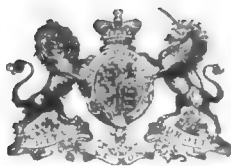
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Sole Advertisement Contractors, JOHN HADDON & CO., Central Advertisement Offices, Bouverie House, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

NOV. 15,
1893.

EDITED BY

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"As the publication of this case would, I think, do much good, you can make any use you like of this letter, &c. I shall write an account to my relatives living in Tasmania and Queensland, and should suggest your inserting this in the papers there.—I am, dear Sir, yours gratefully, JOHN B. HARDWICKE, Selby Villas, Prettwell Street, Southend, Essex."

In confirmation of the above, Mr. Hardwicke has sent me the certificate of his son's discharge from the Royal Navy: "Sydney Hardwicke *invalided; case, Pneumonic Phthisis.*" Also a certificate as to his present state of health from a surgeon at Southend:—"I hereby certify that Sydney Hardwicke is sound in body and of good constitution."—9th August, 1892.

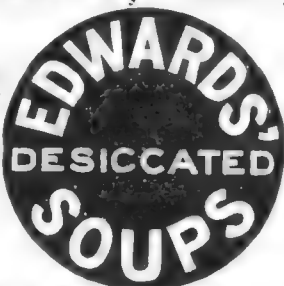
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à mon ami Alfred Littleton
13 mai 1883 -

Ch. Gounod



THE DAILY PAPER.

THE announcement made last month concerning the proposed *Daily Paper* has naturally excited considerable comment. Whatever may be the ultimate result of my offer, one thing already stands out quite clearly. That is, the soundness and the utility of the scheme which I set forth as that by which a newspaper can be financed.

The idea, for which I can claim no credit, came to me nearly four years ago as I was walking across Charing Cross Bridge on my way to the *Pall Mall Gazette* office. Like all journalists, I suppose, I was chafing a little at the difficulty which the lack of capital imposes upon the editor, when the question was put to me within: "Why don't you raise your capital by giving it away?" I laughed at the paradoxical suggestion, but it was repeated and pressed upon me until I began to see that there was something in it. Before I had got to the other end of the bridge, I saw that there was everything in it, and from that day to this I have only waited for a suitable opportunity of putting the suggestion to a test. Even if there were no adequate response to my offer, that would not prove that the scheme was unsound. It would only prove that I was not wanted to edit a daily paper. A journalist who was wanted, might take up the scheme, and find in it the short and easy solution of his difficulties.

I have no patent rights in the idea. As it was given to me so I give it to the public. If any should ask who gave it me, and by whom was the question asked that started the suggestion, I can give no answer. Sometimes on a calm summer day there floats down slowly through the air a white downy feather. It does not come down as a stone falls. Its motion is slow and graceful, and sometimes it seems to pause as it descends. But at last it reaches the ground. Where does it come from? From some bird obviously. But as far as you can see up into the infinite azure of the sky, you see no plume from which this fluffy fragment of down could have come. Yet it is there, and a bird grew it somewhere and sometime. Of that you can be sure, but only of that. So it is with this idea; it came to me from without as much as that feather does. All ideas must originate in some mind somewhere, and as this one did not originate in my consciousness, I have accepted it gratefully as a free gift of grace from the Not Myself.

In carrying this idea into effect I should prefer, undoubtedly, to receive my 100,000 subscriptions from 100,000 individuals. That was why I made the offer last month to the readers of *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS*. But as a matter of business such an arrangement was almost inconceivable. The business value of the suggestion made to me, upon which I have acted, only comes in when you can deal with the shares in blocks of fifty or a hundred. A one pound share even at ten per cent. is somewhat of a nuisance, unless you can put several of them together. The question has repeatedly been put to me whether any one can apply for more than one share. I reply, "Certainly, but if you do, you must subscribe for as many papers as you want debentures." To which the answer is, "But I don't want more than one copy of the paper." Thus here arises at the very outset the necessity for the *bête noire* of modern Socialism, the middleman. And a very interesting problem arises as to whether the associative principle has gained sufficient hold amongst us for this offer to be utilised for the purposes of financing all manner of good causes, or whether it will fall into the hands of the trade.

Everything of course depends upon whether the *Daily Paper*—a sample copy of which is issued with our Christmas Number—is likely to catch on. I have my own ideas on that subject, and if those ideas are correct, and are shared by others, it is merely a question whether my £100,000 are snapped up by the trade, or are made the means of financing various forms of philanthropic enterprise. Any active local secretary of any association, social or religious, who believes that the paper would go to the extent of a hundred copies in his district, could put £100 into the treasury of his society, by standing out of £130 for twelve months. He would get the money back in the

daily pennies which any newsagent would collect for him on the usual terms, and at the end of the year he would have £100 in five or ten per cent. debentures. Any society with a hundred branches throughout the country, each of which could secure a hundred subscribers, might obtain a permanent endowment of £10,000 yielding from £500 to £1,000 per year.

No such offer has ever been made in our time. For instance, an association for the general advocacy of the Woman's Movement—which I mention because I should probably be in more general accord with it than with any other political or social society—might be financed into a position of opulence which no other society occupies, if its founders were to take up, say, 50,000 subscriptions for one year. At the end of the year they would have had £65,000 worth of papers to dispose of, by which they could have recouped themselves for every penny of their outlay; and they would then find themselves in possession of £50,000 debentures bearing from five to ten per cent. interest, which would supply offices, secretaries, and agents on a scale possible to no other Woman's Society in existence.

The immense premium offered for the purposes of launching the *Daily Paper* will in the natural order of things fall into the hands of the trade unless means are promptly taken to intercept it by societies or associations, existing or to come into existence. The trade will naturally look at the question solely from this point of view: Will the *Daily Paper* catch on? If it is certain to catch on, then there is £100,000 to be scrambled for, that at least is quite clear. For if the paper, of which they have now a sample before them, will sell on its own merits as *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS* sells, or as *Tit Bits* and *Answers* sell, then the newsagents can put £100,000 into their pockets without the least risk, and at the same time increase their own business. Take for instance the largest newsagents in the world—Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son. Suppose for a moment that they knew as a positive certainty that next year 100,000 copies per day would be sold of the *Daily Paper*. In that case they would be no less certain to have the handling of 30,000 of them. If they put it only at 25,000, which is far below their minimum proportion of the sales of a daily paper of 100,000 circulation, they could (of course, I know they will not, and I am taking their case because there will be no suspicion of any attempt to appeal to the firm that is named), by subscribing in advance for 25,000 copies of the paper, in return for the laying out of £30,000 for twelve months, put £25,000 in their pocket. They would, in addition, have the profit upon the supplying of 25,000 copies through the trade in the ordinary course.

I know Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son would never dream of making a deal on such terms. They will sell the paper in the ordinary way, as they would sell any other paper, but beyond that they will not go. But the possibilities are the same for any newsagent, only on a smaller scale; i.e., a newsagent, wholesale or retail, who was confident that he could dispose of 2,000 or 5,000 copies in the ordinary way through the trade, only needs to raise £3,000 or £6,500 to make over 75 per cent. interest in the first year; whichever way it turns, the newsagent must gain. The subscription price of the paper has been placed at the full rate of a penny a day, without allowing any discount for payment in advance, in order to avoid any appearance of underselling the trade through whom it is probable the paper will be chiefly distributed.

The terms upon which its distribution will be undertaken will naturally be subject to an arrangement between the *Daily Paper* and the newsagents. At present, the custom of the trade is well-established. The newsagent undertakes to get orders, to take the risk of bad debts, and to pay the cost of carriage. In return for this service, he receives his present commission, and that, of course, is the basis upon which the negotiations between the trade and the *Daily Paper* would rest. Upon that point there need be no misunderstanding. Whatever the terms ultimately arrived at may be, they will start upon the basis of existing rates, as adjusted to existing circumstances. In matters of business no one expects any one to work for nothing, nor do I wish to complicate a revolution in newspaper finance by undertaking at the same time a revolution in news distribution. The offer which I make, if taken up by the trade, would practically make them assured partners to the extent of five or ten per cent. in an enterprise all the risks of which will be borne by myself.

But I close as I began. From the point of view of sympathisers, everything depends upon the degree of personal confidence which they have in me. From the business point of view, that element does not come in. The dominating factor in the question, looked at as a financial speculation, depends upon the opinion which each possible subscriber in the trade, or out of it, forms as to the probabilities of such a *Daily Paper* as that which is published with my Christmas Number, commanding a circulation and becoming a property. If they do not think it will catch on, they will wisely have nothing to do with it. On the other hand, if they believe, as many who have spoken to me do believe, that the *Daily Paper* is built on lines that are certain to render it a great success, then there is £100,000 to be scrambled for, and my part in the matter is now limited to seeing that the applicants share fair all round. The question is now entirely beyond my control, or beyond any possibility of my exercising any influence upon the matter. In proof whereof, as the lawyers say, I write these lines on the eve of sailing for New York. I shall not return to this country until after the December REVIEW has gone to press. Before that time, the die will have been cast one way or the other. Which way the lot will fall I know not, nor any mortal. All that I know is, that whatever the decision may be, I will accept it loyally, cheerfully, and with a conviction that I shall then have got my marching orders.

THE DAILY PAPER COMPANY, LIMITED.

I THINK it is only due to my readers to explain how the Daily Paper Company came into existence, and to give them a brief narrative of the facts which will enable them to understand exactly how things are. My original idea was to have issued my debentures in my own name, but Sir George Lewis advised me that it would be absolutely necessary to create a limited liability company in order to issue those debentures. I objected, preferring the unlimited freedom of a private individual acting on his own responsibility, without any control from shareholders or others. Sir George Lewis assured me that I could be as free as a limited company as a private individual if I were careful to have the articles of association rightly drawn, and if the shareholders were my own personal friends, who would join the company simply and solely for the purpose of giving me a free hand. There was no difficulty about these stipulations. Sir George Lewis received *carte blanche* to draw the articles as he pleased, the only indispensable point being that I was to be as free to do what seemed right in my own eyes and whatever seemed necessary for the welfare of the paper, as if I was working on my own responsibility. The first counsel consulted raised many objections, and declared that it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to draft articles of necessary breadth. It was therefore necessary to employ other counsel, and Mr. Palmer, who is the first authority on company law, received his instructions on Thursday, October 12, at eleven o'clock. After some discussion he entered heartily into the scheme, and by seven o'clock that night the draft of the articles of association was submitted to me and approved. They went to the printer at once, and by five minutes to two on the following day the company was registered at Somerset House. The articles of association, together with the memorandum, occupy about thirty-eight foolscap printed pages. The putting of them together at such high pressure and in such a brief space of time was one of the quickest things done under the Companies Act.

It is necessary to give this explanation in order that the true inwardness of the articles of association may be understood. The capital was purposely fixed at a nominal figure, inasmuch as the real working capital of the company, by the scheme explained in the November Review, will be supplied by the subscribers themselves. The £20 capital was merely fixed in order to comply with the provisions of the Companies Act. This sum is divided into six founders' shares of one £1 each and fourteen ordinary shares of a similar amount, limited to a maximum dividend of ten per cent. In order to render it impossible for the machinery of the Companies Act to be used in any way to limit my responsibility or to interfere with the free exercise of my discretion, a series of provisions have been drafted, which, by universal consent, secure the end in view. To begin with, I hold all the founders' shares and eight of the ordinary shares. Whenever the shareholders are called together I have a clear majority of the ordinary shares, but in case this should not be sufficient, it is expressly stipulated in the articles of association that my shares shall always confer upon me the right to ten more votes than the aggregate votes conferred upon all the other shares. The result of this provision is that, at any meeting of the company, whether general or ordinary, I can always override all opposition, and the company becomes but another term for myself. This of course is what was aimed at from the first, both by the

friends who associated with me, and by the learned counsel who drew up the articles of association. As it was said in the course of the discussion with counsel, W. T. Stead was to be considered as an estate to be developed, his ideas were as so many mineral deposits which have to be worked, and as nobody knows what those ideas are except W. T. Stead himself, it was necessary for the success of the venture that the whole of the responsibility should be upon his head, and that no one in the company should have any right to interfere in any way with the free exercise of his absolute discretion. This, of course, at first sight provokes criticism, but objections will disappear when it is understood that all that is to be done is to define simply and legally under the Companies Act that I should have the same liberty of action that is possessed by every subject of Her Majesty who has not been converted into a limited liability company.

The articles of association provide for the management of the affairs of the company under the usual forms of the Companies Act, as, for instance, there must be general meetings of the shareholders which I am to call. Three constitute a quorum. I take the chair by right of office, and as my vote is to count ten more than the votes of all those who are present, and I have besides the casting vote as chairman, it would seem that I can have things pretty much my own way. The general director so constituted can from time to time increase the capital by the increase of such shares to such an amount as may be deemed expedient. In addition to the powers which I possess by being constituted a permanent working majority of the general meeting, a new office has been created for me, under which I become permanent general director of the company. Here I quote from the Articles of Association:—

The Permanent Governing Director.

73. The said William Thomas Stead shall be the permanent governing director of the company, and subject as hereinafter provided he shall hold that office for life, and whilst he holds the same the government and control of the company shall be vested in him.

74. The said William Thomas Stead, whilst he holds the office of governing director, may, from time to time, and at any time, appoint any other persons to be directors of the company, and may define, limit, and restrict their powers, and may fix and determine their remuneration and duties, and may at any time remove any director however appointed, and may at any time convene a general meeting of the company. Every such appointment or removal must be in writing under the hand of the said William Thomas Stead.

75. The governing director, in addition to the powers and authorities by these presents expressly conferred upon him, may exercise all such powers and do all such acts and things as may be exercised or done by the company.

79. Without prejudice to the general powers conferred by the last preceding clause, and of the other powers conferred by these presents, it is hereby expressly declared that the governing director shall have the following powers, that is to say:—

(Then follow seven clauses, after which comes the eighth and last.)

(8.) To conduct his proceedings in such manner as he shall in his absolute discretion think most convenient.

It is further enacted that "the declaration of the governing director as to the amount of the net profits of the company shall be conclusive."

3. The shares other than those subscribed for by the memorandum of association shall be under the control of the governing director, who may allot or otherwise dispose of the same to

such persons on such terms and conditions and at such time as he thinks fit.

24. The governing director may refuse to register any transfer of shares upon which the company has a lien to a transferee of whom he does not approve, without being bound to state any reason for such refusal.

40. The governing director may from time to time at his discretion raise or borrow or secure the payment of any sum or sums of money for the purposes of the company, but so that the amount at any one time owing in respect of the sums so raised, borrowed, or secured, shall not without the sanction of a general meeting exceed the nominal amount of the capital. Nevertheless no lender or other person dealing with the company shall be concerned to see or inquire whether this limit is observed.

41. The governing director may raise or secure the repayment of such moneys in such manner and upon such terms and conditions in all respects as he thinks fit.

96. The governing director shall from time to time determine whether, and to what extent, and at what times and places, and under what conditions or regulations, the accounts and books of the company, or any of them, shall be open to the inspection of the members, and no member shall have any right of inspecting any account or book or document of the company, excepted as conferred by statute or authorised by the governing director, or by a resolution of the company in general meeting.

THE OBJECTS OF THE COMPANY.

I have often endeavoured to sketch, in more or less shadowy outline, the various functions which seem to me to be capable of being filled by an editor of a daily paper. There is, however, some degree of novelty in the attempt to embody these aspirations in the cut-and-dried formula of a legal document. In the Memorandum of Association of the Daily Paper Company we have such an attempt, for which my legal advisers are solely responsible. I did not alter a word in the draft. Had I done so I should have taken some articles out and certainly should have added others; as it is, however, the omnibus clause is sufficiently wide to enable me to do anything which seems necessary or expedient:—

4. To redress or alleviate wrongs and hardships of all kinds, whether public or private.

5. To expose, denounce, remove, or put down abuses and objectionable habits or customs, and to caution and warn the public, or any sections thereof, against dangers, perils, and risks, and to prevent and avert the same.

6. To protect and support the defenceless and helpless against oppression and cruelty.

7. To establish, promote, and assist any institutions, business concerns, undertakings, and conveniences which may seem calculated, directly or indirectly, to benefit the public or any section thereof.

8. To encourage the discovery of and investigate and make known the nature and merits of inventions, and to acquire any patents or licences relating to any such inventions.

9. To promote and undertake discoveries and investigations of all kinds, and with a view thereto to employ experts, expeditions, commissioners, and agents.

10. To promote friendly relations between employers and persons employed by them.

11. To encourage thrift and temperance.

12. To promote the cause of education in the widest sense.

13. To carry on any business or undertaking, whether manufacturing, commercial, or otherwise, except life assurance, which the company may think fit to carry on.

14. To redeem, compound, reduce, remove, or procure the alteration of any imposts, taxes, tolls, fees, charges, rules, or regulations which are inconvenient, onerous, or objectionable to the public or any section thereof.

15. To promote and facilitate emigration.

16. To act as arbitrator, umpire, or trustee in all such cases as may seem expedient, and to carry on all kinds of agency business.

17. To procure the decisions of questions of law which it may seem expedient to have decided, and to originate and promote improvements in the law, and to support or oppose alterations therein, and to effect improvements in administration.

18. To admit any persons to be associates of the company on such terms, and to confer on them such rights and privileges, as may seem expedient.

19. To grant donations and subscribe money in such cases as may seem expedient, and whether for public, private, charitable, or benevolent purposes, or otherwise.

20. To carry on business as bankers, financiers, promoters, and concessionnaires in all their respective branches, and to carry on all kinds of guarantee and indemnity business.

21. Generally to undertake and carry out any operations or transactions whatsoever, except life assurance, which may be lawfully undertaken and carried out by a private individual capitalist, and which the company may think it expedient to undertake and carry out.

The express exclusion of life assurance will render it necessary, should the paper come into existence, for me to make a separate arrangement in order that I might undertake that description of business should it seem desirable that I should do so. The reason why it is excepted in the articles of association is because the law rightly requires that any undertaking to found a system of life assurance must have a more adequate capital than the sum of £20. Thus has come about my transformation into the Daily Paper Company, Limited.

As for the *Daily Paper*, a specimen copy of which was issued with the Christmas Number of the *REVIEW*, "Two and Two Make Four," the following description will be read with interest:—

THE DAILY PAPER.

The *Daily Paper* is almost exactly the shape of *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS*, and consists of a neatly folded, pasted, and trimmed pamphlet of forty pages, ten of which are devoted to advertisements. The other thirty are devoted to news of the day and special articles thereupon. It is Mr. Stead's theory that what the average reader wants is not so much acreage of print as a handy readable penny paper, every page of which will contain something of interest. It may be said to be a kind of a cross between the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Tit Bits*, and it avowedly aims at throwing a bridge over the abyss which separates the millions who read weekly miscellanies from the comparatively few who read the daily papers. The title-page of the paper is plain and distinctive. It bears the legend: "For the Union of all who Love, in the Service of all who Suffer."

A reproduction of the title-page of the new paper, with the table of contents, is given on the next page.

Mr. Stead's idea at first was to produce a paper exactly as it would have appeared if the *Daily Paper* had been in regular course of publication, and for this purpose he selected the fourth of October, as it is the day of St. Francis of Assisi, who more than any other represented the philanthropic side of the Christian Church. But in working out this idea it was evident that to put before the public in November the Stock Exchange quotations of October 3rd, and the stale news of a month back, would have been to prejudice the project from its very outset; and true above everything to his conception that a paper must be interesting and readable, Mr. Stead has reduced to a minimum the news of the day, only giving that which is necessary to show the position it would occupy in the paper. The first place in the paper is devoted to a very exhaustive and carefully compiled diary of the events of the day. These are compiled under various heads—

Political, Commercial, Legal, Recreational, and Miscellaneous. The theatres are subdivided according to the nature of the piece which they are playing. Within the compass of a single page is condensed a kind of anticipatory programme for the events of the day. Facing the Diary is the leading article, of which there is one and only one. The first article in the sample paper is devoted to setting forth, in the familiar style in which Mr. Stead has always been accustomed to lay down the law in his editorial columns, the Home Rule Bill for 1894. A draft of this bill is

1894, consisting of a preamble and one clause, enacting that a national convention of the representatives of the Irish constituencies should be held in Dublin for the consideration of all the schemes of Home Rule which have been brought forward, and report upon the same with a view to legislation in 1895. If the design is to provoke a conflict with the House of Lords it should be sent up in that form, when the Peers would be certain to throw it out. But if Ministers wish to relegate the question to the Irish people they can do it by forming the Irish members into a special committee empowered to meet at Dublin and to hold their meetings during the recess. By this means the Home Rule flag could be kept flying at the mast-head, while the decks were cleared for the enactment of British legislation. The only other editorials in the paper consist of brief notes under the title "Note!" The rest of the paper is devoted to news and special articles.

Immediately after the leader, the leading place is devoted to a carefully written summary of the events of the previous day. This is illustrated with a couple of small maps. It is one of Mr. Stead's theories that the busy man prefers to have his news served up in this condensed fashion, and that it is possible to condense into two pages of the magazine a compendium of the history of the previous day.

One feature which forms a notable departure from tradition is the publication of "In Place of Morning Service." Here we have what is avowedly intended for a substitute for the morning service which is no longer attended in our churches, and the family prayers which are more and more falling into disuse. What Mr. Stead provides in place of morning service consists of "Watchwords of Heroes," a collect for the day, and a lesson selected in this case from Mr. Stead's favourite poet, Lowell. There is besides a condensed homily for the day, which is to be written by leaders of religious thought, without any distinction of sect and religion. Facing the page "In Place of Morning Service," we have a page devoted to the saint of the day, who, on October 4, was St. Francis of Assisi. This is illustrated, and forms the first of a new series of the "Calendar of the Saints," who are to be selected impartially from the calendars of all the churches. Nor will this calendar be confined to the churches.

If the attempt to supply a substitute for Morning Service in a daily paper is novel, it is much less startling than the next feature, which consists of what is called an "Automatic Telepathic Interview with Lady Brooke on the Future of the British Aristocracy." If this feature can be kept up, Mr. Stead may fairly claim to be on the eve of revolutionising journalism, for he asserts that while he was at Dover and Lady Brooke was at Dunrobin—that is to say, when the interviewer and the interviewee were separated by a distance of 800 miles—he was able to interview her on the British Aristocracy as Part of the Wasted Wealth of King Demos. Mr. Stead put the questions mentally, and Lady Brooke, although at the time quite unconscious of being subjected to the process of interviewing, wrote through his hand the answers to the questions. No claim more astonishing has ever been made by any miracle-worker or magician. Lady Brooke, however, vouches for the accuracy with which her interviewer's automatic hand interpreted her thoughts, and in correcting the proofs she makes an addition which is obviously nothing more nor less than an amplification of the observations already written down. Mr. Stead for more than a year past has constantly received communications from his friends in this fashion, but this is the first occasion on which he has applied this unique power to journalistic enterprise.

THE DAILY PAPER.

Edited by W. T. STEAD.

VOL. I.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1893. [No. 1.

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EDITORIAL OFFICE:

MOWBRAY HOUSE, NORFOLK STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ONE PENNY.

published on another page. Mr. Stead expresses the conviction that to reintroduce the Home Rule Bill of 1893 into the House of Commons in 1894, would spell blue ruin for Home Rule and suicide for the Liberal Party. While admitting that the Irish could compel the Government to do this if they chose, he bases upon a quotation from *United Ireland* and an article by Sir Gavan Duffy a plea for a compromise which, he believes, would meet the needs of the situation. That compromise is, briefly, that a Home Rule Bill should be introduced in

The opening meeting of the Church Congress, which met on October 3, is commissioned in a page, and to keep the balance between Church and Dissent even, there is an interview with a rural Nonconformist, who makes an energetic appeal for the formation of a Nonconformist association to avert the threatened extinction of rural Nonconformity. The appeal, which is strongly supported by the editor, is calculated to provoke as much discussion as anything else in the paper.

The question of the relation between the press and the theatre, which has long exercised Mr. Stead's mind, has been decided at last by him in a somewhat startling fashion. He publishes a two-page interview with Miss Robins, the well-known American actress, who has become so famous as the creator of "Hedda Gabler" and other of Ibsen's leading rôles. He offers her the position of chief dramatic critic for the *Daily Paper*. Miss Robins at first demurs, but Mr. Stead undertakes to make a pilgrimage round all the theatres and report his first impressions, for although he is forty-five he has never attended a theatrical performance excepting that of Oberammergau. Miss Robins then consents to undertake the management of a committee of artists and critics who take a serious view of the drama, and who are to set about no less a task than the formation of a national theatre, subventioned not by the State, but by subscriptions raised through the *Daily Paper*.

After this sensation it is comparatively tame to turn to an interview with the head of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library, even although the interview takes the form of a discussion between the editor and Mr. Faux as to the way in which the objects of the *Daily Paper* can best be achieved.

In place of the City Notes and Comments, which are to be a leading feature of the *Daily Paper*, we have inter-

views with Sir George Lewis, Mr. Labouchere, of *Truth*, and Mr. Wilson, of the *Standard* and the *Investors' Review*, on a crusade which Mr. Stead proposes to head against swindling company promoters and fraudulent philanthropic financiers. The article is entitled "On the Making and Losing of Money," and the title is supplied by Mr. Balfour of the Liberator Building Society, who is pilloried across the page. If



SIR GEORGE LEWIS.

Mr. Stead conducts his paper on the lines which he has laid down, he is warned that it will cost him a lawsuit a month and £10,000 per annum in lawyers' bills. After proposing to wield the sword of the Lord and of Gideon against the swindlers of society, Mr. Stead publishes a long plea for the publication of an English Bible—a proposal which has the hearty support of Mr. Bryce. The idea is that the whole of English history and literature might be condensed into a kind of *Review of Reviews* edition in the same way that the Old Testament was compiled by the inspired writers. The scheme Mr. Bryce declares to be both ingenious and suggestive. It has excited much enthusiasm in various quarters, and can hardly fail to be widely discussed.

From the compilation of a Bible to the reform of cookery is a long stride; but Mr. Stead takes it gaily, and proclaims that one of the great aims of the *Daily Paper* will be the Frenchification of English cooking. Special attention is to be paid to the dinner-table, and

Mr. Stead ventures to hope that the time is near at hand when the discovery of a new sauce will be telegraphed with as much detail as a murder or a horserace.

Another novel feature of the *Daily Paper* is the announcement which the editor makes, that whenever there is no news of special importance within the last twenty-four hours, the most thrilling and important event of "Yesterdays Long Ago" will be reported. By way of giving a sample of what he means he publishes a war correspondent's account of the battle of Salamis, in which Themistocles, more than 2000 years ago, destroyed the Persian fleet and saved the civilisation of Greece. The account is displayed with a profusion of cross-heading as if it were a telegram from the seat of war. It is much the most eloquent and brilliant piece of writing in the paper.

The position of honour in the centre of the paper is devoted to an attempt to carry out the idea which Mr. Stead has long maintained to be the coming event in journalism, namely the incorporation of the leading events of the world's history in "The Romance of the World," which, once begun, will never end, and be continued as a serial from day to day as long as the paper lasts. It was of course impossible to do more than show in a very fragmentary fashion the way in which this could be done. The story, however, in less than three pages, sets forth simply the leading features which resulted in the Matabele war. This conception of "The Romance of the World" may be said to be the leading plank in Mr. Stead's bridge. At present women, and a great number of men, will not read politics unless they can get politics in the shape of a story. In order to induce them to take an interest in affairs Mr. Stead proposes to serve up the news with the sauce which they like. The design has been submitted to many of the leading novelists of the day and has secured their enthusiastic approval.

It remains only for us to say a word on the advertisements of the paper. They are prefaced by an article on "Art in Advertising," which sets forth plainly that advertisements in the *Daily Paper* are to be treated like news, and rejected if not interesting. As this might be too hard upon the advertiser, a special staff of what may be called "advertisement journalists" will be maintained, whose business it will be to make advertisements interesting. No advertisement is to be disguised as news, and should any fraud be practised by advertisers in the columns of the *Daily Paper*, the editor undertakes to prosecute the advertiser. Most of the advertisements take the form of interviews, but there is one page in which Mr. Stead announces the various publications which he contemplates issuing when the *Daily Paper* comes into existence. They include two penny weeklies and two halfpenny weeklies, and also a series of "Daily Paper Classics," which will be published at threepence, identical in shape with the *Daily Paper*.

Such is the description of the specimen paper which Mr. Stead has laid before the public as the result of his reflections on journalism at home and abroad, and the practical experience of nearly a quarter of a century. Mr. Stead, who has never been in the United States, has now gone to the World's Fair, where he is picking up the latest notions in journalism that are to be found on the other side of the Atlantic.

It may be noted that there is no racing news in the *Daily Paper*. Those who wish to have the latest betting will have to go elsewhere.

A matter which so closely concerns the journalistic world as the establishment of a new daily paper on original lines, both financial and journalistic, has naturally

excited a great deal of discussion. I must express my sense of indebtedness to my journalistic friends for the exceptional kindness of their reception of the scheme. There is one exception which, however, is perhaps more eloquent than the comments of those papers which have discussed the *Daily Paper* in their columns. Not a single London morning daily, excepting the sporting and financial papers, has said a syllable upon the subject. The following are some of the comments which have appeared in the press, London and provincial, since the publication of our last number. As we go to press on the first of the month I am unable to publish any of the criticisms of the press upon the *Daily Paper* itself. The articles from which I make extracts deal exclusively either with the *Daily Paper* Company or with the financial scheme upon which the project was founded:—

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

DAILY PRESS OF LONDON.

The *St. James's Gazette* remarks that the *Daily Paper* "will be a Steadite paper, of course, belonging to no party, and doing that only which seems right in the eyes of Mr. Stead. It will support religion—all religions. Also, it will support the English-speaking race, with that fine healthy belief in the destiny and the greatness of the Anglo-Saxon for which we may pardon Mr. Stead many political errors. And it will support, of course, the woman's movement. In fact, if the paper is ever started, it will be a fine rousing publication, conducted with Mr. Stead's well-known energy, enthusiasm, and ingenuity. However, we hope Mr. Stead will get his money. His paper will probably say and do many things we shall not like, but it is certain to be good reading."

The *Westminster Gazette* describes the scheme as being "as original as it is audacious."

The *Star* is flattering. "The apostle of the spook," it says, "is not deficient in the world's cunning, for there is no bait so deadly amongst the gudgeons as the promise of 'something for nothing.' . . . If the scheme fails—well, an editor who has had the uncontrolled handling of £130,000 can hardly be said to have lived in vain! It is a fine scheme—for Mr. Stead, and so much less vulgar than the manoeuvrings of the common promoter . . . Mr. Stead takes no risk, and has carefully provided against the unpleasantness of foreclosure."

The *Globe* says:—"For our part we wish the new venture all success. Mr. Stead has already told us what the ideal paper should be, and his journal is sure to be original if it is nothing else. He will be 'limited' only in the financial sense of the word, we may be quite sure; and we anticipate amusement, if not profit, from his return to daily journalism."

The *Daily Graphic* points out that "Ingenious as Mr. Stead usually is, he has really surpassed himself in the ingenuity with which he surmounts the initial difficulty—the discovery of capital. . . . Mr. Stead has hit upon the brilliant idea of making his customers finance their own paper. . . . Could anything be more delightfully simple? It is simply the system of co-operation carried into journalism. Moreover, the readers of the paper will naturally abstain from reviling it when it does not please them for fear of damaging their own property, so that the editor is assured of an always contented public. The idea is really immense. Mr. Stead has good reason for his belief in himself."

DAILY PRESS OF THE PROVINCES.

The *Sheffield Independent* (which published the first article that Mr. Stead ever wrote) does not doubt

Mr. Stead's ability "to turn out an eminently readable sheet, and to obtain, even if he does not retain, a very large constituency. . . . A daily paper with an ideal far transcending anything to which the ordinary secular newspaper expects to attain, will be welcomed by the main body of journalists, who will watch its inception and progress with friendly interest, even though some of them deem the project chimerical. . . . It is difficult to know which is most to be admired: the daring programme which embodies the policy of the new paper, or the scheme by which Mr. Stead proposes to raise the necessary capital to start the journal, and to give his friends a handsome share in the first-fruits of his labour."

The *Sheffield Telegraph* says:—"Mr. Stead has an idea. He is a man of ideas. His head is as full of them as a rabbit warren is of rabbit burrows. . . . Mr. Stead is still in the Land of Enchantments. He has been to the Forest of Dean and back. Yet he clings with pathetic fervour to his belief that by the aid of W. T. Stead this world will be an angel world by-and-by."

The *Liverpool Mercury* thinks the scheme may prove "a form of investment undreamt of by newspaper projectors before."

The *Manchester Examiner* admits that "the idea of starting a paper without any capital beyond what its prospective readers contribute is a good one, and would afford still greater satisfaction to journalists if there was any likelihood of its being suggested invariably with success."

The *Leeds Daily News* "fails to see the need for a Paper of Papers, which shall provide a morning service of Modern Babylon and Mahatmas."

The *Leeds Evening News* declares that "Mr. Stead's latest idea is worthy of him. Now that he has explained it, everyone will recognise its value. . . . That Mr. Stead's paper will be interesting if it comes out we have not a doubt."

The *Yorkshire Post* says that the scheme will be carried out "by a bold application of the confidence trick. . . . The subscribers will have the paper whether they like it or not, and so, nominally, they will get their money's worth. . . . Mr. Stead's justification for his audacity is that his paper cannot be started in any other way, because he wants to be as 'free as air,' and subject to no control of any sort in the conduct of it."

The *Yorkshire Evening Post* says that "The point is, Mr. Stead conceives a new mission for a newspaper. . . . The keeper of the Nonconformist conscience, however, wants to be 'free as air,' and subject to no control whatever. . . . Mr. Stead's belief in the faith his readers repose in him must have been great before he could launch his stupendously conceited programme for a daily newspaper without capital. . . . We know of only one other man capable of the hardihood of such a proposal—he is 'General' Booth."

The *Bradford Mercury* "admires Mr. Stead," and thinks that "For absolute nerve force, or as they say in America, for 'cheek,' he would be hard to beat. . . . We are convinced that Providence has made a great mistake in not calling in Mr. Stead to help in the management of creation. If he can find 100,000 lunatics to supply him with the money to run his projected paper, according to the Articles of Association, he will certainly deserve the distinction of being the first journalist who has ever accomplished the feat."

The *Bradford Observer* exclaims, "How he ever got in this old-fashioned hemisphere is a continual marvel. Some old pilgrim father must have stayed at home who ought to have gone to America. However, English life

at the end of the nineteenth century is distinctly livelier for the mistake of Mr. Stead's great-grandfather, and we do not in the least want to blame him . . . His project is worthy of John Law. But will it float and will it swim? The 'scheme' is ingenious and attractive. Mr. Stead is a masterly journalist when he will stick to his last, and the public may have faith in him as a manager."

The *Nottingham Daily Express* points out that "Mr. W. T. Stead proposes a scheme whereby the British public may provide him with £100,000 wherewith to start a newspaper and drench the world with daily doses of Steadism, instead of the present patronage of mankind in monthly instalments. . . . This proposal is the most amazing exhibition of inordinate vanity and irrepressible egotism that has ever appeared in print. . . . Will the public provide him with £100,000 to preach Steadism? —that is the knotty question."

The *Western Morning News* says that "the late editor of the *Pall Mall* does certainly understand the art of increasing the circulation of the journals he conducts."

SOCIETY JOURNALS.

Truth says:—"Mr. Stead, whose flow of novel and sensational ideas causes me much envy, has devised a scheme for a daily newspaper which is to be financed by the subscribers, and managed by an irresponsible editor, who, for want of a better, is to be himself. There is a good deal to be said in favour of this original proposal, always provided the right editor can be found. If 100,000 subscribers at twenty-six shillings per head respond to Mr. Stead's offer, this will prove that they regard him as the right editor, and the problem is therefore solved. For my part, I sincerely hope that the requisite 100,000 subscribers will be forthcoming. We have too long been condemned to take Mr. Stead in small monthly parts. I confess I should like to see him in a daily edition, and I am sure that if he comes out once more in that form he will supply a widely-felt want. Besides, the daily papers sadly need waking up, and there is no one living better qualified to do it than the editor of *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS*."

The *World* considers "Mr. Stead's proposition for the establishment of a new daily journal is bold, ingenious, and captivating."

Vanity Fair confesses to much admiration for W. T. Stead, who has been "accused of many bad things; he has even been called an able journalist (which in these days is grave reproach); but," continues the writer, "I credit him with much charming audacity, and every one admires audacity in these days, just as (and for the same reason) every one admires success. I am inclined to hope that Mr. Stead will get what he wants; for this able, modest, audacious man should have his chance to do us all good, even if he do himself more at the same time."

Sala's Journal remarks:—"Mr. Stead has done many bold things since he journeyed from the North and pitched his tent in London, but I should doubt very much whether, in his most audacious movements, he has propounded a scheme bolder and more daring than that he now sets forth."

The *Sketch* thinks there is something very tempting about the offer, and says the anticipation of Mr. Stead's "latest" ought to add to the demand for the Christmas Number of *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS*.

The *Figaro* says:—"The general opinion is that Mr. Stead 'has a bee in his bonnet.' Under these circumstances it will rather surprise me if he succeeds in getting his 100,000 subscribers."

The *National Observer* says:—"The enterprise is, of course, designed merely to give Mr. Stead another oppor-

tunity of pontifying. But while this desirable object is suggested in the prospectus, other purposes are most ingeniously detailed. A bold programme! And yet how simple it is! With a penny paper and a staff of female reporters you may rule the world from the back kitchen."

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

The *British Weekly* says:—"We have all along anxiously desired that Mr. Stead should return to the field of daily journalism He is terrible to old-fashioned party men; but those who like honesty, frankness, and insight are always glad to consider what he says, whether they agree with it or not Does Mr. Stead think there are a hundred thousand people in this country who are able and willing to advance 26s. and to wait till July before they get anything? If he is right we may apply to him what Johnson said of Goldsmith: 'Surely never man was so trusted before.' All the same, we hope he is right, and that our anticipations of a probable subscription of under ten thousand will be turned to confusion."

The *Independent* says:—"The ingenuity of Mr. Stead is never-failing. The scheme, with its daring and yet its obvious practicability, has made a profound impression on those who have considered it, and when the preliminary explanation in *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS* is buttressed by the completer exposition in the Christmas Number, it is extremely probable that the 100,000 small capitalists wanted will be ready."

The *Christian Commonwealth* says:—"We trust our readers will not be incredulous as to the possibility of the journalistic feat suggested. The prophet of *Spookology* who presides at Mowbray House is capable of doing very wonderful things, and his latest proposal may not be wholly a dream after all. . . . No one will question that Mr. Stead has many excellent qualifications for editing such a journal as he proposes, but it is by no means certain that he will draw to his support the classes which he wishes to influence by parading his latitudinarianism. . . . However, we frankly own that we should like to see him try his experiment."

CATHOLIC OPINION.

The *Tablet* remarks that "to apply to a capitalist was to invite control and direction, to both of which Mr. Stead has honest dislike."

The *Catholic Times* says:—"For our own part we heartily wish Mr. Stead every success. Without committing ourselves to all, or indeed to any, of the views which he is likely to develop in the pages of his future organ, we have always felt that a man of his vast energy and originality of thought deserved to possess an outlet which the control of a daily paper can alone give to a born journalist."

THE FINANCIAL PRESS.

The *Financial Times* (in a second notice) says that "the idea is simply audacious; but sublime audacity is a characteristic of Mr. Stead's, which has carried him successfully through more than doubtful ventures. . . . It is quite on the cards that he may get his £130,000"; and a third notice, considering the scheme throughout, concludes, "It is essential to Mr. Stead's plans that he should be free to act without restraint, 'free from control by a proprietor, free from pressure by advertisers, free from the restrictions of sect, and free from the prejudices and passions of party.' In order to secure to him this delightful absolution, the Articles of Association, drawn up by a skilful company lawyer, under his instructions, provide that he is to be permanent governing director of the company for life, that the other directors are to be appointed, removed, or

controlled by him; that he is vested with general powers to exercise all such powers and do all such acts as may be exercised or done by the company; that he shall conduct his proceedings in such manner as he shall in his absolute discretion think most convenient; and that his declaration as to the amount of the net profits of the company shall be conclusive. The investing public are, however—no doubt to their poignant regret—deprived of the privilege of taking shares in the ordinary way in Mr. Stead, Limited. The only part they can play in the business is to subscribe for his paper, on the clear understanding that, however much they may disagree with his policy or condemn his methods, no money will be returned. If they respond to his appeal, he will be able to start his paper, to air all his own peculiar crotchets, to adopt whatever sensational methods he may think fit, to attack whom he likes, and castigate what sects and parties he chooses, with absolutely a serene indifference to the subscribers' feelings, and with no fear of a board of cavilling directors, or of an angry body of shareholders figuratively ready to rend him in pieces. It is certainly not within the province of the established press to determine to what extent there is a demand for a revival and extension of the new Jerusalem à la Stead. The fact that Mr. Stead himself recognises the existence of a want ought to be sufficient. Nor shall we venture to dispute his claim to a genius for eclecticism and to a consistency which, like Clive's moderation, is surprising to himself."

The *Bullionist* thinks the scheme "a decided advance upon mere underwriting."

The *Investors' Guardian* acknowledges that "The scheme is charming, and no doubt will be applied in future, not only to new papers—or any other enterprises—but also to old-established organs that are in danger of fainting by the wayside."

The *Financial Observer* thinks that "colossal faith is required," and that the scheme is "simply an ingeniously disguised proposition to the British public to play an elaborate version of 'heads I win, tails you lose.'" . . . This paper goes on to say: "In placing the Daily Paper Company before the public, Mr. Stead, we are convinced, has no desire to make money out of ignorant people. Indeed, even were such his object, he could hardly hope to achieve it by a concern constituted in such an unbusiness-like manner. He is influenced wholly and solely by vanity. If the public choose to minister to another man's vanity at a charge of twenty-six shillings a head per annum, we have nothing to say in the matter."

Money and Trade thinks that "What Mr. Stead apparently wants is 100,000 idiots to find between them £130,000 to enable him to bring out a journalistic enterprise which he is to be free to edit and control as he pleases." As for the promises made, *Money and Trade* asserts that "No financial man would treat such promises as being worth the final whiff of a penny pickwick."

SCOTTISH OPINION.

The *Glasgow Evening News* considers the "new departure as bold and egotistical as all the others. . . . It is perhaps a novel arrangement, but, as we have already said, the new and original is naturally the basis of the undertaking."

The *Aberdeen Free Press* says:—"The ideal newspaper is coming and the ideal editor has come. Who but Mr. Stead should be the ideal editor, and whose but his the ideal newspaper? . . . It is certain that every one will buy and read the ideal paper. The ideal editor thinks it might appear by the first of July next."

The *Dundee Advertiser* thinks "the scheme is a bold

one; but it doubts whether Mr. Stead will find 100,000 subscribers who will have perfect confidence in him both as editor and financial manager."

The *London Scotsman* says:—"Mr. Stead proposes hastening on the millennium. He is a very clever man, with a personality strong enough to command attention, even when he wanders into the region of spooks and other uncanny subjects. He has a way of his own of having us by the ears and generally acting the part of a 'troubler of Israel.' Therefore most people would probably prefer the advent of the millennium to be postponed."

IRISH PAPERS.

The *Freeman's Journal* considers "The manner in which Mr. Stead proposes to establish his new daily paper the most ingenious specimen of *fin de siècle* journalistic enterprise yet witnessed. Mr. Stead describes himself, in effect, as the only possible editor; and certainly he is the only man living capable of conceiving or propounding such a scheme."

The *Dublin Evening Telegraph* remarks that "Mr. W. T. Stead is one of the most versatile men of the age. Since he severed his connection with the *Pall Mall*, nay, long before that, he has supplied more sensations than any man we know of."

The *Cork Herald* admits that "with all his fads and crotchets, political and psychical, Mr. Stead is a brilliant journalist, and his claims to the editorial chair of this new organ, as presented by himself, are certainly plausible, and . . . we have no doubt that the public will watch its development with interest."

TRADE ORGANS.

The *Newsagent* says:—"This is a very clever idea, the operation of which will be, that while not spending his own money, Mr. Stead will be absolute proprietor; and if the venture is a success he will in the course of time pay off the debentures and have no financial interests other than his own to consider. At the same time there is nothing to grumble at in the arrangement, which as far as we can see is perfectly fair to the public."

The *British Colonial Printer* thinks that "if Mr. Stead secures his 100,000 prepaid subscriptions, and manages to steer clear of rocks for six months, he will have a right to consideration as one of the cleverest financiers connected with the profession of letters."

SPORTING AND OTHER PAPERS.

The *Referee* is "sure the scheme is a sound one, because, apart from a peculiar taste in ghosts and moral investigations, Mr. Stead is a straightforward, sensible man of business, and a born journalist."

The *Sportsman* says that "it is an alluring offer, but perhaps after all it would be best to have a bit on a gee-gee at starting price. Horses are queer cattle sometimes to have to do with. But a new daily paper, edited and controlled by Mr. W. T. Stead? Ah!"

The *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* declares that "The editor of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS can never be accused of a want of boldness and daring, nor can it be said that he attempts to hide his light (and learning) under a bushel, for he has a keen conception of looking after number one, and is the most enterprising journalist of the present age. . . . Mr. Stead deserves all credit for his pluck in formulating such a very skilful sprat-to-catch-a-whale scheme—for that is the correct term for it—and the eventual catcher of that whale is Mr. Stead."

The *Bath Weekly News* acknowledges that "Mr. Stead, always daringly original, was never more so than in his latest scheme, that of a new daily paper which very nearly approaches co-operative lines."

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, November 1, 1893.

The Matabele War. What was feared by many and desired by some has come to pass. War has broken out in South Africa. On October 2nd a telegram arrived announcing that the Matabele had fired on the British police near Fort Victoria and then departed, 7,000 strong, towards the north-east. Sir Henry Loch, High Commissioner at the Cape, was convinced by this act that the Matabele were bent on war, and charged Dr. Jameson, the Administrator of Mashonaland, to take all necessary measures for protecting British lives and interests in that region. Dr. Jameson immediately decided to take the offensive. On October 5th, between one and two hundred miles away to the south-west, a patrol of Bechuanaland police was fired upon by Matabele warriors, who retreated under a return fusillade. Major

Goold Adams, the chief of this police, was accordingly instructed by Sir Henry Loch to proceed against Lobengula from the south. On the 14th he was reinforced by 1,700 well-armed Bamangwato troops commanded by their King Khama, who, by the bye, is described as at once devout Christian, crack sportsman, and elaborate dandy. On the 15th a skirmish took place between Dr. Jameson's scouts, in which one of our men was wounded and twenty-two of the Matabele killed. This was the prelude to two small battles on the 16th. The British column from Victoria attacked and defeated the Matabele at Indaima's mountain, a spot midway between Salisbury and Buluwayo. At the same time, and at only a little distance away, the enemy was beaten and driven back by the column from Fort Salisbury. One hundred Matabele were slain, and one British

officer. The two columns immediately afterwards effected a junction, and advanced together through the enemy's country.

The Forces and Routes of Invasion. The plan of invasion appears to be easily intelligible. On the west, Dr. Jameson, having successfully combined the troops from Forts Salisbury, Charter, and Victoria, is marching some 1,400 strong eastward, towards Buluwayo. On the south, Major Adams has united the column from Fort Tuli (consisting of 300 volunteers) and Khama's 1,700 men, with 500 of his own police, and is moving northwards towards Buluwayo.

Thesetwo little armies are intended to meet on the road, and then to strike at the king's kraal. Some difficult mountains, with dangerous passes, intervene. The Company's troops talk, if successful, of driving Lobengula and his warlike tribes, bag and baggage, beyond

the Zambesi. Mr. Rhodes, who arrived at Salisbury shortly after fighting commenced, foretells a speedy end to the campaign, and "wants no help." Certainly, if it is not over before the rainy and unhealthy season which comes in with December, the outlook will not be pleasant for the troops.

So much for the progress and prospects of the war. Who is morally responsible for its outbreak is another and apparently much more intricate question. Mr. Rhodes declares that the trouble arose because the Chartered Company would not allow Lobengula to continue his man-hunting in Mashonaland. A young settler writes home that his parson calls the Company's military enterprise an "apostolic mission." South African sentiment seems to be pretty fairly voiced by that parson. Unfortunately the information as yet



SIR HENRY LOCH.



MR. CECIL RHODES.

(From photographs by Russell and Sons.)

received here—whether by reason of its extreme meagreness, or from some other cause—has not availed to convince all home-staying Englishmen that this march on Lo Ben's kraal is quite apostolic in its character. The proximate cause of war seems slight. It looks very much as if Mr. Rhodes had made up his mind that the Matabele horde must be smashed, and, since the Home Government would not let him begin the process unless he were first attacked, he did not need or want to wait for more than formal provocation. If this be the case, then arises the further and much debated question, Were the grounds which led Mr. Rhodes to decide on smashing the impis ethically adequate? He is represented on the one side as the very embodiment of commercial unscrupulousness, only eager to extend the domain, or bolster up the fortunes, or avert the exposure, of the British South African Company, and careless what lofty purpose he simulates, or what blood he causes to be shed. On the other side, he is glorified as the great Imperial genius, the one able man in South Africa whom the nation can trust, the apostle of civilisation, and the patron of Christian missions, who is engaged in executing long delayed justice on a murderous and treacherous people.

The Rights of the Native. The great mass of people who, in the absence of the requisite information, prefer to pass no extreme judgments, have, however, reason for fearing that the rights of the native are not too safe in the hands of the Company's servants. There are dark rumours about, which painfully recall the Rearguard Scandals. According to one report which Sir Henry Loch has transmitted, two indunas who came to Major Goold Adams' camp on the 18th as envoys from Lobengula, were shot by the British guards. If these grave charges are substantiated, nothing will suffice save the most exemplary punishment of the offenders and the most ample amends to the nation we have wronged. Fortunately for the English name, the settlement which will follow on the close of the hostilities will be in the hands of the Imperial Govern-

ment. A Grand Inquest will then presumably be held, when we may hope to get to the bottom of the whole sad business. Possibly arrangements will be made to prevent any Company, however favoured or worthy of favour, from hereafter involving the Empire in even the smallest of wars. It is not too much to hope that not less effective precautions may be taken nearer home for the prevention of those industrial conflicts which practically amount to civil war.

Dispute in the Coal Trade.

The dispute in the coal trade, which has paralysed the industry of the Midlands for over three months, continues to add its quota to the elements of distress which render our winter outlook both sad and sombre. Last month for the first time an attempt was made at mediation. The mayors of the leading towns within the area of the dispute succeeded in bringing masters and men face to face, with the result that the forty per cent. reduction dwindled at once to fifteen per cent. The mayors proposed as a compromise that, inasmuch as





OUR ALLY, KHAMA, CHIEF OF THE BAMANGWATO.

the price of coal had risen owing to the dispute, the pits should be opened at the old rate of wages, but that at the beginning of December the men should accept a reduction of ten per cent. It was further suggested that a board of conciliation should be established. The mayors' proposal was rejected by a majority of both sides. In certain districts the pits were opened at the old rate, by which means the area in dispute contracted, until, of the 270,000 men reduced to idleness at the beginning, 70,000 resumed work, leaving 200,000 still at play. Each side protests that it has no option but to go on fighting, the one for fifteen per cent. reduction, and the other for the maintenance of the old rate of wage.

The Point in Dispute. Apart from the widespread suffering which it occasions, the dispute is not one which calls for much remark. An attempt has been made in certain quarters, notably by the *Daily Cronicle* and those public bodies which take their cue from the columns of our energetic contemporary, to represent the demand of the miners that the old rate of wage should remain untouched, as if it were the formula of some great advance in the labour movement. It is nothing of the kind. The real question at issue, which is far more im-

portant than what is called a living wage, or the question of the standard of measurement which should be used in apportioning the share of profits to which labour is entitled, is the question whether or not a strike against arbitration should receive the support of the public. The miners may be perfectly right in desiring that their wages should be measured by a particular yardstick, but that question is one of mere detail. It is not even a question of a living wage. It is quite obvious that the miners might conceivably earn much less when paid at the higher rate of wage than they would earn at a lower rate per ton if they were able at the same time to invest more of their surplus labour in wage-paid work. At present it seems to be the accepted notion of many of the leaders and advisers of the working man, that the shortest cut to the millennium is by artificially increasing to the uttermost the numbers of hours and days in which men are unemployed.

A Question of Measure Stick. It is a curiously inverted political economy which foams at the mouth at the suggestion that the miner might be better off if he were paid thirty shillings a week under one system, than if he were only paid twenty shillings a week under another system. That is what we have virtually come to. What the miners are contending



From the Moon.]

A SOUTH AFRICAN VIEW OF THE QUESTION.
JOHN BULL (not knowing all the circumstances): "Let them go, Sir Henry, but mind you look after them!"

for is, not that the weekly earnings shall reach a certain figure, but simply that for each ton that is hewn they shall be paid a certain number of shillings and pence. Six working days a week at five shillings a day would certainly be better for them than ten shillings a day if they could only obtain two days' work in the week. I am not saying that these are the actual figures involved in this dispute. I simply desire to call attention to the fact that the whole of the dispute turns on a matter of detail, which in many cases operates to reduce the net weekly wage of the miner instead of increasing it. Of course the miners have a perfect right to stand out for any scale of payment they prefer; the absurdity comes in when they insist that by demanding one particular artificial method of apportioning the value of their labour, therefore they are heroically inaugurating the millennium. They are doing nothing of the sort. They may be right or they may be wrong; but if they were as right as they claim to be, it would not compensate for, much less excuse, the injury which they have inflicted upon the cause of labour by their refusal to arbitrate.

Why was
Arbitration
Refused?

It is said by some who seem to have a very imperfect idea of the machinery of arbitration which has long been in practical operation in the north of England, that the miners would not arbitrate because the arbitrator would have based his awards solely upon the selling price of coal. That is simply nonsense. It was perfectly possible for the miners to have accepted arbitration on the distinct understanding that the arbitrator must take into consideration other questions than the selling price of coal. If the owners had insisted upon narrowing the basis of arbitration, or upon forcing the men to accept a basis which they considered unjust, they might have struck without putting themselves in the wrong before the world. Unfortunately for their own interests, they did no such thing. They struck against arbitration pure and simple. They would not listen to it, and they have brought upon themselves and their class not merely a widespread suffering, but the slur which rightly falls upon those who betray a cause with which the permanent interests of their order and of humanity are vitally bound up. Since, however, the Federated Coalowners proposed a week ago to meet the miners' representatives, in order to "discuss the whole question without prejudice to the position of either party at an earlier date," the miners have decided to accept the offer, which brings with it a prospect of some sort of rational settlement.

The Influence of the Press. The part taken by the *Daily Chronicle* is a notable illustration of the influence which can be exercised in a trade dispute by an organ of public opinion. I do not think I am exaggerating in saying that the strike would have collapsed long ago but for the energetic bottle-holding of the *Daily Chronicle*. Whether in the long run the miners will have occasion to thank their zealous champion remains to be seen. But no one can doubt that Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Massingham have between them prolonged the strike for at least another month. It is a pity that so much zeal, energy, and enthusiasm should not be displayed in a better cause.

What of Home Rule Next Year? The miners' question has had the freer access to the public ear, because of the political lull which parts the summer and autumn sessions of Parliament. But the lull has not been unbroken. The anniversary of the death of Parnell gave Mr. John Redmond occasion to make a speech not exactly fitted to deepen public repose. Much that he said was doubtless both irritating and disappointing to men on this side of the Channel, who had worked hard for years in the Irish cause. But no feeling of this kind



MR. J. E. REDMOND, M.P.
(From a photograph by Lawrence, Dublin.)

should obscure perception of the main merit of his speech; its demand for a definite Home Rule policy for the future. It is idle to imagine that while the Irish Party holds in its hands the life of the Ministry, the question of Home Rule can be "hung up" for an undefined period. It is still more absurd to suppose that the whole of the next Session can be sacrificed to another Home Rule Bill, to be cast out in its turn by an overwhelming majority in the Lords. The problem before Ministers is so to arrange matters next year as to convince Ireland that Home Rule is not relegated to a back seat, and at the same time to carry through measures which have been long promised to Great Britain. Both conditions can be realised. Let the Government bring in a measure authorising the formation, in the recess, of an Irish National Convention at Dublin for a thorough

discussion of the provisions of the next Home Rule Bill. Such a Convention would be in accord with Colonial precedent. It would enable Ireland to formulate and articulate precisely what she wants. It would be an instructive and educative experiment in Irish self-government. And while not relieving the Imperial Parliament of the responsibility of revision, and finally of legislation, it would make that task immeasurably lighter. All that is necessary is a very short series of provisions to the effect that the Convention consist of all the Irish members of the House of Commons, that it assemble in the next recess, that it consider the various Home Rule Bills that have been brought forward, that it draft a measure embodying its own



From *K (adler-ratsch.)*

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE QUESTION.

The Home Rule Bill will not be brought forward in the House of Commons next Session.

conclusions on the subject, and that it present this by Christmas, 1894, as a report to Imperial Parliament and as a basis for a Bill to be introduced in the following year. The passing of such a simple measure need not long occupy the House of Commons, and would then leave it free to attend to arrears of British legislation. The Lords would throw out such a Bill? That is a pastime they need not be indulged in. What is to hinder the thing being done, not by Bill, but by resolution? The Commons could surely constitute all its Irish members a National Committee to consider and report on any measure referred to it. But whatever may be the intentions of Government, the sooner they are made

known the better. Only frankness will dispel such charges of "promiscuous mystification" as Mr. Goschen brought forward at West Hartlepool. The opposite pole in the Irish difficulty was prominently advertised by the meeting in Belfast on the 24th ult. of the Ulster Defence Union, which claim to have a membership of over 170,000 adult males. Lord Salisbury's references to the Irish question in his speech at Ormskirk during the previous week were scarcely of a kind to promote its pacific settlement. They markedly contrast with his state manlike insistence on the absolute necessity of maintaining our command of the seas. By it means let the Navy be strengthened, and the vital strategic value of Ireland to Great Britain fully recognised; but for an ex-Premier to persist in describing the majority of the people thus commandingly situated as "bitterly hostile," is positively to weaken our Imperial defence. The progress of the Parish Councils Bill in public favour is attested by the express endorsement of it in principle by Lord Salisbury on the one hand and by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the other—the official leaders of the only two organisations whose opposition might have been feared. Conservative and clerical criticisms are directed only to details of the measure.

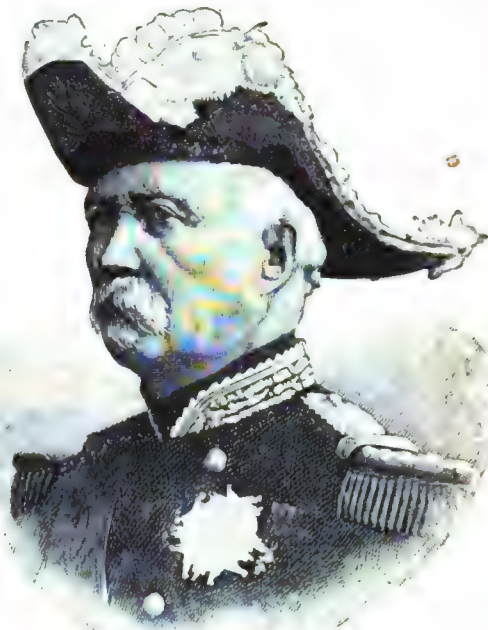
The kindred but much more controverted movement in favour of the Direct Vote "Resident Adult" has been approved by the Labour leaders in a special manifesto. Lord Randolph Churchill's speech to the country brewers on Licensing Reform on the 23rd ult. may prove to be memorable for the appearance of "the resident adult" as a recognised claimant for some sort of local franchise. "Resident adult" as a term of common gender, and as a substitute for "ratepayer," shows how politics are moving on towards the ideal of complete colour-blindness to property and sex-distinctions. The democratic idea—that a soul's a soul for a' that—goes on steadily leavening the whole social lump. Expounded as the doctrine of "One throat one vote" (to quote the happy phrase of the *Westminster Gazette*), it wins the applause even of "the Beer age." Understood as demanding for One Mouth at least One Meal a day, it is forcing our statesmen to consider anew the needs of the evicted in Ireland and of the unemployed in London.

The change it has produced in our social relations was suggestively illustrated in the case of Sir John Gorst at Shoreditch on the 10th, and Sir Charles Russell at Hackney on the 16th ult. It has not often happened that within

seven days of each other a Minister and an ex-Minister, the one a Liberal, the other a Conservative, have met on such equal footing the workless working men of East London, and have together gone so far towards acknowledging the common right to work. A similar spirit has pervaded the ecclesiastical gatherings of the autumn. The Church Congress, which met in Birmingham on the 3rd, was distinguished by a marked increase of sympathy with democratic and sociological movements. The cult of the working man had manifestly many clerical votaries. The new social temper did not, however, move much in the direction of favouring association with other religious bodies, if one may judge by the reception of the Bishop of Worcester's allusion to Reunion at Grindelwald. We shall evidently have to wait some time before Christian Churches are as ready to combine for common ends as the most worldly of States have been for centuries. How long will it take, one wonders, to bring democratic Baptists and prelatial Anglicans up to the pitch of fraternity which may now prevail between, say, a highly civilised republic and an absolute autocracy? At present they will not so much as grant passports!

The Franco-Russian Friendship. Though the war-cloud lowers over Africa, the European firmament is for the time unusually serene. The storm-centre has been transformed into its opposite. France has risen into an ecstasy of peace. The visit of the Russian

that port on the 29th. During the fortnight which intervened, and pre eminently during the nine days (16th to 24th) spent in Paris, he and his officers



THE LATE MARSHAL MACMAHON.



ADMIRAL AVELLAN.

fleet, which was anticipated with grave international anxiety, not merely passed off without one untoward incident—it proved to be one of the most rapturous demonstrations of international amity which this generation has seen. Admiral Avellan arrived with his squadron at Toulon on October 13th. He left

were accorded one long—almost overwhelming—triumph of welcome. The great heads of State, from the President downwards, fêted them; *Te Deums* were sung in the churches on their arrival; the provincial municipalities sent representatives; the people turned out everywhere in enormous crowds to greet them; gifts of all kinds poured in upon them,—in Paris alone they received presents estimated at a value of £100,000. The whole nation gave itself up to transports of joy. Phlegmatic Englishmen doubtless felt inclined to laugh as they read of French officers carrying the Russian guests on their shoulders, of French ladies pressing forward to kiss them in the open streets, and of the other hundred and one ebullitions of unconventional emotion. But the significance of the event is much more than humorous. It showed once more the pacific purpose of the Tzar, whose restraining influence was strong not merely on his officers, but on their guests. It showed that France, when put upon her honour, could repress her bellicose impulses. A zealot who did so far forget himself as to cry, "Down with Germany!" was actually mobbed by the French crowd. Best of all, it has restored France to good humour with herself, which is a necessary step to getting into good

humour with the rest of the world. She feels no longer isolated and depressed. Her sullen brooding over past woes—a mood which is dangerously near to spasms of revenge—seems to have gone, and the opposite extreme, of an overweening self-elation, is not likely to menace peace so long as she keeps her hand in the firm grasp of the war-hating Alexander. It is evident that for his part he has no desire to discourage the fervid overtures of French friendship. He would be a fool if he had. Already it has eased his straitened finances, and a great military power like Russia, that may at any moment be forced into war, cannot afford to refuse the chance of having for an ally a nation with an army of many millions—especially when the chance is flung effusively into his lap for nothing. The death of Marshal MacMahon during the Russian visit to Paris may be taken as a sort of weird omen of peace. The name of the honest old soldier will ever be associated with the names of Malakoff and Sedan. If the antagonisms of the Crimea have now been replaced by the enthusiasm of friendship, who dare say that the bitterer animosities of 1870-71 will never be buried?

In Italian
Waters.

While the Russian fleet lay at Toulon, the British Mediterranean Squadron, under the command of Admiral Sir M. Culme-Seymour, spent a few days at Taranto, and a



ADMIRAL SIR M. CULME-SEYMOUR,
BART.

(From a photograph by Gregory)

few at Spezzia. Our officers received a very kindly Italian welcome at both ports, but great care was taken to avoid anything like a counter demonstration to what was going on in France at the time. Nevertheless, the synchronism was not without significance. There was another, and this not a festal coincidence.

MacMahon died during the Russian visit to his country. The death of Lord Vivian, our Ambassador at Rome, occurred while the British fleet was passing from the one to the other port of welcome. In the honours which attended his funeral, the Italian Government showed its warm appreciation, not only of the merits of the deceased nobleman, but of the friendship of England. In a peculiarly trying time the visit of our fleet seems to have cheered up Italy a little. She has been seriously embarrassed in

her finances. But for the help of the German Government in procuring for her a new loan of two millions sterling, she would not, it is said, have been able to pay the January interest on her existing debt. Signor Giolitti has announced among other measures to meet the strain, a graduated income tax. Germany herself will be put to it to find ways and means to raise the three to four extra millions



THE LATE LORD VIVIAN.

(Photograph by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde.)

sterling which are required under the new Army Bill. The elections to the local German Parliaments have shown a steady increase of Socialism. The Emperor has spoken at one or two public ceremonials, but has mercifully refrained from any



THE GERMAN EMPEROR. A RECENT PORTRAIT.

loud shouting. His most important function has been to lead in the celebration of the military jubilee of the King of Saxony. As an instance of the

rapidity with which old wounds can heal, it is interesting to remember that in 1866 King Albert,



THE KING OF SAXONY.

(From a photograph by Otto Mayer, Dresden.)

then Crown Prince, fought at Sadowa against the Prussians.

But the member of the Triple Alliance which has most astonished the world for Austria! during the month just gone is Austria. At the opening of the Reichstag in Vienna on the 10th Count Taaffe introduced a Bill which proposes the establishment of what is practically universal suffrage throughout the Cisleithan empire. The



COUNT TAAFFE.

grounds adduced for this strikingly new departure were mainly two. First, the struggles and rivalries

between the various national groups in the existing Parliamentary system have resulted in complete chaos. Some change must be made. Second, the Socialist Labour movement has been rapidly extending, and becoming more and more menacing. A vast extension of the franchise would, it was expected, prevent resort to unconstitutional and revolutionary methods. Out of the representatives of the working classes, bent as they are on social reform and caring little for the local and racial particularisms of the present middle-class electorate, there would, it was hoped, be formed a party large enough to make



LORD DUNRAVEN.

(The Owner of the Valkyrie.)

Parliament workable. So the House of the Hapsburgs, despite all its reactionary traditions, practically goes down on its knees before the working man, and prays him to save it and the nation from the curse of quarrelling races and a paralysed Parliament. That this Bill embodies the Emperor's wishes cannot well be doubted, for the consternation and antagonism which the new measure roused among all parties in the Reichsrath—including the Liberals—were so threatening that its withdrawal was generally announced, but an audience with the Emperor strengthened Count Taaffe, and determined him to proceed with it. Then the

Parliamentary parties which had previously refused to work together now united under a common impulse of self-preservation. The Liberals joined hands with their bitterest foes, and Count Taaffe has been compelled to resign. The crisis is not, as we go to press, yet over. A Coalition Government will probably be the issue. But if on the one hand the Emperor and, on the other, the working-classes are bent on the establishment of universal suffrage, the change cannot be long delayed.

The Silver Struggle. The Bill for the repeal of the purchase clauses of the Sherman Silver Act has at last passed through the American Senate. The struggle which has thus ended has been one of the most extraordinary ever waged in an English-speaking legislative body. The opponents of the measure resorted to every device of obstruction that their ingenuity could devise. One sitting continued for the portentous period of thirty-eight consecutive hours, and Senator Allen, of Nebraska, immortalised himself by a "record" speech of fifteen hours. Efforts were made to bring about a compromise, but President Cleveland stood firm. To escape from the deadlock something of the nature of a Presidential *coup-d'état* was suggested, but happily only suggested. After a continuous session of fourteen days, and a debate of sixty-one days, the Bill was carried on the morning of the 30th ult. by forty-three votes against thirty-two. It is said that the President intends to summon an International Council to consider the Currency Question. An international currency will arrive some day, one may suppose; and the projected Council will be another step towards that desirable consummation.

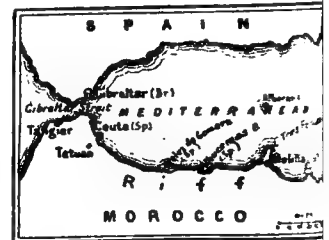
Close of the World's Fair. The speeches made during this debate, as reported by the official record, make up a sum of about 20,000,000. That gigantic total is a million and a half below the number of paid admissions (21,458,910) to the World's Fair, Chicago, during its six months' season. It is satisfactory to learn that the fears of the promoters of the Fair being involved in heavy financial loss have been dispelled. In all else that is of essential moment the great international festival has turned out a phenomenal success. Chicago has won her proudest laurels. But a shade of tragedy mingles with the triumph. The Mayor of Chicago was assassinated by a disappointed office-seeker two days before the Fair was closed. But probably none of these events have excited half as much interest

on this side of the Atlantic during the last few years as the contests between the yachts *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant*, which resulted in the complete victory of the latter.



ADMIRAL DE MELLO.

The Moor and the Spaniard. Spain is finding the defence of Mel a very serious business. The Moors have made attack after attack upon new redoubts, and on the 27th ult., their numbers having risen to 30,000, they succeeded in ousting the Spaniards. They were driven out next day, but only after hard fighting; in which the Spanish General Margallo was killed. The civil war in Brazil continues. Admiral de Mello has proclaimed one of his captains, Lord by name, provisional President of Brazil. The bombardment of Rio has been suspended.



Sir Henry Norman has after all declined the Viceroyship of India, and after a considerable delay it was announced that Lord Elgin had consented to fill the office. The new Viceroy has virtually his record to make.

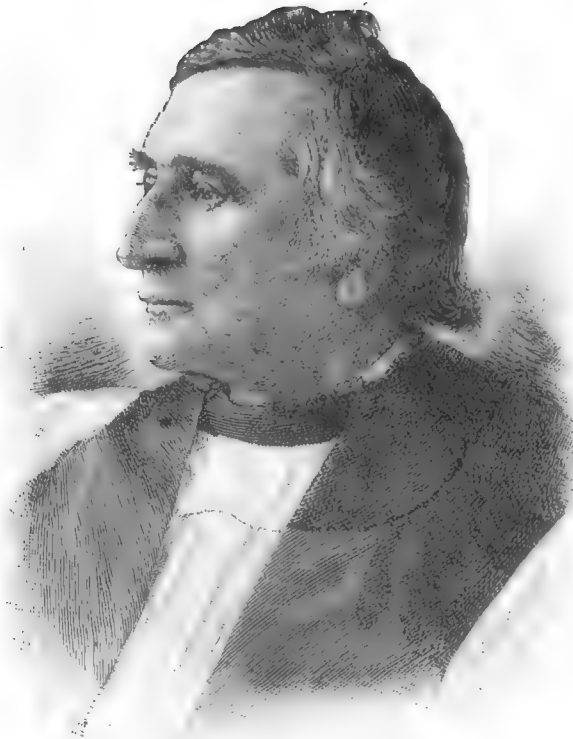
A Generous Australian Offer. The outbreak of war in South Africa has elicited a fresh reminder of the strength of those intercolonial ties which almost hold together the English-speaking race. And so more we owe it to the generous impulses of your Australian blood. Scarcely had the news been received of the commencement of hostilities than the officers of the Bendigo Militia made an offer to the Victorian Commandant of a hundred volunteers for the South African campaign.

DIARY FOR OCTOBER.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

- Oct. 1. New Draft Treaty and Convention accepted by the Siamese Government.
The New German Army Bills put in force.
Capitulation of Rosario, to the National Troops.
Storm in the Gulf of Mexico. Over 2000 lives lost.
2. Appointment of Lord Bowen, Sir A. Rolit, and Mr. R. B. Haldane, as Commissioners, to inquire into the Featherstone Riots.
Publication of the Text of the Franco-Siamese Treaty and Convention.
Swedish election results announced.
Report received of the Matabele attack on the South African Company's Police near Fort Victoria.
Opening of the Medical Session in London.
Opening of the Autumn Session of the Baptist Union, at Reading.
Opening of the Danish Parliament.
Opening of the Norwich Musical Festival.
Fighting between Spaniards and Moors at Melilla.
Arrest of Dr. Alem, Radical Leader in the Argentine Insurrection.
3. Duke of York presented with the Freedom of the City of Edinburgh.
General Sir R. Biddulph appointed Governor of Gibraltar.
Meeting of Coalowners at the Westminster Palace Hotel. Reduction of Wages adhered to.
Annual Congress of Railway Servants at Glasgow.
Further Bombardment of Rio stopped by the War Vessels of the British, French, Italian, United States and Portuguese Governments.
4. New Park opened at Stockton by the Duke and Duchess of York.
Arrival of the British Mission at Cabul.
Elections for the Lower House of the Hessian Diet.
5. Further Bombardment of Rio.
Duke of York presented with the Freedom of York.
Discussion on Corporal Punishment by the London School Board.
Matabele Attack on Bechuana-land Police.
British Mission at Cabul received by the Amir.
6. Appointment of Bishop R. Machray as Primate of Canada.
Close of the New Zealand Parliamentary Session.
Execution of the Spanish Anarchist, Pallas.
Commemoration of the Anniversary of Mr. Parnell's Death.
Close of the Railway Servants' Congress at Glasgow.
Close of the Norwich Musical Festival.
Awards made at the National Workmen's Exhibition distributed by the Lord Mayor.
Ministerial Income Tax Bill defeated in the Tasmanian Assembly.
Constitution Bill, virtually granting Manhood Suffrage, passed by the Houses of Parliament of Western Australia.
New Public Library opened at Colchester.
7. Annual Labour Party National Congress at Paris.
Review of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade in Hyde Park.
Chief Men concerned in the Argentine Revolt exiled.
Opening of the Beira Railway in South Africa.
8. Anniversary of Mr. Parnell's Death commemorated at Dublin.

9. Opening of the Latin Monetary Conference at Paris.
Opening of the New South London Art Galleries, Reading Room and Lecture Hall, and the Camberwell Central Public Library, by the Prince of Wales.
Foundation Stone of an Institute for Seamen at Poplar laid by the Duke and Duchess of York.
Conference of Mayors at Sheffield, on the Coal Crisis.
Rejection of the Tasmanian Income Tax Bill by the Legislative Assembly.
Memorial to the late Archbishop Magee, unveiled by the Duke of Rutland in Peterborough Cathedral.



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

(Photograph by Magill, Belfast.)

- Autumnal Session of the Congregational Union opened.
10. Secondary Education Conference at Oxford.
Annual Meeting of the Incorporated Law Society at Manchester.
Conference of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, at the Guildhall.
First Congress of the Photographic Society of Great Britain at Pall Mall East.
Dairy Show opened at Islington.
Formation of a new Natal Ministry with Sir John Robinson as Premier.
Close of the Coal Strike in Belgium.
Opening of the Austrian Reichsrath and Introduction of an Electoral Reform Bill by Count Taaffe.
Conference of Lady Guardians, at Lancaster Gate, on the Aged Poor.
Meeting of Coal Owners at Derby to discuss their Position. Compromise proposed.
First Meeting of the Bureau of the International Peace League.
11. Earl of Elgin appointed Viceroy of India.
Conclusion of the Oxford Conference on Secondary Education.
Conclusion of Incorporated Law Society's Conference.
Lord Ripon presented with his Portrait by the West Riding County Council.
12. Brazilian Government Forces defeated by Insurgents at Quaraby.
Final Meeting of the Photographic Congress.
Meeting of the Miners' Federation to consider the Proposals of the Sheffield Conference.
Close of the Conference on the Law of Nations.
Fatal Collision between the Mail Packet *Princes Marie* and a Schooner off the North Foreland.
The President of the Guatemala Republic declared himself Dictator.
13. The American Cup won by the American yacht *Vigilant*.
Accident on the Michigan Central Railway. Many killed.
Closing Meeting of the Congregational Union.
Annual Meeting of the Architectural Association.
News received of a Collision between the Russians and the Afghans in the Pamirs.
Arrival of the Russian Fleet at Toulon.
Debate on the Silver Question in the United States Senate adjourned.
Announcement of the Extension of the Swaziland Convention till June 30, 1894.
Pecree issued by the Brazilian Government declaring the Insurgents debarred from all their rights.
14. Festivities in Toulon in honour of the Russian Fleet.
Collision between the Belgian Mail Steamer *Marie Henriette* and a Danish Schooner. Five lives lost.
15. Labour Demonstration in Hyde Park in aid of the Coal Strike.
Monument to Garibaldi unveiled at Genoa.
16. Visit of the British Squadron to Taranto.
Further Strike of Miners in Belgium.
Annual Conference of Railway Workers at Derby.
Laying of Cable from Queensland to New Caledonia completed.
Annual Conference of the National Protestant Congress.
Bombardment of Rio continued.
Defeat of the Matabele near Thana Isenba.
17. Manifesto issued by 140 Working Class Leaders in favour of the Local Veto Bill.
Coal Riot at St. Helens.
18. Close of the Belgian Miners' Strike.
Close of the Railway Workers' Conference at Derby.
Manchester College, Oxford, opened.
Further Rioting at St. Helens.
Two of Lobengula's Indunas killed at Col. Goold-Adams's Camp.
19. Railway Collision at Battle Creek, Michigan.
Sir George Dibbs made the Annual Budget Statement in New South Wales Legislative Assembly.
Opening of the Natal Parliament.
Poor Law Conference at the Society of Anarchists.
Opening of the Featherstone Riots Inquiry.
Sir H. N. Stewart elected City Marshal.
Festivities in Paris for the Russian Squadron.
Renewed Rioting at St. Helens.
20. Early Closing Congress at Nottingham.
21. Daniel and Constance Phelan sentenced to six and nine months' hard labour, respectively for cruelty to their children.

- Departure of the British Squadron from Taranto to Spezia.
Miner's House blown up at St. Helens.
Anniversary Meeting of the West London Mission.
21. Report received of the Defeat of the Brazilian National Forces at Ibiacy. Many killed.
Coal Owners' Federation offered to submit the Question of Colliers' Wages to Arbitration.
Meeting of Mayors, at the Mansion House, on the Temperance Question.
Annual Meeting of the Metropolitan Board School Teachers' Association, at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street.
 22. Celebration of the King of Saxony's Military Jubilee.
Demonstration in Trafalgar Square in favour of Universal Suffrage.
Arrival of Sir Gerald Portal at Zanzibar.
 23. Arrival of the British Squadron at Spezia.
Congress of the Social Democratic Party at Cologne.
Meeting of Mayors, at Sheffield, to consider the Coal Crisis.
Conference of Congregationalists, at the Memorial Hall, on Technical Education.
Announcement received of the Proclamation of Senhor Lorena as Provisional President by Admiral de Mello.
 24. Meeting of Ulster Unionists at Belfast.
Resignation of Mr. Frederick Harrison as Alderman of the London County Council.
Annual Meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance at Manchester.
Conference of Poor Law Guardians at St. Martin's Town Hall.
Close of the Paris Fêtes in honour of the Russian Squadron.
 25. Nonconformist Conference, at the Mansion House, to consider the Spiritual Needs of London.
Festivities in Lyons, in honour of the Russian Squadron.
Opening of the Bristol Musical Festival.
26. Free Church Conference at Portsmouth.
Festivities in Marseilles in honour of the Russian Squadron.
Resignation of Sir T. McIlwraith, Queensland Premier.
Meeting of Coal Owners and Miners proposed by the Coal Owners' Federation, to discuss the Coal Question.
 27. Opening of the Bulgarian Sobranje, by Prince Ferdinand.
Prorogation of the Natal Parliament.
Hon. Hugh Muir Nelson appointed Premier of Queensland.
Deputation to Mr. Fowler, at Wolverhampton, to urge the appointment of a Court of Arbitration for Labour Disputes.
Defeat of the Spanish Troops by the Moors at Melilla.
 28. Meeting, at Peterborough, to consider the Agricultural Depression.
General Margallo killed by the Moors at Melilla.
Opening of the New Science Buildings at Leys School, Cambridge, by Lord Kelvin.
Close of the Socialist Congress at Cologne.
Departure of the Russian Squadron from Toulon.
Assassination of Mr. Carter Harrison, Mayor of Chicago.
Conference, at the Mansion House, on the Unemployed.
 29. Departure of the British Squadron from Spezia.
Prorogation of the Austrian Reichsrath decided on.
Elections to the Swiss National Council.
Demonstration, in Malta, to protest against Lord Ripon's action with regard to the Bishop of Malta.
 30. Silver Purchase Repeal Bill passed by the United States Senate.
Joint Conference of Coal Owners and Miners agreed to by the Miners' Federation.
Conference on Agricultural Training at Preston.
Acquittal of Indian "Oculists" on a Charge of Conspiracy to Defraud.
Report received of Disturbances in Peru.
Close of the Chicago World's Fair.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT BIRMINGHAM.

- O. t. 3. Opening of the Congress. Inaugural address of the President, Bishop of Worcester.
Discussion on the Increase of the Episcopate.
Discussion on Education and Lord's Day Observance.

4. Discussions on Church Services and Symbols, Preaching and the Preaching Order, Employers and Employed, Benefice Clergy and Curates, Parish Councils Bill, the Anglican Communion, Home Missions, and the Bishop of Chester's Scheme of Licensing Reform.
5. Discussions on the Church and other Christian Bodies, Science and Faith, Financial Condition of the Clergy, the Church and the Poor, Foreign Missions, Ministry of the Laity, and the Church and State.
6. Discussions on the Church and the Press, and Disposal of the Dead.
Close of the Congress.

SPEECHES.

- Oct. 1. Mr. Dillon, at Sligo, on the Home Rule Bill.
Sir G. Osborne Morgan, in East Leicestershire, on Labour Disputes.
2. Mr. Walter Long, at Ormskirk, on Agricultural Affairs.
Professor V. V. Lewes, at Westminster Hall, on Gas Substitutes.
Mr. John Barry, at Wexford, on His Resignation.
3. Mr. Goschen, at Edinburgh, on the Home Rule Bill.
Mr. Philip Stanhope, at Burnley, on Parish Councils.
Sir Charles Russell, at Hackney, on Education.
Baron von Riehl, in the Bavarian Diet, on the Financial Relations of the Federal States to the German Empire.
Mr. Cyril Dods, at Felsted, on "Poor Law Reform."
4. Lord Randolph Churchill, at Stalybridge, on Home Rule.
Rev. T. M. Morris, at Reading, on the Work of the Baptist Union.
Mr. Albert Spicer, at Chelmsford, on Nonconformist Legislation.
5. Mr. Sidney Webb, at St. Martin's Town Hall, on the Future of London.
Sir T. Sutherland, at the Meeting of the Bank of Australasia, on the Australian Financial Troubles.
6. Mr. Powell Williams, at Aldgate, on the Unemployed.
Mr. S. Woods, at Haydock, on the Coal Crisis.
Lord Londonderry, at Skelton, on the Home Rule Bill.
Mr. Joseph Arch, at Earl's Colne, on the Agricultural Condition.
Mr. Pickard, at Barnsley, on the Mayors' Conference and the Coal Crisis.
7. Duke of Cambridge, at the Mansion House, on the Volunteers.
Lord Roberts, at Bristol, on the Volunteers.
8. Rev. H. Price Hughes, at St. James's Hall, on the Coal Crisis.
9. Lord Randolph Churchill, at Huddersfield, on Home Rule.
Professor Jebb, at Birmingham, on Classical Studies.
Hon. J. B. Patterson, at Melbourne, on the Condition of the Colony.
Mr. John Redmond, at Dublin, on Home Rule.
Mr. Courtney, at Fowey, on Home Rule.
Alderman Ben Tillett, at Grimsby, on the Coal Lock-out.
10. Sir John Gorst, at Shoreditch, on the Labour Question.
Sir Edwin Arnold, at Birmingham, on Aspects of Life.
Bishop of Bath and Wells, at Wells, on Socialism and the Labour Question.
Mr. Albert Spicer, at the City Temple, on the Outlook in Congregationalism.
Mr. John Redmond, at Dublin, on the Future Policy of the Parnellite Party.
11. Mr. Goschen, at Hartlepool, on Home Rule.
Mr. Courtney, at Landrake, on Home Rule, Parish Councils Bill, etc.
M. Dupuy, at Ile-sur-Tit, on His Programme.
12. Mr. Michael Davitt, at Dublin, on the Parnellite Policy.
Mr. Tom Mann, at Poplar, on London Labour.
Mr. H. A. Jones, at the City of London College, on the Relations of the Drama to Education.
Lord Londonderry, at Welshpool, on the Work of the Government.
Mr. Edmund Gose, at Queen's Square, on the Literary Movement during the Last Century.

- Mr. T. W. Russell, at Duncon, on the Home Rule Bill.
Baron Henry de Worms, at Guilford, on Agricultural Prospects.
- Sir G. Osborne Morgan, at Betton, on the Government and Wales.
13. Mr. Courtney, at Penzance, on Reading.
Lord Charles Hersford, at Exeter Hall Gymnasium, on National Physical Exercises.
Mr. H. E. Moore, at St. James's Hall, on Free Labour Colonies.
Mr. T. W. Russell, at Glasgow, on Ulster.
14. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, at Fort Salisbury, on Mashonaland.
Lord Northbrook, at East Leigh, on the Evening Continuation Schools.
Mr. Tom Maun, at Yeaddon, on the Church.
16. Sir Charles Russell, at Hackney, on the Unemployed.
The Bishop of Chester, at Newcastle, on the Licensing Reform Scheme.
The Bishop of Durham, at Sutherland, on Sunday Closing.
Mr. John Redmond, at Waterford, on Home Rule.
Duke of Connaught, at Allershot, on the Army.
17. Lord Salisbury, at Preston, on the Situation.
Mr. Asquith, at Glasgow, on the Programme of the Government.
Mr. Courtney, at Lostwithiel, on Strikes and Arbitration.
18. Dr. Pre Smith, at the Royal College of Physicians on Harvey.
The German Emperor, at Bremen, on the Emperor William I.
Sigmar Glogital, at Dronero, on the Policy of the Cabinet.
Lord Randolph Churchill, at Deptford, on Home Rule.
Lord Salisbury, at Ormskirk, on the Situation.
Mr. Asquith, at Glasgow, on the Mines Regulation Act, and on Seamen and the Employers' Liability Act.
Archbishop Walsh, at Dublin, on the Christian Brothers' Schools and Government Grants.
Mr. S. Montague, at the New Dental Association, on the Metric System.
Mr. Bernard Coleridge, at Sheffield, on the Coal Lock-out.
19. Col. Sanderson, at Portadown, on the Roman Catholic Priesthood.
Earl Cowper, at Luton, on Home Rule.
The Bishop of St. Asaph, at Lees, on the Church in Wales.
Sir E. Grey, at Alnwick, on the Policy of the Government.
The Bishop of Exeter, at Exeter, on the Bishop and the Rejection of the Home Rule Bill.
Mrs. Henry Fawcett, at Toynebee Hall, on Woman Suffrage.
Dr. Martineau, at Oxford, on Freedom in Theology.
- Sir John Rigby, at Kirriemuir, on the Peace Session.
Mr. Pickard, at Hackney, on the Work of the Government.
Mr. A. C. Morton, at Peterborough, on the Situation.
Lord Waterford, at Coldstream, on Home Rule.
20. Mr. Asquith, at Leven, on Home Rule, etc.
Mr. J. T. Bent, at St. James's Hall, on Mashonaland.
Mrs. C. Mallet, at the Humanitarian League, on Dangerous Trades.
21. Sir W. Hart-Dyke, at Dartford, on Education.
Mr. Asquith, at Ladybank, on the Political Situation.
Mr. Courtney, at Downderry, on Mr. Asquith and the Government Programme.
22. Mr. John Redmond, at Cork, on the Release of Dynamite Prisoners.
Mr. T. Harrington, at Milltown, on Home Rule.
The German Emperor, at Dresden, on the King of Saxony's Military Jubilee.
23. Mr. John Redmond, at Cork, on the Evicted Tenants, etc.
Mr. T. Burt, at Leamington, on Labour Legislation.
Lord Randolph Churchill, at the Hotel Metropole, on Licensing Reform.
Count Taaffe, in the Austrian Reichsrath, on the Electoral Reform Bill.
Duchess of Sutherland, at Hanley, on the Drink Question.
Bishop of London, at Nottingham, on the Temperance Question.

Mr. A. McArthur, at St. Austell, on the Work of the Session.
Bishop of Winchester, at Winchester, on Church Defence, etc.
Bishop of Ely, at Cambridge, on Disestablishment.



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D., D.C.L.

Archbishop of Canterbury, at Maidstone, on the Church and Elementary Education.
Lord Lambington, at Liverpool, on Siam.
Mr. Pickard, at Barnsley, on the Joint Conference of Coal Owners and Miners.
29. Prince Krapotkin, at St. George's Hall, on Savages and Barbarians.
Mr. William O'Brien, at Mallow, on the Evicted Tenants.
Mr. John Redmond, at Naas, on the Irish Party and the Labour Question.
30. M. Waddington, at Laon, on the Relations between Russia and France.
Earl of Camperdown, at Forfar, on the House of Lords and the Home Rule Bill.
Duke of Rutland, at Leicester, on the Coming General Election.
Sir Albert Rollit, at Hull, on Trustee Savings Banks.
Mr. Asquith, at Leeds, on the Government Programme.
Sir George Trevelyan, at Glasgow, on the Government.
Sir Charles Russell, at Hackney, on Capital and Labour.
Archbishop Plunket, at Dublin, on the Home Rule Bill.
Lord Herschell, at Hull, on Education.
Cardinal Vaughan, at Westminster Town Hall, on Denominational Schools and the Rates.
Archbishop of Canterbury, at Canterbury, on Social Reform, etc.
Mr. T. M. Healy, at Wexford, on Mr. Redmond's Position with regard to English Questions.
Rev. H. P. Hughes, at the Centenary Hall, Bishops-gate Street, on Arbitration and Labour Disputes.

12. Viscount Stormont, 58.
Gen. von Kameke, 76.
Lieut.-Gen. R. Farrer.
Capt. Valentine Gurney, Survivor of the Balclutha Charge.
14. William Westwood, Assey Master at Birmingham, 68.



THE LATE MR. FORD MADON BROWN.

(From a photograph by W. Pac, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

OBITUARY.

Bishop of Liverpool, at Liverpool, Bishop of Wakefield, at Wakefield, and the Bishop of Ripon, at Leeds, on the Coal Struggle.
Sir Edward Grey, at Berwick-on-Tweed, on the Home Rule Bill.
Mr. E. Stanhope, at West Ashby, on the Work of the Government.
Mr. Herbert Paul, at Edinburgh, on the Home Rule Bill.
Sir Walter Foster, at Long Eaton, on the Session, etc.
Mr. E. Whympere, at Westbourne Park Institute, on Mountaineering.
Prof. Virchow, at Berlin, on the Political Situation of Prussia.
15. The Speaker, at Warwick, on the House of Commons.
M. Janssen, at Paris, on the Constitution of the Sun.
Lord Randolph Churchill, at Yarmouth, on Mr. Asquith's Speeches in Scotland.
The Archbishop of Canterbury, at Canterbury, on Social Reforms.
Mr. John Dillon, at Dublin, on the Evicted Tenants' Fund.
Lord Elgin, at Edinburgh, on Higher Education.
Lord Derby, at Preston, on the Free Libraries Movement.
Mr. Carson, at Lowestoft, on the Work of the Session.
Mr. William Kenny, at Dublin, on the Home Rule Bill.
26. Archbishop of Canterbury, at Canterbury, on the Religious Education of Children.
Mr. H. F. Herz, at the London Chamber of Commerce, on the Commercial Future of Burma.
Bishop of Manchester, at Manchester, on the Coal Strike.
Mr. Joseph Arch, at Bideston, on the Parish Councils Bill.
Signor Giolitti, at Turin, on Italian Affairs.
Mr. Jesse Collings, at Birmingham, on Home Rule.
27. Mr. C. D. Rudd, at Winchester House, on the Matabele War.
Sir H. W. Tyler, at Cannon Street Hotel, on the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada.
28. Lord Derby, at Preston, on the Agricultural Situation.
Sir Wilfrid Lawson, at Carlisle, on the House of Lords.
Mr. H. H. Fowler, at Wolverhampton, on the Home Rule Bill and the Parish Councils Bill.
Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth, at Burnley, on the Government and the Navy.

Oct. 1. Rev. Dr. H. W. Crosskey, 67.
Prof. Jowett, 76.
Rev. R. R. Tathen, 71.
2. David James, actor, 54.
Sir Stevenson Arthur Blackwood, 61.
Lady Eastlake, 84.
3. Henry Jefferson.
Mrs. Alexander Ireland.
6. Baron Sternock, Austrian Chargé d'Affaires in Roumania.
H. Saville Clarke, 52.
Ford Madon Brown, 72.
Col. J. W. Fitzgerald.
7. Gen. von Versen, 59.
Rev. Dr. John Edmond, 77.
Sir William Smith, 80.
8. Alexis Pleschkeef.



THE LATE DHULEEP SINGH.

(From a photograph by Mr. J. S. Clark, Bury St. Edmunds.)

9. Sir John Boyd.
Charles Frédéric Cuvier, 94.
10. Rev. F. E. Hopwood, 51.
Dr. William Walker.

15. Lieut. Col. H. S. Bowman.
16. Lieut.-Col. J. F. Murray, 74.
Major Metcalfe, 64.
Charles B. Birch, A.R.A., 61.
Princess Helen Ypsilanti, 49.
Captain Campbell.
17. Marshal MacMahon, 85.
C. W. Towuley, Lord Lieut. of Cambridgeshire.
Rev. J. H. Wynne, 74.
18. Herr Deutch, Hungarian Journalist.
Charles François Gounod, 75.
19. Col. C. J. Hadfield, 81.
20. Hon. F. D. M. Stuart-Wortley, 64.
21. Lord Vivian, British Ambassador at Rome, 59.
Mr. Lansyer, landscape painter, 58.
Lady Katharine Cecilia Northcote.
T. C. King, actor, 68.
22. Rev. John Morris, S.J., 67.
Archbishop Nazari de Calabiana of Milan.
The Maharaja Dhuleep Singh, 55.
Major-Gen. R. E. Ouseley.
23. Archbishop Knox, of Armagh, 85.
Dr. John Hughes, 66.
24. Professor Joseph Hellenesberger.
25. James Hill.
26. Prof. Franz Grashof, 67.
27. Alfred Higgins of the Great Western Railway, 56.
Alfred Rimmer, 63.
M. Séverin, mathematician, 54.
30. James McClaren, General Superintendent of the North British Railway, 64.

The deaths are also announced of William Pollard, 65; M. Hardoin ("Dick De Lony"), 47; Matthias Mull, of the *Times of India*; William Hoffman, 80; Madame Tavary, 34; Dr. Ardesir Hadadhai Naordj, 34; Major-Gen. T. A. L. Mull, 68; Dean R. P. Graves; Alfred Quidant, composer; Capt. Theodore Medbourn; Robt. Heath, 87; Alexander Stewart, 84; J. Waterson, formerly Bandmaster of the First Life Guards; Frederick B. Stokes, 43; John Gadsby, 84; M. H. C. Margaine, French Senator; Luca Pellegrina, veteran of the Greek War of Independence, 86; Prof. Léon Lefort; M. Emile Hubert, sculptor, 65; General J. N. Sargent, 67; General Balfé; Dr. Philip Schaff, 74; Carlo Pedrotti, musician, 76; M. Lenoel, French Senator, 68; General Innocenti; Jules Uzès, composer, 54; Princess Czartoryski, 45; Constantin Denis, last survivor of the Armies of Napoleon in the North, 100; Thomas Hill, organ builder, 71; Rev. A. T. W. Shadwell; Gustav Mützel, animal painter.

THE CARICATURES OF THE MONTH.



From *Judy*.]

[October 1, 1893.]

THE RIGHT WAY.

"Show me your mandate, and I'll let you through. Otherwise, you must go round that way. It's a dangerous road, but I can't help it. Them's my orders."



From the *Melbourne Punch*.]

[September 1, 1893.]

NOT YET OUT OF THE WOOD.



From *Moonshine*.]

THE BONE OF CONTENTION: THE LEGACY OF PARNELL.

[October 14, 1893.]

Published by



From *La Silhouette*.]

[October 15, 1893.]

THE BETROTHAL.

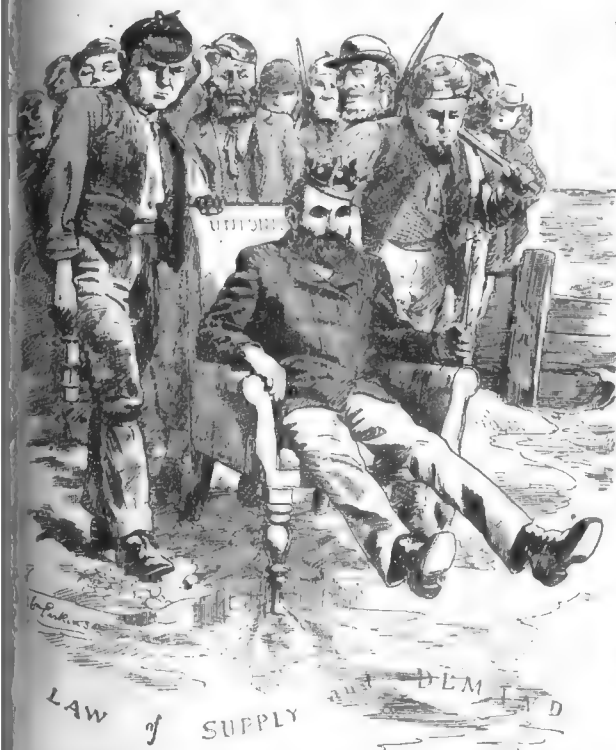


From *La Silhouette*.]

[October 22, 1893.]

VENGEANCE FOR THE CRIMEA.

Allegory inspired by the sojourn of the Russian squadron in Mediterranean waters, and the Galliphobia of the *Standard*.



From *Jud.*]

[October 25, 1893.]

CANUTE THE SECOND.

CONSERVATIVE VIEWS OF THE COAL STRIKE.



From *Fun*.]

[October 10, 1893.]

THAT WOULD NEVER DO.

STRIKEMONGER.—"D'y'er? If Kepital an' Labour shakes 'ands, you an' me 'll 'ave to work."



From Moonshine.] [October 7, 1893.
THE FRANCO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE: ITS EFFECT IN GERMANY.
 M. CARNOT (to himself): "Afraid they don't much like my music.
 Begin to think I've been playing too loud."



From Moonshine.] [October 24, 1893.
BOGIE!



From Der Wahre Jacob.]
THE RUSSO-GERMAN COMMERCIAL TREATY.
 The same old trickery, and the people pay the price.

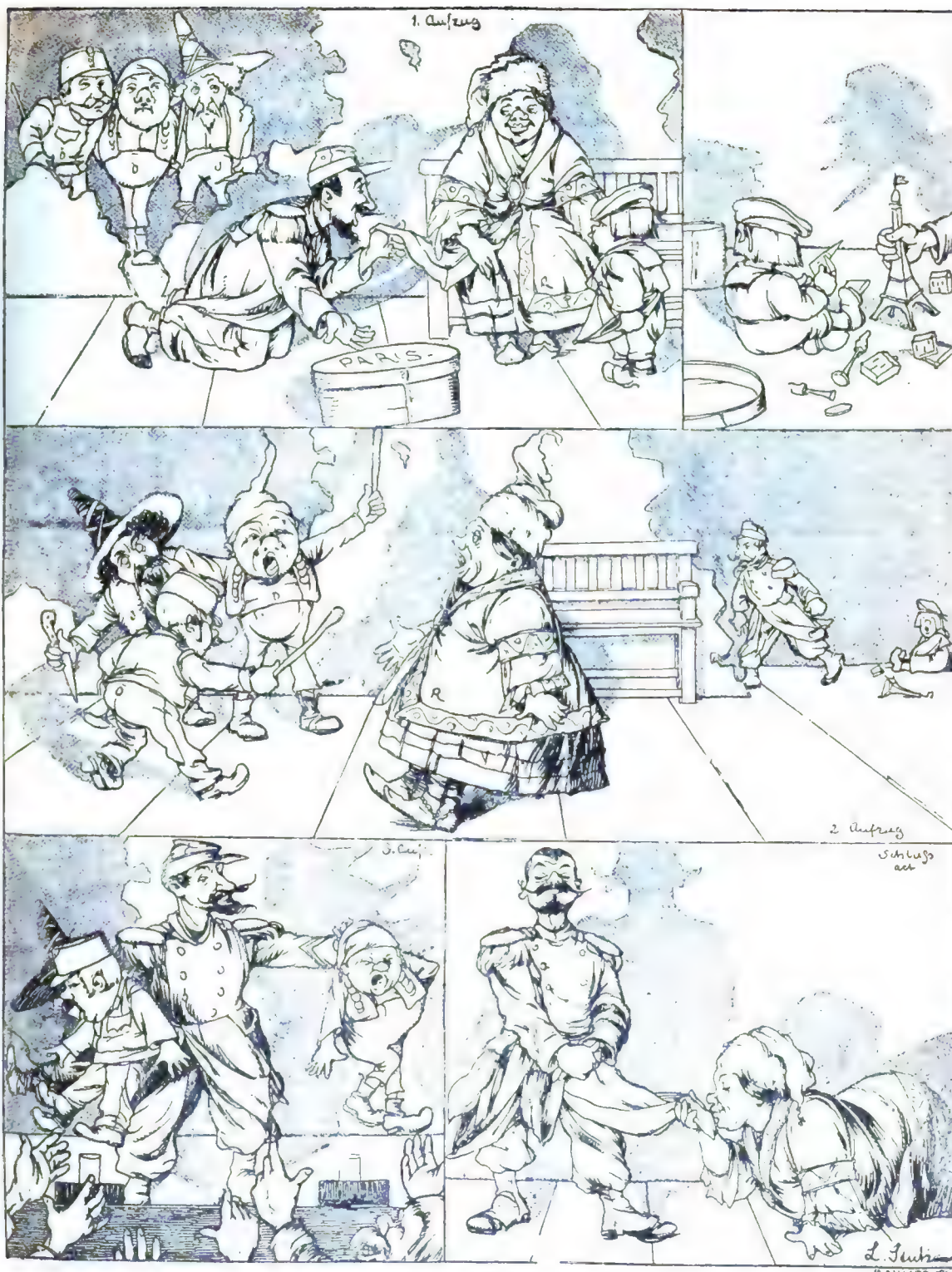


From Punch.] [September 27, 1893.
THE GREATEST RACE OF THE YACHTING SEASON.
 "Home Rule" is a good boat, but "Repeal" gets over the course a good deal quicker.



From Judge.] [September 30, 1893.
THE TWO OBSTRUCTIONISTS.

ENGLISH LORD (to American Senator): "The public be d—! They can't hurt us. You get your position by bribery and influence with legislatures, and I get mine because I'm the son of my daddy, don't ye know!"



A FRANCO-RUSSIAN PLAY IN FOUR ACTS.

1. The Greeting with Small Surprise Presents.
2. The Attack.

3. The Rescue.
4. Closing Tableau.



From *Kladderadatsch*.]

THE SONG OF THE SIREN.

Gladstone, will not he be induced, even to please the Queen, to order a new General Election?



From the *Birmingham Daily*.]

[October 6, 1893.

Dr. DALE: "Your Grace, we are not quite so radical as we were ten years ago. Mr. Chamberlain has changed all that."



From *Moonshine*.]

[October 21, 1893.

THE MATABELE ON THE RAMPAGE.

Even Lobengula knows that Mr. Gladstone is in power



From *Fan*.]

[October 17, 1893.

THE SPHINX.

"When is the country going to know what is going to be done?"—Mr. Goochen at *Hartlepool*.

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CHARACTER SKETCHES.

I.—LOUIS RUCHONNET.

ON Thursday, September 14, a cry of pain as for a personal loss went up from all the cities of Switzerland—a cry, which within the next few hours, echoed and re-echoed from sequestered upland valleys, from villages in remote Alpine passes and from distant Alps, as well as from every part of the world where Switzers have settled—and where are they not in either hemisphere? The sorrow was not confined to one class or to one party; but all classes and all parties seemed to feel that they had lost a personal friend. The sorrow

voiced itself thus: "Louis Ruchonnet is dead." As member of the Federal Council of the Swiss Confederation, a position equivalent to that of a member of the Cabinet in England, Ruchonnet reached the Federal Palace at Berne at 8.30 a.m. on the morning of the 14th. There he presided over a committee of the Cabinet, which met at nine about some important appeals. He was cheerful and gay as was his wont, and said pleasantly about an appeal that was about to be considered, "But who will pay the costs?" At that moment he stretched out his hands, his mouth fell open, and without uttering a sound he sank forward on the desk in front of the armchair in which he was sitting. His colleagues rushed to his assistance, but though the heart still beat feebly it was clear all was over. It was apoplexy of the heart.

Who then was Ruchonnet, and why has the heart of every Switzer been so greatly stirred by his death? To answer this question is the object of this article.

Antoine Louis John Ruchonnet was born at Lausanne, April 28, 1834. His grandfather served in the armies of the French Republic, and in 1847, at the age of seventy-eight, he commanded a company of volunteers sent by Lausanne across the Col de Jaman into the Haute Gruyère at the time of the Sonderbund War. The son of this veteran and the father of the deceased statesman was known by every one in Lausanne, where he reached the great age of eighty-nine, and presided for many years over the Salle des Armes at the academy as fencing master.

Ruchonnet's mother was an English lady named

Boomer, and the first two years of the life of the future President of the Swiss Republic were spent in our country, his parents only returning to Lausanne in 1836. Some of the Swiss papers attribute what they consider his unrivalled skill as a debater to his English ancestry. The Swiss universities are really national institutions. A saving and careful young man, if only the son of a fencing master, can study at one of them, and may have, as in the case of Ruchonnet, the highest honours of the Fatherland before him. From the first he devoted himself to the

study of the law, or as the French say wisely "*de droit*," "of right"—which law ought to be.

In 1858 at the age of twenty-four he commenced pleading in the Cantonal Courts, and at twenty-nine he was elected deputy to the Grand Council of his native state, of which he soon became Vice-President, and at the age of thirty-two he was elected President of the Council. But although Vaud, like the other cantons, is a sovereign republic, it is also a member of the Swiss Confederation, and the best men of every canton are inevitably drafted off to take part in the supreme government.

Thus at the age of thirty-two, in 1866, Ruchonnet was elected a member of the National Council at Berne, equivalent to the House of Commons of the whole of the Swiss Confederation. Here he soon made his mark, while contemporaneously he became the uncontested chief of the

"Conseil d'Etat" of his own canton, the executive government of the Pays de Vaud. These latter arduous duties he laid down in 1874, when he took up again his practice at the bar at Lausanne, where at one time his professional income was 40,000 francs, or £1,600, which for Switzerland is large. It would have been larger but that he was very careless about his fees. Meanwhile, all this time, although he had retired from the executive of his native canton, he remained a very active member of its legislature, the Grand Council.

In 1875 he was elected one of the seven members that constitute the executive government of the Swiss Confederation, but he declined the position. In 1881 he was again elected and again declined, but upon strong pres-



M. LOUIS RUCHONNET.

sure being put upon him by his fellow-citizens in the Pays de Vaud, who were anxious that their canton should be represented upon the supreme executive government, he consented, and he occupied the position with rare distinction until his death on September 14th. All that time—twelve years—he has been head of the Department of Justice and Police. Twice, in 1883 and 1890, he was President of the Confederation of Switzerland, the corresponding position to king in a constitutional monarchy. In 1869 and 1875 he was President of the National Council, corresponding to the position of Speaker of our House of Commons.

It was no great wonder that he did not snatch greedily at the position offered him in the National Executive, for the post is one of excessive toil and the remuneration is small. The President of the Swiss Republic receives 12,000 francs a year, or £480. I have known the private secretary of a simple Member of Parliament in England receive almost as much. Therefore in devoting himself entirely to the service of his Fatherland, he not only gave his life, but resigned such chances of fortune as his practice at the bar might have secured to him. In addition to the administration of justice for the whole of Switzerland, which might well tax the strength of an able man, he laboured incessantly to unify and codify the law for the whole of Switzerland.

Only those who realise that each canton is a sovereign state often of differing race, language, and religion, and formerly with very different laws, can realise how Herculean was the task which Ruchonnet had set himself. He was determined that every Swiss citizen should be sure of justice, swift and cheap, and that his rights should be safe guarded by one law for the whole Confederation. In addition to these labours he frequently took part in Congresses for various objects, often presiding over them—now on the subject of literary property, now on the unification of penal law, and again only last year he presided at the Peace Congress at Berne. Poor man! he needed rest, and he has found it.

This spring he endured cruel sufferings, want of sleep, threatening of suffocation, the anguish of an overwrought brain, nervous system, and heart, and he endured them all with a cheerfulness which was almost sublime. The only complaint was—"A working mason or carpenter is more fortunate than I am. If he is ill he can rest and take care of himself; I have no time to be ill."

The oppressed had always a friend in Louis Ruchonnet. The absurd action of the Swiss democracy in preventing the Jews from slaughtering their animals according to their conscience and their law, met with his determined opposition. While he was a foe to the death to Ultramontanism, he would not suffer his Roman Catholic fellow-citizens to be injured by Protestant bigotry, and no more eloquent words have ever been spoken than those in which he denounced the oppression and the cruelty of the persecution to which the Salvation Army has been subjected in Switzerland. It is to be hoped that his speeches may be collected and studied.

Two short extracts I must translate in this article; the one is from the address he delivered at the great Federal Shooting Festival at Frauenfeld in 1890:—

Our country ought to be a land of liberty. Ah, my dear fellow-citizens, we who are so ready to vaunt our institutions, let us look around us! There are still deep shadows on the picture. There are thousands of our fellow-citizens to whom laws long out of date deny the rights of citizenship, forgetting that in a country of universal suffrage, crime alone ought to forfeit rights, poverty never. And what shall I say of our religious intolerance? Banished from our laws, it retains

alas! its accursed roots in our hearts. Why dissimulate the fact? Let us do better. Let us learn to practise true liberty, which means that each one of us shall respect the beliefs of another as he desires that his own shall be respected.

RUCHONNET AS AN ARBITRATOR.

The other extract is upon the question which is the great glory of Ruchonnet's life, for not only was he devoted to the cause of peace and international arbitration, but in a sense he was an incarnation of international arbitration. On two occasions, as President of the Swiss Republic, he was called upon to nominate arbiters in grave international disputes. To me there is something even grander than the grandest episodes in the golden age of the Roman Republic in the spectacle of a simple Swiss citizen, who probably never possessed a couple of thousand pounds in his life, being called upon to act as supreme arbiter and judge between nations to whom millions would be no consideration—and that with the certainty that corruption is impossible. What then is almost the dying testinony of Ruchonnet on this question of arbitration and peace as given last year at Berne?

Philosophers, economists, statisticians, jurists, eminent men of all countries have become apostles of our aspirations after peace and justice. They adopt an indictment against war which cannot be rebutted. They demand that the claims of civilisation shall be recognised. It is humanity itself that speaks through their lips. But what do we see around us? The states of Europe are constantly increasing their already overgrown and formidable armaments. From the smallest to the greatest each seeks to surpass its fellows in the number and deadliness of its implements of destruction. Men seem to compete with one another in the effort to bring about a cataclysm wherein a reign of violence shall be inaugurated and force shall receive its apotheosis. In the face of this pressing danger our task is clear—it is to enlist men under the banner of peace. Let us everywhere create peace societies, and enrol adherents from every class for common action. Thus shall a real public opinion be organised, which shall compel obedience on the part of the governments.

I cannot close this article without a word about the man; of the statesman I have endeavoured to give a slight picture. Throughout all Switzerland there has arisen a chorus of bitter grief and of praise.

I have asked many, "Was there anything against him? Had the man any faults?" The reply is always the same: "We never heard of anything. We know of none."

Married early in life to a true helpmate, his private life has been irreproachable, and every one says, "He was so pleasant, he was so kind, so disinterested, so generous."

"For scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die." Louis Ruchonnet was emphatically the *good man*, and hence the touching sorrow that surrounds his bier.

It seems a pity that we can never fully recognise our greatest benefactors and friends until we lose them. It is only when they are parted from us for ever that our eyes are opened, and we say, "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way?"

THE FUNERAL OF LOUIS RUCHONNET.

A special meeting of the "Grand Conseil" of the Sovereign State of Vaud was held on the evening of the death of Ruchonnet—September 14—when it was decided that he should receive a public funeral at the hands and the expense of his grateful and sorrowing Fatherland. The municipality of Lausanne had already decided to offer a

rave for its illustrious son in the beautiful cemetery of a Sallaz. It was well that the family was to be put to no expense, for Ruchonnet died as he had lived, a very poor man. Listen to the testimony of a political opponent :—

The touching sorrow of his friends tells us how good he had been to them. Beyond all else he was absolutely disinterested. No consideration about money ever influenced his public life, and in his private affairs those around him were constantly obliged to warn him against the exaggerated generosity that was natural to him. As an advocate, he never understood how to cause himself to be adequately paid. As a ruler, he never dreamed of making a profit for himself out of the special knowledge of affairs which his position secured to him. He dies without fortune, having had a thousand opportunities of enriching himself. In the age in which we live this is no slight praise, and those who were his opponents are happy to be able to lay this testimony like a funeral wreath upon the tomb about to close upon him.

This more than Roman virtue deserved recognition from the Fatherland, and that recognition was given without stint. A special train left Lausanne early on the morning of the 18th for Berne, to bring back all that remained of the statesman. How he, having left his arduous duties in the Federal Capital, used to exult as the train bore him southwards, as it emerged from the tunnel at Chexbres, and his own loved land, his native canton, and his own lake, unrivalled in loveliness and in grandeur, burst upon his view! And he had been looking forward to retirement and rest among these beauties, and now he comes home on his bier, which is buried in wreaths of the most exquisite flowers. For let no one suppose that a republican government does not know how to manage an imposing public ceremony well. It was a military funeral, and everything was managed with military precision and in perfect order. Five non-commissioned officers of infantry, two of artillery, and two gendarmes, removed the coffin, which was itself plain deal, but suitably draped, from the train to the funeral car, which soon assumed the appearance of a pyramid of rare and exquisite flowers. The new Palace of Justice, a noble structure situated in a public garden in the most beautiful part of the city of Lausanne, and commanding a ravishing view of the lake and mountains, was the point where the procession was formed and from which it started. I had asked an influential local friend to secure me a press ticket, but he informed me the press would have to look after themselves—that I had better go to the Palais de Justice and join the procession as near as possible to the funeral car. This, therefore, I essayed to do, and fortune seemed to favour my project, for in the Palace among other friends I met Dr. Joos of Schaffhausen, whose acquaintance I had made at the Old Catholic Congress last year, and who is a leading member of the Conseil National, or House of Commons of Switzerland. He said I had better walk with the delegation of that body, but changed his mind when he saw my tall drab hat. Oh that unlucky hat! I thought the mourning band around it would have been a redeeming feature, but it did not prevent it from being conspicuous, so I thanked Dr. Joos and parted from him, determined to fend for myself, and all went well.

It has been my lot to witness many imposing ceremonies in many lands, but for simple dignity and effectiveness I think the burial of this great Swiss citizen and ruler must bear away the palm. To begin with, where in the wide world will you find a scene of such perfect beauty? The blue sky looks down upon the equally blue Lac Leman, and the hot sunshine lights up Alpine peak and glacier, and throws a flood of glory

upon the picturesque spires, towers, and bridges of the old city, all embowered in the rich verdure of trees. The lamps are all lighted and draped with crape. The banners of a hundred societies and associations are also all draped. It is exactly twenty minutes past three when the head of the procession enters the Place St. François. The cannon sounds, and all the bells of the city crash out a funeral peal. The order prescribed is that the troops, sent from Berne on purpose, head the procession. In their midst is a musical society—the Union Instrumentale, who play Chopin's March. Then follows the funeral car with the representatives of the family. After them all the six remaining members of the Federal Council, or the Cabinet or Executive Government of the Swiss Confederation, with Herr Schenk, the President of the Republic, at their head—the Federal Tribunal or Judges of the Supreme Court of Switzerland—the Federal Chambers, represented by more than sixty members of the "Conseil National" and the "Conseil des Etats," the Lords and Commons in fact—the representatives of Switzerland abroad—the ambassadors, the heads of departments. The Council of State of the Canton de Vaud, and then delegations from each of the twenty-two cantons in the Confederation follow.

I could not have described the scene to your readers if I had not been there, and though some of my Lausanne friends pleasantly said they supposed I constituted a twenty-third canton, I believe if Louis Ruchonnet could speak he would gladly welcome among the mourners a representative of the Peace and Arbitration Society he loved so well and had so zealously served. Behind us came at least one-half of the members of the Grand Conseil, or the Parliament of the Pays de Vaud, and the corps of officers, with seven out of the eight colonels who command the Swiss army. A picturesque part of the procession were the many societies with their banners, the students in uniform, and the Freemasons. I am told, but did not see them, that the Salvation Army was represented, as was but fitting at the funeral of their constant protector and champion.

It was a long, hot march, two miles or near it, through the Place St. François and up through the steep narrow streets of the old city. The line of march was roped and well kept by the local fire brigade. Everywhere, upon both sides of us, was tier upon tier of faces at the windows of the tall old houses, while behind the ropes the spectators were densely packed, all standing bare-headed in the hot sunshine. All business was suspended, and as there are thirty-five thousand inhabitants in Lausanne, and some thousands must have come from the neighbourhood and other cantons of Switzerland, probably twenty thousand or twenty-five thousand people took part in some form or other in the ceremony, for the one thing that was patent to me, as we marched up those steep streets, was that all Lausanne, with wife and bairns, was looking on. In the poorer part of the town the men were in blouses and the women in their working dress.

At the great hospital the windows were all occupied with patients, doctors, and nurses. At last we are out of the city and on the high road, which is lined with heavily-laden fruit trees, under which, upon the green sward, the spectators are picturesquely grouped. We enter the cemetery and ascend a long avenue of plane trees. There must have been some hundreds of troops on the ground, who lined the road on both sides with bayonets or sabres at attention. The great mountains, the Dent du Jaman, the Rochers de Naye, and the Dent

du Midi, looked down upon the sad scene, and the westering sun lit up the poplars already touched with gold by the autumn. The grave itself was completely lined with roses and lilies, and laurel and oak, and bay leaves. Alas! the reality and awfulness of death cannot be concealed by this floral drapery!

The setting sun was gilding with glory the mountains

and the western heavens as the choir of the Cantonal Society of Vaudois singers poured forth a last hymn of farewell around the open grave of him who had been first magistrate of the Swiss Republic, and who, all admit, was first in the hearts of his countrymen.

SAMUEL JAMES CAPPER.

II.—SERGÉ JULICH VITTÉ, THE RUSSIAN MINISTER OF FINANCE.

OUTSIDE official circles Sergé Julich Vitté's name was hardly known when the declaration of commercial war with Germany suddenly made

him the most talked of and best abused man in Europe. His daring and decisive action in the struggle of tariffs, which led to such a burnishing of bayonets in Berlin, and brought the international centre of gravity to the Russian Ministry of Finance, is, however, only the last of a long series of surprises in the career of this remarkable man, which raised him, in less than twenty years, from a subordinate post in a provincial railway to the most responsible position in the vast Russian Empire, after the Tsar's. For M. de Giers may weave subtleties of foreign policy; M. Vannovski may mature deep army reforms and economies in buttons; and General Komaroff may meditate invasions of India; but until the Minister of Finance has spoken, their plans and schemes are airy nothings, trifles bodiless as wind.

THE FROSTY CAUCASUS.

But M. Vitté has not always lived in St. Petersburg, on the banks of Nevà, with its marshy breath, grey summer nights, and greyer winter days. He was born—on June 29th, 1849—far away to the south, in the Caucasus, beyond the eternal snow-crests of giant Kazbek and Elbruz. In Tiflis—with its brilliant tepid autumns; its wild March wind-storms, that shriek and howl along the Kura's banks, and fierce tropical heats of June, when the red-hot flanks of the mountains pour showers of fiery

arrows on the withered streets of Oriental houses—was the old classical gymnasium where Sergé Julich Vitté's studies were begun. Thither flocked a motley crowd of

scholars, Armenian, Georgian, and Circassian. Even then, Sergé Julich Vitté showed extraordinary calculating powers, exasperating his family with endless puzzles and conundrums, which he alone could solve correctly. As a youth he was remarkable for personal beauty; with deep grey eyes, brown curls, splendid teeth, and small white hands; tall and well-built, he was a notable figure among the groups of sallow Armenians and dusky dark-eyed Georgians; but in this picturesque medley of Tartars, Jews, Turks, and Infidels, Sergé Julich Vitté was hardly likely to attain elegance and accuracy in his mother-tongue. He is still unique in maintaining that its neuter gender is a mere myth and anomaly, to the great amusement of his Imperial master—before all things a purist in the Russian tongue.

M. Vitté's financial despatches read more like old church Slavonic, or the eleventh century Chronicles of Nestor,

than the liquid speech of the modern Russians. However, a sound knowledge of Greek, Latin, and French, made up in some sort for this linguistic shortcoming; and the study of mathematical problems, from being merely an amusement, became Sergé Julich Vitté's ruling passion. When the gymnasium course was finished, the wild races and wilder scenery of the Caucasus were left



SERGÉ JULICH VITTÉ.
The Russian Minister of Finance.

behind; the mountains and valleys, celebrated in the poems and novels of Lermontoff, the haunts of Petchorin, and the home of Tamara, the beloved of Demon, were exchanged for bright, busy Odessa, Russia's most important harbour on the Euxine Sea.

ANTI-SEMITISM ON £120 A YEAR.

Sergé Julich Vitté entered the University of Odessa in 1866; and four years later, at the age of twenty-one, gained the large gold medal in mathematics, and looked forward eagerly to a Professor's Chair.

When in Odessa, he joined with the witty journalist Asmidoff in founding the *New Russia Telegraph*, whose strong anti-Semite tendencies were in part due to M. Vitté's influence. His family urged him to leave his mathematical studies for a more practical career; and he accordingly accepted the post of Controller or Inspector, from the Society of Navigation and Commerce, to which belonged the South-Western Railway of Russia, with its three centres at Warsaw, Kieff, and Odessa. In this humble post M. Vitté received the magnificent salary of twelve hundred roubles, at the present exchange rate equivalent to £120 a year. However, his unusual ability soon brought him to the front, and he rose by rapid steps to the post of Assistant Superintendent, and then Chief Superintendent of Traffic for the whole system of south-western railways. At this time occurred the terrible Tiligul catastrophe, which involved M. Vitté in a long and tedious Government inquiry, ending in several weeks' arrest in the Hauptwacht of St. Petersburg—a sombre and unhappy introduction to the northern capital of the Tsars.

FRIENDSHIP WITH VISHNEGRADSKI AND PLATON.

From St. Petersburg M. Vitté returned to Kieff as assistant director, and afterwards director-in-chief of the South-Western Railway, then under the presidency of M. Vishnegradski. Next to his own personal force and ability, the steadfast friendship of M. Vishnegradski was the determining factor in Sergé Julich Vitté's success. One can imagine these two future Ministers of Finance, whose friendship dates from those Kieff days, drawing their armchairs together, and over steaming glasses of lemon-scented tea, weaving wreaths of sympathetic converse round the latest theories in spherical trigonometry and quaternions, and mirroring in their harmonious souls each other's thoughts on the higher conic sections. For M. Vishnegradski is also a great mathematician, and was some time teacher to the Tsar, who under his tuition passed a brilliant examination in Technical Engineering. Like M. Pobedonostseff, another imperial pedagogue,

M. Vishnegradski's pupil remembered him in after days. A pretty story is told of Vishnegradski's standard work, on "Differential and Integral Calculus." It appeared first in a lithographed edition, and a Russian lady used the pages to paper the schoolroom of her little daughter in an out-of-the-way Russian village. This little daughter lived up to her wall-paper, and afterwards became



ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL, ST. PETERSBURG.

Mme. Kovalevski, Professor of Mathematics at Stockholm. In Kieff, Sergé Julich Vitté also gained the friendship of Platon, the famous Metropolitan Archbishop of Kieff, the type of strictest Russian 'orthodoxy', and originator of the missionary campaign against the Stundists. It is only fair to Platon to add, however, that he enjoyed in an uncommon degree the friendship and confidence of religious leaders outside the pale of the State Church. On the occasion

of his episcopal jubilee, this friendship was marked by the presentation to Platon of a very ancient manuscript of the Hebrew Scriptures, beautifully bound and set with jewels, a gift from the Chief Rabbis of Southern Russia. This warm friendship between the future Finance Minister and the Metropolitan Archbishop lasted up to Platon's death, and was a proof, if one were needed, of the strong if somewhat narrow orthodoxy of Sergé Julich Vitté's mind.

A SECRET SOCIETY.

It was in Kieff also that M. Vitté became a member of the Okhranà, a secret society founded by the Russian nobility to defend the person of the emperor against the attacks of fanatic revolutionaries. If the history of the Okhranà were written—as it is never likely to be—it would form one of the most remarkable pages in Russian history. It is a notable picture of these two great secret societies; the one drawn from the noblest families in Russia, the other recruited by the desperate sons of liberated serfs, of Cossacks and Jews, standing face to face in the silence; the one determined to destroy, the other equally determined to preserve. M. Vitté's position in the organisation of the southern railways gave him an opportunity to toil terribly in his country's cause during the Russo-Turkish war. His untiring energy, personal influence, and marvellous foresight were felt throughout the whole work of mobilisation, for the arrangement of the whole system of military trains, and the transport of provisions, as well as the sad return of the sick and wounded, devolved chiefly upon him.

A few years after the war M. Vitté devised a scheme of uniform tariffs for all the Russian railways, which was translated into several foreign languages, and accepted

from among many competitors; and this again drew upon him the favourable notice of the Government. M. Vishnegradski, who had already become Minister of Finance at St. Petersburg, used all his efforts to persuade M. Vitté to enter Government service, and devote to his country his rare energies and special knowledge, gained at first hand as he worked his way up from the lowest rung of the ladder. For a long time M. Vitté would not consent. The chill atmosphere, sombre skies, and unnatural, exotic life of the northern capital, so vividly and sadly described by Lermontoff, repelled him; and the memories of his first visit and arrest were not calculated to lessen the impression. At last, however, he yielded to the pressure of M. Vishnegradski, who created for him a new department of railways in the Ministry of Finance at St. Petersburg, whither M. Vitté went in March, 1888, receiving at the same time the *chin* or rank of Actual State Councillor.

THE LADDER OF CHIN.

Like the vision of the Hebrew patriarch, the steps of the ladder of *chin* lead up to the heaven of official favour, far more important than the hall-mark of wisdom and grace in that great bureaucratic world by the banks of Nevà, where the grim dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral frowns down upon the sombre palaces and chilly streets. The grades of this golden ladder, whose top is dark with exceeding brightness, are, beginning from the highest:—

Actual Secret Councillor.

Secret Councillor.

Actual State Councillor.

State Councillor.

Court Councillor.

Titular Councillor.

College Registrar.

District Secretary.

The last four of which have no reference to the functions—if any—actually performed.



GENERAL ROSTYASLAV FADEEF.

prescriptive rights were overlooked in the interests of an intruding youth—a mere outsider. At this time also, again to the astonishment of the Higher Chinovniks, M. Vitté received the Order of St. Stanislaw, almost the highest civil decoration in Russia.



GENERAL ANDREI FADEEF.

PERSONALITY AND POLITICS.

Then came the long illness of M. Vishnegradski, Sergé Julich Vitté's patron and predecessor at the Finance Ministry. At the end of August last year M. Vitté was appointed acting Minister of Finance during Vishnegradski's absence, and once more the Higher Chinovniks raised their grey eyebrows in astonished indignation.

This appointment was confirmed on the 1st (13th) of January this year; M. Vitté became Finance Minister and Secret Councillor, and the top of the golden ladder was practically reached. And so, at forty-four, Sergé Julich Vitté, from the humblest beginning, has risen by sheer personal energy and ability to one of the most responsible positions in Europe. With what vigour and firmness he can fill that position we have already seen in the still fiercely-raging Tariff War, and it is certain that the same qualities in the next few years may be a determining factor in the scale of European politics. Strictly orthodox, as we have seen, and strongly patriotic, M. Vitté believes in the divine mission of Russia and her development from within; and this is the real secret of his antagonism to Germany, as it was of his early anti-Semite leanings.

THE TARIFF WAR.

In many questions of foreign politics the ignorance of the reading public in England is large and comprehensive. This is not because of any lack of interest. It is really because Reuter's staccato telegrams have practically displaced detailed foreign correspondence. It may therefore be advisable to explain what exactly the Tariff War between Russia and Germany means, and what part M. Vitté has taken in it.

In the autumn of 1891, M. Vishnegradski overhauled the Russian Customs Tariff, to see what concessions could be made to foreign Powers who were willing to grant favourable terms of import to Russia's main product—corn. As a result of this overhauling, Vishnegradski decided to lower the Russian import duties on metals and chemicals—Germany's chief exports to Russia; and asked Germany to reciprocate by lowering the German import duty on Russian corn. The Berlin Cabinet promised to consider the matter; but in the meantime introduced the Differential Tariff, which lowered the duty on corn imported from every country except Russia and Roumania; and later the lowered duties were conceded to Roumania, thus leaving Russia out in the cold, as the "most unfavoured nation."

This was naturally unpleasant for Russia; and the unpleasantness was not diminished by the Berlin Cabinet's answer, the fruit of the promised "consideration." The



JULI FEODORITCH VITTÉ.

Actual State Councillor.

Berlin Cabinet said that it might be possible theoretically to grant Russia's request for lowered corn-duties, but that the inducements offered by Russia were quite inadequate. And so the matter went on; Germany continually climbing up, and Russia continually climbing down, till Vishnegradski's illness put M. Vitte in command at the Finance Ministry in St. Petersburg. M. Vitte's great idea — derived from the study of equations and the laws of concussion — was "reciprocity," for which he at once coined a new Russian word. He, in his turn, invented a Differential Tariff, which he proceeded to hold over Germany, and at last put in force this summer. And this system of mutual McKinleyism is the famous Tariff War. Germany certainly began it, and it was nearly two years before M. Vitte "reciprocated."

FAMINE AND PLENTY.

The result of the Tariff War was, that Russia's corn exports to Germany practically ceased, and that Germany's exports of metals and chemicals to Russia shared the same fate. Many Moscow firms which use German chemicals had to close their doors, and two or three leading houses were ruined.

But the really important question for M. Vitte was, what to do with the surplus of Russian corn which would, in the ordinary course of affairs, have disappeared down the throats of the Kaiser's subjects? To do nothing would be to greatly lower the price of corn in Russia, a very disastrous thing for her peasants, especially after the famine of last year. M. Vitte solved the question in a statesmanlike way; first, by buying up vast quantities of corn for the military granaries; and, second, by arranging a system of bank advances to the

peasants, which enabled them to deposit their corn and receive in exchange ready money at a low rate of interest; so that they could afford to hold on, and cheerfully await the issue of the Tariff War, and the consequent righting of the market.

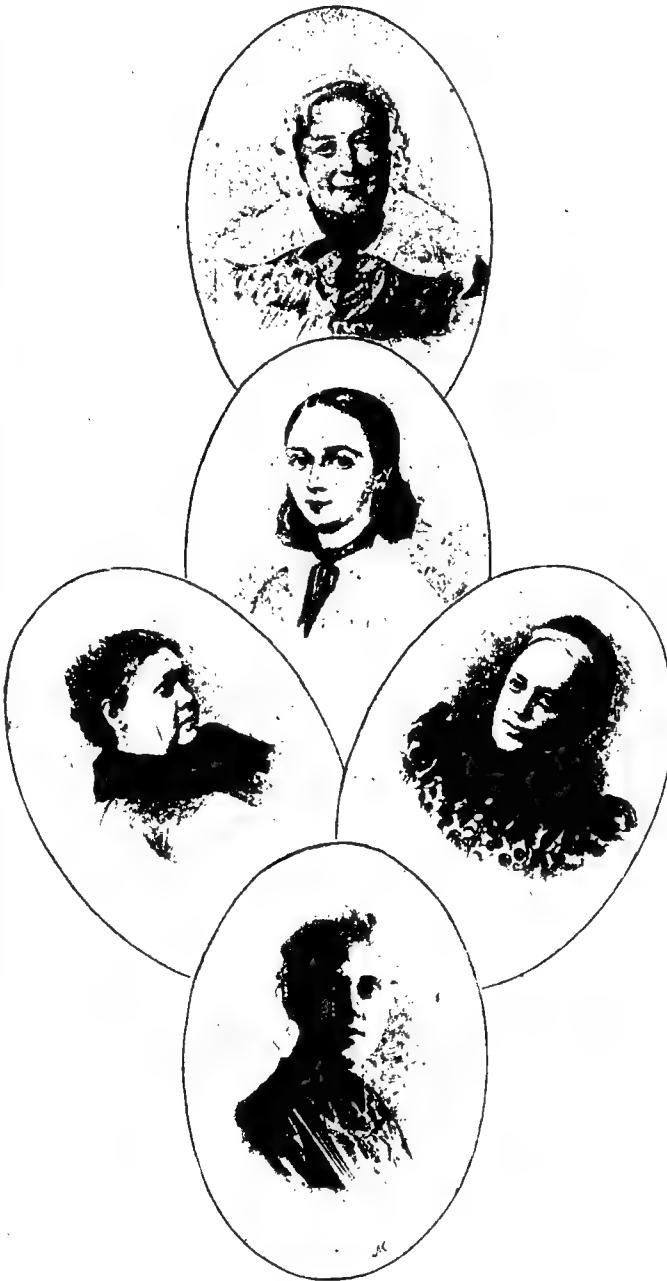
THE OCTOBER CONFERENCE IN BERLIN.

The issue of the Tariff War will depend on the Commercial Conference which began its work in Berlin on the first of October. This Conference is practically M. Vitte's creation, the outcome of his ideas of "reciprocity," and he confidently expects that the issue will be distinctly favourable to Russia; the more so, as since the Army Bill is safely through the Reichstag, German agricultural votes no longer need to be enticed by the practical exclusion of Russian corn.

Strong and determined where his country's interests are at stake, and bringing to bear on political questions the irresistible logic of mathematical processes, M. Vitte has not been rich in that "wisdom for a man's self" that Bacon teaches; the bright lights of his successful career are not without the contrast of dark shadows. Still, the story of his rise, by sheer personal force, from Station-Master to Finance Minister, may form a not unfitting pendant to the lives of other self-raised men like James Garfield.

HEREDITY.

But, unlike the American boy who rose from Log-Cabin to White House, M. Vitte came of a famous family of administrators. His father, Juli Feodoritch Vitte, had been controller of Government estates in the Caucasus, and his uncle, General Rostyaslav Fadeef, who first won fame in the Caucasian War, was one of the greatest military writers in Russia. author of "The Armed Forces of Russia,"



PRINCESS DOLGORUKI (MADAME FADEEF).

MADAME ELENA HAHN.

MADAME BLAVATSKY.

MADAME JELIHOVSKY.

TRANSLATOR OF "THE CAVES AND JUNGLES."

and for some years military adviser to the Egyptian Khedive Ismail. M. Vitté's grandfather, General Andrei Mikailovitch Fadeëf, also famous in the Caucasus, was for some time Governor of Saratoff, where he shared the fame of Sir Walter Raleigh by introducing the potato among the Sectaries and Kalmyks. He planted a garden of the "accursed roots," and proclaimed the most awful penalties for whoever should steal them; the attraction of forbidden fruit proved irresistible, and the formerly rejected tubers were soon spread far and wide through south-eastern Russia. By his marriage, General Andrei Fadeëf became co-heir of the fabulous, intangible fortune of the Dolgorukis, which has been mounting up at compound interest in the Bank of England, tradition says, for more than a century and a half, from a large sum placed there by a Prince Dolgoruki, who was ambassador to the Court of St. James at the beginning of last century. Other famous ancestors of M. Vitté's were Prince Dolgoruki, Major-General under Katherine the Great; another Dolgoruki, who opposed the reforms of Peter the Great; and a long and famous line, stretching back to the Tsars of Moscow, six hundred years ago.

FOUR GENERATIONS OF LITERARY WOMEN.

But a more curious problem in heredity is offered by M. Vitté's collateral relations. His grandmother, the last Princess Dolgoruki, was a famous geologist and botanist, and the friend of Sir Roderick Murchison.

Her daughter was Mme. E. Hahn the novelist, called (by the greatest Russian critic Belinski) the "George Sand" of Russia, the highest praise he then could give. Mme. Hahn's two daughters were the famous Mme. Blavatsky and Mme. Jelihovsky, one of the best known and most popular writers in Russia to-day.

"If you think of saying anything about me," writes Mme. Jelihovsky, "here are the facts. I have written twenty stories for young folks and children, *all* endorsed by the Minister of Public Instruction. Also, one drama and one comedy, both of which got the first prize of the New Russia University. I have written half a score of stories for the people, that are read in all the town halls, with magic-lantern illustrations. Also twelve novels, sixty stories (a fact!—I was astonished myself), and articles innumerable. And, if God grants me life, I am not against writing as many more."

Mme. Jelihovsky's daughter carries on the same literary tradition, and is known to English readers as translator of Mme. Blavatsky's most picturesque and finished work, "The Caves and Jungles of Hindustan." It is remarkable that a family name has hitherto become extinct with each of these famous women. The great geologist was the last of the Dolgorukis; Mme. Hahn's only son died without issue. Mme. Blavatsky had no children, and Mme. Jelihovsky has no son to carry on her name. The same destiny has governed the direct line of the family; M. Vitté and his brothers are childless, and with the present Finance Minister his family name is likely to become extinct.



THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

III.—CHARLES GOUNOD.

CHARLES GOUNOD, who has just passed away full of years and full of honours, takes an important place among the musicians of the century. To few composers has it been given to touch so many hearts, or soothe so many heart-aches, as he has done by his religious humanising music, and hence, undoubtedly, has arisen the general sympathy of the public from the hour that his serious condition became known.

I.—CHILDHOOD, EDUCATION, FAILURES.

Born at Paris, June 17th, 1818, Charles François Gounod was the son of an artist, and his mother was an ardent amateur musician. When the child was but five years of age, he lost his father, and the mother, who had another son besides Charles, was compelled to have recourse to teaching music to maintain herself and her children. Foremost among her pupils was her little son Charles, but, notwithstanding the talent he displayed and the rapid progress he made under her careful tuition, she did not intend him to adopt music as a profession. He was to be a notary, and music was to be merely a relaxation. But the lad showed such distaste for the profession which his mother had chosen for him that she finally yielded to his wishes.

MARIE MALIBRAN.

Marie Anne de Bovet * relates that while yet a school-boy, Gounod once heard Rossini's "Otello" sung by Rubini and Marie Malibran. Shut up in his school he dreamt henceforth only of Marie Malibran, to whom he owed these haunting memories. He became jealous of the composers whose music she sang, and an engrossing thought took possession of his mind: "If the time should only come when I can write an opera for *her*." In vain did he hasten that blissful moment, for death forestalled him; but if Marie Malibran never breathed Gounod's melodies, Fortune took pity on his despair, and it was her sister, Madame Pauline Viardot, who a little later opened the door of fame to the obscure beginner.

Gounod's first professional training was under Antoine Reicha. In 1836, when he was about eighteen, he entered the Paris Conservatoire, remaining there for two years, and receiving instruction from Halévy in counterpoint, and from Lesueur in composition, while he went through a regular university course at the Collège St. Louis, graduating LL.B., with distinction. The first time he entered the lists in the competition for the Prix de Rome, he came out second, but in the same year (1837) his first composition—a scherzo on the theme of Marie Stuart and Rizzio—was performed in public.

GOUNOD'S MASTER.

When he was not quite fourteen, he heard "Don Giovanni" for the first time, and he very soon knew it all by heart. A year or two ago he even wrote a book on the "incomparable and immortal *chef d'œuvre*," that others might learn to appreciate it as much as he did. According to Gounod, Mozart was one of those men who seem destined, in their sphere, to reach a point which admits of no farther advance. In another characteristic way he pays the master the profoundest homage:—

When I was very young, I spoke always of myself alone. I condescended after a few years to add Mozart, and to say, "I and Mozart." It so happened, however, that after studying a little more, I thought I had better say, "Mozart and I." Now what I say is, "Mozart."

* "Charles Gounod: His Life and His Works," by Marie Anne de Bovet. (Sampson Low.)

IN THE ETERNAL CITY.

It was not till 1839 that Gounod secured the Prix de Rome, enabling him to continue his studies in Italy. At this time his mind was also much occupied with religious problems, and the compositions of this period were chiefly of a sacred character. Early last year, the *Century Magazine* published Gounod's impressions of his sojourn in Italy.

I must confess (he wrote) that Rome did not at first correspond to the dreams my fancy had conceived. It struck me as cold, dry, cheerless, and gloomy . . . The first impression of austerity threw me into a profound melancholy . . . However, little by little, every day contributed its sedative effect, and some six weeks elapsed before my sadness took its flight. Its very silence now began to charm me, and I found peculiar pleasure in visiting the Forum and all those other remains of greatness and power now gone, over which has been extended for ages the august and peaceful crook of the Shepherd of Nations.

"ABBÉ GOUNOD."

In 1843 we find Gounod back in Paris making the rounds of the publishers, but his works were oze and all politely declined. One day, when he was unusually weary of the world, he strayed into a chapel in which two hundred priests were kneeling and chanting litanies, etc., to the Virgin. Gounod knelt among the worshippers and asked of one of them what church this was:—

It is the Chapel of the Seminary of Foreign Missions.

This was the ideal place of refuge from the harsh world without, he thought, and at the end of the ceremonies he timidly addressed a priest who was kneeling in one of the choir stalls: "Mon pere, what shall I do to remain always in this house?"

And five years Gounod studied in this holy house, filling also the posts of organist and leading tenor. He had even come to be spoken of as the "Abbé Gounod," when one day the world learnt that "Sapho," a lyrical drama, was to be presented at the Grand Opera under Madame Pauline Viardot, and that Gounod was the composer. Gradually he returned to the world, but he always kept his love for the Church. The music of the altar was his domain, and though he has had two great successes in the theatre, in his old age he returned to his first love—mysticism and sacred music.

No composer ever failed oftener or was less discouraged by his repeated failures. "Sapho" was not a success; the music to Ponsard's "Ulysses" was a fiasco; and "La Nonne Sanglante" (The Bleeding Nun) was a failure. A setting of "Le Médecin Malgré Lui" did not fare much better, but it found its way to London under the title of "The Mock Doctor." Meanwhile Gounod had married the daughter of M. Zimmermann, a professor of music, and "Faust" was waiting for a hearing. Before looking further at his works, let us repair for a brief while to the luxuriant home that Gounod established for himself in the French capital.

II.—GOUNOD AT HOME.

The Paris home of M. Gounod is situated in the Place Malesherbes, in the Quartier Monceau. The splendid house in French Renaissance style was built some twelve years ago, by M. Jean Pigny, his brother-in-law, on a site at the angle of the Rue Mont Chanin, and opposite the statue of Alexandre Dumas père, the last work of Gustave Doré. A writer in the *World* has put on record a description of this famous palace:—

The gates of wrought iron at the foot of the broad staircase are no sooner past than you are lost in admiration at the beauty

of everything which meets your eye. M. Pigny adroitly reserved his effect of subdued light for the musical *sanctum sanctorum*, but no hue could possibly be too bright for the decoration of the approaches to it.

The most famous looms in Smyrna were occupied for an entire twelvemonth in producing the thick carpet on which you tread; frescoed figures of the Muses, with appropriate inscriptions, stand out boldly from a background of cerulean blue; every available corner is occupied by a conservatory filled with tropical plants; and the low pealing of a distant organ would greet your ear as you halted before a Gothic screen of delicate metal work, and touched with feelings of awe and tropidation a mediæval bell-pull of exquisite proportions.

The servant, of ecclesiastical mien, who opened the glazed door, spoke with bated breath, and in accordance with his request you followed him along a long corridor till you came unexpectedly to a huge mirror which entirely concealed the entrance to his master's closely-guarded *atelier*. A spring is touched, the great sheet of glass rolls slowly back, and you find yourself at the head of a short flight of steps leading down to a vast apartment illuminated only by narrow stained glass windows and a solitary reading-lamp, which sheds its rays dimly over a writing table and the costly Persian prayer-carpet spread upon the parquet floor.

THE SANCTUM.

The same writer continues:—

As your eye became gradually accustomed to the prevailing gloom you would perceive a man, seated, with his back to the door, before a large organ, the topmost pipes of which almost touch the oaken beams of the open roof. A skull-cap of black velvet partly concealed his long gray hair, and his hands continued to glide gently over the keys, till his servant whispered in his ear that a visitor had dared to invade the privacy of his ideal music-room, which reminds you of both an Eastern mosque and a Western shrine.

As Charles Gounod came forward to bid you welcome with accents almost as soft and caressing as his own melody, you saw that his beard was both longer and whiter than it was when he tarried for a while among us after the Franco-German War. In the button-hole of his loose velvet coat he wore the crimson rosette of the Legion of Honour.

Your eye roaming about the room would take note of Francesco's medallion of Christ in front of the organ, Jean Gounod's copy of Titian's "Holy Family," the curious pianotable planned by M. Pleyel for the composer's special use, and Ghiberti's bas-relief, from the Florentine Baptistery, in the centre of the sculptured over-mantel of black oak.

The dog-inkstand, Herbert's reproduction of a fragment of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," the costly Japanese vases, the medallion of Jeanne d'Arc, and portraits of Lorenzo and Giuliano di Medici have all a history; and the author of "Faust" is not a little proud of the cases with folding covers he has contrived for the accommodation of his papers, and the padlocked receptacles in which he guards the MS. score of all his great works.

The head of Isaiah from the Sistine Chapel was a New Year's gift from his artist son; and your host would expatiate on the merits of the copy of the picture of the death and resurrection of St. Zenobia, his favourite painting in the Duomo at Florence, while he would fill a well-blackened pipe with the strongest *caporal* to smoke during the half-hour he consented to chat with you.

An electrical signal caused the *concierge* to put the hydraulic blowing apparatus of the great organ in motion, and the master would play some such piece as his "Ave Maria" for your edification.

Gounod's residence is on the second floor. His sister-in-law lives on the first, and overhead dwells his son, while the ground floor is occupied by Gounod's daughter, married to Baron Pierre de Lassus. In the summer the whole family flits to the Villa Zimmermann at St. Cloud, a country house which Madame Gounod inherited from

her father; and November finds the family established again under the patriarchal roof.

ON TOBACCO-SMOKING.

Like most great men, Charles Gounod had his amiable weaknesses. His briarwood pipe was one of them; and although he wore a ring, modelled from a relic found in the Roman catacombs, on his finger, he frankly confessed that he received finest inspirations while playing "patience" at the little card table placed in the shadow of the organ.

He loved his pipe dearly. In this connection the following words of his have an interesting bearing on tobacco-smoking and its effects:—

I admit sincerely the truth of Tolstoi's opinion in all that has to do with the intellectual faculties. I think that the habit of using tobacco produces a sluggishness of these faculties, that this sluggishness follows upon the habit, and by abuse may reach even to atrophy. I am not so sure that it could positively result in the annihilation of Conscience, whose witness is too startling to undergo so easily an eclipse so disastrous. I say Conscience, be it noted; I do not say Will. Conscience is a Divine decree; Will is a human energy. The latter can be weakened by abuse of the organs; the former, however, seems to me quite beyond all effect of the sort, because it creates the responsibility without which man ceases to be amenable. I have smoked a great deal. I do not recall that it has ever modified the judgment of my conscience on the morality of my acts.

Gounod's punctuality and exactitude were proverbial. If anything happened to prevent his keeping an appointment, he always wrote so that you should not make your call for nothing. He attended to his own correspondence. "Too many persons talk to me of their private affairs for me to let a third person know about them."

III.—LYRICAL DRAMA.

Gounod's reputation as a composer rests mainly on the operas of "Faust" and "Roméo et Juliette"; on his two oratorios, "The Redemption" and "Mors et Vita"; and last but not least on his "Ave Maria."

FAUST AND MARGUERITE.

Sixteen musical versions of "Faust" have been given to the world—settings by Prince Radziwill, Spohr, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, Berlioz, Boito, and other less well-known composers. Gounod's marvellous interpretation of Goethe's masterpiece was first produced on March 19, 1859, and was fiercely criticised. Can those critics now realise that it is the opera of all others that never fails to fill a house? M. Choudens purchased the publishing rights for £400 (making, it is said, £120,000 out of it in thirty years), and Messrs. Chappell, it is understood, secured the English publishing rights for £40, thinking so little of their bargain, however, that they omitted to register the performing copyright. Mr. Mapleson was afterwards paid £400 to produce it, and "Faust," after successes in England, made its way back to Paris to continue its triumphant career.

An opera that has been heard thousands of times and that never fails to charm and draw full houses has naturally produced a number of Marguerites to personify Goethe's heroine. The creator of the part was Madame Carvalho, wife of the manager of the theatre. What her business was, is set forth by Gounod somewhat as follows:—

If the singer does not infuse some of her personal feeling into her song, neither the natural qualities of her voice nor her

acquired technical knowledge will enable her to thrill her hearers. . . . The work which the author has created by his heart and his imagination is, so to speak, created afresh by another's heart and imagination—intelligent reflexes of his own—by which it is conveyed to the public.

Gounod owed much to three women in this respect—Madame Pauline Viardot, Madame Carvalho, and Madame Gabrielle Krauss. A critic in 1836 described Madame Carvalho's voice as "A thin, shrill soprano, as slender as her person, cut in two by three or four pasty notes, a regular bird-pipe"; but, adds Marie Anne de Bovet, she is the most striking example of the extent to which intelligent perseverance can conquer natural defects. She became a perfect *prima donna*, she created Marguerite, and held the stage with triumph for more than thirty years.

ROMÉO ET JULIETTE.

"*La Reine de Saba*" succeeded "*Faust*" in 1862, and Gounod, it is said, was greatly disconcerted at the failure of this particular work. Nevertheless, it turned out a success at Brussels and Darmstadt. In 1864 "*Mireille*," founded on Mistral's Provençal idyll, was received with favour, and in April, 1867, "*Roméo et Juliette*" followed. It is noteworthy that the best settings of Shakespeare have been written by foreigners—"Otello" and "*Falstaff*" by Verdi, and "*Roméo et Juliette*" by Gounod. Similarly the greatest musical version of "*Faust*" has proceeded from the pen of the Frenchman. "*Roméo et Juliette*" has become quite a favourite at Covent Garden.

services, and on one occasion averred that the service at St. Paul's Cathedral was "the finest musical treat in Europe!"

"THE WORK OF MY LIFE."

To escape the siege of Paris, Gounod took refuge in England, and during his absence "*Les Deux Reines*" and "*Jeanne d'Arc*" were produced at Paris. Three other works followed, all of them adding little to his reputation apparently. It will therefore be a relief to hasten on to the Birmingham Festival of 1882, which was marked by some eminently satisfactory features. Of the new works which it called into existence, "*The Redemption*" occupied the largest share of public attention. Described and discussed beforehand, presented with every possible advantage, and executed by the first artists of the day, under the composer's personal direction, it is small wonder that the work was hailed with enthusiasm.

Gounod was his own librettist. The oratorio is a lyrical setting of the three great facts on which depend the existence of the Christian Church—the Passion and Death of the Saviour; His glorious life on earth from His Resurrection to His Ascension; and the spread of Christianity in the world through the mission of the Apostles. These three parts are preceded by a prologue narrating briefly the Creation, the Fall, and the Promise of Redemption.

The first noticeable feature in the music is a *leit-motif* to typify the character of the Redeemer. This exquisite



In June, 1889, it was first given there in French, with M. Jean de Reszke and Madame Melba in the title-roles, and the French version continues to find acceptance. An English version was prepared for the Carl Rosa Opera Company in 1890. "*Philemon et Baucis*" has also been heard several times at Covent Garden.

IV.—THE MUSIC OF THE ALTAR.

All Gounod's works, the operas included, are deeply imbued with religious feeling, and it is as much as a composer of sacred music as the composer of "*Faust*" that the French master has made his mark, especially in England. A correspondent of the *Musical Standard* says that Gounod, when in London, was a frequent attendee at the Church of St. Andrew in Wells Street. Sir Joseph Barnby was then organist and choir-master, and he had introduced a great number of the French composer's works. Gounod was, in fact, much attached to the English Church

theme, which asserts itself first in the Prologue, constantly recurs throughout the work when the mission of the Saviour is dwelt upon. In the "*Mass in Honour of Jeanne d'Arc*"—not the play alluded to above—Gounod has again made use of the *leit-motif*, the "leading motive" of Jeanne d'Arc herself; and in "*Mors et Vita*" there are several such melodic forms.

It is stated that, after the refusal of the work in its shorter form in 1873 by the committee of the Birmingham Festival, "*The Redemption*" was submitted to the Albert Hall authorities by the composer, who was then conductor of the choir; but the proposal ultimately fell through. Much of the music of the Pentecost scene was written as far back as 1867, when Gounod was on a visit to Rome. He has pathetically referred to the oratorio as "the work of my life," and on standing up to conduct it for the first time at the Midland capital, he has recorded that his feelings nearly overcame him. Our slavish following of the score he attributed to British pride:—

Your artistic taste must be superior to the taste of other

nations, just as your navy is more powerful, and your cotton and flannel of better quality.

DEATH AND LIFE.

"Mors et Vita" is more melodious than "The Redemption," yet it has not taken quite such a firm hold in this country. No doubt this is partly due to the text being in the Latin tongue, whereas "The Redemption" is in English. "Mors et Vita" forms the sequel or continuation of "The Redemption," and among the essential features which the composer has here sought to express are the tears which death causes us to shed here below; the hope of a better life; the solemn dread of unerring Justice; and the tender and filial trust in eternal Love.

The subjoined melody expresses the terror inspired by the sense of the inflexibility of justice and by the anguish of punishment:—



The second melodic form of sorrow and tears is transformed by the use of the major key into the expression of consolation and joy:—



The happiness of the blessed is the third leading motive:—



Lastly comes a melodic form to announce the awakening of the dead at the terrifying call of the angelic trumpets:—



On the news of Gounod's death reaching Balmoral, the Queen, who was not a little partial to the Frenchman, forwarded, through Lord Dufferin, the following telegram to Madame Gounod:—

The news has just reached me of M. Gounod's death. Pray convey to Madame Gounod and her family my sympathy and deep regret. It is an irreparable loss. I entertain the greatest admiration for the works of that great master.

(Signed) VICTORIA R. ET I.

"The Redemption" is dedicated to Her Majesty; "Mors et Vita" is dedicated to the Pope, but the Queen attended a performance of it at the Albert Hall when it was introduced in London.

AVE MARIA.

In concertos and works in that line dealing with classic forms, Gounod seems almost an anomaly; but he has written one little gem which has never been surpassed in popularity. The idea of two great composers combining was novel and ingenious, and Gounod's "Meditation on Bach's First Prelude," better known as "Ave Maria," has been sung and played everywhere in all conceivable shapes, and with every conceivable combination of instruments. It was first performed at St. Martin's Hall in 1851. More recently, a pendant to this famous piece was written on Bach's Second Prelude, and was

brought forward as an interesting novelty at a Promenade Concert, but its popularity is not likely to be as abiding as the first.

V.—LIFE'S CLOSE.

To follow Gounod's career by noticing all his works is impossible here; equally hopeless is it to add a mere list of them. The great oratorios and a very large number of other works are issued by Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co.; "Faust" is published by Messrs. Chappell, and many songs by Messrs. Boosey; Messrs. Augener, Messrs. Schott, and other firms issue many others. The songs are legion, many of them being set to English words—e.g., "There is a Green Hill Far Away," "Ring Out, Wild Bells," etc. Gounod's last English song, "When the Children Pray," has just been published by Messrs. Phillips and Page, who have brought out most of his more recent works, notably "The Peace of God," "Evening Lullaby," etc.

GOUNOD ON BLINDNESS.

Our composer was happily neither deaf nor blind; but it is almost incredible that a musician should prefer deafness to being blind. Rubinstein is reported to take the same view of the two calamities.

To see (says Gounod) is to enjoy. Future life will be nothing more than universal vision.

If I had to choose (he says again) one of these two terrible calamities, deafness or blindness, I do not think that I should hesitate an instant. The deaf are generally said to be less cheerful than the blind; but notwithstanding the fact that loss of hearing would affect me in regard to that which has always been the source of my very keenest and deepest feelings—I mean music—yet, between being deaf and never again seeing anything one loves, there is, in my opinion, so vast a gulf as to make that one consideration sufficient to decide the question.

One must not forget that a musician can enjoy music to a great degree by merely reading it; and though the actual sensation of the sounds is necessary to make the impression absolutely complete, yet it is sufficiently strong to convey melody, harmony, rhythm, quality, and all the other elements of music—in a word, to give a real mental hearing of the piece so as to stamp it on the mind without the aid of the external sounds.

But blindness! the privations it implies; the sacrifices it imposes; the virtual imprisonment of not being able to walk alone; the dismal darkness of never beholding the face of nature; the silence and solitude of being unable to read and write! As long as he can read a book, a deaf man remains in close communication with the whole circle of human thought. The blind man, on the other hand, is dependent on others for all he wants; he is the prisoner of prisoners. A thousand times rather, then, be deaf than blind.

PREMONITIONS.

A more striking contrast to the tragic circumstances of the death of the master, for whom Gounod's admiration was boundless, than was shown by the universal sorrow expressed at the death of the French composer, it would be difficult to imagine. Mozart was buried among the nameless poor, with no friend to shed a tear, and no cross or stone to mark the exact site of his resting-place. Gounod's remains have been accorded the highest honours which his country can bestow.

The allusions of the two composers to approaching death were remarkable. Only a fortnight before Gounod died, a representative of the *Revue de Famille* paid him a visit and asked him to write the article on "Marie Antoinette as a Musician" for M. Jules Simon's magazine. In the course of conversation he said to his interviewer:—

I have never been able to do any work that my soul did not thoroughly feel. This article does not come home to me; and

then, mark you, I am strictly enjoined to abstain from any kind of work. You must know that some time ago I had an attack of paralysis. Now, when I look at you in this way I can only see one half of your face. I know I look robust; but, as St. Paul says in his Epistle to Timothy: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight: I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." I have had several attacks already. The next!—

He repeated in Latin, with emphatic reverence, the words he had quoted in French, then relighted his pipe and went on talking dreamily, but his mind was evidently turned to the great problem he was so soon to solve. Referring to music and its spiritualising effects on the soul, he continued:—

Music gives a foretaste of the immateriality of the future life.

As the journalist was taking his leave Gounod asked him if he was married. The reply coming in the affirmative, Gounod took out his pruning knife and cut a number of roses, adding, "Give her these flowers as a souvenir of your first visit to an old man."

Referring at another time to the life beyond, he said:—

All will be explained; light will dawn on all things, and you will find that the unknown is not so appalling. I am certain of it.



M. GOUNOD'S HOUSE AT ST. CLOUD.

MOZART'S DEATH-HYMN.

There is another strange point of resemblance in the life's close of the two composers. When the hour of death approached, each was absorbed in his own funeral-hymn. Mozart was sick of a fever, and in the lucid moments which came to him, he, in full view of another world, worked eagerly at his immortal Requiem. He felt that the unknown messenger from a nameless friend

who had given him the commission for the work fore-shadowed his own doom.

My mind is struck, and I cannot dispel the image of that unknown man. . . . He presses me, pursues me without ceasing, and urges me to composition in spite of myself. When I stop, the repose fatigues and harasses me more than the work. . . . I feel that my hour is about to strike. . . . I

must finish my funeral-hymn.

These were the last words Mozart wrote with his own hand, and alas! he died with the unfinished score beside him.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

On Sunday afternoon (October 15), Gounod asked M. Busser, the organist of the church at St. Cloud, to call to see him, for his Requiem was to be played at the Conservatoire during the winter, and he wished the organist to make a piano score of it. Gounod, having honoured his friend by the invitation to prepare the score, took his seat at the piano, and played and sang with his usual verve, much to the delight of his family. In the evening he returned to the Requiem, and put the score in the secrétaire, and then fell forward in a state of unconsciousness from which he never recovered. He had been singing his own hymn of death, as Mozart in

his last hour had joined the friends at his bedside in singing the completed parts of his work, stopping short, however, at the "Lacrymosa" to weep and to close his eyes for ever. Gounod's happiness would indeed have been supreme could he have been conscious for one brief moment of the fact that his end bore such close resemblance to that of "the most brilliant star that has ever shone in the musical firmament."

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

IS IRELAND PAST SAVING?

A BLACK PICTURE BY ONE WHO KNOWS HER WELL.

AMONG all the dismal descriptions, which the wildest partisan hatred or despair ever inspired, of the present condition of Ireland, there is probably none to equal the sketch which a Home Ruler, who signs himself X., contributes to the *Fortnightly Review*. The article is the first of a series which is to deal with "the Ireland of To-day." The writer's pessimism regards the economical and social situation rather than the political.

The eye dims with tears at the unhappy spectacle—thousands of good acres going annually out of cultivation; an incessant stream of the young and the able-bodied headed for Queens-town or Galway to take ship; whole country-sides dotted with roofless cottages; once populous towns shrunk into squalid shelters for the crippled, diseased, vicious, and incompetent residuum which remain; a deserted people, conscious of being a bedraggled and tattered shadow of their former selves, loafing or pottering about among their ruins with a shamefaced bravado, wearing shoddy English clothes, reading the lowest and flashiest English trash, singing the London music-hall songs of last year, trying in a hundred pitiful ways to make themselves believe that they are really a nation, a co-partner in the greatest of modern empires—one cannot but be moved at the sight. Many causes have of course contributed to produce this lamentable result. Long observation and experience convince me that the chief agent in working the mischief, as well as the most difficult obstacle in the way of remedying it, has been and is the Irish railway system.

"THE REAL RULERS OF THE ISLAND."

Our common belief is that Ireland is governed by Parliament at Westminster. . . That is a government which counts for very little. The true control of Ireland as a whole is vested in a Parliament which no one hears of, whose monthly sessions nobody reports; I mean the "Conference" of representatives of the Irish railway and steamship lines. These are the real rulers of the island.

The traffic is managed without regard to public needs or convenience. The local goods rates are so exorbitant as to have stamped out several once flourishing industries and to have crippled those that remain.

IS NOT THE REMEDY TOO LATE?

"Almost as grievous an indictment might be brought against the Irish banking system." Instead of promoting the internal development, "the Irish banks in practice exist for the purpose of getting together Irish money to send it away for investment elsewhere." Ten out of twelve millions sterling of the Bank of Ireland's capital are in the use of the Government outside of Ireland.

No man can get money from an Irish bank for Irish industrial or commercial purposes unless he can prove that he does not need it. To grant a loan on prospective profits, to lend upon mercantile security is unheard of.

But will not Home Rule miraculously regenerate the land?

I speak as one who is willing to see the experiment tried, and who fain would believe that these baleful results may follow. But above every form of hope there rises the grim and gloomy shadow of doubt—is it not really too late?

The "so-called problem of Ulster" is dismissed with ridicule. Irish Nationalists and Irish Unionists laugh among themselves at the serious regard paid by the Saxon to their violent "histrionism." Both are privately pre-

paring to work together in the expected Irish Parliament. The true basis for fear lies in the condition and character of the people as a whole. "No statesman has ever before been confronted with a task of such dimensions." As in no other land, the aristocracy have abandoned all concern for the people. Professional men are to commercial men in "the ruinous ratio" of twenty-one to eight. The agricultural class is a shade better off, thanks to recent legislation. But the villages are manifestly decaying.

THE DOMINANCE OF THE PUBLICAN.

From one-fifth to one-third or a half of the male population of a community large enough to have a tied house, "is body and soul at the service of the publican." It is a rare village which the publican cannot control. Emigration has steadily increased "the proportion of idle, incompetent, and valueless males left in Ireland." This "rapscallion class," as "X." calls it, supplied the criminals of the Phoenix Park murder type, but were generally kept successfully in the background, until "Mr. Parnell's collision with destiny and the British matron." Parnell saw in this ragamuffin element under publican control large possibilities of support, and straightway flung himself into the arms of the Dublin publicans. The line of cleavage so made runs through almost every village in Ireland. The publican is on the Parnellite, the priest on the other side. Where the priest is in antagonism with the publican, the priest's influence may be written down at zero.

THE PROBLEM OF IRELAND.

No partisan politics are involved in Parnellism; it is a social and ethical affair. These pot-house loafers and corner-boys spread a murrain of vagrancy and drunkenness through the youth of the country.

It is this wholesale dry-rotting of the boys growing up in the Irish towns and villages, merely through contact with this ever-swelling army of loafers and vagabonds, which makes one ask with a sinking heart what hope there is of the new generation.

"The Irishman returned from America or Australia is one of the worst elements" in this set. Even in the middle class there is no real social life nor efficient house-keeping. "The journalism of Ireland at its best is bad." Literature "has practically perished out of the land"; "the dear old music" has gone. "Poor, dishevelled and dirty Dublin does indeed strive to cling, in a feeble desultory way, to the shadow of her former literary fame."

Briefly, then, the problem of Ireland is this: By what miracle can this remnant of the home race, now so thinned-out and woefully deteriorated in stock, so overlaid in its centres of population by an infected human scum, so committed at every turn to the grossest fallacies and abuses of industrial, commercial, and political organisation, and so cruelly distanced and demoralised in all the things which elsewhere go to constitute a healthful and well-balanced national life—win regeneration?

FROM Messrs. J. & A. Manson and Son, of Rothesay, who make a spécialité of their series of yacht photographs, I have received a fine photo-mezzotype reproduction of a very successful picture of the *Valkyrie*, which they publish at a shilling a copy.

"TO YOUR TENTS, O ISRAEL!"**A FABIAN CRY OF REVOLT.**

THE Fabian Society contributes a manifesto to the *Fortnightly* this month, headed "To your Tents, O Israel!" It is one long and cleverly varied ejaculation of disgust with the present Government for having done so little to bring in the Socialist millennium. The apparent conversion of the Liberal Party to Collectivist politics is dated from the starting of the *Star*, and is said to have reached its height in the adoption of the Newcastle programme as expounded at the last General Election. It is claimed for that programme that without it Mr. Gladstone would have had no majority on English questions. But now "the opportunities of the Liberal Cabinet have gone beyond recall."

THE GOVERNMENT NOT "A FAIR HOUSE."

The Government has not made itself the model employer that Mr. Campbell-Bannermann promised it should become. The Government is not "a fair house." It does not uniformly insist in its contracts on trades-union rates. It has not enforced, under its various departments, the London County Council 24s. a week minimum of living wage. The plea of obstruction does not here hold good:—

A few strokes of the pen from the heads of the departments, with due provision in the Budget, which must be brought in, obstruction or no obstruction, time or no time, and the thing is done. If, after sixteen months, it has not been done, the Liberal Ministers have broken their pledges to the trade-unionists.

One after another, Ministers are brought to book and condemned. Mr. Fowler, for example, "might" by a series of stirring circulars and inspectors' instructions, have set on foot a wide-spread system of old-age pensions; he might have revolutionised every workhouse and casual ward in the country; he might have lectured all the local authorities in the kingdom on the advantages of adopting the labour policy of the London County Council, and might have helped the Guardians to "set" the unemployed on work. But Sir William Harcourt is the head and chief of the offenders.

A SOCIALIST ASSORTMENT OF THE CABINET.

The Fabian reading of the situation in the Cabinet runs in short thus:—

When the secret history of Mr. Gladstone's administration comes to be written, it will be found that since the very formation of the Cabinet, the Progressive party, led by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Acland, and joined by Lord Rosebery, Lord Ripon, Mr. Mundella, and Mr. Bryce, has been hampered, mocked, and eventually overborne, firstly, by Mr. Gladstone's complete absorption in Home Rule; secondly, by the active hostility of such seasoned Whigs as Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Fowler; thirdly, by the doctrinaire Manchesterism and pettish temper of Mr. John Morley; and fourthly, by the ignorance, indifference, and inertia of the Whig peers, Lords Spencer and Kimberley, backed by such obsolescent politicians as Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Mr. Arnold Morley.

And the lesson of all this disappointment and disillusion is the duty of forming and extending an Independent Labour Party. Pending its arrival—

The working classes need not greatly care which party divides the loaves and fishes, provided only the Government has a sufficiently narrow majority to make it highly sensitive to pressure from without.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE NEXT?

The next step insisted on is that the trades unions provide "a parliamentary fund of at least £30,000, and run fifty independent Labour candidates at the next general election." The money difficulty does not exist

for bodies like trades unions, which can raise a thousand pounds by a levy of from a penny to sixpence a member. "The representation of the working classes at the general election will depend on the great national trades unions, and not on the Socialist bodies." The Fabian Society intends to circulate this manifesto "throughout the length and breadth of the labour world." It is an indictment of the Government that will certainly "tell" among working men of a socialistic trend.

WHAT THE MINERS FOUGHT FOR.

In a paper entitled "The Miners' Battle—and After," Mr. Sydney Olivier undertakes to explain to readers of the *Contemporary Review* the real purport of the coal struggle. The miners have been fighting for "the basic principle of a minimum wage: of a decent standard of living" as the first charge on production. They know—the coal industry of Great Britain could be so ordered by rational organisation and economy as to yield both owner's profits and worker's living wage continuously, and this without such prices to consumers as would hurt either our home or export trade.

"They have it in mind to bring about such an organisation" by legal limitation of hours and transfer of all proprietary interests in royalties, etc., to the State:—

In a word, the Midland and Western miners are of the economic and political school of industrial democracy; and their battle has been not merely a vast "higgling of the market," but an engagement in the Collectivist campaign, a demonstration of the vigour in England of that Socialist movement, one chief aim of which is to supersede the relations out of which such battles arise.

WHY THE MEN REFUSED ARBITRATION.

It was asked, why not go to arbitration? There seems much virtue to many in that "blessed word" arbitration. But what was the question to be arbitrated on? The masters' contention that current prices required a reduction? With contracts for gas-coal accepted at 5s. 3d. a ton there would be little doubt as to the answer. The men's position was that such prices should never have been touched. Arbitrate on that? Conceive the comments of the *Economist* or the *Times* on such a suggestion. Unquestionably the men would have lost, upon grounds they judged irrelevant to the issue, in any arbitration conducted on the lines on which arbitrators usually proceed.

THE "ECONOMIC" ARGUMENT—WAGES AND PRICES.

Mr. Olivier next calls attention to the strange conception which in the name of political economy makes wages dependent on prices, and exactly reverses the teaching of Mrs. Fawcett and John Stuart Mill, that "the basis of exchange value was cost of production, and that the first element in cost of production was a wage determined by the standard of life of the worker:" and that then came interest, profit, last of all rent. "If the coal-owners combined to keep prices at a reasonable level . . . they could . . . keep their businesses going and their workers properly paid." The sliding scale "leaves wages directly at the mercy of prices," and at present by reckless under-selling owners know how to affect prices. The argument of the owners that they cannot help themselves, but must, under pressure of competition, screw down their men is Marx's argument: and "if the masters appeal to Socialist premises, the men will not be slow to follow with the Socialist conclusion." If capitalists can not organise industry to better purpose, the workers through the State must do it for them. The organisation must be built up by trades unionism, legislation, and between the two Collectivism, local and national. Boards of conciliation will almost certainly be formed, but can ensure no permanent settlement.

HOW TO "MEND" THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

A CONSERVATIVE SCHEME.

THERE is something very suggestive about the fact that the moment when, according to its friends, the Upper House has won for itself an unusually high place in the national favour, is chosen by them to propound schemes for its general reconstruction. The *Edinburgh Review* holds up to ridicule "the light-headed band of Radicals who call out that the House of Peers must be mended or ended," but for all that devotes one-eighth of its space to an elaborate endorsement of their first alternative. Its sympathetic review of Mr. W. C. Macpherson's "The Baronage and the Senate" is written with the twofold purpose of defending and of mending the House of Lords. It sees in the rejection of the Home Rule Bill a vindication of the constitutional and co-ordinate authority of the three branches of the Legislature. It applauds the author—who, by the bye, writes from the comparatively detached standpoint of a resident in Australia—when he magnifies the difficulties which would attend any attempt to abolish the Second Chamber. The monarch would never, unless animated by ulterior absolutist aims, consent to its abolition; and the wholesale creation of new peers requisite to the passing of the abolitionary Bill would be equivalent to a revolution.

THE LORDS AND THE EMPIRE.

"The bicameral system has been approved by the unanimous voice of mankind." The House of Commons, more than ever likely to be swayed by gusts of popular passion, needs a Chamber of Revision. The change from democracy to an empire in France, and to Mr. Gladstone's dictatorship in England, shows that the safeguard of a Second Chamber cannot wisely be dispensed with. The reviewer goes on to quote with approval Mr. Macpherson's dictum—"Either the single Chamber would destroy the Monarchy, or the Monarchy would destroy the single Chamber." A more important argument is that the House of Lords, which "contains many members of Indian, Colonial, and other imperial experience," represents the Empire as the House of Commons does not. "The quarrel of the Colonies," says Mr. Macpherson, "has been with the Colonial Office—that is to say, with the House of Commons." It is to the Upper, not the Lower, House that "the Colonies will look for sympathy and consideration." "The House of Commons can be more in earnest," urges the reviewer, "about the workman's glass of beer or the vaccination of his infant, than over the Indian frontier or the occupation of Egypt." This is a strong point; until we have some sort of Council directly representative of the Empire, it is perhaps the strongest point in the case for the House of Lords.

REPRESENTATIVE CHARACTER OF THE LORDS.

Both Mr. Macpherson and his reviewer labour to prove the unrecognised extent to which the Upper House is a representative body. Lords and ex-lords of appeal, Irish and Scotch representative peers, are not "hereditary legislators"; but together they number 49 out of 515 lords temporal. "Every new peer of the United Kingdom is a non-hereditary legislator, and every such peer without heirs"—a class at present numbering 18—"is in effect a life peer." There are 26 non-hereditary lords spiritual. Then there are hereditary peers such as Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, and the Duke of Devonshire, who are yet "essentially selected and representative legislators." Peers of large landed interest or

important commercial undertakings are "essentially representative," as also, in a wider sense, are ex-Colonial Governors. Recent creations carry with them a representative significance. Mr. Gladstone himself has added over forty-two members: no statesman has done more than he in this way to strengthen the House of Lords. A House directly elected often represents a party rather than the nation or the empire. The reviewer adduces a few instances to show that legislative capacity is hereditary. He also urges, with Mr. Macpherson, that the House of Lords "has been gradually losing its character of a baronage or assembly of territorial lords, and has become more a Senate." A more questionable statement is that since 1832 "we do not find that the House of Lords has prevented any great measure upon which the people had clearly pronounced their opinion." So much for the defence of the peers. Now for their amendment.

THE TWO PLANS OF REFORM.

Development along existing lines of change is the general policy advocated. "A brand new Second Chamber on entirely different lines" is set down as out of the question. The House of Lords must become still less territorial and more senatorial. Even the reviewer admits that "the difference between the ordinary and extraordinary size of the House is too striking to be desirable," and describes as a "grievance that a certain number of peers only appear in the House on rare occasions." "Life peers must be created, and the existing hereditary peers must elect representatives." These are the two principal plans, the first of which was rejected by Parliament in 1859 and again in 1869, but may be now ripe for adoption. "The number of life peers must be limited"; but Mr. Macpherson's classification of senatorial qualifications is rejected by his reviewer, who would leave selective discretion as at present in the hands of the first Minister of the Crown. The Irish and Scotch system of representative peers should be extended to the rest of the peerage, and the period of representation made in all three cases for life. But peers "who have held high office" should have seats by virtue of that fact, and so be exempt from election by their fellows.

A PAN-BRITANNIC PEERAGE.

Mr. Macpherson's proposal that "the whole five peerages should be amalgamated into one imperial and pan-Britannic peerage, and to this imperial peerage a representative peers system should be applied," does not win the approval of the reviewer. Local peerages carry the weight of a "local voice," which should not be lost. "The truly imperial character of the House of Lords would spring not from the representative position of this or that individual peer, but from the character and the capacity of the House as a whole."

With some dubiety the reviewer assents to the suggestion, that peers not in the Upper House might stand as candidates for the Lower. Mr. Macpherson approves of Archdeacon Sinclair's idea of including leading Non-conformist representatives in a reformed Second Chamber. But the reviewer opines that "the scheme is unworkable" on account of the great opposition which it would arouse.

The reform outlined above is pronounced to be—practical and possible, and it is essentially one which should emanate from a Conservative Government not averse to well-considered improvements of the Constitution. If a Bill with this object was passed through the House of Lords, it must necessarily be accepted by the House of Commons.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON'S "HIGHER THEATRE."

WHAT IT SHOULD BE, AND HOW.

CONDESCENDING eulogy, caustic criticism, and generous ideals are curiously mingled in Mr. Harrison's paper in the October *Forum* on "The Revival of the Drama." He is quite ready to admit that the English drama has improved; but the area to which he restricts this admission is small. "It is easy," he says—

to sum up the features wherein the English stage of to-day has made distinct advance upon the stage of the forties and the fifties. First and foremost comes the artistic and intelligent setting of great historic plays; next, the rank and file at the best theatres can present modern life with some fair resemblance to what we see in the world, and not in a coarse stage convention; lastly, the melodramas of the second and third class have replaced intolerable burlesque by photographic realism, which, however pointless and ugly, is neither depraving nor absurd. These are distinct gains, but they are not gains of a very high order . . . Has our drama thereby become a substantive part, an essential, a beautiful part of our poetry and of our art? . . . Is it a trivial amusement or a true civilising force.

The compliment Mr. Harrison pays to scenic art he does not extend to the histrionic. He is cruel enough to say of our presentation of great plays:—

As *tableaux vivants*, the best of them are nearly perfect. Shakespeare would at last come to believe himself to be a mighty poet (an idea which on earth never seems to have crossed his mind for an instant) if he could see Mr. Irving's Hamlet, Wolsey, Shylock, or Mary Anderson's "Winter's Tale," or Mr. Benson's "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mr. Tree's "Merry Wives of Windsor,"—provided his ears had been carefully plugged with cotton wool. To the eye the effect is perfect. But this is not enough.

NO GREAT ACTORS.

For sixty or seventy years at least no really great tragedian has ever been heard in English . . . We all admire the thoughtfulness, the ingenuity, the varied accomplishments of Mr. Irving, of the late Mr. Booth, and of Mr. Tree and of others who are certainly actors of great merit; and Mary Anderson, Ellen Terry, Ada Rehan, Mrs. Langtry and the rest, are charming women, who at times touch a very sweet note. But when we come to measure our present tragic acting by a really high standard, we cannot count a single man of the first rank, nor a single woman of the second . . .

NO GREAT DRAMATIST.

Mr. Harrison asks, "Does the stage continue to add lasting works of real genius to our literature?" and answers:—

Tennyson wrote for the stage late in his career, doubtfully and without adding much to his established reputation. . . . Browning, Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, Swinburne, Lewis Morris, Buchanan, and many others, have written dialogues, lyrical dramas, and dramatic fantasias; but there is not one acting play among these pieces, nor has the stage of to-day ever coloured a line of them. . . . The vast bulk of our stage pieces are the work of playwrights rather than poets, and the severance of the purely literary and the theatrical world is very marked. It would be difficult to find any age or any country where the severance had been so complete.

THE CONDITIONS OF A GREAT THEATRE.

The most immediate cause is this—that the English stage of to-day, though sufficiently cultivated to form an occasional entertainment, is not sufficiently alive to occupy the serious hours of men of "light and leading."

Premising that "England is not, never was, and perhaps never can be, the home of the greatest acting," Mr. Harrison proceeds to seek a remedy, and takes care to enforce with almost sermonical iteration "the essential conditions of a really great theatre," which are:—

(1) A regular, trained, and judicial audience; (2) a peculiar position independent of speculation or fortune-hunting,

able to dispense with "runs" and "bumper" houses; (3) a company under absolute discipline playing before a school of criticism, of high culture, fearless independence, and paramount authority.

A great theatre would require a large trained body of actors, receiving regular and liberal salaries on a permanent engagement, with a stake in the fortunes of the house and a voice in its management, but otherwise liberally maintained and under strict discipline. The pieces must be varied, and both parts and pieces continually interchanged. The appointments must be beautiful, complete, and correct. The director must have complete control, and yet have no temptation to fill his pockets or to exhibit his own genius. These conditions involve, it is obvious, a large deficit at the end of the year.

How can this deficit be met? Mr. Harrison, who is "certain that in England and America the State will not contribute a cent," believes the day will come when the public spirit of private citizens will undertake this "social duty."

THE PILGRIMAGE REVIVED.

CHAUTAUQUA IN EUROPE.

THE summer of 1893 witnessed the assemblage of the second Reunion Conference in Switzerland. During this Conference an eloquent address on Chautauqua was delivered by its Chancellor, Bishop Vincent, and it is this address which has determined Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne to organise American Pilgrimages to the Old Country—on the lines first suggested in this Review in the article "A Plea for a Revised Pilgrimage." Dr. Lunn says:—

If I understand Americans aright, in visiting England they are much more desirous to have the privilege of hearing and seeing the living leaders of thought and action, of visiting places like Bedford and Stratford-on-Avon, associated with the great names of English history, than of witnessing the material prosperity of a Birmingham and a Liverpool.

The great cathedrals in which is enshrined the piety of our common ancestors, the great universities which gave their intellectual and spiritual training to saints and scholars whom both nations combine to honour, from Latimer and Crammer down to Butler and Wesley, and last but not least, our great national Valhalla at Westminster, are objects of transcendent interest to those Americans who are able to visit the home of their forefathers. I also feel convinced that the interest of a visit to any of these places will be multiplied tenfold when the cathedrals have their histories recounted by the dignitaries who dwell beneath their shade, when the colleges of our universities have their story told by great scholars enrolled amongst their professors, and when literary and religious shrines like Stratford and Bedford are visited in conjunction with lectures by eminent *littérateurs* who have shown true appreciation of the national worthies respecting whom they speak.

It is proposed that the Pilgrimage should leave New York, in the *Paris*, on January 10th next, the party being timed to reach Southampton on the 17th.

THE TOUR TO THE EAST.

In harmony with the Chautauqua principle, a tour to Egypt, Palestine, Greece and Italy has also been arranged. Lectures will be given at different points by the most eminent scholars of the day.

For Palestine, Egypt, and Greece, Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons have undertaken the necessary arrangements.

Other pilgrimages on similar lines will be made to Rome, North Africa, and Spain. The pilgrimage to Rome and the East will start about February 6th from London, and the first educational party to Rome on February 5th, while the pilgrims for North Africa and Spain are to be at Gibraltar on February 21st. A full programme of all the tours has been printed, and may be obtained from Dr. Lunn, at 5, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W.

MISS WILLARD AND MR. SYDNEY WEBB:

ON THE STATE AS MOTHER.

IN *Our Day* for October, Miss Willard reports a lively conversation which she had in London with Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Webb, Lady Henry Somerset, and others. Miss Willard approached Mr. Webb, whom she describes as a "scientific Socialist," "a sort of typical Socialist by his very physiognomy," on the subject of Collectivism *versus* Individualism. This is the way in which, with his entire assent, she puts his views:—

"As I understand it, Mr. Webb, you think that just as a child that is to come into the world is now carefully prepared for and provided with everything that it will need, so before many generations that child will be not only mothered by its own nearest kin, but that the State will mother him all along his way through life, so that he shall never need to have an anxious thought concerning the questions, what shall I eat; what shall I drink; wherewithal shall I be clothed, and with what shelter shall I be provided? But all of these will be as certainly his as are air, water, and sunshine."

ORDERING THE MUNICIPAL BONNET.

Mrs. Webb said she believed the day would come when we should have municipal dressing establishments, and instead of a woman having to hunt out her spring bonnet and suit she would go first to the doctor who would give her a ticket for the sort of suit she ought to have, then to an artist who knew how to make it beautiful. She would not be "Mrs. John Smith," but "Type No. 16 A" under a head of "varieties," and would go to a subdivision of the great dress establishment for "the fair-haired," "the brunette," "the mother," "the young collegian," as the case might be.

THE ADVANTAGE OF LARGE LANDLORDS.

Asked how he would deal with the land question, Mr. Webb replied:—

By gentle and slow degrees we must make land common property, and to do this we must pension off land-holders. We can do it much more easily in England than in France, because in the latter there are so many small holdings, whereas we could, for a much smaller proportionate outlay, pay off the dukes of Bedford, Devonshire and Portland, giving them all the money they could possibly desire in return for their great estates, thus setting the land free so that the Government could place tens of thousands of the unemployed upon small farms and have them pay a moderate rent to the State. . . .

Just here Mr. Smith playfully asked the question, "If I give up my estates, what shall I do about my daughter Alys?" "Do," replied Mrs. Webb, brightly; "she could be the municipal dressmaker; with her talent and skill she would find plenty to set her hand to, and to be the head of the universal municipal dressmaking department is a position which a princess might envy."

A brisk interlude was created by Mrs. Webb—who evidently enjoys audacious fun—broaching the paradox, "I never saw a man, the most inferior, but I felt him to be my superior." Whereupon—she was most gently baited by the rest of the company.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC VIEW OF MR. GLADSTONE.

THE *Catholic World* for October contains a most enthusiastic panegyric upon the present Prime Minister, by Mr. Jeremiah MacVeagh. Not even the hoary Non-conformist, Rev. Guinness Rogers, could outvie this Irish Catholic in his overflowing laudations of Mr. Gladstone's powers, achievements, and character. What lends a less usual flavour to this eulogy is the author's explanation of his hero's onslaught on the Papacy in "Vaticanism." Mr. Gladstone, who published that pamphlet in his sixty-fifth year, is excused on the ground of his youth! Says Mr. MacVeagh:—

Few of his political pamphlets have attracted so much attention and comment as his pronouncement on "Vaticanism," the vigour of his attack on the Papacy and Catholicity—especially coming from the defender of the Oxford movement—causing no small surprise to students of his public career. His maturer judgment has led him to retract much of what he

wrote in the hurry and energy of youth; and only a few months ago he availed himself of a fitting opportunity to recant the charges of Catholic disloyalty—or rather the incompatibility of loyalty to the Pope and to the Queen—and the impossibility of good Catholics being good citizens; for practice and experience in public affairs had taught him that his theoretical deductions were illusive. The occasion was the introduction into Parliament by Mr. Gladstone last year . . . of a Bill to revoke and annul all Acts of Parliament which exclude Catholics from the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland and the Lord-Chancellorship of England. Here again, therefore, we find the Liberal leader educating his party and his countrymen, even at the expense of defeat and passing unpopularity. "A Jesuit in disguise," "A truckler to Rome," "A Papist at heart," are terms ethereal in their mildness compared with others which the introduction of the Disabilities Removal Bill provoked.



MONSIGNOR JACOBINI.

A Coming Cardinal.

UNDER this title Mr. Philip Hemans refers in *Merry*

England to his Excellency Monsignor Jacobini, whom I met in Rome four years ago. What I said of him in my book "The Pope and the New Era" is quoted by Mr. Hemans at length, as also is my interview with Cardinal Parrochi, the Vicar-General of Rome. The writer adds:—

Now that Monsignor Jacobini has taken lighter work, his health has improved; and all his strength will be taxed in future times when, as a Prince of the Church, he will be called to service still higher and more arduous than any he has taken hitherto. He will fulfil the appointed time as Nuncio before being invested with the Red; but that day is not now far removed. In making his face familiar to English readers, we may note that what is called the Social Policy of Leo XIII. has a warm supporter in Monsignor Jacobini. The Pope had a personal interest in these things dated from old days; but Monsignor Jacobini, if he did not plant, at least watered; and, in the near future, he will again be at the side of the Sovereign Pontiff in whom the advance of years only increases the desire to be of active use to the Church and to the world.

COMPULSORY STATE INSURANCE.**RESULTS OF THE GERMAN EXPERIMENT.**

Just as England in recent times supplied the classic experiment of industrial individualism, so now Germany subjects herself to the test of a discriminating State Socialism; and the process naturally commands the close attention of all students in the laboratory of international economics. One of these—Mr. John Graham Brooks—after five years' residence in Europe sends in a preliminary report to the September *Forum* :—

The three laws now in active operation in Germany are the law insuring against Sickness (1883), the law insuring against Accidents (1884), and the law insuring against Old Age and Invalidity (1889). Under these laws, with their several amendments, practically all the wage-earners who receive less than \$500 yearly have been insured.

THE SICK LAW GENERALLY APPROVED.

The first law (Sickness) utilises existing benefit and burial societies. In its seven groups of institutions—there are now about 7,000,000 insured members. The employer pays one-third of the contributions: the employed two-thirds. About one and a half per cent. of the normal wage is required for the labourer's contribution. In return he receives free medical care and all appliances, besides an amount equal to one-half his wage as sick money for thirteen weeks. Employers and employed take part in the management of the society, and there is, on the whole, general satisfaction throughout Germany with the results obtained.

THE ACCIDENT LAW COME TO STAY.

The second law (Accidents) visits the whole expense on the employers. The entire management is intrusted to sixty-four associations of business men, subject to Imperial control. The labourers are represented on the Arbitration Boards, to which, when aggrieved, they can appeal free of cost :—

The advantage to the labourer is the receipt of two-thirds his wage in case of disablement. If only partially disabled, he receives such portion of his wage as is believed to measure his degree of helplessness. If the accident result in death, twenty days' wages are given as burial money, and to the widow twenty per cent. of the regular wage, with fifteen per cent. to each child under fifteen years. The obligation is recognized to find work as far as possible for those injured in any business. As with the Sickness Law, there is every sign that the Accident Law will become a permanent part of Germany's social legislation.

OLD AGE PENSIONS THE CRUX.

But the chief difficulty and irritation are connected with the Old Age and Invalidity law. "A large proportion of the population would eagerly vote it out of existence if an opportunity were given." Why they would do so Mr. Brooks does not say :—

The law applies not to any mere trade, but to the whole mass of "labourers," beginning with the sixteenth year. Labourers are divided according to wages in four classes. The lowest class pays about 4 cents weekly, and the highest 6 cents, by means of stamps bought at the post-office and pasted each week on a card. The employer adds an equal amount, and the State to each paid annuity adds a yearly subsidy of 50 marks (\$12.50). This annuity is due at the completion of the seventieth year of age, and is paid even if the pensioner is earning full wages. "Invalidity" is defined as inability to earn one-sixth of the usual wage. All who have contributed for five years and are permanently disabled receive, whatever their age, the invalid pension. The average pension will not rise above \$45 yearly. . . In 1891 and 1892, more than 130,000 Old Age pensions were allowed. It is hoped that the pension age may eventually be reduced to sixty-five years.

GETTING TO KNOW HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVE.

Accidents have not lessened; strikes come oftener and with uglier mien; the hope that the insurance institutions would

check the rush of labourers to the cities has had no fulfilment, nor has the confident expectation that the charity burdens in towns would decrease. Yet under this legislation results of inestimable worth are being gathered, chiefly indirect and educational, that may help other countries even more than Germany, and Germany more in the next generation than in this. First, the real facts of the struggle for existence are being made known to the whole of society with an accuracy that has never before been approached.

The new knowledge has upset Lassalle's "iron-law," even in the socialist judgment, and will soon banish Marx's theory of "surplus value."

Second, a kind of popular science has sprung into existence for the study of industrial diseases and accidents, their cause and cure. An important exhibition of methods of prevention has been held in Berlin. An expert literature on the subject is being produced. Popular lectures are common, and regular courses have been introduced into three of the universities. Nearly a generation ago the statistician Von Kolb wondered what the comfortable classes would do if they could be made to see clearly, deeply, and without prejudice into the life of those upon whom the world's heavier drudgery falls. Under these insurance laws this exact science is being performed. Arbitration . . . is bringing the best expert medical science into the systematic service of the unfortunate among the working classes. . . "We find," they say, "that we cannot afford any but the best."

THE TWO PRINCIPLES.

With the English principle epitomised by Pitt in the words, "No public relief should be regarded as honourable," Mr. Brooks contrasts

the new principle which the German insurance assumes . . . that whatever adds *hopefulness and a sense of security* to those who are on the verge of poverty will be far more certain to inspire in them the active energies of self-help than any motives which spring from fear and disgrace.

The tenement-house question, with all that it implies, is perhaps the most fundamental of social reforms. One consequence of this insurance scheme is that the Government is at last definitely committed to the loan of insurance funds for building working men's houses. . . One already hopeful result shows itself in the more and more frequent gifts from private individuals.

Mr. Brooks is thankful that Germany, who has just now "the most powerful and most incorruptible state and municipal organisation which the world has seen," is willing to put such forces to the generous service of this great Social Experiment.

"EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY AS IT SHOULD BE."

MR. A. D. PROVAND, M.P., in a lengthy *Nineteenth Century* article, criticises the demands of the working-classes and the Government proposals in regard to the liability of employers. He proceeds to give his own definition of "Employers' Liability as it Should Be." An adequate Act should provide as follows :—

1. Every injury to be compensated for, however caused. On proof that the person is injured or killed he or his relatives to be paid the amount of the compensation.
2. The amount of compensation to be stated, and to be based on the wages of the injured person; except for apprentices, for whom a different scale must be made.
3. The employer, at his own cost, to cover by insurance the whole liability to the workmen.
4. All persons working for wages in the employment of another to be included in the Act.
5. The employer to be prohibited from contracting out of the Act.
6. Actions on the part of the employer or workman for compensation to be barred. Any point requiring adjustment to be settled by the Sheriff in Scotland or a County Court Judge in England or Ireland without appeal, no professional man being permitted to appear in the case.

IN PRAISE OF CHICAGO AND THE UNITED STATES:

BY THE "QUARTERLY REVIEWER."

THAT the place of honour in the *Quarterly Review* should be given to an eloquent, not to say enthusiastic, appreciation of Chicago and of the American people in general, is a fact "significant of much." Times have changed when a Conservative reviewer can say of the Western Republic, "The hopes of mankind are centred upon the mighty enterprise," or declare that "the emancipation of the negroes will remain the most striking moral event of our century," one which "has given pathos to the record of material expansion and to American principles a firmness and grandeur . . . worthy of so great a people." Chicago and its exposition furnish the occasion for examining afresh the prospects of American progress:—

THE COMING GLORIES OF THE LAKE CITY.

Chicago represents the industrial era without tradition, history, or a system of hierarchical government to temper its rule. . . .

We may predict a future for the Garden City which not even London can eclipse. It is, we say, the meeting-place of East, West and Centre, with the continents of the Pacific for a background that is yearly becoming less distant. . . . The age of steam and iron made London and New York. The age of electricity will see Chicago contending with them for the crown of commerce.

A NEW LINE IN HISTORY.

The reviewer is mightily impressed with the deep-seated orderliness and power of self-government which Americans possess.

Their enemies might define the American institutions as a recognised anarchy, with universal suffrage to make it perpetual. But surely they would be deceiving themselves with a vain sound. . . .

The American Government has struck out a new line in history. It is the very opposite of the paternal and the oligarchical. . . . It aims at nothing less than to carry into effect the idea of freedom until it has penetrated into every form of human life. A nation, in the English or French meaning of the word, America is not, and does not desire to be. . . . This idea of the sovereign individual . . . runs through American society from end to end. . . .

The American does not worship State authority, or those in whom it is for the time embodied, neither does he regard it as the one great instrument and the abiding channel of civilisation. To him it is but the means of accomplishing certain definite ends, which may perhaps be summed up in the defence of the nation against its enemies, and the enforcing of contracts made by private agreement.

Mr. Herbert Spencer would seem, we are told, "to have caught the very spirit of American institutions." Perhaps it is this theory of government which gives the British Conservative, threatened as he is with all manner of Collectivist demands, his new sympathy with the individualist American.

THE PURITAN STILL DOMINANT.

The reviewer sees in Chicago the product of "Puritan shrewdness and habits of industry, although now divorced from Puritan religion":—

The American farmer, take him all in all, is even yet old-Hebrew, believing in his Bible, unacquainted with any criticism which would endanger his creed or his morals, cautious, hard, and practical, by no means inclined to surrender the views in which he was brought up, and carefully to be distinguished from the "heathens of the great cities," who are mostly immigrants or their children. These . . . politi-

cally do not govern, and never will. The American spirit is fast subduing them. . . . Though religion, among the Americans, does not "exalt her mitred front in Parliament," the Churches exercise a power against which no active propaganda of unbelief has yet made itself felt, nor seems likely to arise.

The people, conscious of its strength, tolerates the corruptions and machinations of the political "boss," who, acutely observes our reviewer with his "heelers and workers," his packed "primaries," and his saloon "caucus," represents, under curiously varied circumstances, the old Greek tyrant of Syracuse or Agri-gentum.

The closing strains of this prose psalm to the genius of the United States take on quite a religious tone. "Freedom, equality of right, and a liberal spirit," which are "the elements of the American Constitution," are also, we are told, characteristic of ancient Athenian culture and of the New Testament itself—

which is at length beginning to be recognised as the standard of civilisation. In this triple cord, not easily broken, there seems to be a firm security against Anarchism, Communism, and all other assaults upon ordered freedom.

PLEA FOR AN ANTI-RADICAL COALITION.

THE *Quarterly Review* strongly desires to see the present "alliance" of Conservatives and Liberal Unionists changed into a "fusion." It recalls, however, Disraeli's dictum that England does not love coalitions. It devotes an article therefore to showing that there are coalitions and coalitions, and that while some are worthy of all reprobation, others have deserved well of the nation. Those that have failed have been almost always either directed against individuals, or else have resulted from a compact flagrantly corrupt. So failed the coalition formed in 1730 against Walpole, in 1783 against Shelbourne, and in 1852 against Disraeli. Of "coalitions which England certainly did love, and which were productive of the happiest results," two are cited: that of 1795, in defence of Constitution and Empire against "French principles," and that of 1835, to arrest "the too rapid progress of revolutionary ideas which followed the Reform Bill." These historical precedents lead to the generalisation:—

The notes of a healthy coalition are first that it should be formed for the sake of great principles, or else for the sake of public safety, not for the purpose of gratifying either personal prejudices or personal ambition; secondly, that it should be the result of a gradual approximation of opinions; and thirdly, that both parties should have tested, by experience, the possibility of their acting together on the great public questions of the day.

These conditions would, in the opinion of the reviewer, be as fully satisfied by a combination of Conservatives and moderate Liberals to-day, as they are violated by the alliance of Nationalists and Radicals. A readjustment of forces is needed to erect "another great barrier against social and political revolution."

The national peril seems to the reviewer to be as grave as that under James II. The Romish priesthood menace our liberty and empire now as then. A national uprising is needed. It is even suggested that the Queen ought to exercise her prerogative and dissolve Parliament. In any case, he promises the Liberal Unionists an open-hearted welcome from the Conservatives.

It is worthy of note that while frequent reference is made to the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Goschen, and others, Mr. Chamberlain's name is never so much as mentioned.

THE TRUE STORY OF EVANGELINE."

THE MEN OF ACADIE IN ANOTHER LIGHT.

IN a series of articles which he begins in this month's *Inday Magazine*, under the title of "The True Story of Evangeline," Rev. T. B. Stephenson, D.D., comes to the rescue of the English name and fame against the unjust perceptions of Longfellow. He disavows any wish to suggest that Longfellow meant to strike a blow at the name and honour of our forefathers, who, a hundred and fifty years ago, were engaged in a death-grapple with France and came on the American continent. . . . Probably he did not know all the facts of the story with which he dealt, and we could be slow to believe that even for artistic purposes he could colour facts if he knew them. Yet the general impression made by the poem "Evangeline" is unjust to our forefathers. The injustice is the greater because ten thousand will take their impression from the poem for one who will patiently study the history. And to everybody who takes his share of the facts from the poem, the events . . . form one of the saddest chapters of causeless and remorseless cruelty the world has ever seen, and that cruelty stands charged upon our English race.

Dr. Stephenson points out that—

During two centuries the French and English were pioneering, praying, scheming and fighting for the mastery of the New World. And it was not merely a political struggle: it was in its depths religious. It was a fight of faiths as well as of races. France all the way through was the finger of Rome.

He narrates several blood-curdling incidents

as a sample of the proceedings which nourished the distrust of the colonists to a point at which all reliance on the honour of a Frenchman or the oath of an Indian became impossible.

He tells how one expedition set forth which

consisted of one hundred and five Indians, with one Frenchman, having Villieu at their head, and Thury to act as chaplain and bless the undertaking. Joined by a smaller party, under another Frenchman, they attacked a settlement now known as Durham The signal was given at night, and the slaughter began Among the scattered houses blood ran like water. More than a hundred women and children were tomahawked or killed by still more horrible methods. Twenty-seven were reserved as prisoners. Most of the houses were burned, but the church was spared, and therein Father Thury said mass and returned thanks to God for this victory, whilst the hands of his congregation were red with the blood of massacred women, and their clothes were bespattered with the brains of little children. Now this is a sample of what was continually taking place. The English colonists never felt safe.

Dr. Stephenson complains that "not a hint of all this is given in Longfellow's poem." Quite the contrary is suggested.

It is true that the curé of Grandpré had been rebuked by his ecclesiastical superiors for being too easy, and not zealous enough in stirring his parishioners to resent the English domination, and refuse the oath of allegiance. But . . . the representative priest of that region and that period was not the mild and reverent curé, preaching love and forgiveness, but Thury, offering his blasphemous *Te Deum* amidst the blazing houses of the murdered settlers.

Yet, in dealing with the French Acadians, the British Government had displayed that equity and tolerance for religious convictions which have marked its rule in every part of the world.

After this opening, the ensuing chapters of Dr. Stephenson's rebutting evidence will be followed with keen interest. But until an equal or a greater poet idealises with similar power the English side in that old-time struggle, the popular sentiment will we fear go with Longfellow.

TWO SOLUTIONS OF THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

MANUAL TRAINING OR MISCEGENATION?

THE story of General Chapman, educator of negro and Indian, is well told by Mr. Herbert Welsh in the *Educational Review* for September. The son of a missionary, and born in Hawaii, Samuel Chapman learned in his boyhood the secret of his later educational policy—

that manual training, with its humble material rewards, its firm disciplined muscles, its natural checks on sensual passions, its promise of honestly-earned bread, must go side by side with spiritual and intellectual training in any permanent uplifting of a barbarous people.

"Knowledge of the negro, first attained during his war service, was amplified and thoroughly assimilated in the reconstruction period immediately following the war"; and this led him to found the school at Hampton with the following idea:—

To train selected negro youth, who should go out and teach and lead their people, first by example, by getting land and homes; to give them not a dollar that they could earn for themselves; to teach respect for labour, to replace stupid drudgery with skilled hands; and to build up an industrial system, for the sake not only of self-support and intelligent labour, but also for the sake of character.

His motive—for he only had a single one: to get done the thing he felt God called him to do—was as transparent as a pane of cut glass.

It is not claiming too much for General Armstrong to say that he has given to the country, in its completest and most practical form, the key to the solution of the negro problem—certainly so much of a solution of it as the moment requires.

THE ENTAIL OF A NATION'S SIN.

Very different from this interim suggestion is "the ultimate solution" described by Mr. W. A. Curtis in the *American Journal of Politics* for October. No more terrible commentary on the curse entailed by slavery could well be found than this forecast,—that only by a colossal immorality on the part of American whites will the black problem be solved. Mr. Curtis declares that the negroes are already being absorbed by the white population:—

The absorption of the coloured population has depended and will depend upon a laxity of morals upon the part of both races, and a physical and a mental improvement in the inferior race. That such a laxity of morals exists, no one will deny. . . . The large and constantly increasing number of persons of mixed blood is proof of this. Save in the far Southern States, how few really black negroes there are. All through the border States the prevailing colour is not black.

The "six million coloured people are, at least, one-quarter white," and their amalgamation with the sixty-five million whites would produce a race possessing considerably less than one-tenth of "coloured blood." But the pure negroes in America increase very slowly. The real increase is among the half-castes. When negro morals discard illicit union, absorption will proceed by honourable marriage.

But what meanwhile of the infinitely darker than negro taint which will have thus entered the national blood?

A CORRECTION.—We regret that by a clerical error the price of Mr. F. C. Selous's "Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa," published by Messrs. Rowland Ward and Co., was given last month as 21s. instead of 25s. net.

THE BIGGEST WHEEL IN THE WORLD.

THE American edition of *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS* has an interesting article upon the big toy of the World's Fair—the Ferris Wheel. In an interview, Mr. G. W. G. Ferris tells of the inception of the great wheel:—

We used to have a Saturday afternoon club, chiefly engineers at the World's Fair. It was at one of these dinners, down in a Chicago chop-house, that I hit on the idea. I remember remarking that I would build a wheel, a monster. I got some paper and began sketching it out . . . Before the dinner was over I had sketched out almost the entire detail, and my plan has never varied an item from that day. The wheel stands in the Plaisance at this moment as it stood before me then.

A SAMPLE OF AMERICAN DASH.

Given the circumstances, in no other country than America would the wheel have ever been built. It took three years to complete the Eiffel Tower. Even here it took two years to build the St. Louis Bridge. Both were comparatively simple work. The builder of the Ferris wheel had not only to construct a work equalling these, but in such a way that it would move, and, moreover, move perfectly—a far greater problem.

On December 28th every scrap of iron and steel used in the wheel was "pig." On June 21st, less than six months later, 2,200 tons of this "pig," converted into a revolving mechanism as perfect as the pinion-wheel of an Elgin watch, began to turn on its 70-ton axis, and has been turning, without let or hindrance, without creak or crack, ever since . . .

It took excavations thirty-five feet below the surface and through twenty feet of quicksand and water to obtain a suitable footing. The towers, eight in number, are twenty feet square and thirty-five feet high, of solid cement. To keep this cement from freezing, live steam was used. Buried in the concrete are massive steel bars, and to them are bolted the steel towers which rise one hundred and forty feet in the air, supporting the wheel. To topple over the wheel it would be necessary to uproot these cement towers.

MEASUREMENTS OF THE GIANT.

It is not easy for the mind to grasp the stupendous nature of this undertaking. The wheel

itself is two hundred and fifty feet in diameter; at its highest point it is two hundred and sixty-eight feet above the earth. That is to say, if Bunker Hill monument were used as a yardstick to measure it, the towering monolith would fall short fifty feet. The obelisk of Luxor or Trajan's pillar, at Rome, would not be long enough to serve for a radial spoke.

Then, again, as to its enormous weight. The Niagara cantilever, just below the Falls, was looked upon as an engineering wonder when it was built. Its construction required three years. The Ferris wheel was built in five months, and its weight is four times that of the Niagara bridge. It has thirty-six cars, and in these two regiments of soldiery could be seated and swept with an almost imperceptible motion high above the White Wonder.

WHIRLING WITH THE WHEEL.

The sensation is delightful. Of course you expect to be dizzy, seasick, disturbed by the motion of the cars. And you



AN "EDGEWISE" VIEW.



MR. G. W. G. FERRIS.

are disappointed. As the wheel stops and you enter the cars, you treat yourself to an anticipatory shudder. The door closes, the clank, clank of the immense link chain as it falls over the sprocket wheels begins again. Doubtless the car will start shortly. It seems a long time about it, however. You look out; the Midway Plaisance, with its strange medley, is sinking below you. Soon it is far beneath. In front, the towers and long, gleaming pavilions of the White City are lifted into view. Then, slowly, with that subtle, growing sense, such as you experience as you stand before the canvas of



A SECTION OF THE WHEEL.

a Master, the whole majestic panorama is unrolled before you. Suddenly there is an almost imperceptible thrill, some one announces that the wheel has stopped, and as you look below you become aware that you have been lifted two hundred and fifty feet in the air.

The Ferris wheel was begun and completed within six months. It was constructed in sections, shipped to Chicago and put together there. Not a rod, joint or bar was defective; the whole was joined together with an ease and rapidity that astonished even our own engineers. When it was complete, it was perfect to the last detail, and it has never required an hour of repairs. The Eiffel Tower was three years in building, and its imperfections were not surmounted while the exposition lasted.

Plea for Rate-aid to Church Schools.

THE first place in the *Church Quarterly Review* is given to an argument for rate-aid to denominational schools. The writer deplors the hard conditions which these schools are now obliged to face, urges the rights of consciences which demand, as well as of those which decline, definite religious teaching for the children, and insists on the grievance of Churchmen and others who have to pay, besides subscriptions to support their own schools, rates to maintain Board schools. He argues for the adoption of a clause which Mr. Forster consented, under pressure, to drop from his Bill of 1870—"a clause enabling School Boards to make grants to the voluntary schools within the sphere of their authority, the only condition being that, if a grant was made to one such school in a rating district, an equal grant should be made to all the others."

He maintains that, State-aid being now granted, there can be no logical objection to the granting of rate-aid.

The indispensable conditions on which the friends of definite religious education must insist . . . in their irreducible form . . . are two: the one is, that they shall retain perfect freedom to teach religion in the manner they think best; and the other is, that they shall have a prevailing voice in the selection of the teachers.

Among "subsidiary questions" he mentions the ratio between rates and subscriptions; the proportion of managers who may be elected by the rating authority or the parents, but who must never equal in number those elected by the subscribers; the veto of the rating authority on the nomination of teachers; and the conditions on which new schools should be erected.

He would prefer the County Councils or District Councils to the Education Department for the fixing of the amount of aid to be given to voluntary schools from the rates. His devotion to the Catechism may be inferred from his alleging that what the multiplication table is to the teaching of arithmetic, the catechism is to the teaching of religion.

CINDERELLA AND THE GOSPELS.—In *Folk-Lore*, Mr. Joseph Jacobs, while investigating and classifying the manifold form of the story of "Cinderella in Britain," indulges in a curious digression. He says:—

We have to deal here with various versions of a series of incidents preserved by tradition and reduced to writing after many days. Now this, to compare great things with small, is exactly the problem of the Synoptic Gospels. It is not by any means improbable that folk-tale research, by arriving at the laws governing the transmission of narratives by tradition, may ultimately come to the aid of theological science in determining the relative age of the Gospels and settling the amount and character of the alterations undergone by the narratives during the process of tradition.

CO-OPERATIVE COOKERY:

ONE SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM OF THE KITCHEN.

THE waste of womanhood that continually goes on in our kitchens is a sad satire on our social wisdom. The organisation of industry, which has done so much in other spheres to economise labour and to enlarge life, we obstinately refuse to carry into the domestic sphere. As a consequence, we keep on squandering the one sort of paid female labour which is most in demand, and persist in dissipating a great part of the housewife's life. It is the sacrifice of the woman that should be wife and mother and queen of the home and sister of the people that is most pitiful. We take some of the very best human energies to be found in our working and lower middle classes, and we deliberately melt them over the cooking-stove or turn them into the smoke of the kitchen fire. Happily there are signs of a revolt. Even the kitchen, the last stronghold of feudal caste and archaic economy, seems likely to yield to the invasion of the democratic spirit and of co-operative methods. In the *North American Review* for October, Catharine Selden discusses how her sisters may be emancipated from "the tyranny of the kitchen." Her anxieties are directed rather to the housekeeper than to the domestic servant, whom she evidently considers not sufficiently grateful for the advantages of her position. As an alternative to the more extensive employment of Italian or Chinese labour, she suggests—

a co-operative enterprise of some kind, which by furnishing meals at a definite time or place, or by distributing them for home consumption, would lessen the demand for household service. . . . We are already accustomed to buy our confectionery and many other articles from establishments organised especially for their production. There seems no reason why cooked meat and vegetables should not be brought from similar sources of supply. It would not be difficult to found establishments of the nature of club-houses from which wholesome and well-cooked food could be distributed. . . . Thirty families might just as well have their dinners cooked in one kitchen by two or three cooks, as in thirty kitchens by thirty cooks. Instead of thirty ranges with their enormous consumption of fuel, one fire would be sufficient for the same purpose. There are also many labour-saving contrivances, economical devices and facilities now wanting in the home which could be made available, with the capital at its disposal, in the family club-house. In other words, what we want to do is to combine the conveniences and organisation of commercial life with the privacy of home and the independence of the individual.

She would provide the family club with a restaurant for such members as preferred not to take meals at home, and with reading and recreation rooms for employees. She thinks that the club might become a training school of the highest value. "A great deal of teaching which, elsewhere dispensed in infinitesimal quantities and lost in dispersion" would be thus "crystallised into tradition." Woman, whom she regards as "the most practical and disillusioned part of mankind," would find "an outlet for aspirations founded on practical ends." But, with a singular distrust in the present capacities of her sex, the writer urges that

the initiatory management of the family club, whatever might be its final administration, ought to be undertaken by men. They are not only used to organising large enterprises, but from habitude such burdens are lightly borne.

WHAT SOCIETY WOMEN READ.

LADY CHARLES BERESFORD ON "REVIEWED LITERATURE."

THE first place in the *Woman at Home* is given to an illustrated interview with Lady Charles Beresford, in which Mr. Blathway's matter is more than usually entertaining. He thus pictures the new features in her residence at Richmond:—

Deep and cool, full of barbaric colour, instinct with the life of the Oriental countries, in which she would really prefer to spend her days, are these charming drawing-rooms. Upon the walls hang numerous trophies of past exploits in the field on the part of her husband . . . and side by side with them are the portraits of the people she has met during many years.

After some bright talk about Egypt, Lady Beresford was asked if she considered "women in Society" better read than formerly. She answered:—

Well, yes, I suppose they are on the whole. Perhaps, however, I am no judge of this. They appear to me to be not so sentimental, so mawkish in their tastes; they are more brilliant, more widely informed. I don't think, however, that this proceeds from any burning desire on their part to be better educated, but because the facilities afforded them are so much greater . . . The mass of "reviewed" literature of the present day must be a great boon to the purely "Society" woman of this *fin de siècle* period, who really has no time to read thoroughly and to think out things for herself; the mass of *reviewed* literature is so great that to have an original idea on any subject whatever must surely be the exception . . . Sometimes—now and again—I fancy that there is in the purely worldly woman—"pleasure-seeker" we will call her—a desire to improve herself intellectually because it is the "right thing" to do so. So in a certain more "advanced" and perhaps "enlightened" section of Society the smart lady in dressing for a ball or a party may, during the intricacies of the back hair process, reflect that she may be placed at dinner next to some charming author or rising politician. She therefore glances over some review, or some review reviewed by Mr. Stead, in the hope of being mistaken for a "soul"; and, by the way, the attempts of some who are not qualified to rank amongst this more thoughtful section of society, or to peep into the only circle in London life that has elected to be a little out of the common, have been amusing to witness.

"Reviewed literature" as an indispensable adjunct to a Society lady's toilet is verily an interesting sign of the times. A yet more satisfactory fact is the tribute Lady Beresford pays to the influence of public opinion on Society morals. "It is generally noticed," she says, "that the most 'pronounced' set has for some time found it difficult to gather fresh recruits."

Shafts, a magazine for women and workers, edited by Margaret Sibthorp, is a publication for those who possess a brain to think and a heart to feel for human advancement. In no other way can this be so effectively aided as through the press, and those women who are attempting to strengthen their sisters' hands in this work extending their horizon of enlightened judgment and teaching them to act wisely, are doing a good work. Women are not merely asserting but proving their right to be heard on a score of questions heretofore considered out of their province. The world has been trying for centuries to advance in civilisation, but under the veneer of brilliant discoveries, increasing culture, and greater physical comforts lie deeps below deeps which can only be reached by women whose brains, hearts, and hands are trained to meet great issues. It is idle to cry out against women taking a share in the great questions of the day. The world does not move backward, and to-day their position as a factor in human progress is practically what they choose to make it. *Shafts* is published monthly at four shillings per annum, single numbers threepence.

FIRST-FOOTING: ITS ORIGIN AND LAWS.

MR. G. HASTIE, in *Folk-Lore*, ascribes to the custom of first-footing—which is observed “with great glee and vivacity in various parts of Scotland, but more especially in Edinburgh,” and he might have added in the North of England also—a comparatively recent origin. He says:—

The origin of this nocturnal visit and welcome, and subsequent merrymaking, arose from marriage customs, mostly in Galloway and Wigtonshires, where marriages were generally celebrated on New Year's Day. About a century ago the young maidens of the district, who might be courting, would, on the approach of New Year's Eve, in a coaxing kind of a way, invite their sweethearts and companions to be their first-foot on New Year's morning; of course the hint was always readily accepted, and generally ending in due course by marriage on a subsequent New Year's Day.

He seems to think the end of the practice is nearer than its beginning:—

Now the inducements of recreation and amusements of every description instead, is (*sic*) fast bringing into disuse and distaste the “auld, auld custom of ‘first-fittin’ in Guid Auld Scotia.”

WHO ARE LUCKY AND UNLUCKY.

Writing in the same quarterly on “First-footing in Aberdeenshire,” Mr. James E. Crombie thus states the result of his inquiries into the good or bad luck of certain classes of first-footers:—

The following were considered lucky: Friends, neighbours, and all well-wishers; a kind man; a good man; a sweetheart; people who spread out their feet (Old Machar); those who were born with their feet foremost (Old Machar); a man on horseback; a man with a horse and cart; the minister (?); a hen.

The following are some of the persons or objects considered as unlucky for first-footers:—Thieves; persons who walked with their toes turned in; persons who were deformed, or whose senses were impaired—cripples, for instance; a stingy man; an immoral man; a false pretender to religion; the hangman; the gravedigger; the midwife (New Machar); women generally; and all who were suspected of being addicted to witchcraft; those whose eyebrows met, and males who had red hair. Among animals, the cat, the pig, and the hare.

How British Trade Vanquished Napoleon.

THE commercial rivalry between France and England, which lends its keenest edge to the Siamese question, is of old standing. It was at the bottom of many of the wars of last century; and in a suggestive article in the *English Historical Review*, Mr. J. H. Rose shows how much it weighed with Napoleon in his European wars.

The policy attributed to Napoleon of isolating Great Britain from the rest of the world was only developed by him from attempts commenced by the French Revolutionists.

They believed England's wealth to be essentially vulnerable and artificial. They hurried into war with her in 1793 with the avowed hope of closing against her the chief markets of the world.

Bonaparte, in his skilful selection and use of all the Jacobinical ideas and aims which could establish his power, found none more ready to hand, none more popular, than commercial jealousy of England, and the determination to make our wealth our ruin.

These led him to develop the “coast system” into the “Continental system” in the Berlin decrees. Mr. Rose will not deny that British statesmen in retaliating had before them ends scarcely less extensive.

There is indeed room for belief that the policy of the Orders in Council was an attempt, not merely to retort on our enemies the evils of their own injustice, but also to crush neutral commerce, and establish a complete maritime monopoly.

Fortunately for us this colossal duel fell at a time (1803-12) when—

the relations of our industry and agriculture to our population rendered us at once necessary to Europe and self-sufficing at home. . . . The mistake of the French Government was in supposing that we were *solely* dependent on foreign trade.

“The Continental blockade strangled the Continental system.” Russia could not stand the absence of English goods, and in 1812 came to a commercial arrangement with the British Government. As a result, “English goods began to pour into Central Europe by way of Riga.” Napoleon could not suffer this huge gap in his system, and consequently—though the cause was veiled under personal recriminations—the Grand Army went to Moscow.

The attractiveness of English manufactures was thus the direct cause of Napoleon's downfall.

HOW AN EVENING PAPER IS GOT OUT.

MR. EDWIN H. STOUT contributes to the *Young Man* a vivid account of the way an evening paper is produced. He thus describes the hours of highest pressure:—

The din of the morning publication has hardly died away when the evening begins. By six o'clock the office of the evening paper is being prepared for the work of the day, and by seven the compositors and the early birds of the editorial staff are on the scene. The mail bags have to be opened and their varied contents assorted—and the correspondence of a newspaper is no light affair. Letters to the editor—stupid, serious, and impertinent; articles—good, bad, and indifferent; news—trumpety, libellous, and important; they are there in heaps to be dealt with according to their merits.

Before eight o'clock everything is in full working order. The editor is considering what subject he will tackle in his leading article; his assistants are writing notes on the topics of the day, and giving the finishing touches to the special articles which have been prepared for the forthcoming issue; the sub-editors are “boiling down” the more important items in the morning journals, and preparing the fresh telegrams from correspondents or news agencies which have already arrived. . . . As things are now managed, the bulk of what appears in the earliest editions of an evening newspaper must be in the hands of the printers before ten o'clock; while the leading article, for which a little extra grace is allowed, has to be finished by about half-past ten. Before eleven the last of the proofs must be passed, and a few minutes more suffice for the corrections to be made, and the “formes” to be sent to the foundry. . . . By half-past eleven the bundles are being handed over the counter of the publishing office, and the express carts are driving off to distribute them throughout the metropolis and at the railway stations for conveyance to distant suburbs and country towns. Before midday we have thus a complete newspaper produced and in the hands of the public. The work of the day is, however, by no means over. Four, five, and even more editions have still to be prepared.

Mr. Stout questions the commercial wisdom of issuing so many editions.

THE editor of the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society* has done his readers a specially good turn this quarter. Aware that the drought of the summer has made the prospects of the stock-farmer for the coming winter unusually gloomy, he has secured from ten experts resident in the districts which are likely to feel the pinch most, a series of independent “Suggestions as to Stock-feeding in the Winter of 1893-94.” One point in which most of the writers concur is that straw is too precious to be used as bedding or litter this season; and a variety of substitutes are suggested.

THE SINE QUA NON OF EMPIRE.

"THE command of the sea," its meaning in general and its meaning for the British Empire, are very clearly and strikingly set forth in an article in the *Quarterly Review*. It faces us at the outset with the seeming paradox that just when the Battle of Trafalgar had won for Great Britain the "command" of the sea, she voluntarily relinquished the "sovereignty" of the sea. "Sovereignty," it appears, required "the striking of the flag and the lowering of the topsail from every foreign ship" met with. "Command" is a much more serious affair.

KEEPING THE IMPERIAL HIGHWAYS OPEN.

The reviewer defines the command of the sea as meaning "complete freedom of maritime transit, military and commercial." It can be secured and maintained only by the destruction, or at least the complete neutralisation, of any organised naval force capable of interfering with an enemy's freedom of transit. . . . There is no such thing as a partial or incomplete command of the sea; it is either absolute or it does not exist. An admiral who commands an undefeated fleet, even though it is inferior to its immediate adversary, can always frustrate a serious territorial attack on the country he serves, so long as he can avoid a decisive engagement . . .

"A FLEET IN BEING."

A fleet in being, too large to be treated as *une quantité négligeable* by an adversary opposed to it, is an absolute bar to all serious enterprise, maritime or territorial, on the part of that adversary. Maritime enterprise on a large scale must necessarily involve a decisive engagement, and this, of course, the commander of the inferior fleet will do his best to avoid. Territorial enterprise, on the other hand, is, as we have seen, the one naval operation of all others which requires an undisputed command of the sea as a condition indispensable not merely to its success but even to its inception.

These were the principles upon which Torrington acted at the Battle of Beachy Head. Not provided with a sufficiently large fleet to vanquish the French, he saw the paramount necessity of keeping his "fleet in being" by retreating. The reviewer devotes most of his article to vindicating the reputation of this Admiral against the fierce odium of his contemporaries which Macaulay has done his best to perpetuate.

But while "a fleet in being, undefeated and able to avoid a decisive engagement, is an absolute bar to invasion across the sea," the maintenance of our Empire demands much more. It demands our absolute command of the sea. This is not merely the tenure by which alone we hold the Empire. It is also the title, the indefeasible title, by which we can at any time claim the transmarine possessions of any European Power which cannot defeat us at sea. Every Power in the world holds all its transmarine possessions merely as the caretaker of the ultimate naval Power. If England is that Power, every such possession is hers for the trouble of taking it whenever she is at war with the Power which holds it. If she is not, her Empire is at an end.

UNIVERSAL NAVAL SERVICE.

It is idle to increase our army, if our fleets are not supreme, and superfluous if they are. Those who talk loosely and longingly about universal military service as necessary to England's defence, might well be invited to consider whether universal naval service is not rather the counterpart, in the circumstances of the British Empire, of the universal military service imposed, by other circumstances and conditions, upon the Continental nations. Assuredly no military strength would save us if our naval strength were to fail.

"The question is not whether our Navy is superior and far superior to any other, but whether it is so far superior to any probable combination of naval adversaries as to be incapable of losing the command of the sea." With the answer returned to this question by the present Government, the reviewer is far from satisfied.

THE COLONIAL PARTY AT WESTMINSTER.

A STEP TOWARDS "A TRULY IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT."

"THE Colonial Conference"—the body which has been formed by the fifteen returned colonists now in the House of Commons and twelve other members whose interests and sympathies are strongly colonial—is the subject of a sensible article in the *Contemporary* by its secretary, Mr. Hogan, M.P. He expects it to be joined shortly by a contingent of peers who have served or governed in the colonies, and thus to develop into "an unofficial joint Colonial Committee of both Houses." Composed of all parties, its members "are all of one mind on the great questions of imperial policy," and on the necessity of securing more attention in Parliament to the interests of Greater Britain. This unofficial body is not designed in any way to clash, but rather to co-operate, with the official Colonial Agents-General.

ITS PROXIMATE PROGRAMME.

Its existence would have done much to prevent Lord Derby's blunder of refusing to permit the annexation of New Guinea, and may now operate beneficially to settle the Newfoundland, New Hebrides, and Samoan questions in the colonial interest. Mr. Hogan adds—

Other subjects that may fairly claim consideration at the hands of the Colonial Conference are: a uniform penny postage throughout the Queen's dominions; improved cable communication with the colonies; the organisation of imperial defence; the legislation of Colonial Government Stock for trustee investments; a more scientific and less haphazard system of appointing colonial governors; the assimilation of patent, copyright, and company law throughout the Empire.

THE ULTIMATE AIM.

The mere formation of this standing Conference has, Mr. Hogan affirms, been hailed with great enthusiasm at home and in the colonies, and has already evoked widespread and unexpected "aspirations for a genuine Imperial Parliament"—in which the colonies should be directly and duly represented. Mr. Hogan is not sanguine of soon beholding the reconstruction of the Empire on a representative basis, which Mr. Robert Lowe advocated in the Sydney Legislature so far back as 1844. But he regards it as the ultimate goal.

No workable scheme by which the colonies can secure direct, adequate, and satisfactory representation at Westminster has yet been devised, nor can we entertain any well-grounded hope of such a desirable consummation until such time as the Australasian and South African colonies are federated on the Canadian model. With the Greater Britain beyond the sea organised and federated into three homogeneous, powerful, and well-defined groups, there ought to be no insuperable difficulty in the way of allotting to each group its due and proportional share of representation in a genuine Imperial Parliament.

The Classical Ideal of Man.

THE ideal of human character which lay behind the classics of Greece and Rome, and which has so largely moulded modern conduct, is analysed by Rev. J. Rie Byrne, in the *Humanitarian*, into these elements: "piety," manliness, constancy and fortitude, fidelity, discipline, justice, spotless honour, a self-respecting sense of shame, temperance in food and in drink, unresting activity, liberality, frugality, occasionally clemency, ambition in the good sense and not in the bad, erectness of soul, taste for study, eloquence, affableness, wit; in addition, good fortune, noble birth, wealth, beauty, youth, long life, modesty in dress, grave and dignified deportment, tallness. Mr. Byrne notices as defects from a Christian point of view the absence of a sense of sin, of humility, and of charity or love to God and man.

THE WORLD'S PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

THIS noteworthy experiment has been carried through with singular success. The science of comparative religion has received an advertisement such as rarely falls to the lot of any of the sciences. Once supposed to be exceptionally recondite and abstruse, it has been made visual, personal, popular, in the city of the World's Fair. The opening scene is described as having been an imposing pageant. The gorgeously robed hierarchs of many historic faiths, present on the same platform, and uniting in simultaneous acts of worship, formed a spectacle which kindled the imagination not less than it impressed the reason. It seems to have been one of those events which make up the dramatic element of history. Rev. H. R. Haweis, who was present, feels that it will "leave a mark upon Christendom equal to, though differing from, the new departure created by the Protestant Reformation."

The *Review of the Churches* has an interesting account of the Parliament contributed by Rev. Dr. Gilbert, editor of the *Chicago Advance*. Of the inaugural ceremony he says:—

The large hall was packed with an audience of not less than four thousand men and women. Not ever before did a single platform have gathered upon it a group of men so widely representative at once of the various races and nationalities and religious faiths of the world. The spectacle presented to any one at all sensitive to the infinite pathos of the sorrows and the hopes that take hold on both time and eternity was of overwhelming interest. And one grand effect of it must inevitably be to awaken in the hearts of all thoughtful religionists, Christian or non-Christian, what one may call a new "world consciousness." If not a wholly new, it is a vastly broader horizon that is now seen to bend over and include them all. Whatever any one's blindness, any one's waywardness, any one's enlightenment, any one's painful gropings after the Light that should lighten every man coming into the world, the fact was felt most profoundly that we all are the one Father's children.

SPIRIT OF THE DELIBERATIONS.

Of the general course of the meetings Dr. Gilbert remarks:—

Here was an open parliament, offering to each one chosen to speak the utmost freedom in the expression of his own positive religious convictions. It was no debating society. There was nothing of the cross-cross jangle of controversy. And a most beautiful dignity and well-bred courtesy on every side ruled the hour and pervaded the place. But it must not be imagined that all the speakers piped low and soft. Not at all. There were clouds big with thunder; and there were thunders with lightnings in them that smote as with strokes from God's own right hand. This was especially true when [speakers were] characterising some of the awful inconsistencies of so-called Christian peoples and Christian governments in their relation to other nations. In all there were not less than one hundred and fifty papers and addresses, each from one half to one hour in length, besides many shorter and more off-hand speeches. . . . Those appointed to take part in them appear to have felt deeply the transcendent significance of such an occasion. And the audiences were hardly at any time less than three thousand.

PROBABLE RESULTS.

Distinguished representatives of all the great historic faiths and world religions, those of India and of China and Japan, those of Europe and America, Jew or Christian, Greek or Roman or Protestant, have come together, looked into each other's faces with kindest eye, clasped friendly hands, met not only on the public platform but in elegant social gatherings and in most hospitable homes, and continued thus as with one accord for many days. . . . Nevertheless, since the World's Parliament of Religions has become a fact accomplished, the world's religious thought can never again be exactly what it

was. Once out of its shell the eagle can never return into it. Confucianism, Brahminism, Buddhism, Shintoism, Judaism, Mohammedanism, Christianity, they each have been asked to tell what they have to offer or suggest for the world's betterment, what light they have to throw on the problems of the individual soul, on the labour problems, the educational questions, and the perplexing social conditions of our time. Their answers have been given. There will at any rate be a greatly improved mutual understanding. Deep has called unto deep; the various answers to humanity's deepest necessities and supreme desires and aspirations are on record. More and more intelligent and devout men and women will study and compare. That which has been most conspicuous has been, not the difference between men and men, between Christian and Buddhist, but the difference between the Gospel of the one Saviour of the world and the teaching of all the other systems of religion.

CATALOGUE OF CHARACTERISTICS.

Dr. Joseph Cook in *Our Day* for October thus summarises the session:—

Chief among the facts concerning the World's Parliament of Religions, held at Chicago for seventeen days in September, are that it would not listen to a defence of polygamy; it applauded every denunciation of international injustice; it exalted the religion of Conscience; it courteously concealed the seamy side of the non-Christian faiths; it gave an eager hearing to every sound scheme of philanthropy and practical reform; it exhibited Protestant, Catholic, and Greek Churches in agreement as to the conditions of the peace of the soul; it received with great favour thoroughly orthodox evangelists; it asserted most devoutly and incisively the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of men, and the solidarity of the race; it united Christians and non-Christians every day in the Lord's Prayer; and, to use Dr. Barrows's words, it ended at Calvary.

A CURRENCY INDEPENDENT OF GOVERNMENT.

MR. W. H. VAN ORNUM, writing in the October *Arena*, thinks he has found "a key to the solution of the whole financial question." The present commercial crisis is due, he avers, to want of currency. Either there is not enough in existence, or it is restricted in its circulation. But money "is purely a certificate of credit." And—

why should business men depend upon government to furnish or sanction any particular form of currency? And why should they continue to furnish capital to the banks, without security, on which to carry on their speculations, at the customers' risk and the bankers' profit? It is entirely unnecessary. . . . The New York and Chicago clearing-houses have recently . . . put out, for temporary purposes, clearing-house certificates, some say as high as \$23,000,000 in New York alone, which are only certificates of credit, having the backing of the associated banks, and which are perfectly good, so far as they go, for all purposes of money. There is nothing to hinder business men from doing the same thing. They can form mutual associations for their own convenience and credit, to facilitate their own business. Each member can be rated for credit according to his financial ability or business probity, being guided by the same considerations as now enable the banks to determine the credit of customers. Then let the association issue to each member respectively certificates of credit, in denominations corresponding to the present paper currency, to the full amount of the credit allowed, which will circulate as money, backed by the credit of the whole association. . . . The association will constitute a co-operative bank for the benefit of its members, in which the certificates of credit will be deposited, to be checked against or added to in new deposits like any other bank account. The bank, being for the mutual convenience of its members, need not and ought not to make a profit. It should discount no notes, deal in no securities, exact no interest, or in any way risk the money of its members. For the running expenses, each member should pay enough to cover the cost of the individual service to him.

HODGE HIS OWN BANKER.

IF IN ITALY, WHY NOT IN ENGLAND?

"We have enfranchised the labourer politically, we must enfranchise him economically." This is the principle on which Mr. Bolton King bases a suggestive paper in the *New Review* on "Parish Councils and Allotments." He points out that all the labourer's aspirations are to "make himself independent of the farmer," and that allotments are doing more than any other agency to lessen drunkenness and check the migration townward. Mr. King welcomes the Parish Councils Bill as showing a great advance:—

But in its present form it contains one great and vital defect: it retains the one-acre limit of the Allotments Act, and so makes it impossible for a man to hold more than an acre under the Parish Council. Most fatal of all, it entirely precludes the acquisition of grass allotments; for to be of any value, two and a half or three acres must be their minimum size.

The labourer to be a holder will need capital. Mr. King warmly urges the introduction of People's Banks, which have been so successful on the Continent, into this country. His account of them is given here in condensed form:—

Doing a business of £200,000,000 a year, these banks have revolutionised the condition of the peasantry in Germany, and bid fair to do the same in Italy. The area of each *cassa* does not extend beyond its village. The self-interest of the other members secures that none but persons of good character are admitted. The association is self-governing. The liability of members is *unlimited*; but so perfect is the security that "the public banks are glad to lend at one-half and one per cent. below market rate." It is truly the "capitalisation of honesty"; for the members of these banks are among the poorest of Italian peasants. From the funds acquired by bank advances, and from the savings bank deposits, loans are made to members for the purchase of stock or implements or manure, or to the village tradesman for raw material.

The moral transformation these banks have made in villages has been as striking as the economic.

"A NEW AUSTRALIA."

MR. A. J. ROSE-SOLEY contributes to the *Westminster Review* a vivid and fervid description of a singular socialistic exodus from New South Wales. Its leader and originator is William Lane. Born in agricultural England, he spent his boyhood in America, whence he removed to Queensland. A prosperous journalist, he flung himself into the labour movement, and at last, impatient of the slower social evolution, he conceived the idea of starting a Communistic settlement of Australians in a totally new environment. "In July, 1889, New Australia was but a dimly-seen dream. In July, 1893, two hundred of its pioneers were leaving the old Australia for the new, a thousand male adults were inscribed on the Association's lists, representing, with women and children, a total of two thousand, and these members, whose numbers are daily increasing, devote all their hard-earned savings to the common fund." It secured a suitable site in Paragnay, South America, where the "New Australia" is to develop. Each colonist pays £60 minimum entrance fee. Equality of the sexes, sanctity of home-life, communal care of children under guardianship of parents, are among the chief articles of constitution.

**"THE YOUNGEST EDITOR IN THE WORLD,"
AND HER "HOLIDAY COTTAGE."**

THIS distinction belongs to Lady Marjorie Gordon. She is the daughter of Lady Aberdeen, and though still in early girlhood does actually edit *Wee Willie Winkie*. So Miss Friederichs informs us in her pleasing sketch of the little woman in the *Young Woman*:—

It is a very pretty story, that of Holiday Cottage, which stands about half a mile from Haddo House, on the borders of a wood. In order that their children might be better able to appreciate the difficulties and delights of housekeeping, Lord and Lady Aberdeen had this cottage fitted up with all the goods and chattels of a humble home, except that there is no



LADY MARJORIE GORDON.

sleeping accommodation in it. You walk across the field and turn into the wicket-gate of a small cottage-garden, where Lord Haddo and the Hon. Dudley and Archie Gordon grow potatoes, cabbages, and strawberries, and where, perchance, you may see the three brothers dig and delve, fetch water from a pump in the neighbouring field, mend fences, polish door-knockers, chop wood, or make themselves otherwise useful. Lady Marjorie grows roses and other flowers in this garden, and all the four owners of Holiday Cottage are intensely interested in a tiny rockery close to their door. . . .

In this kitchen Lady Marjorie practises all the details of housekeeping. If the floor is dirty, she scrubs it; when the grate is cold, she kneels in front of it and cleans it, and lays the fire; the brightness of the cutlery and crockery depends on her handiwork; and if the owners of Holiday Cottage invite guests to tea or luncheon, she must prepare whatever refreshments she offers to them.

HOW TO USE THE CAPITALIST

WITHOUT ABUSING HIM.

"THE Psychology of Labour and Capital" is the somewhat abstruse title of a racy and entertaining article in the *Fortnightly* by Mr. Robert Wallace, M.P. He laughingly rebukes the Socialist for describing the capitalist as a beast of prey, and urges that the two phases of human nature—the phase of labourer and capitalist—are two and inconvertible. Mr. Wallace finds three main distinctions between the born capitalist and the born labourer—classes and types which of course often overlap:—

(1) The capitalist is a being of vaster cupidity than the labourer. . . . He wants to possess all he sees, and his desires are really bounded only by the resources of the planet. . . . On the other hand, the man who is essentially a labourer has not this passion for possession. He can guide a plough, make an engine, paint a picture, impersonate a character, write a poem. That is about all he is fit for.

The capitalist aims to annex, the labourer to transfigure, Nature:—

A second distinction between the two lies in the capitalist's capacity for using his brother men as his tools. This is a remarkable faculty, possessed in perfection by comparatively few. For he must be able to say to a multitude of fellow-creatures, identical with himself in every anthropological characteristic, "It is the right thing that you should dwell in hovels, but that I should dwell in a palace: that you should wear fustian and corduroy, and live on herrings and potatoes, but that I should be clothed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day." Once a keen annexionist has faced the position from this point of view, he may go far in capturing large segments of the world. If he falters, he will never do much good as a capitalist. The genuine labourer, on the other hand, be he poet or ploughman, is not equal to this, and hence remains a labourer all through.

The third difference is the most striking: The capitalist

must have, on a greater or smaller scale, capacity for organisation, ability to combine men, materials, and opportunities into a unity which, as an adaptation of means to end, he can handle as an instrument for raking in towards himself the largest quantity of possession that is meanwhile accessible. According to his powers in this direction he develops into a small or a colossal capitalist. . . . Faculty and the faculty of organising faculty are, as a rule, lodged in different skulls, and the organising faculty is among the rarest of human faculties. . . . To all practical intents and purposes, the born Worker is helpless apart from his own special gift, and the born Organiser is less usefully fitted for working himself than for setting other people to work.

Suppose your Socialist State set up, says Mr. Wallace: the capitalistic brain would soon capture the State; or organise—as none else could—a counter social revolution. Its cupidity would not tolerate restricted income.

Mr. Wallace's own plan is to use the capitalist, not abuse him; not to extinguish him, for we can't; nature is too strong for us, but to regulate him. Factory Acts and a graduated income tax are instanced as means of harnessing the cupidity of the capitalist to the car of the general welfare. We must only be careful not to tax him down to the point at which he will cease to find it worth his while to organise industry for us.

I think it certain that a large amount of the excessive reward of capital could be safely recovered through taxation.

5s. A WEEK FOR THE AGED POOR.

A PROJECT OF POOR LAW REFORM.

In the year ending Lady Day, 1892, according to a recent Government return, the persons aged sixty-five years and upwards who were in receipt of parish relief numbered 401,904, while of the population of that age, "one in every three (females) or four (males) was relieved." Rev. J. Frome Wilkinson, commenting on these facts in the *Contemporary Review*, remarks that "the economic position of the aged and ageing has not improved during recent years, but rather the reverse."

WHAT GRANTHAM AND SHEFFIELD ARE DOING.

He mentions that the Grantham Board of Guardians already grant a weekly allowance of 5s. 6d. to men above seventy-five years of age, of 5s. to women above seventy, and of 9s. to an old married couple living together. A special committee of the Sheffield Guardians has recommended that for the accommodation of aged and infirm people over sixty years of age, who are of good character and have lived in the Union for twenty years before applying for relief, a three-sided quadrangle should be built:—

Each room is to be furnished with the necessary household utensils, and besides bed, two arm- and two rocking-chairs; and the rooms are to be made in every way as homelike as possible, with the help of pictures, plants, etc. The inmates to be allowed to retain any unobjectionable pet animal or object to which they have become attached; to be encouraged to cultivate a small garden with flowers and vegetables for their own use; and to be allowed the fullest freedom within the necessary limits of reasonable discipline.

WHAT THE DISTRICT COUNCIL OUGHT TO DO.

Mr. Wilkinson's own suggestions may be thus epitomised:—

The District Council, which shall carry on the administration, should be entrusted, subject to supervision by the County Council, to be empowered to grant "a minimum sustenance endowment of 5s. a week to all aged persons who send in a demand note," except such as are held to have forfeited their right to pension, and are, therefore, to be sent to the workhouse. The pension to begin in each case "when decay of working powers becomes manifest." Municipal or village cottages to be purchased or erected by the District Council and let for a small weekly sum to aged inhabitants of the district. The old-age endowment fund to come from imperial rather than local taxation.

Mr. Wilkinson points out that old-age pensions can be granted even under the existing law. The Act of 1834, in section xxvii., provides that any two acting justices may give relief to any adult, unable from age or other infirmity to work, without requiring him to go into the workhouse. This suggestive article closes with a plea that the State, having by its profusion of liquor licenses, tempted the poor to drink, should not in its character-test judge too severely those who have yielded to the temptation.

As noticed elsewhere, the Bishop of Ripon suggests in the same Review the utilisation of existing parish doles in an old-age pension fund.

THE number of British medical men in Egypt, says the *Medical Magazine*, "might be counted on the fingers of one hand." "An immense number of European practitioners, chiefly Greeks and Italians, but including also Germans, Austrians, and French, may be found thronging the principal towns; but our fellow-countrymen will not follow their example. . . . The country requires sanitary rehabilitation from one end to the other, and nothing could conduce more to this most desirable end than judicious leavening of properly qualified medical men."

THE THREE PARTIES BOUND FOR THE POLE: THEIR CHANCES OF SUCCESS.

No fewer than three separate expeditions have been despatched this year with the object of discovering the North Pole. The Norwegian party has Dr. Nansen at its head, and goes by the New Siberian Islands, or the Asiatic route. The British party, under Mr. C. R. Jackson, goes by Franz Josephland—the usual European route. The

followed by Jackson presents a most promising field," and if his equipment is adequate "there will be good reason to expect from Jackson's efforts quite extensive additions to our knowledge of Arctic lands, and possibly the attainment of an unprecedentedly high latitude." For his own countryman Peary, General Greeley thinks "moderate success most probable;" but "as to his attaining the farthest north and mapping out the north-



MAP USED BY DR. NANSEN TO ILLUSTRATE THE PAPER WHICH HE READ TO THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

American party, and the American route, will pass through Baffin Bay, under Lieutenant R. E. Peary. The several prospects of the parties are discussed by General A. W. Greeley, in the September number of the *North American Review*. It is interesting to find that this distinguished Arctic explorer pronounces the British prospects of success to be most favourable. "The route

eastern boundaries of the archipelago discovered by Lockwood, his chances of success are inconsiderable—say one in ten." Dr. Nansen's project of "a drift-voyage with the main ice-pack of the Siberian Ocean," which is supposed to set across or in the neighbourhood of the Pole, is condemned as "unwise, impracticable, and little short of suicidal."

RUSSIA VERSUS WESTERN EUROPE.

PRESUMABLY as a concession to popular feeling, the second number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contributes a valuable addition to the Russophile publications of the month, under the title "How Russia Took Her Place in Europe," by M. Desjardins, member of the French Institute. The article is really a review of an elaborate historical work compiled by a well-known Russian journalist, F. de Martens, with the permission and assistance of the St. Petersburg Minister of Foreign Affairs. Therein may be found an account of all the treaties and conventions concluded by Russia with foreign powers, and M. Desjardins has managed to weave out of dry political documents a striking page of old history.

Russia's first relations with Western Europe seem to have begun in the glorious reign of him who was called the Russian Charlemagne, a certain Iaroslaf the Great, who flourished between the years 1015 and 1054. He made good use of his female relations, marrying his sister to the King of Poland, and his three daughters to the Kings of Hungary, Norway, and France. Marriage, indeed, seems to have played a great part in Russian diplomacy, for the next close connection between the great Eastern Power and its neighbours took place in 1496, when the then Tzar's niece married a nephew of Maximilian of Austria. Russia's first serious relations with England began in the middle of the sixteenth century, when a certain Anthony Jenkinson, an astute English merchant, became the confidant and friend of the then Tzar, Ivan IV., to whom he granted all kinds of privileges for himself, and for a company, the *Muscovite*, in which he was interested.

All went well for some years; then, in the April of 1567, the Tzar commissioned his friend Jenkinson to ask the Queen of England (Elizabeth) whether she would become "the friend of his friends and the enemy of his enemies." This, however, did not suit the Queen's views, and for some years diplomatic relations between the two countries were severely strained to the utter undoing of Jenkinson and his Muscovite company. In 1593, however, the Tzar bethought himself that an English bride might make matters straight; and he sent his ambassador, Bisenky, to ask for the hand of Mary Hastings, whom M. Desjardins speaks of as having been a niece of Elizabeth; the negotiations, however, fell through owing to the death of the Tzar.

To Peter the Great belongs really the credit of having brought Russia within the circle of European politics, and he may be said to have first thought of a Franco-Russian alliance; "he owned," writes St. Simon in his famous memoirs, "an extreme passion to become united to France."

But the Tzar's celebrated visit to Paris unfortunately took place some years too late; in Louis XIV. he would doubtless have found an ally and friend, but the Regent was no diplomatist, and practically threw the Tzar into the arms of England. Catherine, remarks M. Desjardins, began her reign by an exchange of compliments with England and Russia, but, finally, was more often unfriendly than friendly with the Court of St. James—although George I. was in constant communication with her, writing her long autograph letters in which he would point out their many common interests. M. Desjardins has only continued his researches up to the end of the eighteenth century. It is to be hoped that in a future number of the *Revue* he will tell the story of Russia's later relations with her European allies and enemies.

IS ITALY GROWING TIRED OF HER KING?

THE recent successes of the Catholic party in many local elections throughout Italy encourages Signor R. Corniani to elaborate in the pages of the *Rassegna Nazionale* a programme for what he terms the new Conservative party in Italy, from which he hopes great things in the future. The party is to consist of the Moderates of both camps—Catholic and Liberal; and, indeed, it is precisely by a combination of this kind that the above-mentioned successes at municipal elections have been won. Where the Catholics are intractable, the Moderates vote with the Radicals; on the other hand, they are quite ready to join with the Catholics, when feasible, as a protest against the rabid sectarianism and materialism of the present régime.

The author also notes an, as yet little suspected, but, if true, important factor in Italian politics—i.e., the waning popularity of the House of Savoy. Rightly or wrongly, the many and obvious misfortunes under which Italy is groaning are attributed to a failure in the monarchical principle, and discontent is spreading rapidly amongst the moderate Liberals, who, until now, have been the most stalwart supporters of the united monarchy. Royalty has failed to do much that was expected of her; she has, moreover, done many things which have proved undoubted blunders. With this decline of popularity of the reigning House there disappears one of the main difficulties of a *rapprochement* with the Catholic party. Ultimately Italy might find in a federated republic a solution for some of the unsolvable problems of her present political condition. The principles which are to govern the new coalition party are summed up by Signor Corniani in the following paragraph:—

Both sides demand a greater respect paid to Catholicism, both as a sentiment and an institution; both parties desire public instruction to be purified from materialistic and anti-religious influences; both wish for a scheme of public finance which will not exhaust public and private prosperity; all desire greater freedom of municipal life, an administration independent of party politics, a real decentralisation and simplification of bureaucratic methods, liberty of election, and a union between real education and popular instruction.

The *Foreign and Colonial Importer* (Wm. Duff and Co.) is a monthly journal for the export trade, which gives the export prices current and the produce market reports. Apart from the trade notes and articles there is much of general interest in this well-printed journal.

THE *Young Man* and the *Young Woman* are wedded, so to speak, for Christmas, one Christmas number being made to do duty for the two magazines. There are sixty-two pages for 6d., but sixteen of these are devoted to advertisements; but why, oh why, does the editor sprinkle his advertisements all over the book? It is so very irritating to pass from a poem about Christmastide to a page about somebody's electric belt, or to be plumped from the pathos of a street idyll into a "patent miniature melodeon." The letterpress, however, is entertaining and elevating. The stories are supplied by Annie S. Swan, H. M. Stanley, Barry Pain, W. J. Dawson, J. Reid Howatt, and others. There are articles by W. T. Stead, Mrs. Crawford (of Paris), Archdeacon Farrar, etc.; and the special feature of the illustrations seems to be the portraits of the editors of the two magazines in question, and of some of their leading contributors.

THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH IN INDIA.

THE part which the speaking of English is manifestly destined to play in the unification of mankind imposes on its present guardians the duty of doing their utmost to keep the language one, and to prevent it breaking up into dialects not mutually intelligible. There are two articles in the *Calcutta Review* which serve as forcible reminders of the danger of neglecting that duty. Mr. Charles Johnston, M.R.A.S., discusses the general relations of ethnology and philology. He acknowledges that recent anthropology has shown "four quite distinct race-types in Europe alone, all speaking Aryan languages, but none corresponding exactly to linguistic divisions." But he vigorously combats Mr. Isaac Taylor's declaration that "language seems almost independent of race." This notion he derives from the erroneous identification of language with vocabulary. But "besides vocabulary, language consists of grammatical structure, accent, tone, and phonetic type." The behaviour under new race-conditions of each of these elements is subjected to a most interesting investigation, which Mr. Johnston finally thus sums up:—

Taking first vocabulary, it appears that, as far as its constituents are concerned, it has very little relation to race; perhaps none at all; but as far as its scope is concerned, it is very largely dependent on race. Grammar also seems to be, if not dependent on race, at least liable to great influence from it. Tone and accent seem also dependent on race; while phonetic mould is overwhelmingly so. So that five-sixths of language are dependent on race; while only one-sixth—too often mistaken for the whole—seems practically independent.

BABU ENGLISH TAUGHT IN GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS.

If we apply these principles, as Mr. Johnston does not, to the probable future of our imperial speech, we get a prospect not too reassuring. For, as five-sixths of language is dependent on race, and as the English-speaking area is extending over an enormous number of different races, what will be the linguistic result? Apprehension is deepened by the statements of another reviewer, who signs himself H. R. J.:—

It stands as a gigantically ludicrous fact to-day that the supreme powers in the Indian Empire, having undertaken to introduce the science and literature of the West into India through the medium of the English language, have failed to evolve any considerable number of trained scholars who may be trusted to speak and write the English language with even tolerable correctness and intelligence. . . . The Universities send out yearly hundreds of youths . . . addicted to a very vile habit of writing and speaking English. . . . Not half the students in our college classes are really fitted by their knowledge of English properly to benefit by the books that are put into their hands to study and the lectures they are invited to listen to.

"One great and evident cause" is that the colleges "have tried to impart teaching in English without taking sufficient precautions to ensure that English should first be taught." What H. R. J. demands, in the first place, is therefore "gradually raising the standard of English in the so-called Entrance Examination." As "the supply of men educated after the received pattern exceeds the present demand," the restriction of numbers which a higher standard of entrance would involve need not deter us.

But the source of the evil lies further back—in the schools preparing men for the Universities:—

The teachers of English in these schools are almost entirely native masters—an intelligent and deserving class of men, no doubt, many of them with University degrees, but nevertheless men with a very imperfect mastery of English idiom. . . . There is probably—I speak under correction, yet not altogether

at random—not a single school in the whole of India where there is a reasonable chance that English will be correctly and idiomatically taught to the Indian schoolboy. A vicious habit of expression is acquired by our scholars from the first.

The reviewer urges that we should have one school—"if possible, in every Presidency, and if not, then one at least in all India"—"in which English is taught from the beginning by Englishmen, thoroughly, systematically, soundly," and which could serve as model for the rest.

There is something more than grotesque in the spectacle of a British Government laboriously propagating through the Indian Empire a spurious dialect, neither English nor native.

A GLIMPSE OF PERSIA AND PERSIAN SOCIETY.

IN the *Nouvelle Revue* of October 1st, Ahmed Bey gives a striking picture of modern Persia, and of its Governmental institutions. Persia, he tells us, is divided into provinces or *hokoumets*, and each province is divided into districts or *mohals*, which again are divided into cantons or *belads*. Each district boasts of a Governor and Vice-Governor. The Governors are generally chosen from among the members of the Shah's family. They do nothing, and have no dealing with the people over whom they reign. The Persian administration shares with that of many more civilised countries the reputation of being excessively corrupt. Everything is done by bribery. The Government openly sells the posts it has to offer, from Ambassador to a Government clerkship. On the other hand, the poor are heavily taxed, and those who cannot pay have not only their lands, but even their houses and personal effects seized.

Ahmed Bey quotes an extraordinary little ballad which he declares is sung among the people *apropos* of the tobacco monopoly, which is said to practically belong to Great Britain. A rough translation of the verses may be useful, inasmuch as they point out the way in which we are regarded in the East:—

Tell me, O Grand Vizier, have you seen the Sal Shah (Salisbury)
In his London Palace? Did he get round you, Goose?

O Grand Vizier! O Sal Shah!
One gave over the money; the other gave his country,
And each of them is pleased! O.

If the Queen only knew—for of course it is hidden from her—
That we are miserably poor,

O Grand Vizier! O Sal Shah!
She would not have taken from us our bitter tobacco—
The one gave the money, the other his country,
And the two are pleased! O!

In Persia there is, so to speak, no judicial system; all law cases, civil or criminal, are judged by some *mollah*, who always decides in favour of him who has paid most. The army is singularly recruited. Every landed proprietor has to furnish a certain number of men, and to equip and feed a certain number for an indeterminate time. The Government gives them their guns, and, generally speaking, provides for their lodging. Each soldier is expected to look out for himself and live by theft or violence.

Ahmed Bey evidently looks with suspicion upon the friendship of England and Persia, and would like to see Russian influence predominate in the country. The Shah, his sons, and his Ministers, all have their fortunes invested in British banks, and so naturally it is to their interest to keep on good terms with the Court of St. James. On the other hand, the Persian merchants wish to be on the best terms with Russia. There will come a moment, says the writer of the article, when Persia will become the battleground of England and Russia, for the Shah has four sons, two of whom at least are likely to consider themselves the rightful heir to their father, and no one yet knows who will be supported by the Court of St. James.

THE ADVANCE OF WOMAN:**ITS DEMANDS AND DANGERS.**

A SYMPOSIUM on the "Women of To-day" is counted to the October number of the *North American review* by two women and two men. The Earl of Meath is how the late Lady Sandhurst, Miss Cobden, and ss Cons fared on the London County Council and in Law Courts, and puts the case for lady councillors with trenchant conciseness. He sees in the "public cognition of the ability of women to work side by side with men" "an encouragement to reformers on both les of the Atlantic":—

A victory on one side of the ocean would soon be followed an advance upon the other. I am sufficiently patriotic hope that the honour of first admitting women to local councils may rest with the land of my birth.

Catharine Selden's device of family clubs as an escape from "the tyranny of the kitchen" is noticed elsewhere.

MOTHERHOOD IMPERILLED.

A very grave indictment of the American system of female education is brought forward by Dr. Cyrus Edson:—

Expressed in the fewest words, the evil is that an increasingly large proportion of the women of the American race are unable to perform their functions as mothers, and these women include the mentally best we have among us. . . . The gravity of the evil confronting us lies in this, that we seem to be able to bring the women up to a certain point in mental development, and then they cease to be able to be mothers.

He finds also that the power to resist attacks of disease, which in less cultured peoples is greater in girls than in boys, is in America distributed rather the other way. The only explanation he can suggest is "the tax which by our system of education we put on these girls," during changes in their physical development involving heavy drain on the strength. This saps their stamina and destroys their reserves.

PLAIN SPEECH ON A GROWING EVIL.

I once heard a married woman say: "Women are growing very scientific in these days." It is a fact that a very large number of American women now refuse to bear children. Ideas have changed. The religious sentiment which forbids efforts to prevent the accomplishment of the natural function of their sex has been greatly lessened in force for many of them. To no class in the community is the realisation of what is going on so vivid as to physicians, because to them the sufferers from the results of their own acts must come for relief. It is almost useless to point out the terrible consequences of this interference with Nature, or to say the exchange is pain during a short period avoided and pain during life secured. . . .

So far as the act is the result of a dislike to be deprived of the pleasures of society by the care of children, it is damnably wrong. So far as it results from the dread of the pain of childbirth, it is folly so absolute that it may not be expressed in words. But when it is the result of an innate feeling that there is not stamina enough to stand the strain—what then?

HEALTH WILL TAKE THE PLACE OF BEAUTY.

Dr. Edson thus forecasts the result:—

If the system of education prevents American women having children, and if the influence of those women is strong enough to put a stop to any change in that system, or if those women refuse to be mothers, American men will, so far as they can, marry girls of other races. In time there would gradually permeate through the minds of men the understanding that health was a requisite in the women they would make their wives. Healthy girls, girls with stamina, would then have the same advantage over their less fortunate sisters that is now possessed by the pretty girls over those that are ugly.

But as "the women of America are not fools," they may,

he thinks, be looked to for initiating reform in female education.

In another part of the magazine, Jane C. Sinclair laments the dangers attendant on educating boys and girls together. The results in the West are not as expected. The young men "treat women as well as they treat one another, and no better," with "extreme" and even "ill-bred familiarity." The moral standard is not perceptibly raised. "That most of the girls come out unscathed from dangerous situations is no reason why they should be exposed to such dangers."

WHY SHOULD NOT MARRIED WOMEN BE SELF-SUPPORTING?

Bertha M. Rickoff pleads for the removal of social dis-favour from women who work for their living. She deplores the subordinate tasks allotted to them, and the way in which they discredit their work by regarding it simply as a makeshift to be abandoned for marriage at the first suitable opportunity.

The fact that the American woman of to-day should be competent to supervise the management of her household by no means necessitates that she become a practical workman in each branch of its industry. Nor need the household be less cared for because she is self-supporting, for a business or professional training will rather give her a more thoughtful direction for her energies, and she will learn the money value of system and concentration.

Women, if self-supporting, would be able to keep a servant who now cannot afford it.

The very question of household service would begin to solve itself did it become a recognised and permanent industry, not a makeshift preceding marriage.

If educated women engaged in work worthy of their capacity, by this influx of energy the hours which a business or a profession demands of a man would be decreased, and he would be afforded opportunity to share in the influence over his children, an influence which should be exerted by the father as well as the mother.

And before marriage, self-supporting women will be afforded opportunities for contact with desirable men, which are denied the society girl.

"THE REAL EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN."

Mrs. Helen Watterson in the *Forum* for September declares that—

in this country a woman's world is as wide as a man's. There is nothing she may wish to do that she has not the fairest chance at trying. Best of all a woman may, if she chooses, do her work . . . without attracting special notice because of her sex. But of this chief right, Mrs. Watterson complains, the modern woman will not avail herself. She will not quietly do her work as a human being, but persists in calling attention to the fact that it is *woman's* work. Why, pleads the writer, perpetuate the sex-consciousness which men have now abandoned? Why lay stress on the fact that women are new-comers in any field of work? Why introduce or emphasise false distinctions like sex-distinction into work? Why "obtrude the fact that women are not equal to men in units of horse-power?" To do so, Mrs. Watterson urges, is to lower women's wages. "Of men workers and women workers there is no distinction, but only of work." She is particularly severe on the woman's exhibit at the World's Fair, as a national illustration of women's useless and harmful "excitement about 'woman.'" It not only misrepresents clever women as precocities and so depreciates ordinary woman's work, but it overlooks woman's greatest work—of rearing sons in the ways of upright men, and teaching daughters the glory of womanliness. "The real emancipation of woman will come only when she is emancipated from herself."

MASHONALAND AND ITS INHABITANTS.

MR. J. THEODORE BENT contributes to the *Contemporary Review* a bright if somewhat discursive account of "Mashonaland and its People." He cannot understand any enlightened person standing up for Lobengula, and "the misery, butchery, and dastardly cruelty" which his raids into the Company's territory produce. He insists that—

nothing but making a clean sweep of the Matabele out of the country and driving them across the Zambesi can settle the matter. Then, if a series of forts is erected to prevent their return, Mashonaland and Matabeleland may hope for a time of peace and prosperity.

Mr. Bent holds out no prospect of the Mashonas or even of Khama's men proving of much use as fighting allies. In all South Africa "there is not a tribe which can stand up to the Zulu." He describes Mashonaland as containing some forty thousand square miles suitable for colonisation, as having an improving climate, and as producing even under native cultivation excellent rice, tobacco, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, chillies, and ground nuts. But "it is really on its gold mines that the future of Mashonaland depends; without gold the country is not sufficiently rich to warrant colonisation. It could doubtless be self-supporting without gold, but as a speculation it would be valueless." Locomotion is difficult. Roads have to be cut through a thick thorny bush. The scenery is not beautiful so much as peculiar and weird, the flat plateau sown with the strange piles of granite called kopjes being its distinctive feature. Mashonas have the same methods for smelting and forging iron as those used in Abyssinia and Arabia, and show many traces of a tincture of Arab blood.

MASHONA RELIGION.

They are reserved on the subject of religion.

From what we could gather during our wanderings, I should say that the Mashonas believe in a vague supreme spirit, or god, which they call "Mwali." They do not appear to pay any direct worship to this spirit, being doubtless too infinitely vague to their minds, but instead they sacrifice to their ancestors, who act, they suppose, as intercessors between them and the Supreme Being, or at any rate have better means of knowing more about it than they have.

Where the Mashona is free from Matabele raids, his "timid cringing manner" is exchanged for "decidedly noble bearing and splendid physique." Beside Matabele raids, drawbacks to colonisation are found in the unhealthiness of the climate for horses and cattle, and the tsetse-fly, "a small grey fly, about the size of an ordinary horse-fly," whose bite is fatal to all but native quadrupeds, and which has already cost the company many thousands sterling. "Salisbury, Victoria, and Umbali will undoubtedly be the chief towns of the new colony." Salisbury, which stands five thousand feet above sea-level, on a kopje rising out of a large plain, is the healthiest of the three, especially since its neighbourhood has been drained by the company.

A TAKING PORTRAIT OF KING KHAMA.

Mr. Bent prefaces his article with this sketch of our Bechuana ally:—

King Khama is a model savage, if a black man who has been thoroughly civilised by European and missionary influences can still be called one. He is an autocrat of the best possible type, whose influence in his country is entirely thrown into the scale of virtue for the suppression of vice. Such a thing as theft is unknown in his realm; he will not allow his subjects to make or drink beer. "Beer is the source of all quarrels," he says; "I will stop it." He has put a stop also to the existence of witch-doctors and their wiles throughout all the

Bamangwato. He conducts in person services every Sunday in his large round *kolla*, or place of assembly, standing beneath the tree of justice and the wide canopy of heaven in a truly patriarchal style. He is keen in the suppression of all superstitions. . . . Khama, in manner and appearance, is thoroughly a gentleman, dignified and courteous; he wears well-made European clothes, a billy-cock hat and gloves, in his hand he brandishes a dainty cane, and he pervades everything in his country, riding about from point to point wherever his presence is required; and if he is just a little too much of a dandy it is an error in his peculiar case in the right direction.

EULOGISING THE UNIVERSE.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S THEODICY.

AMONG the many recent onslaughts on pessimism, for which apparently we have to thank Mr. Chas. Pearson's sombre anticipations of the world's future, perhaps the most cheerily eupeptic is the address which Sir Edwin Arnold delivered at the Birmingham and Midland Institute last month, and which appears in *Longman's* for November. Sir Edwin is evidently in the best of humours with himself and with all the world; his paper bubbles over with high spirits. He is "glad to have lived," is "well satisfied with his share in the world." Pessimists seem to him to be "stupid." Everybody admits the value of lightheartedness for children; and if for children, why not for all? He would like to see

A MINISTER OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT

sitting in every Cabinet, and municipalities spending freely on recreation for the people. He sketches the material side of a Birmingham artisan's life and asks if ever king of old fared so royally. All parts of the world supply his table with luxuries such as Heliogabalus or Lucullus never enjoyed. Sir Edwin merrily derides the idea that the discoveries of Copernicus and Darwin in any way require us to abandon "endless hope and utmost probabilities of immortal and ever-increasing individual gladness." He cannot pass over Prof. Huxley's recent aspersions on the ethical nature of the "cosmical process." Has not evolution itself produced both the professor and his lofty ethical standard? The morality has come forth from the alleged immorality. "In the brain and heart of man" Nature attains to that noblest goal of all morality embodied in Christ's Golden Rule. Is there not a clear demonstration here of the fundamental and far-off beneficence of the cosmic process if we will only get two foolish notions put out of our heads—one that the universe was made for us alone, and the other that death is an ending and an evil?

Health is improving. "The average number of days of sickness in every decade for each man is said to be only sixteen." Crime and pauperism are decreasing. "The cosmic process in our own little corner of the universe is not doing so badly! Sir Edwin "would be content to trust a defence of the cosmic scheme" to the

MOTHER'S LOVE

for her offspring. He agrees with the American woman who said to him, "God Almighty can't be everywhere at once, and so I guess He invented mothers." He glories in the certitude of immortality and declares Asia in respect of this faith to be far in advance of the West; the poorest peasants of India to stand at a point of view far beyond Priestley and Hegel. He recommends as an antidote to pessimism the reading of a page or two from Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," which teach you that—

the spells which bring us into harmony with the cosmic process, are, faith in its purpose, work for its furtherance, and fixed goodwill towards all creatures.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION AND THE UNITED STATES.

HOW THE MARQUIS OF LORNE WOULD RELATE THEM.

THE royal connection and political standing of the Marquis of Lorne make the chief significance of his article in the *North American Review* for October, on "The Latest Aspects of Imperial Federation." It is refreshing to find the son and heir of the present Duke of Argyll not afraid to suggest that the movement with which he stands identified is one to Americanise the Constitution of the British Empire:—

Is it not possible that the ideas vaguely adumbrated under the name of "Imperial Federation" may only be a development of the American idea as shown in the United States Constitution? If not alike, the ideas are certainly not antagonistic.

Speaking of the effort as intended to prevent the repetition of separation, he proceeds:—

Is this action such as to harm the United States? On the contrary, it will probably be made to favour them. It does not by any means follow that Australia or the Cape or Canada, sundered from the merely nominal imperial tie they now have, to keep, or cast away as they choose, would be more friendly to the Washington Government, than as constituent parts of a confederation of English-speaking lands, such as is contemplated by the imperial federationists. . . .

Any bond among states governed on English law would be a bond acting in favour of friendship and alliance with the United States. The want of such a bond and the gradual dismemberment of the group of nations, called rather euphemistically "British," would tend to give the United States rivals, rather than allies. Is the United States indifferent to this? We may see some reasons why they had best not be indifferent, and why they had best welcome an English-speaking confederation, for that is what "Imperial Federation" would come to.

That the Queen's son-in-law is quite ready to sacrifice the word "imperial," which has been a smoke in the eyes of the colonial democracies, and declare for "English-speaking," is a fact not without suggestiveness.

A NOVEL SITUATION REQUIRING A NOVEL SCHEME.

After describing the movement towards establishing an imperial *Kriegsverein*, the Marquis insists—

that any heavy increase in war power can only be arranged by conference. The first conference has been successful in this regard, and it will probably be followed by others. But there is no use in speaking of long forward steps to Americans or English until some necessity arises to make it patent to the people that they must devise some novelty. . . .

The idea of a Federal union between what are practically independent communities, separated from each other by wide oceans, is a new thing. Similar conditions have never prevailed in the history of the world. Never has a mother country produced so marvellous an array of colonies, chiefly consisting of people of her own blood, wholly adopting her own laws and rejoicing in her tongue, while at the same time insisting on a totally separate political frame for the picture which they delight to paint as English. The notion that they can be united for certain common purposes is natural.

ITS VALUE FOR AMERICAN HOME AND FOREIGN POLICY.

Would it not be for the United States' advantage that it should have the sympathy of a sound, strong English federation in any dispute with the outside foreigners? . . . A league of kindred states that would make maritime war difficult, nay almost impossible, might have an understanding with the United States, while America kept outside any engagement, and might thus insure the very neutrality which the United States would desire to keep and which might otherwise be endangered. As their own foreign element, Italian, or German, or French Canadian, gets stronger and more segregated in special spots in the Union, it is quite conceivable that race or national questions under some specious name may trouble them, and that the "national" population may love to hoist a tri-colour or some foreign flag in preference to the Stars and Stripes. The French in the north-east corner

might well form such a "national" cave of Adullam. Then how about the foreign elements in the South, half Congo and half Creole? Yes, these things may be out of sight for the present, but the present becomes the distant past very soon in politics, and an English "Bund" is not a bad antidote to certain schemes and dreams which are very un-English, using that adjective in its best sense.

It will be observed that the Marquis seems to prefer the words "state" and "inter-state" to "colony" and "inter-colonial." His paper illustrates the rule that the more British statesmen try to look at the future of our empire through American eyes, the less are they likely to suffer from insular or feudal myopia.

THE PROSPECTS OF DISARMAMENT.

FROM AMERICAN VIEWPOINTS.

THE downfall of militarism is proclaimed by two writers in the *American Journal of Politics* for October. The Hon. J. M. Beck finds in the "decent respect to the opinions of mankind," which was explicitly recognised in the Declaration of Independence, the germ of the world's peace. Tolstoi's "War and Peace," Lutner's "Ground Arms," Zola's "The Downfall," Verestschagin's "Battle of Plevna," suggest that the spirit of militarism is "losing its iron sway on the minds of men." Among considerations which inevitably tend to peace are "the spirit of democracy," facilities of intercommunication and consequent sense of brotherhood, and "the development of means of destruction" to a prohibitory pitch. A more novel suggestion is, that the competition of the United States for the markets of the world, will compel the European peoples to cast off the terrible load of taxation and unproductive labour, which now handicaps them so seriously in the commercial race.

ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

Next comes the hope—

not of an Anglo-American re-union, . . . but of an Anglo-American alliance in the interests of peace. They are the only two countries upon which the sun does not set, and which are beyond question unconquerable by any power that could be sent against them. Together they unite, without counting their colonial dependencies, an English-speaking nation numbering to-day over one hundred millions of people, and destined within fifty years to number two hundred millions. . . . These two are the greatest competitors for the world's industrial supremacy, and they will compel by their own comparative freedom from governmental burdens a like exemption on the part of other countries.

Mr. Beck's reference to Christianity as the principal ground of hope, leads him to mention the curious proposal made this year in Philadelphia, that the United States should summon—

a meeting of the human family in the city of Jerusalem, to give thanks and praise to God, the Father of all, and so appropriately celebrate the closing of the nineteenth and the opening of the twentieth century of the Christian era.

This he thinks should be the "first parliament of man."

"A WORLD'S SUPREME COURT."

A more vigorous peace policy is advocated by Mr. W. H. Jeffrey:—

President Cleveland should invite the nations of the world to appoint commissioners to meet at a given place to formulate plans for universal peace. This done, we would then have a general judiciary department of the world, by virtue of which would exist the grandest body of legal talent ever assembled on the face of the earth: the world's supreme court, composed of one associate justice from each nation, who should be chosen by the chief executive to serve for life. All international questions that could not be amicably settled by the various diplomatic corps, would here be heard and adjusted on the merits of the case and not by virtue of the might and power of the nation affected.

A MODERN UNIVERSITY FOUNDER.

WHAT CAME OF A BEREAVEMENT.

LELAND STANFORD was a railroad magnate and the wealthiest citizen of California. The story of his educational ideas, and how he came by them, is told by President D. S. Jordan in the *Educational Review* for September:—

The only child of Mr. and Mrs. Stanford, Leland Stanford, junior, died in 1881, at the age of sixteen years. Out of this bereavement came the resolution to devote their fortune to the cause of education. "Henceforth," said Mr. Stanford, "the children of California shall be our children." In the next seven years large preparations were made. The founders visited the principal educational establishments of Europe and America, and in 1891 the Leland Stanford Junior University at Palo Alto opened its doors to the young men and young women of all lands.

His "ideas" illustrate the result of fusing academic and democratic ideals:—

He believed that no educational system could be complete that did not form an unbroken ladder from the kindergarten to the highest university, a ladder that each one should be free to climb, so far as his ability or energy should be adequate. He wished that this sentence should be placed on all educational publications of the university: "A generous education should be the birthright of every man and woman in America." . . . It was arranged that . . . all lines of work included in the plan of the university will be equally fostered. This recognition of the absolute democracy of all knowledge is still almost unique in educational management. . . . Co-education and equal education of the sexes was to him an axiom. . . . "We have provided," he said, "in the articles of endowment that the education of the sexes shall be equal—deeming it of special importance that those who are to be the mothers of a future generation shall be fitted to mould and direct the infantile mind at its most critical period."

A SIAMESE PAGEANT.

MR. DAVID KER supplies *Chambers's Journal* with a very vivid picture of the birthday celebration of the King of Siam. This is his account of the great procession:—

Through the vast paved court-yard of the palace—above which its three successive roofs towered in one great blaze of green and gold—came, marching, to the music of a well-trained military band, a picked body of grenadiers in the uniform of the Siamese line—white frocks and sun-helmets, and blue trousers with a white stripe down the side. Then followed the scarlet jackets, and red horsehair plumes, and fine black horses of the cavalry of the Guard, succeeded by the Foot Guards in dark-blue coat, armed with English rifles. Behind these came the crew of the king's model yacht—about a score of bright young native sailor-lads, who looked very smart and "ship-shape" in their British man-o'-war jackets. To them succeeded—as my English host observed with a grin—a regiment of genuine *infantry*—that is, several dozen tiny Siamese children, dressed as Highland soldiers—to our no small surprise—in the gay tartan of the Clan Stewart, which set off their solemn little brown faces very picturesquely.

And now a fresh burst of music heralded the arrival of the native grandees, carried by white-robed slaves in carved chairs of ivory or inlaid wood, under the shade of huge many-coloured umbrellas, which reminded us of those that we had seen overshadowing the black royalties of West Africa. Then followed the king's brothers, beneath still larger umbrellas fringed with gold; and finally—with a swarm of richly-dressed attendants before and around him, carrying bundles of rattans across the palms of their outstretched hands—appeared the king himself, a slim, rather good-looking young man of thirty, accompanied by three of his children, among whom the four-year-old Crown Prince is conspicuous by the tiny crown of diamonds which encircles his little top-knot of fuzzy black hair. Altogether, it was a famous show.

THE WORK OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

ITS PROGRAMME AND ORGANISATION.

Folk-Lore recently published the annual address by the President, Mr. G. L. Gomme, together with the fifteenth annual report of the Council. Mr. Gomme, speaking of the programme of the society, says:—

THE PROGRAMME OF THE SOCIETY.

We are steadily sweeping the counties, one by one, and collecting into our pigeon-holes and into our printed material all that has been gathered by those good old people called antiquaries, who noted facts for their own sake, and left meanings and definitions alone. We should re-arrange all these items of folk-lore in proper scientific order, and write the biography of each specific item, whether it be custom, belief, superstition, or myth. This seems to me to be the true policy of the future, and, if we have it steadily before us, I doubt not that we should find sufficient workers to co-operate loyally in effecting each year something towards completing it. I know it will not be done except by many years of hard work and efficient organisation, continued without a break year after year.

HOW TO CONSTITUTE COUNTY COMMITTEES.

I extract from the report of the society the following suggested rules for the local committees which may be formed in the various counties:—

I. That the Committee be called the Local Committee for Folk-lore.

II. That the Committee be invited to attach itself to the Folk-lore Society as a member.

III. That all items of Folk-lore from printed sources, such as Chronicles, Local Histories, Newspapers, Notes and Queries, and Archaeological Publications, be copied out by the Local Committee, to be printed by the Folk-lore Society.

IV. That the current Folk-lore of the county be collected orally, to include (a) Folk Tales and Nursery Tales; (b) Hero Tales; (c) Traditional Ballads and Songs; (d) Place Legends and Traditions; (e) Fairy Lore and Goblin-dom; (f) Witchcraft and Charms; (g) Folk Medicine; (h) Superstitions; (i) Local Customs; (j) Festival Customs; (k) Ceremonial Customs; (l) Games; (m) Jingles, Nursery Rhymes, Riddles, etc.; (n) Proverbs; (o) Old Saws—rhymed and unrhymed; (p) Nicknames, Place Names, and Sayings; (q) War Cries; (r) Folk Etymology.

V. That each item, whether from printed or oral sources, be clearly written on one side only of a separate slip of paper, with a full reference to the authority, (a) when derived from a printed source, the title, author's name, date, and pages of reference, and (b) in the case of items collected orally, a note of the name, age, occupation, and sex of the narrator, and of the locality to which the item relates.

VI. That a list be drawn up of Folk-lore objects in all the Museums and Private Collections in the county, such as Amulets, Feasten Cakes, Harvest Trophies, Objects left at Holy Wells, Specimens of Mummification and other Costumes, etc.

VII. That in the event of any question or difficulty arising in carrying out the work of the Local Committee, the Secretary of the Committee communicate with the Secretary of the Folk-lore Society.

From the published list of the Secretaries of the existing Committees it would seem that Committees have still to be formed in many of the counties of England and Scotland. Any of my readers who wish to assist in this excellent work are requested to communicate with the Secretary, Mr. F. A. Milne, 11, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

Two articles which will probably leave a more than passing mark on the political consciousness of the time, convey distinction to the November number of the *Fortnightly Review*. These are fittingly the last and the first:—"The Ireland of To-day," by X., and "To your Tents, O Israel," by the Fabian Society; and are noticed elsewhere. So is Mr. Robert Wallace's "Psychology of Labour and Capital." The general tendency of the Reviews to give more and more space to the discussion of social economics is illustrated by the fact that no less than five out of the ten articles found here deal with subjects chiefly of that class. Mr. William Smart inquires:—"Is money a mere commodity?" and answers that it is better termed "third commodity." He urges that the money of all communicating countries should be assimilated and become "the universal commodity." He advises to this end an international agreement to continue the use of silver at fixed ratio with gold.

THE COAL WAR AND THE ECONOMISTS.

Mr. Vaughan Nash treats of "The Lock-out in the Coal Trade," in thorough-going sympathy with the men. He will not leave the masters a leg to stand upon. He estimates "the greater part of the Federation men do not average more than from sixteen to eighteen shillings a week," and remarks:—

It is curious to find how the educated classes, who have established a minimum wage in their own professions, have almost with one consent denounced the miner for his attempt to place his calling of coal-getting upon a professional basis. . . . However the world may sneer, the lock-out has established the living wage as an industrial principle, and has thus set a low-water mark for the reward of miners just as the great strike of 1889 did for the dockers.

This is a very pertinent inquiry:—

It would be interesting to know why the economists have remained so silent during the last three months. . . . It is surely a loss to the world that the specialists in economic science do not issue authorised versions of their views at such times as these as a check upon the irresponsible use of their science made by the newspapers.

Mr. Nash thinks that the Labour Department will have to register the actual wages paid in the great trades.

"HOW TO SAVE EGYPT."

This is the title of a paper which Mr. Cope Whitehouse has written in view of the meeting in Cairo next February of an International Commission of Engineers to consider means of increasing the supply of water during the three months of low Nile. Mr. Whitehouse adversely criticises rival schemes, and argues for the scheme identified with his name for diverting a portion of the flood into a great natural depression west of the Nile, known as the Wadi Haiyan:—

This lake with a surface larger than the Lake of Geneva, filled with pure water from the flood to a depth of 250 feet, connected with the river and canal system of the Delta, would return through its sluice-gates more water than the entire minimum discharge of the Nile through the cataract at Assuan. The cultivator of Upper Egypt would be free to take what he required from the river itself. The amount thus abstracted would be made good from the bountiful stream issuing from the reservoir-canal seventy miles south of Cairo.

WHAT MR. RUDYARD KIPLING HAS DONE.

A critical article by the late Mr. Francis Adams on "Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Verse" contains the following appreciation:—

His vogue was the most universal one of our time. His popular limitations were plentiful enough, his cheap effects were glaring enough to win him the applause of the intellectual groundlings, the noisy imperious "pit" of our contemporary theatre of art. Yet his achievement was so real and striking, his contribution to literature was so undeniable that no one possessed of candour and intelligence could refuse to take him seriously. He had revealed to us, if partially and askew, still with singular power and vividness, what Anglo-India meant—what the life of the Anglo-Indian civil servant and soldier meant, and he had lifted the short story, as an expression of thought and emotion, a whole plane higher than he had found it.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. A. R. Wallace contributes the first part of a popular description of "The Ice Age and Its Work" in which he advances against Sir H. Howorth's "Glacial Nightmare" "the converging evidence demonstrating the existence of enormous ice-sheets in the northern hemisphere." Professor Thorpe gives an account of the Swedish chemist, Carl Wilhelm Scheele (died 1786), whom he characterises as "the greatest chemical discoverer of his age."

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The contents of the November issue are admirably varied, the topics in the main stand widely apart from each other, the roll of writers is largely made up of distinguished names, there is much excellent reading matter, but except Sir Lepel Griffin's "England and France in Asia," there is perhaps no article of very high importance. To the matter of Mr. John Redmond's "What Next?" attaches some political moment; but the article does little more than reproduce the gist of his recent speeches in Ireland. "The reconsideration of the Home Rule Bill, or the Dissolution of Parliament in the year 1894," is the alternative on which Mr. Redmond pledges his party to insist.

THE SPECTRE OF FOREIGN COAL.

"The Coal Crisis and the paralysis of British Industry," is the title of a very dejected article by Mr. J. S. Jeans. It offers a diagnosis without prescribing a remedy. The miner is increasingly restless and turbulent. He is not much of a political economist. He yearns to bring back the "rosy times" of the 1873 coal famine; and thinks he can do it by stopping work.

The four most serious and ruinous struggles of the kind within recent years have been those of the miners of Scotland, Northumberland, Durham, and the Midlands, the one almost directly following upon the heels of the others, and all of them involving the most disastrous losses; but not one out of the lot has fully secured the purpose for which it was undertaken.

They have, however, helped to alienate trade and give the foreigner access to new markets. When he comes to treat of practical conclusions, Mr. Jeans has only negative criticism to offer. The sliding scale will not do. Sir George Elliott's trust will not do. The nationalisation of coal will not do. The last word is a suggestion that German or even American coal may some day compete successfully with British coal in our own land.

WHY MAN DOES NOT SWIM BY NATURE.

Quadrupeds swim by instinct, why must man *learn* to swim? This is an inquiry propounded by Dr. Louis Robinson. He remarks that quadrupeds use their limbs in the water precisely as they do when running on the land. A drowning man, however, "acts exactly as if he were endeavouring to climb." These are his instinctive movements. With this fact Dr. Robinson compares the instinctive flight up a tree of the frightened monkey, and entitles his essay, "Darwinism and Swimming: A Theory."

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Lyulph Stanley complains that the London School Board has not provided the needed school accommodation, or sufficiently staffed existing schools, or developed evening schools, or appreciably supplied the required Higher Grade schools. It has been spending its time instead in a profitless theological wrangle. Mr. Diggle is said to have at last succumbed to Mr. Athelstan Riley, and the dangers of the new policy are expounded.

St. George Mivart argues that the two most striking and essential differences between "Roman paganism and Christianity" were the possession by the Christian Church of (1) catholicity and (2) authority. Both centred in the Church at Rome then: and centre now. Wherefore he and his fellow-believers rejoice in "the unspeakable privilege of being *Roman Catholics*." Rev. W. E. Dickson, precentor of Ely, condemns "our disastrous cathedral system" in three points—(1) the rotatory residence of canons; (2) the anomalous position of the bishop; (3) the absence of pastoral relations. He would unite the offices of bishop and dean, attach a parish to the cathedral, and have four or more canons, who would practically act as curates to the dean-bishop.

Mr. Swinburne concludes his appreciation of Victor Hugo's poetry. Mr. William Graham charmingly describes his "Chats with Jane Clermont"—of Shelley and Byron fame—in her old age. Lord de Tabley contributes a poem of ten pages on "Orpheus in Hades." Mr. Provand's "Employers' Liability," and Mr. W. B. Scoone's "Selection of Army Officers," claim mention elsewhere.

THE NEW REVIEW.

THE articles this month are of a rather slighter kind than usual. The volley of protest against "The Advertisment Nuisance," Mr. Bolton King's "Parish Councils and Allotments," and Rev. J. W. Horsley's exposure of "Our Sporting Zadkiels" are noticed elsewhere. Sadik Effendi controverts Mr. Stevenson's statement of the Armenian situation, describes Mrs. Bishop's testimony as a work of fiction, and extols the general virtues of the Turkish rule.

HONEST MACMAHON.

Mr. Albert D. Vandam in his portraiture of the late Marshal, quotes and endorses a saying of the late Mr. Pelletan:—

"Without the least ambition, without the slightest will of his own, without the faintest prestige," said Pelletan. The words sum up the whole of MacMahon's character better than a hundred pages of psychological analysis could have done. "What is the use of asking us for particulars of MacMahon's career?" wrote a journalist despairingly after Solferino.

"What is the use of asking us, when MacMahon himself refuses to enlighten us on that point, and simply says that he has done exactly what every other general has done and would do under similar circumstances?"

With the antitheses Mr. Vandam sums up:—

Marie-Patrice de MacMahon was a rare and curious specimen of the happy man *sans le vouloir* and *sans le savoir*. He was a more or less overt, but constant opponent of the Empire; the Emperor . . . loaded him with honours and distinctions . . . Marshal MacMahon was the very opposite of a politician in the Republican acceptance of the word; the Republicans invested him with the highest political office they had to bestow. Though a Legitimist at heart, he failed to do the Legitimists bidding at the most critical moment. And yet the Legitimists hold his name in the greatest respect. And the reason of all this? Simply because he was an honest man.

"THE VOICE OF THE ENGLISH PEASANT."

Mr. Leslie Stephen concludes his study on William Cobbett, whom he thus characterises:—

Cobbett is simply the voice of the English peasant. He is the translation into sturdy vernacular of the dumb unreasoning sentiments of the class which was then most cruelly suffering from causes only half intelligible, though their effects were painfully manifest. He is the cry of blind anger, indignation, and remonstrance rising from the social stratum which, being the weakest, was being most crushed and degraded in the gigantic struggle of the revolutionary wars.

A SOCIAL IDEALIST.

Miss Lanoë Falconer, author of "Mdlle. Ixe," writes a short tale to plead the cause of the overworked wife and mother. "An Idealist" is horrified by the change he sees in a beautiful girl after a year's married life, and declaims against the working men who are always shouting against overtime and underpay, while—look at the poor drudges in their homes behind them! "A man's work is from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done." And not work merely, however hard. Ill-health, torture, and risk of life—year after year, perhaps—all thrown into the bargain, and paid with the same wages—which are barely thanks.

He had been electrified by the ascetic spirituality of a sermon of his pastor's; but never crossed the chapel doors again, after learning that the pastor's fourteenth child was born that very night. He goes to a new brotherhood, to be deeply impressed by the social idealism of a speaker, only to find out afterwards that the eloquent exponent of the rights of man was husband to the sadly broken-down girl.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Professor Ferrero sets out to explain woman's inferiority in art by observing that "Aesthetic taste is first and earliest displayed in the male, even among the lower animals." The primary cause of the inferiority "seems to lie in the sensual coldness of women as compared with men. The very germ of art is love." The second cause is her lack of the synthetic faculty of man. Her muscular sensations also are less intense. Meant to be nurse in the battle of life, she cannot properly depict its sterner and wilder episodes. She can, he allows, appreciate and invent "mere prettiness," and may even surpass man in the imitative arts, in personal adornment, and in conversation.

Professor Jebb's "defence of classical study" is that never did classical study less need defence:—

It may fairly be said that classical studies are now, on the whole, more efficient in this country than they ever were; they are at many points deeper; they are more comprehensive; and they are more in touch with the literary and artistic interests of the day.

Mr. S. J. Viccars bewails the little provision or endeavour made to secure a proper representation of "British Art in the National Gallery."

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE November number is above the average. Its articles are shorter and more numerous, and most of them actually hit the hour. The articles by Mr. Sydney Olivier "The Minors' Battle and After," by Mr. J. T. Bent on Mashonaland and its People," by Mr. J. F. Hogan on The Conference of Colonial Members," and by Rev. J. F. Wilkinson on "The English Poor Law and Old Age," aim notice elsewhere.

A FRENCH VIEW OF FRENCH POLICY.

Mr. Gabriel Monod leads off with an enlightening survey of "the political situation in France." He does not fear much from the group of fifty Socialist deputies; the party in France is not very formidable. If they wish it the Moderate Republicans may be masters of the situation." The great want is the want of a leader. MM. e Freycinet, Rouvier, Ribot, Bourgeois, Constans, are in turn discussed as possible leaders and dismissed as discredited. M. Casimir Périer might do, but he is said to be reserving himself for the Presidency. The foreign policy now generally in favour "consists in strengthening the Russian alliance more and more, and remaining on terms as cordial as possible with England and the United States." M. Monod exposes one of the weakest points of the Franco-Russian alliance when he says—

War is always at hand, in the present state of Europe, but nobody would dare to engage in it deliberately. The chances are too great. France must perish if she engages in an unsuccessful one; and a victorious war, in which Germany was crushed by France and Russia, would result in the subjection of all Europe to the latter. . . . What a mockery if after the victory, France were obliged to seek an alliance with Germany!

Monod questions whether a ministry endeavouring to bring about a war for the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine by Russian aid could count on a majority to back them. He deplores France's love of "stir and pageantry," "glitter and hustle," yet acknowledges also a longing for something "nobler and greater." The younger generation shows tendencies towards religious mysticism and theosophy.

The great danger of our position . . . is the existence of a state of inaction, of languid *ennui*, side by side with the longing for activity; an intellectual and moral chaos from which may spring some sudden outburst—it may be war, it may be social revolution, it may be a pacific, moral and intellectual revival.

WHO SHALL HAVE SIAM?

Mr. Henry Norman, claiming that his predictions of four months ago about Siam were exactly fulfilled, proceeds to prophesy once more. His paper, "Urgency in Siam," may be thus summarised:—

Nothing more in the way of reform, development, or defence is to be hoped for from Siam. The French in Siam have carefully arranged matters so that further interference and extension on their part will soon be provoked. They are openly expressing an intention to protect or annex the whole of Siam. The mission of Prince Swasti brings matters to a crisis. He comes as special envoy to get the best terms he can for Siam from England and France, or one of them. Ultimately—and before very long—the valley of the Menam must come under the dominion of England or of France. Which shall it be? That is the question the British public has to decide.

Only let it decide one way or other, urges Mr. Norman, not drift.

BISHOP OF RIPON ON PARISH COUNCILS.

After recounting at length what some say for, and others against, the Parish Councils Bill, the Bishop of Ripon "on the whole" looks forward with hope to its operation; but, as is usual in Anglican criticism of the measure, he stipulates that the parish rooms and

school charities of the Church be explicitly exempted from the scope of the Bill. He makes two suggestions, which show courageous initiative. The administration of parish doles might, he allows, be reformed, but he questions the wisdom of transferring them to the Parish Council.

Surely these charities might be better employed. Might not, for example, a scheme be devised by which, without doing injustice to localities, the much-to-be-declared pensions for old age might be promoted? If some common administrative power could be exercised over all these charities, money which is now too often given in an uncertain, incomplete, and unsatisfactory fashion, might be utilised for the substantial advantage of those who have grown too old for work.

The second suggestion is an appeal to unoccupied city residents of independent means to migrate to the villages to assist in "the refounding of English life."

Their presence would not only arrest the flow of population from the country, but might even attract back from the fatal vortex of town life many who now go. . . . In the difficult days of the formation and first working of these Parish Councils, they might render untold service.

WANTED, A NEW SCIENCE OF MARRIAGE.

"The Problem of the Family in the United States" is treated by Rev. S. W. Dike, LL.D., who describes the divorce reform movement of the last fifteen years. He pleads for what is practically a new ethical science of marriage and of the family,—a need which has transpired in the discussions of divorce and in the general reaction from individualism consequent on the war. He seems to suggest that Prof. Bryce should take in hand the construction of such a science. He does not advocate the passing of a national law of marriage as an amendment to the Federal Constitution, for government returns have shown that the variety of State laws has not tempted migration with a view to divorce: eighty per cent. of the divorces during twenty years having been in the same States as were the marriages.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Francis Peek interposes as an Anglican layman in the controversy between Archdeacon Farrar and Canon Knox Little, to request from the latter proof, and especially Biblical proof, of his sacerdotal and sacramental theories. He wonders that those who do and those who don't accept the Real Presence can remain in the same Church. Rev. George Washburn, D.D., contributes the paper he read at the Chicago Parliament of Religions, on "Christianity and Mohammedanism." Mr. A. J. Jukes Browne describes the geographical evolution of the North Sea.

The Church Quarterly Review.

THE *Church Quarterly Review* shows the courage of its catholicity by selecting non-Anglican works for notice in its most prominent pages. After the first article, which, as has been shown elsewhere, deals with the project of rate-aid for Church schools, the "Apologetics" of the Presbyterian Dr. A. B. Bruce, "The Place of Christ in Modern Theology" of the Congregational Dr. Fairbairn, "W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival," by his son, Wilfrid Ward, and Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Ethics," come in for lengthy treatment, not by any means wholly unsympathetic, descriptive rather than critical. Of the last-named work the reviewer concludes "that Mr. Spencer's attempt to bring ethics within the limits of natural science by the application of the principles of evolution has failed—absolutely, completely, and undeniably," and contrasts the loud pretensions of the evolutionary school as it set out to explain the higher sides of human nature with Mr. Spencer's modest dissatisfaction at his results.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE November number is bright and readable, with several solid articles. Mr. Alfred Austin adds part second to the beautiful mingling of prose and poetry which he has entitled: "The Garden that I Love." Mr. Alfred Lyttelton's paper in the October number, in which he questioned the claim of golf to be reckoned as a first class game, has roused the wrath of the devotees of the golf cult. Mr. T. Mackay replies in an article headed "Golf—the Monstrous Regiment of the Englishry," takes up Mr. Lyttelton's arguments *seriatim*, and thunders in fine stage fury at the audacity of the ill-informed Southron. Even Mr. Balfour has felt moved to write, and in the same humorous vein of simulated indignation.

WHAT WE OUGHT TO DO IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr. William Gresswell treats of "South African policy," and laments that we have had none.

No British Ministry has ever had the courage to lay down a policy worthy of the idea of an Imperial South Africa. No political party in Great Britain has dreamed of a policy for South Africa, so sentimentalists may as well hold their tongues. Great Britain has long since abrogated her position as a direct and supreme governing power in South Africa.

But, "meantime, Colonial South Africa has raised its head." Therefore,—

as the task of self-government and the management of their concerns in every department of civil government has been long since handed over to the South African Colonists, is it not just and right to leave them the absolute control of their military department, and of their war expeditions?

PARISH COUNCILS.

Rev. T. W. Fowle writes to claim the Parish Councils Bill as his own offspring—with some alterations which he severely criticises. The name is wrong: it should be Village Councils. The parish meeting is "nothing more than a reversion to a lower political type;" trivial but mischievous. The grouping of the smaller parishes is warmly condemned. So is the abolition of the *ex-officio* Guardians. Mr. John S. Montague, M.P., asks for amendment of "the clauses which seem to bear unjustly on our National Church," and thinks that "if this Bill has some bad points, it has more good ones."

IS INDIA DISLOYAL?

A gloomy view of the Hindu attitude to the British Government and of the Hindu situation in general is set forth in Mr. H. E. M. James' "Reflections on the Way Home." He testifies to the "disloyalty," the strong dislike of our Government displayed by the free native press, and by the inferior class of educated natives. The native press is manned by the failures at the Universities, and their persistent misrepresentation of British conduct is telling on the popular mind. Our courses of study have helped to turn out men who are philosophical Radicals, and devoted to the glorification of liberty. Mr. James dubs the National Congress an "annual debating Society," the common ground of which is religion, and the common object hostility to the British. The Cow riots have been caused by a revival of Hindu religion, which has made the Hindu more self-assertive and intolerant of Moslem sacrifice. Mr. James sees nothing for it but to go on as we are going, only fostering technical more than higher education. But always "keep the executive power in the hands of the British officers."

"MENDING" THE LORDS.

None seems so eager now to reform the Upper House as the Conservatives, if we may judge from their magazines. Here is the *National Review* discussing these alternatives,—

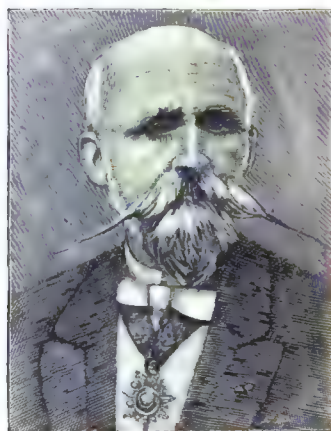
One plan would be to make the former consist of not more than one hundred and fifty members chosen by constituencies four times as big as those which elect the House of Commons, but a stronger Senate could probably be formed through the medium of the county councils, each of which might contribute two members. Such an Upper House should be elected every seven years, but never dissolved.

But the "trend of the Constitution" is declared to be in the direction of the Referendum, to be applied by the Lords.

Admiral Maxse's "European Outlook" is noticed elsewhere. The other articles do not call for special remark.

BARON FERDINAND VON WITZLEBEN AND HIS REVIEW.

BARON FERDINAND VON WITZLEBEN, who edits the *Internationale Revue über die Gesamten Armeen und Flotten*, was born at Berlin in 1833. A member of the ancient family of Witzleben, he followed the unbroken



BARON FERDINAND VON WITZLEBEN.

custom that devoted its sons to the military service. Owing to a wound, he was obliged to send in his resignation, and he then undertook the management of two country estates for his father. He married in 1863, and in the same year brought his name into public notice by his literary productions. The subjects that formed the field for his first efforts consisted of novels, scientific essays, and occasional attempts in the direction of the drama, in which latter domain of literature

more than one work has been produced at Dresden. The happy vein of literary talent possessed by his grandfather—who, under the adopted name of Tromlitz, enjoyed much success in his writings towards the middle of this century—seems to have cast its mantle upon the grandson. After serving as a volunteer in the campaign of 1870–1 the Baron at last yielded to the pressure of a number of Army friends that he should undertake the editorship of a large military periodical, and in 1882 he brought out the *Internationale Revue*. In every respect he justified the expectations of many distinguished acquaintances—amongst others, his godfather, the late Count von Moltke—by creating for his journal a high and widely extended reputation in the plain of military literature.

After the sale of his estates, twenty years ago, Baron von Witzleben settled in Dresden, and although visited by severe illnesses, he has never failed to devote his whole energy to his Review, which is now in its twelfth year. Among the circle of his friends he is known as an amiable and bright figure, who is always sure of a hearty welcome. Towards his colleagues he is in every respect a warm and true friend, and he has the reputation of doing many a kind action in an unostentatious way. He has resigned all his posts of a public nature, amongst others that of the Presidency of the Dresden Press Society, in order to devote his entire forces to the work he has created.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

THE most interesting articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of October 1 deal with France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. M. Hanotaux contributes a curious chapter to French history in his account of Richelieu at the Parliament of 1614, a Parliament presided over by Marie de Medicis, and composed of two hundred representatives of the people, with an Upper House composed of the nobility. This seems to have been practically Richelieu's first experience in public; and it was probably on this occasion that he produced an impression on the Queen Regent and the young King, whose counsellor and *alter ego* he finally became.

The next article is by M. Berthelot, and is a continuation of his account of the ancient and mediæval chemistry. The Arab nation seems to have had a special interest in the science, but the Arab chemist added to his other labours that of being a magician and astrologer.

M. Du Bled continues and concludes an exhaustive history of Franche Comté, and gives a curious account of the salines and hardware industries which make this department one of the wealthiest portions of France. He gives an excellent character to the Franc Comtois, whom he declares are a persevering, intelligent, and witty race.

"WHY DO WE BLUSH?"

The subject of blushing seems to have a strange fascination for some people, and in "Why do we blush?" M. Melinaud attempts to explain the matter from a psychological point of view. He declares that modesty, humility, timidity, anger are the four principal causes of blushing. In each case he points out the emotions are strongly aroused in the presence of others, for few people blush when they are by themselves. Taking the case of lovers, he puts forward a theory which will scarce meet with universal credence, namely, that once their sentiments are declared, they do not blush before one another. Again, small children never blush; but Darwin in his "Expression of the Emotions" mentions two little girls aged two and three respectively, who blushed when scolded, but he cited them as rare exceptions. Young men and youths blush more frequently than when they are older. M. Melinaud sums up his article by declaring that blushing is a useless and dangerous luxury. Those who are afflicted with the habit of constantly blushing at the wrong time will agree with him.

The same number contains an exhaustive review by M. Marmée of the memoirs of General Baron Thiebault, covering the period between 1769 and 1795. Baron Thiebault, who was afterwards destined to become one of Napoleon the First's most valued Generals, was actually born at Berlin at the Court of Frederick II., and spent there most of his early youth. In a passage of the Memoirs quoted by the author of the article, Thiebault gives a curious picture of the young Napoleon, already General Bonaparte, when he was twenty-six years of age: "Slight, small in figure, his toilet always disordered, his long hair hanging on his shoulders, and even at that time his shabby clothing revealing his poverty; yet in spite of it all he was already beginning unconsciously to lift himself towards a level where none could follow him. Firstly, all were astonished at his activity; he seemed to be everywhere at once, or rather, lost to sight one moment, he would reappear at the next

at a distant spot. He was even then strikingly laconic, clear, and accurate, but imperious in manner."

The first volume of General Thiebault's Memoirs will shortly be issued in Paris, but it is from the manuscript copy that M. Marmée has compiled his interesting article.

The second number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* gives the place of honour to M. Desjardins' article on "How Russia took her Place in Europe," noticed elsewhere.

LACORDAIRE.

The Comte d'Haussonville, describing "Three Moments of Lacordaire's Life," recounts the relations existing between the Church and State in 1830, 1848, and 1858. Lacordaire, says M. d'Haussonville, was even when quite a young man more Liberal than Royalist. Seeing no opening in France, he made up his mind to go to America to seek, in his own words, liberty of thought and action in Washington's country. His trunks were packed, and he had already said good-bye to his family, when he received from his friend the Abbé Gerbet a letter, asking him to join with Lamennais in the foundation of a Liberal Catholic newspaper. This appeal changed the whole current of the young priest's thoughts, and he decided to remain in France. Shortly after, he met Montalembert, who was destined to become the David to his Jonathan. M. d'Haussonville considers the second most important moment in Lacordaire's life to have been in 1848; for he stood for, and was elected to be, a member of the New Parliament. The new régime disappointed him, for the noble Liberal religious Utopia of which he had dreamed was conspicuous by its absence.

Yet, as was natural, he felt deeply the *coup d'état* and the recognition of the Third Empire by the Catholic Church, and the last time he ever preached in Paris was one long inspired enunciation of Napoleon the First anent the latter's treatment of Pius the Seventh. The Imperial authorities, wise in their generation, took no notice of the great preacher's utterances, and the great and more influential journals were instructed to praise the sermon.

"CAVOUR'S RIGHT HAND."

Under the title "An Italian Statesman," is told in a few interesting pages the political career of a man who was at one time Italian ambassador to Paris, twice Prime Minister, thirty years member of Parliament, and ten years Syndic of Florence. Born in 1822, Ubaldino Peruzzi came of well-known Florentine stock, some of his ancestors having been mentioned in Dante's "Paradiso," and many globe-trotters will remember the Peruzzi Chapel in the church of Santa Croce, celebrated for its exquisite Giotto frescoes. Peruzzi laboured late and early at the unification of Italy, and was Cavour's friend and right hand. It was whilst Minister of Public Works and the third Cavour Cabinet that he planned the construction of the Adriatic railways which formed for many years the only link between northern and southern Italy; but though he was always ready to go wherever duty called him, his heart was in Florence, and the great financial difficulties which overwhelmed his native city not only nearly ruined him, but were the lasting grief of his life. But during his later years old sorrows were forgotten, and he lived honoured and beloved in his beautiful palace at Antella, a few miles out of Florence.

M. Deherin, of the Academy of Sciences, contributes a learned article on the drought of 1893, and its results on French agriculture.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

THE October numbers of the *Nouvelle Revue* are distinguished by a large proportion of good articles. M. Behrs concludes his description of Tolstoi's family life, and M. de Gorlof begins and concludes a curious account of the origin of the Black Sea Fleet, which may be said to have owed its being in the first instance to Peter the Great. Even as a lad Peter had made up his mind to assist in forming a Russian fleet, and his first man-of-war, boasting of thirty-two cannons, was bought in Holland, and from thence taken to Moscow by rivers, canals, and finally by overland route. Nothing daunted by endless difficulties, the Tzar himself actively assisted in erecting dockyards on the Don.

In the same number the Duchess of FitzJames describes the bull-fights which now take place in the Roman arena at Nîmes. This lady believes that it would be comparatively easy to organise bull-fights which should not in any way provoke the righteous anger of the Society for the Protection of Animals. An attempt was made some time ago to organise bull-fighting in Paris, but the Parisians did not take kindly to this form of sport. At Nîmes, on the other hand, some of the feeling of the ancient Romans seems to have remained in the population, and most Sundays in the year thousands of Southerners troop into Nîmes and fill the vast arena, which holds with ease fifteen thousand spectators. The Duchess FitzJames is of opinion that all French bull-fighting ought to be restricted to these and similar places, and banished from the fairs, where she declares atrocious butcheries take place owing to the animals being of an inferior quality and the toreadors rough untrained men.

M. Delacroix continues his history of "The Witchcraft Trials of the Seventeenth Century," and quotes, as in previous articles, an enormous number of cases of supposed "demoniacal possession," giving extracts from the leading witchcraft trials of the time. Sorcerers were credited with unlimited powers, especially that of being able to turn themselves at will into a wolf, a fox, a cat, or a dog; they were also supposed to be able to command the wind and the rain, and to dispose of the fortune, life, and health of those round them. As M. Delacroix has already pointed out in previous articles, the strangest thing about these stories consists in the fact that such a number of witches and sorcerers gave themselves up, and made long and elaborate confessions of being all they were accused of being. As these avowals invariably led to the stake or the scaffold, it is impossible to realise why these unfortunate people should have pleaded guilty to the fantastic crimes with which they were charged.

As is but natural, the second number of the *Nouvelle Revue* also devotes a great deal of space to Russia and things Russian, beginning with a long extract from an unpublished memoir of the Duc de Richelieu, who was from 1815 to 1818 French Minister of Foreign Affairs; and then again, during the year 1820-21, when a cabal was formed against him owing to "his devotion to the Emperor of Russia, Alexander the First." In this passage of his memoirs the Duc explains and justifies his affection for Russia by declaring that the Tzar really prevented the practical partition of France when the Allies were considering, after Waterloo, the best course to pursue. "I am in possession of a map," says the Duc, "from which I shall never separate myself; it was given me by the Emperor Alexander after the Treaty had been signed on November the 23th. On this map is traced the line of the provinces which were about to be taken from us, that is to say, the greater part of Franche Comté, the whole of Alsace and Lorraine, Stenay, Sedan,

Mexieres, Givet, and the whole of French Flanders to the sea." And he then continues, in curiously prophetic words, to describe the great advantages of a Franco-Russian alliance.

In the same number M. Fournier de Flaix contributes a vivid account of Constantinople of to-day: his description of the cemeteries being especially curious. "Constantinople," he says, "is literally wrapped round by graveyards: in no other city do the dead take up so much room. A Turkish cemetery is neither enclosed nor cared for, but gives the idea of a public garden open to all. There are no monuments, no death registers are kept, and the very undertakers are conspicuous by their absence.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE death of Sir William Smith, who had held the post of editor since 1867, and who died while the current issue was passing through the press, is appropriately noticed in two prefatory pages of the *Review*. It is stated that during his twenty-seven years of active editorship he "had no serious difference with any contributor." The present number is not unworthy of his editorial record. The important articles on "Chicago," "The Command of the Sea," and "Coalitions," find notice elsewhere.

PROGRAMME OF HOSPITAL REFORM.

A good paper on "The Modern Hospital" is introduced with the remark, "It is probable that to England the most lasting bequest received from the Crimean War has been the development of scientific nursing." It appears that the hospital is a much older institution than is generally supposed. It was foreshadowed in ancient Egypt and India; and Asoka of Gujerat, in the third century B.C., established hospitals in all his dominions. Destroyed and forgotten in the barbarian conquests, they were begun anew under Christian initiative. Henry VIII. is described as having established the modern hospital by the simple process of confiscating the old hospital endowments, thus making it dependent on voluntary contributions. The reviewer's suggestions of reform may be thus summarised:—

No new hospital to be started without a legal licence granted only on need shown. A uniform system of keeping accounts like that recommended by the London Hospital Sunday Fund: and central bureau for all accounts, to enable comparison and to promote economy.

A more careful inquiry into the means of all applicants, especially of out-patients. Provident dispensaries and per-hospitals for those who can pay. Poor law infirmaries to take over chronic and unsuitable cases from voluntary hospitals. Annual inspection of every hospital, its food, sanitation, &c.

THE LORDS' DILEMMA.

The title of "the dishonoured Bill" sufficiently indicates the style in which the Home Rule debates are reviewed. The working classes have, we are told, an instinctive distrust of the capitalistic Commons and a sort of good-humoured liking for the Lords. Discussing the future tactics of Mr. Gladstone, the reviewer regretfully foresees that—

The Lords will (to put it plainly) be placed in the dilemma of either having to pass Bills whose enactment would strengthen the hold of the Liberal party on the constituencies at the next election, or of throwing out these Bills and thereby causing their rejection of the Home Rule Bill to be attributed, not to any conscientious disapproval of the particular measure, but to a general dislike of all popular reforms.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

BIOGRAPHY, geology, and politics divide between them the honours of the *Edinburgh Review*. The articles on "The Reform of the House of Lords" and on "W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival" are noticed elsewhere. The parliamentary situation is reviewed in an article entitled "Party Manceuvres versus Public Opinion," in which of course the majority in the House of Commons stands for "party manceuvres" and the majority in the House of Lords for "public opinion." An immediate dissolution is demanded as the clearly constitutional course. The memoirs of General Rochechouart, which embody

the recollections of a man who experienced some of the horrors of the Revolution; who was aide-de-camp successively of the Duc de Richelieu, the celebrated governor of Odessa and governor-general of New Russia, and of the Emperor Alexander; who fought against the Turks and the Circassians; who took part as a Russian officer in the campaigns against the French in 1812-13-14; and under whose direction and superintendence Marshal Ney was executed; who also kept a journal since he was twelve years old, are vividly summarised.

Lady Burton's Life of her husband elicits a criticism which, deservedly enough, compliments the wife at the expense of the biographer. The reviewer thus sums up Sir Richard:—

He was a man with many faults—faults of education, faults of temper, faults of character; he had many and bitter enemies, and much evil was spoken of him, often undeservedly; but he had many and rare talents, and the man to whom children ran, the man who won the devoted love of a good woman, cannot have been altogether bad.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE FLOOD A SCIENTIFIC REALITY.

Of the very unstable equilibrium of geological theories we are reminded by an instructive review of Sir Henry Howorth's "The Glacial Nightmare and the Flood." The problem suggested by the mammoth remains found frozen and perfect in Siberia cannot, the author maintains, be solved except by granting the occurrence of a sudden catastrophe of a kind uniformitarians refuse to believe:—

The theory of continental glaciers, indeed, leaves his hands badly damaged. No dispassionate inquirer, after duly weighing his criticism of it, can, for instance, seriously believe that an ice-field, covering the whole expanse of Northern Russia, ascended the slow slope which the Dwina descends on its way to the White Sea, and without any assured motive power within itself, or *vis à tergo* from without, crossed the watershed, and accompanied the present flow of the Volga, Don, and Dnieper for some three hundred miles to the south.

Sir Henry's own theory—that the changes in question were principally due to a great flood which was caused by "a sudden elevation of a portion of the seabottom"—the reviewer will not allow to account for all the facts; for "the local variations of the boulder-clay are decisive against the hypothesis of its deposition by a flood." But "the most striking part of his work," he concedes to Sir Henry,—

consists in his setting forth, as a scientific reality, of a world-wide flood. All geologists agree that in one way or another the waters were let loose in those days. . . . But it was left to Sir Henry Howorth to recognise and demonstrate the universality of [the] character [of the observed effects], to gauge the significance of their testimony to the occurrence of what was substantially one momentous event, and to apprehend the true relations of that event to the distribution of life upon our planet.

To cumulative scientific proofs of his contention he adds legendary confirmation. The traditions of all nations affirm,

with extraordinary definiteness and unanimity, the interruption, by a deluge, of the early history of mankind. . . . He finds "the story in the Bible interesting—as an early example of a widespread tradition and nothing more."

The great Barrier-Reef of coral which runs at a distance of six or seven leagues from the mainland for more than 1,200 miles along the east coast of Queensland—as described in the just published journals of Captain Cook and in the handsome quarto of Mr. W. Saville-Kent—gives rise to an interesting if somewhat too discursive article.

IN DISPROOF OF MR. PEARSON'S PESSIMISM.

The optimistic reaction which has followed Mr. C. H. Pearson's forecast of "National Life and Character" is illustrated in the first article, which the writer thus recapitulates:—

We have examined at some length Mr. Pearson's premisses and his deductions. We have endeavoured to show that the expansion of the Chinese race need not necessarily lead to an extension of Chinese rule; that the white races of the world are not consequently likely to be deprived of their "pride of place"; and that some of the temperate regions of the earth are still so sparsely peopled that they will afford room for centuries to come for European colonists. If we are right in these conclusions, it is plain that Mr. Pearson has exaggerated the difficulties of the future, and that the conditions on which his whole argument is founded are not likely to arise, at any rate till some remote period. But we have also endeavoured to show that Mr. Pearson's Australian experiences have probably misled him in the second portion of his book; that there is no reason for thinking that socialism in older and thickly inhabited countries will necessarily take the form which it has assumed in Australasia; that there are no grounds for apprehending that the organisation of the State is crushing out individual effort; and that there is no cause for believing that literature, science, and discovery have accomplished their chief successes, but that, on the contrary, the future in these respects is likely to be at least as rich as the past.

Against Mr. Pearson's dismal phophecy, the reviewer asserts his faith in "a power divine which moves to good":—

This faith which religion proclaims has been justified both by history and science. . . . Why should we not . . . hope that the progress which has made the past memorable will be maintained in the future; and that the great Anglo-Saxon race which has acquired dominion over so large a portion of the earth's surface, may retain its pride of place and prove its right to govern by the intellectual eminence of its greatest men?

POETS AT THE BAR OF THE CRITIC.

The writer on "Contemporary Poets and Versifiers" applauds Mr. William Morris's "rich imagination and marked individuality"; regrets that "the other Morris" did not rest his reputation on his "Epic of Hades" alone; allows that Mr. Austin, whose "egotism is rather amusing than offensive," has produced one pretty poem; dubs Sir Edwin Arnold's work "polyglot versifications," which to call poetry is a bad joke; concedes to Mr. Aubrey de Vere "literary cultivation without the bright fire of genius"; finds Mr. Coventry Patmore's "morality so charmingly expressed as to acquire something of the quality of poetry"; fears that Mr. F. Tennyson wrote verse because his brother wrote poetry; acknowledges Mr. Watson's genuine poetry and "perfect expression"; bestows more stinted praise on Mr. Le Gallienne and Mr. Bridges, and gives a word or two of eulogy to Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Lang, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Myers, Miss Ingelow ("among our poetesses the best and most true"), Mr. R. L. Stevenson, and to Mr. Kipling as a possible lyricist of the sea.

THE SCOTTISH REVIEW.

THE fare provided for its readers by the *Scottish Review* is substantial and varied, but includes no article of first class importance. The one paper dealing with physical science is that in which Mr. Gath Whitley reviews Sir Henry Howorth's criticisms of glacial theories and arguments for the Great Flood. "Taking a general view of this most interesting controversy," concludes Mr. Whitley, "that it cannot be denied that a great flood closed the Pleistocene period, and swept away Palæolithic Man, and the great extinct mammalia associated with him." "The Standing Stones and Maeshowe of Stenness" in the Orkneys, which are often explained as monumental or sepulchral erections, are by Mr. Magnus Spence connected with the worship of the sun and moon. He pays the prehistoric makers of these shrines the tribute of saying that—

their mathematical skill, their physical power in overcoming almost insuperable difficulties, and their careful observations of the planetary system, prove beyond doubt that they had made marked progress in civilisation. They must have lived in aggregates and worked with united purpose and under the inspiration of religious zeal.

Mr. Alger's presentation of "An Idyll during the French Revolution" will be enjoyed by people curious to know the sort of love-letters which could be written by Rousseau-struck participants in that great social spasm.

RUSSIANS AND "ENGLISH AKIN."

"The meaning of the Russian name" is explored by Karl Blind, who finds that—

the bold warriors who in the ninth century went forth under the name of the "Rus" and the "Warangians," and who subjected the Finnish, Slav, partly also the Tatar tribes of the great north-eastern plain, where they founded the "Russian" empire, were of Teutonic blood.

The result of his investigations is that—

the founders of the "Russian" empire, whose Germanic origin is beyond doubt, either had their name—as Dr. Thomsen thinks it likely—from a word meaning the Rowers, or Seafarers, or, as Dr. Hyde Clarke contends, from the Rugians. The name of the latter occurs in a variety of forms, such as *Ruani*, *Roani*, *Rujani*, *Ruia*, *Ruja*, *Roja*, etc., which comes close enough to Rhos or Rus. As to the Warangians, they were most probably of the Waring kinship of the Angles, forefathers of the English, the name of the Warings themselves being preserved, like that of the Angles, in English place-names.

The tribes of this common kin who migrated to the north-east founded Russia, but lost their original language and free institutions; while those who branched north-west and began the making of England, developed both ancient speech and ancient liberty. The reviewer finishes his history with the picturesque remark:—

To-day, in the far East, the two Empires which were originally founded by Germanic Norsemen, now nearly meet again.

But instead of urging that the two peoples of kindred origin should unite as kinsmen in their kindred task of civilising Asia, he indulges in antithetical rhetoric about "progress and civilisation" on the one side and "oppression," "barbarism," and "tyranny," on the other.

ORIGIN OF THE SCOTTISH PARAPHRASES.

"The Paraphrases" have been so regularly associated in the popular mind with "the metrical version" of the Psalms that many will be surprised to learn from Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden's painstaking article on the subject, that the Paraphrases were only (and informally) adopted by the Scottish Assembly in 1780. Frequent attempts at framing such a collection were made during

the preceding hundred years, but until then without result. Mr. Hadden declares that—

Scotland has, indeed, every reason to be proud of her Paraphrases, which express so well the better side of the Moderatism of the last century, and which did so much to dissolve the harsh, sour Calvinism that prevailed before their introduction into the Church;

but when enumerating the various authors of these hymns, he shows and grants that "the largest contributor to the collection is Isaac Watts." Out of the entire sixty-seven twenty were by Watts, and five more were "founded on suggestions to be met with in his hymns." In the Bruce-Logan controversy Mr. Hadden unhesitatingly ascribes the disputed Paraphrases to Bruce.

MONUMENTAL LIGHT ON EARLY HEBREW STORY.

"The Earliest Ages of Hebrew History" are reconsidered by Major Conder in the light of "the political correspondence accidentally discovered at Tell Amarna in Egypt, belonging to the fifteenth century B.C.," and of "the Akkadian inscriptions found at Tell Loh," "which cannot be placed later than the twenty-fourth century B.C." From these sources—

the political history of Palestine appears, down to the time of the Hebrew Conquest, to have included two distinct periods—the first being that of Mongol domination, during which tribes of Semitic race, continually increasing in numbers, but living to a great extent in a pastoral condition, pushed southwards from the fords of the Euphrates at Carchemish.

Major Conder infers that among these Semitic tribes the Amorites and the Hebrew emigrants from Ur of the Chaldees "must be included." The second period was one of Egyptian domination lasting two centuries. During the rebellion that followed, the letters found at Tell Amarna from the cities of Joppa, Jerusalem, Ascalon, etc., complain of invasion by the *Abiri*, "a desert people coming from the land of Seir." Major Conder infers that these *Abiri* are the Hebrews under Joshua, and finds in the notice of their conquests "the first possible allusion to Hebrew history as yet known from monumental sources."

The Primitive Methodist Quarterly.

THERE is a great amount of information and suggestion contained in popular form in the current number of the *Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review*. Mr. John Binns's remarks on the "Co-operation of the Churches" call for separate mention. Mr. H. Yooll gives a bright and instructive, if somewhat over-orthodox, version of Mr. Ruskin's teachings and work. The duel between Henry George and Herbert Spencer on the land question is reviewed with an evident preference for Mr. Spencer's earlier and more "absolute ethics." Mr. G. F. Johnson, comparing "Trades Unions, Old and New," concludes "that the success of the New Unionism would prove the destruction of Unionism altogether." The substitution of legislation for association would mean the abandonment of the latter. Mr. W. Raistrick opens up "The Science of Crime" in its more sympathetic aspects. The compatibility of miracles with the harmony of nature when viewed in the light of the Divine Immanence is argued by Mr. Robert Bryant. Mr. Robert Hind in discussing the outlook of "Methodism in Scotland" concedes that "Methodism has scarcely touched the life of Scotland," but urges that it is in some respects more needed there than any other form of religion, and if properly worked is likely to succeed. "Unquestionably," he says, "the itinerancy has been a disadvantage to Methodism in Scotland and hindered its progress considerably." There is some plain speaking about the House of Lords in the last article.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE highly important articles which are cited elsewhere,—the symposium on woman as councillor, mother, co-operative cook and self-supporting worker, and the Marquis of Lorne's "Latest Aspects of Imperial Federation,"—give special distinction to the October number of this Review. "The business outlook" as it presents itself to a quartette of financial magnates will appeal chiefly to American readers. The triplet of articles by members of the Ways and Means Committee, on Coming Tariff Legislation, touches British interests more nearly—all the more that reduction of the tariff towards a revenue basis is regarded as inevitable. Mr. John Bigelow recounts the fruitless efforts made by the Southern Confederacy to secure Pope Pius IX. as ally, and takes occasion to describe the southern political leaders as "about the most inadequate men" for the conduct of any great military enterprise. But for the four men, Davis, Benjamin, Slidell, and Mason, there had been no civil war. Mr. Warren K. Moorehead traces the history of anthropology—the "New Science at the Fair"—back to de Perthes's book on quaternary man, published fifty years ago. Mr. T. M. Gilmore pleads for the elevation of the "saloon" or tavern from the category of an object of legislation, reprobation, or repression, to the status of a club and reading-room.

THE BATTLESHIP OF THE FUTURE.

Admiral Colomb of the Royal Navy exposes the influence which mere fashion, sentiment, and stupid adherence to habit exert on the construction of our ships of war. The vicissitudes of the broadside are an amusing illustration. When steam was first used, the paddle-wheels drove the guns forward and aft, and because lessening their number led to an increase in their weight.

Presently the paddle-wheel gave place to the screw, and restored the broadside to its position and power; but we had got so accustomed to the heavy armament of bow and stern that, though there was no more argument in its favour than there had been a hundred years before, we put it into the screw ships by mere force of habit. Of such unscientific procedure, unquestionably, the general result has been to design two great battleships in order to carry a few enormous guns destined to penetrate armour which, in the end, is not offered to either side.

There is not and never was necessity for gigantic guns, which can only be mounted in turrets and barbettes. There is a general feeling of unrest in the face of ships costing a million and weighing fourteen thousand tons each. The sudden and awful loss of the *Victoria* has emphasised what had before been muttered, that there is a want of economy in putting too many eggs in one basket. . . . The tendencies point then, in my opinion, towards giving up the very heavy gun, by consequence the turret and barbette, by consequence the very large and very expensive battle-ship. I believe it will be generally conceded that neither the torpedo nor the ram has any dominating influence over the design of the warship. Speed, coal-endurance, sea-keeping qualities, and the gun, are the main bases of construction.

The Admiral thinks that "if the United States so willed it, she might become the mightiest naval power that the world has ever seen."

THE NEW DRAMA.

Mr. Clement Scott tells the story of "two dramatic revolutions" which he has witnessed. The first was in 1860, when the British stage was emancipated from its previous "slovenliness, boorishness, unintellectuality and want of art." The second (1890-3) is the threatened invasion of Ibsenism or "the dramatisation of the Contagious Diseases Acts." "For thirty years we have kept

the stage in such a condition that no man—if he were not a Puritan—would prevent wife or daughters from entering the theatre door." But now plays are being put forward "whose heroines are monsters and whose atmosphere is mephitic."

It is to my mind no less than a crime to preach from the stage the ridicule of virtue and the splendid courage of suicide. I am no Puritan, I trust, no bigot, I hope; but though I have protested against the Puritan and bigot, and Philistine and Pharisee, for their uncharitable dealings with the stage all my life long, still were Puritan or bigot to stand up and preach against the danger and the disgust that are the outcome of the study of the new drama, I for one could not answer one word.

THE ARENA.

THE October number does not rise much above the average. Mr. Van Ornum's scheme of establishing a currency by voluntary association, Mr. W. P. Mackenzie's account of Free Church Union, and Mr. B. O. Flower's glowing anticipations of "the coming religion," are noticed elsewhere. Mr. R. J. Hinton tells how "the arid region" of the "New West" promises by aid of irrigation to be able to support a population of a hundred millions, and he asserts in all soberness "that this pending development of our continental resources can be, nay, must be, effected upon lines which will automatically develop economic equity in distribution." The accomplishment of this hope depends on the answer to the question which he regards as "a continental issue," Who shall control the sources of irrigation? The three States, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, in which they lie, or the nation? Rev. H. MacQueary tells of the late R. A. Proctor, that on receiving a cheque for his first literary venture, an article in *Cornhill*, he fancied there must have been some mistake, and only on inquiry learned that magazines paid for such contributions. It is interesting to know that the great astronomer was not above an ardent attachment to whist, chess, and the piano, which he played with "much delicacy of touch and feeling." Mr. J. C. Caldwell proclaims that "the South is American," nay

The strongest, most concentrated force of Americanism is in the South, and Americanism is the highest form of Anglo-Saxon civilisation. There is no part of the globe, except the kingdom of England, which is so thoroughly Anglo-Saxon as the South.

W. E. Manley, D.D., reopens an old dispute by affirming, with much display of classic lore, that the words used in the New Testament to describe the duration of future punishment, do not signify eternal or endless.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CRIMINAL?

Mr. Henry Wood, in his "Psychology of Crime," makes out that responsibility for the existence of crime rests with society in general and newspapers in particular. "The quality of thinking determines consciousness, and consciousness determines character." The quality of popular thinking, already by no means high, is too largely determined by the daily press, with its detailed narratives of vice and crime; whence follows in natural psychological order, an infection of the general consciousness, and an eruption here and there of crime. Mr. Wood's remedy is "systematic idealism," by which alone "the undisciplined thinking faculty" can be "trained to close its avenues against discordant and depressing environment."

The scientific way to destroy evil is not to hold it up and analyse it in order to make it hateful, but rather to put it out of the consciousness.

The "notes and announcements" contain some of the most interesting features in the magazine.

THE FORUM.

THERE is a considerable falling off from the high standard of the previous number, but the articles for October are on the whole both attractive and instructive. Mr. Frederic Harrison on "The Revival of the Drama" and Dr. Carl Peters on "Prospects of Africa's Settlement by Whites" are quoted elsewhere. "The Rise and Doom of the Populist Party," by Mr. Frank B. Tracy, and "The True Significance of Western Unrest," which Mr. Charles S. Gled finds in general "financial embarrassment" and not in revolutionary mania, are written to show that the West is not moving in the direction of Socialism. Mr. David A. Wells argues that the present crisis has proved "the downfall of certain financial fallacies," such as the alleged "appreciation of gold," evil of decline in prices, "discrimination against silver," "theory of conspiracy," "new coinage ratios." He states that the annual gold product of the world is increasing and promises to increase still further. Mr. Ernest Hart, editor of the *British Medical Journal*, upholds and magnifies the strictest canons of medical etiquette in relation to quacks, homœopaths, and secret remedies.

THE KINDHEARTED SOUTH.

"The burning of negroes" who have assaulted white women is attributed by Bishop Haygood to a temporary fit of "emotional insanity," which he is not disposed to condemn too severely.

The Southern people are not cruel and never were. They are kindhearted people; good to one another and to all men. . . . They were kind to the negroes when they were slaves; they are kind to them now. . . . But the Southern people are now and always have been most sensitive concerning the honour of their women—their mothers, wives, sisters, daughters. A single word questioning the purity of Southern women has cost many a man his life.

If only the educated negroes who, except in the rarest instances, never commit crimes against virtue, and if only the Northerners would denounce these crimes as they now denounce lynchings, both class of offences would become as rare as in the days of slavery. Mr. Charles H. Smith alleges that too much education has ruined the negro for manual training, which is his only resource, and declares that "the negro will have to be disfranchised and a separate code enacted, that will fit him." "The tendency everywhere is for the whites to rent out their farms and move to the towns, where they can safely educate their children," and the friction between the two races is growing to an ominous pitch.

HAVE "REAL WAGES" RISEN?

Colonel Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labour, presents important generalisations concerning "Cheaper Living and the Rise of Wages," which he has drawn from a recent Government report on wholesale prices and wages during the years 1840 to 1891. He finds in a general comparison that wages, considered relatively to the importance of one industry to all industries, stood at 82.5 in 1840, at 155.6 in 1866, and at 168.6 in 1891 relatively to 100 in 1860, and that the prices of 223 commodities entering into consumption, on the basis of the importance of each article in proportion to the importance of all, have risen from 97.7 in 1840, relatively to 100 in 1860, to 187.7 in 1866, and fallen from 100 in 1860 to 94.4 in 1891;

the conclusion being positive and absolute that, while the percentage of increase in prices rose in 1866 to a point far beyond the increase of wages, prices have now fallen to a point lower, on the whole, than they were in 1840, and wages have risen even above the high point they reached in 1866.

The inevitable conclusion is said to be that

whenever the prices of commodities rise, they rise higher relatively than does the price of labour, and that when prices go down, they go down much lower relatively than does the price of labour, which remains ordinarily very nearly at its inflated price.

"CHICAGO AS A LITERARY AND ART CENTRE."

Mr. Hamlin Garland proclaims "The Literary Emancipation of the West."

Boston has lost its high place. New York to-day claims to be and is the literary centre of America. . . . Henceforward New York and not Boston is to be the great dictator of American literature. . . . And yet New York is in danger of assuming too much. . . . New York, like Boston, is too near London and Paris to be American. It is not in touch with the West. It is losing touch with the people. Chicago is much more American, notwithstanding its foreign population. . . . The rise of Chicago as a literary and art centre is a question only of time, and of a very short time, for the Columbian Exposition has taught her her own capabilities in something higher than business. The founding of vast libraries and universities and art museums is the first formal step, the preparation stage; expression will follow swiftly. Magazines and publishing-houses are to come. The writers have already risen.

The East considered itself English in general character. . . . As a matter of fact, the West is not English. The Northwest is more largely Teutonic and Scandinavian. . . . The literature rising from these people will not be English. It will be something new; it will be and ought to be American—that is to say, a new composite. . . . There is coming in this land the mightiest assertion in art of the rights of man and the glory of the physical universe ever made in the world. . . . We are standing for a literature which shall rise above culture, above library centres and literary masters, to sincerity of accent and to native democracy of sentiment, and, above all, to creative candour.

WHY LONDON IS THE WORLD'S FINANCIAL CENTRE.

Mr. I. L. Rico objects to managers of "public business" claiming a "right to steal," which no one would allow in private life. He characterises free coinage of silver, anti-railroad legislation, and similar measures as simply robbery. He contrasts English public life:—

London is the financial centre of the world, not only because of its location, but because it is known that there honesty pervades public financial affairs; that public obligations are sure to be met; that mortgages are safe from violation; and that the internal affairs of public corporations are expected to be administered for the benefit of shareholders and creditors.

SCIENTIFIC ARTICLES.

Professor R. O. Doremus declares from lengthened experience of chemical criminal investigations, as "a reasonable conclusion," "that there is no poison to which the public has access that cannot be detected." "The metallic poisons can be detected, by our improved methods of research, years, yes, centuries after death, if the body has been protected from mingling with the soil." Mr. E. S. Holden, director of Lick Observatory, discusses and approves Professor Vogel's explanation of "the wonderful new star of 1892," which increased in brilliancy sixteenfold in two days, and then after an interval of disappearance reappeared a nebula.

Atalanta.

The attempt to make Wagner's drama understood by the average man or woman is successfully undertaken by Mr. Farquharson Sharp. A synopsis of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* is rendered in stirring prose. "Warwick Castle," in the "Stately Homes of England" Series, is well illustrated.

The London Quarterly Review.

THE first place is awarded to a depreciatory review of "modern Congregational theology," as set forth in "Faith and Criticism." This is described as "a disappointing book," whose "chief lack" is "the absence of a clear vindication of Scripture as the sufficient and authoritative guide." "The Apostolic Succession" is severely criticised, as leading logically to "materialistic magic," but hopes are cherished that "the experimental religion of our high Anglican brethren will one day burst the bonds" of this theory. "The Methodist Agitation of 1835" forms the subject of a retrospect highly unfavourable to the projects of the reformers. "An English Ultra-montane Philosopher" is the late W. G. Ward, who is described by the reviewer as having done "a greater service than any man of his generation" "for the theistic controversy." Of the non-theological articles, the most attractive article is an appreciation of "Three poets of the younger generation"—William Watson, Norman Gale, and Arthur Symonds. "Early English Literature" is a review of Rev. Stopford Brooke's "History." There are also memorial reviews of Lord Sherbrooke and of J. Addington Symonds's "Life in the Swiss Highlands." "The Future of British Agriculture" is suggestively and hopefully treated, "an alleviation from the excessive taxation imposed upon the agricultural for the benefit of the industrial community" being put forward, however, as "at present the only remedy for agricultural depression."

The Dublin Review.

THERE is not a little variety of historical and present-day interest mingled with the more solid theological contents of this Review. "The Eucharistic Congress at Jerusalem," where the Pope for the first time consented to be represented along with dignitaries of the Oriental Churches, is reviewed by Lady Herbert, who states as one of its two great results "a strong and sensible movement towards the union of the separated Churches." She urges the clamant need of such reunion, for—Protestants will be interested to hear—the Russian official Church is threatened with extinction by reason of its fifteen millions of Dissenters. "The Protestant universities train the greater number" of the priests in the Greek Church, and the leaven of Protestantism is rapidly spreading in the Balkan provinces, in Egypt, Palestine, and Syria. That Anglicans are not to be included in the projected reunion appears in the Rev. J. D. Breen's vehement denunciation of "Rome's Tribute to Anglican Orders." Professor De Harley attributes "the propagation of Islam" in old times to force, in modern times to its simplicity, easy ethics, and sensuous heaven. He calls for "a general union of all Christian powers" against it. Miss Clerke graphically epitomises the story of Father Ohrwalder's captivity under the Mahdi. Rev. E. C. Butler claims that Bishop Lightfoot's version of early Christianity establishes "St. Peter's primacy, his connection with the Roman Church as bishop, the primacy of that Church from the dawn of Christian history." Rev. F. D. Gasquet brings forward much contemporary evidence to prove that during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the religious instruction imparted by the Church was far superior to what Protestant historians have generally made it out to be.

Great Thoughts gives a brief biography of Mrs. Gladstone, with a portrait, an interview with Mr. Barry Pain, and a number of other features of interest.

The Strand.

THE illustrated interview with the Lord Mayor of London is much more interesting than the average of such articles. The many engravings of rooms in the Mansion House will make people acquainted with the residence of what ought to be the Civic King of London. The chapter on "Ears" is curious. The selection for illustration is certainly catholic. Surely never before have Cicero and Charlotte Yonge, Swinburne and Cardinal Manning, Miss Fortescue and Queen Victoria, served to illustrate one article. Paul Hardy contributes a capital translation of Jules Claretie's "Last Tramp."

The Idler.

CONAN DOYLE writes a most gruesome story, "The Case of Lady Sannox," which everybody is certain to read and then wish they hadn't. E. W. Hornung brings us another bride from the bush. His writings are always fresh and unconventional. Philip Bourke Marston has a pathetic sub-humorous poem of "Poet and Cobbler." The interview with George Meredith is chiefly valuable for a fine pencil drawing of the novelist's head, and for the evidence that the American appreciation of his writings is returned by him in warm admiration of the American people. The article on Father Ignatius is noticed elsewhere.

The Woman at Home.

THE second number of the *Woman at Home* is a marked advance upon the first. The Duchess of Connaught is the subject of a very appreciative sketch. Baroness von Yedlitz tells "How I Brought Liszt to London." The page of "Confessions" by Sir Edwin Arnold is characteristically modest. His favourite occupation is "Being useful," as distinguished from his "Favourite pastime, Work," while his "Favourite Holiday Resort" is "The Globe." The article on Lady Charles Beresford is noticed in another place.

The Review of the Churches.

THE October number is varied, fresh, and well up-to-date. Dr. Gilbert's account of the Parliament of Religions is noticed elsewhere. The Parish Councils Bill is the subject of a Round Table Conference, in which part is taken by Rev. A. R. Buckland, editor of the *Record*, and chief promoter of the clerical agitation about the Bill, as well as by such hearty supporters of Mr. Fowler's measure as Revs. Charles Williams, C. A. Berry, and J. Frome Wilkinson. It is evident that the principal battle will be over the administration of the parish doles. The official vindication of Dr. Kate Bushnell and Mrs. Andrews on the Cantonments question gives Dr. Lunn an opportunity for driving home certain salutary truths on "missions and morals,"—which he does *con amore*.

Frank Leslie's Monthly.

THEATRE-GOERS may be interested to read the description of "How a Play is Produced"—not from the brain of the author, but its mechanical setting and accessories. The endless rehearsals in silent unlit theatres, the making and altering of scenery and properties, the thousand and one details to be arranged before ever the play comes before the public, ought to convince stage-struck youths that an actor's life is very far from being all "beer and skittles."

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT.

THE new Christmas number of the *Art Journal*, better known as the "Art Annual," deals with an unusually interesting artist and his work—William Holman Hunt, by Archdeacon Farrar and Mrs. Meynell.

THE ARTIST.

Writing of Mr. Holman Hunt the artist, Mrs. Meynell says:—

The history of Mr. Holman Hunt in his youth is the history of the movement which bore the oft-misrepresented name of pre-Raphaelitism. Mr. Holman Hunt was pre-Raphaelitism, and what he was he has remained. . . In a sense his youth has never ceased. At the end of this year, 1893, he is at work upon that very design of the "Lady of Shalott" for which he made the first study when the Tennyson romance was young.

When Mr. Holman Hunt began to work on actual Scripture subjects in actual Scripture scenes, he left England persuaded that the principles he had tested by labour and thought through a number of years might be applied more largely in religious art. He remembers now with surprise that this religious work awakened no kind of interest among the members of his church at home. "The Light of the World" was bought by a printer, and "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple" by a brewer.

At the middle period of his life Mr. Holman Hunt made the East much his home. "His pictures," adds Mrs. Meynell in conclusion, "were the work of years crowded with intense activity. He spent his life and strength over 'The Shadow of Death.'"

HIS PICTURES.

Part II. of the "Annual" is devoted to Mr. Holman Hunt's pictures, and is contributed by Archdeacon Farrar, who writes as one of the multitude, desiring simply to

point to qualities and meanings which are not beyond the reach of any intelligent student, and to tell others what he himself has seen in the pictures. It would be impossible here to quote from the descriptions of all the pictures thus dealt with by Archdeacon Farrar: "A Converted British Family Sheltering a Christian Missionary from the Persecution of the Druids," "The Hiring of the Sheep," "The Wandering Sheep," "The Awakened Conscience,"

"The Light of the World," "The Scapegoat," "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple," "The Triumph of the Innocents," "Christ Among the Doctors," "May Day on the Maiden Tower," "The Shadow of Death," but the following notes will give some idea of the interesting work of the artist supplied by Archdeacon Farrar.

DIFFICULTIES IN PALESTINE

In order to paint "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple" Mr. Holman Hunt, in 1854, went to Egypt, and then to Palestine. In the group of Jewish doctors he desired to find the most suitable model among the living modern Rabbis in Jerusalem. In these authorities he was entirely mistaken. They regarded him as a paganist of the mission to the Jews, refused to sit to him, and even communicated those who were willing to sit to his studio. When he did at last persuade a few of them to become his models,



STUDY FOR "THE SHADOW OF DEATH."

they were so worried by their companions that they left off sitting, and the painter's labour was thrown away. But his heart and soul were entirely in his subject. He had that invincible "genius for taking pains" which he has ascribed to his friend Rossetti. The difficulties with the Rabbis was partly overcome by the intervention of Mr. F. D. Mocatta, but the picture of Christ and the Virgin had to be postponed till the work was finished. Mr. Hunt's object was not merely to

Orientalists as models, but to show the old Jewish life as nearly as possible as it actually was.

"THE SHADOW OF DEATH."

In this picture, exhibited in 1874, Mr. Hunt has carried a step farther his purpose of depicting, as far as possible, Bible subjects amid their actual surroundings.

It is one of the pictures in which Art has tried to answer the question of the unspiritual Nazarenes, "Is not this the

The accessories, however, are only the merest framework of the central thought. Mr. Hunt has endeavoured to set before us Jesus in His humanity, Jesus as He lived unknown, unnoticed, a poor and humble labourer in the common lot of the vast majority of the human race, glorifying life simply as life, labour simply as labour. And, therefore, Mr. Hunt has not painted a being irradiated with aureoles and nimbus. . . . Christ has been toiling for long hours at the manual labour which He exalted, and the evening has come.



DRAYCOTT LODGE: MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S HOUSE.

carpenter?" So far as I know there has not been one other attempt in Art to paint Jesus as a young man, exercising the humble trade in the village of Nazareth, by which He glorified labour for all time. He alone has had the strong simple faith which led him to choose as a subject "the Lord of Time and all the worlds," working for His daily bread in the occupation of a Galilean artisan. Mr. Hunt studied every detail, every accessory on the spot. He went to Bethlehem to examine types of face, because it is said that there the inhabitants recall in some features the traditional beauty of the House of David. He painted the interiors of carpenters' shops both at Nazareth and at Bethlehem.

He has risen to uplift His arms in the attitude of prayer; His eyes are turned heavenwards, His lips are open in supplication. Mary is kneeling at His right, fondly opening the coffer which contains the gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. . . . But suddenly looking up, she has caught sight of a shadow on the wall, and it has transfixed her with awe and terrible forebodings. For what she sees is the shadow of death, and the shadow of a death by crucifixion.

The picture was purchased by Messrs. Agnew, and some years later presented by them to the Manchester Art Gallery.

OTHER ART MAGAZINES.

The Art Journal maintains its high reputation under Mr. David Cral Thomson's editorship. The *Magazine of Art*, which has been in existence fifteen years, has just begun a new volume, with the price raised to 1s. 4d. Three plates are to be given henceforth, a photogravure or an etching as frontispiece, and two other plates, all executed by the best processes of the day. Printing in colour is also to be a special feature.

The *Studio* remains as interesting as it was when the first number made its appearance in April, with Mr. Gleeson White as editor. It is a mid-monthly, and the October part is an excellent special arts-and-crafts number.

The *Quarterly Illustrator* is an American art magazine, also started this year. It surveys the work done each quarter in the way of illustrating; and gives a representative selection from all the great illustrated periodicals, with critical notices of magazine illustrators.

The *Art Amateur* is another capital American art magazine. It is devoted more especially to the interests of the amateur, an important feature being the coloured plates for copying. There is also an English edition published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran and Co.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

MR. A. H. SAVAGE LANDOR writes of his travels among the Ainu, the "monkey-like," "dog-like," "bear-like," aborigines of Japan, who are slowly becoming extinct. They now only number about eight thousand. "Some of the strange peculiarities of the Ainu are their extreme hairiness all over the body, the immense length of their arms and toes." They rank very low in the scale of human development. They are extremely good-natured and gentle, but from our moral point of view, they have no morals at all! They possess no laws and marriages are in no way regulated. They are polygamists, and they have no religion beyond a very perfect form of Totemism, the central point of that belief being their own descent from the "bear." The article, which is well-illustrated, is rich in information. "Stray Echoes from Friedrichsruh" reproduce the life of the German ex-Chancellor as country squire, and the portraits of him are very fine. In "The Sere, the Yellow Leaf," Sarah Grand concludes a painful lesson on the apples of Sodom, to which the life of a society beauty turns when the inevitable old-age overtakes her. If any one is fired by a desire to catch giraffes he will, in Mr. H. A. Bryden's article, find all necessary directions, and a large amount of information on the subject.

The Century.

THE illustrations this month are scarcely up to the usual high standard. Mr. C. W. Allers's portrait of the old man Bismarck, seated by the table with his pipe and his newspaper, is very fine. It accompanies Miss Kinnicutt's account of her visit to Friedrichsruh, which is noticed elsewhere. Josiah Flynt's experiences among American tramps are set off with some vivid engravings by Mr. J. C. Lucas and M. Frantschold. But Mr. G. W. Edwards's quaint pictures of "the factions of Kitwyk" form the gem of the magazine. There is the wonted

admirable variety of reading matter. "Taking Napoleon to St. Helena" finds notice on another page. So does Emerson's poem "To Lowell on his fortieth birthday." A lecture by Lowell appears on "Humour, Wit, Fun, and Satire." It describes Cervantes as "beyond all question, the greatest of humourists," and declares Don Quixote to be "the everlasting type of the disappointment which sooner or later always overtakes the man who attempts to accomplish ideal good by material means."

Miss Virginia Vaughan tells the life-story of "George Michel, the painter of Montmartre," and remarks of him as a rare feat that he did "his greatest work from sixty-five to eighty, and merely for the delight it afforded him, without any of the incitements either of ambition or of necessity." The "Memories and Letters of Edwin Booth" are presented by his friend, Mr. Bispham, in a somewhat desultory fashion.

The English Illustrated.

THE frontispiece is a fine portrait of the late Surgeon-Major Parke. This faces an article by Herbert Ward, entitled "Martyrs to a New Crusade," which contains extremely laudatory obituary notices, with excellent portraits of Major Barttelot, Mr. Jameson, Captain Stairs and Captain Nelson. Mr. Andrew Lang contributes reminiscences of Balliol College.

"The Shooting Season at Sandringham" is illustrated by a series of portraits—that almost verge on caricature—of the Prince of Wales as sportsman. Mr. Clemat Scott gives us a very unflattering picture of the Japanese Girls. "The most over-praised and over-rated people in the world," "shuffling, undersized, featureless dolls, cobby in shape, as fat as dumplings, and without a trace of grace in movement or carriage"—are some of the compliments he bestows on the Japanese. In Mr. Scott's excuse it must be noted that he visited Japan in the early spring when he quivered under the bitterest N.E. wind he had ever endured.

Harper's.

EDWIN LORD WEEKES concludes his papers of Persian travel "From Tabreez to Ispahan." Ispahan itself is worthy in its Oriental magnificence and uncleanness to be the home of the "Thousand and One Nights." On all sides of it stand the ruins of magnificent palaces and gateways set in gardens of rank luxuriance. Much of its vanished splendour lies at the door of Jenghis Khan Timour and other invaders. The College of the Dervishes, besides gorgeous architecture, white marble-faience, carved wood, has its door encrusted with silver, richly wrought. Terrible experiences of cholera and fever were endured by the travellers, which at last ended, as all the world knows, in the death from typhoid of Mr. Theodore Child.

Colonel Dodge this month deals with riders of Turkey in his series of horses of all lands. Some engravings of the Sultan's famous white Arabs are given.

Mr. Arthur Symons writes of the Decadent Movement in Literature. He describes Impressionism and Symbolism as the two main branches of that movement, both seeking after the very essence of truth—*la Vérité vraie*.

Portraits are given of the Apostles of the new movement—Paul Verlaine, Maeterlinck, etc. The illustrations are scarcely up to the usual average.

"THE RELIGION OF A LITERARY MAN."

THIS delightful little book* is an aftermath of the newspaper controversy which took place last year on the question, "Is Christianity played out?" It will be remembered that Mr. Le Gallienne was one of those who then took up the cudgels in behalf of what was called "essential Christianity." In these pages he develops and strengthens the position he then assumed, and calls the result "Religio Scriptoris." And a very charming and altogether noteworthy thing this result is. Mere undogmatic Christianity some people will call it, and indeed there is nothing about it that is new—only a very vivid and penetrating restatement of well worn truths. But, for all that, the book is a fine spiritual tonic, and the devout strenuousness of Mr. Le Gallienne is altogether refreshing, in comparison with the languid agnosticism which only too often passes for the religion of a literary man. Perhaps the chief charm of the book is its careful attention to perspective in religious things. Mr. Le Gallienne is a sworn foe both of the dogmatist and the sentimentalist. He has scant respect for the creeds and churches of modern Christendom. But he so restates and rearranges the fundamental truths of Christianity, that his religion appears a great deal more Christ-like than that of most of those who profess and call themselves Christians. His doctrine of the "Relative Spirit" and the distinction he draws between what is provincial and what is universal in religion is a very necessary one, and is at the foundation of his whole position.

It is under the guidance of this "Relative Spirit"—which is not a "familiar," but simply a way of looking at things in their true proportion—that Mr. Le Gallienne declares that the vital question for this modern world is not as of old, What is truth? but rather, What is sin? After a pregnant discussion he gives the following answer to the question, which shows at once how widely he differs from, and how nearly he approximates to, the orthodox Christian position. "Generally stated I would define sin as that which in any time or country, or under whatsoever conditions or outward appearances, means the living by the lower instead of the higher side of our natures." It is a little difficult to reconcile our author's discussion of sin with his doctrine of free will, and probably he would say that it is not necessary to attempt to do so. He is not a theologian but a literary man, and so may be suffered to say that we have more to gain by losing our free will than by keeping it. As with free will, so with the Hereafter. It does not matter whether we believe in it or not. "Those who want to believe in a future life can do so. No philosopher can rob them of it, and probably the arguments are the stronger on the side of belief. Even if it be an illusion, illusion, as we have said, is one of life's methods."

It may be thought that this eviscerates Mr. Le Gallienne's religion of all that is really religious. But a further dip into his book corrects this impression. We have no space to discuss his treatment of "Essential Christianity," "Dogma and Symbolism," and "The Religious Senses." A few extracts will serve to show the trend of thought, though no mere extracts can give an adequate idea of the spirit in which Mr. Le Gallienne deals with his subject. Speaking of Christ he says: "The significance of Christ as a historical figure is not so much that He was the prophet of any absolutely new religious institutions, as that He gathered up into one masterful synthesis those that had enjoyed but an isolated expression afloat. The intense spirituality of the Hebrew; the

impassioned self-annihilation of the Hindoo; the joyous naturalism of the Greek; He combined all these in an undreamed of unity, and gave to it the impetus of His own masterful, emotional individuality." "We have been told that the world has tried the Gospel of Christ and found it wanting. The world has never tried the Gospel of Christ, and in this nineteenth century of the so-called Christian era, it has yet to begin."

The following sentences are characteristic. "Catholicism is simply average humanity in a surplice—that is the secret of its hold upon the world." "Self-sacrifice is no ideal dream of a gentle soul, it is seen to be a condition of man's happiness evolved by nature for herself out of the depths of her own rough heart; and if from the stern strife of conflicting needs so fair a flower has come, how true seems the intuition of the mystic, that God Himself may after all be Love." "Truth always comes, as Christ came, in the garb of absolute simplicity. He seems a mere child, a peasant person. The learned doctors will have none of him. Love God and love one another! Is that all? That we have known from our youth up. Yet there is nothing else to say."

It is easy to object that all this is poetry rather than theology, but it is a good religion for all that. And if this is the religion of literary men, all we can say is, would there were more of it!

"THE COMING RELIGION."

THE manufacture of religions is evidently a thriving modern industry. Its output, if one may judge from current periodical literature, is remarkably large. Perhaps of all magazines, the *Arena* has the greatest stock of this commodity on hand. Scarcely a number passes without announcing the new theology, the new church, the new religion which is to eclipse all its predecessors, and to bring the millennium within measurable distance. In the October issue, the editor himself, Mr. B. O. Flower, contributes his prophecy—happily soberer and less arrogant than the average. He recalls the "great revelations of our day"—the progress in physical science, and notably the general adoption of the evolution theory,—archæological research, with the light its discoveries have shed on Old and New Testaments,—the disclosure to the West of the ancient religions of the far East, with the noble ethical teachings of the Avesta, the Rig Veda, and the Buddhist Bible,—the ready intercommunication of persons and ideas due to modern facilities of travel, press, post and telegraph, which jostle together the professors of a dozen different religions in the Midway Plaisance of the Chicago Fair,—and the new psychical research, resulting in "Christian science," mental healing, and theosophy:—

It is no exaggeration to say we are living in a new world, and he who would help mankind in any vital way must recognise this truth. This is precisely what the earnest thinkers among the theologians, who have embraced what is known as the Higher Criticism, appreciate. . . . To them the Creator is no longer the God of a peculiar people, with an ear for ages deaf to the cry of earth's teeming millions, but in Him they behold the love and life-essence of the universe. Instead of a greatly magnified man, they see a wise, ordering, and conscious Energy, which through the tireless ages, step by step, leads life from the lowest forms on to heaven-spiriting man. To them, in the light of to-day, religion reflects the sanity of the Infinite. . . . And because these scholars are walking hand in hand into the larger truth which God has given to the world to-day, they will succeed, and their success means far more than the triumph of a faction. It will mark a higher altitude in the religious development of the world. It will usher in an era of peace in place of the terrible strife of the past.

* "The Religion of a Literary Man," by Richard Le Gallienne. (London: Elkin Mathews and John Lane.) 3s. 6d. net.

ROYAL ROADS TO LEARNING.

TWO EXPERIMENTS: "ABBOTSHOLME" AND "BEDALES."

A LONG with other signs which are now visible of a stirring among the dry bones of education, two schools have lately been founded on somewhat novel lines, embodying in several respects what may be called **REVIEW OF REVIEWS** principles. One of these, Abbotsholme, was founded five or six years ago, and, under the vigorous and enthusiastic care of Dr. Cecil Reddie, the headmaster and founder, is now an assured success. Bedales, which was founded only last year by Mr. J. H. Badley, formerly Dr. Reddie's assistant-master, and like him an educational enthusiast of strong practical bent, promises apparently no less well. The two schools are quite independent, and to some extent each has its own lines; but they both set in the forefront the principles to which I referred. Among these is the recognition that half our old teaching methods are as obsolete as the stage coach. In our days, educationalists have begun to learn their business afresh, studying it from the point of view not of the teacher merely but of the taught. The result of this is the development of systems like the Kindergarten, Sloyd, Tonic Sol-fa, and M. Gouin's, and the free use of models, games, and the magic lantern for the purposes of work as well as play. Dr. Reddie and Mr. Badley are strong on Reform of Educational Methods, on the plan of enrolling eye and hand along with ear as the schoolmaster's Triple Alliance, and calling nothing common or childish which may help to interest a child and make him catch some notion of what his teacher is driving at. Our articles on M. Gouin's method appeared when Bedales was being organised, and one of Mr. Badley's assistants went to Paris to learn the method from M. Gouin himself. It is now in full

swing at the school for the teaching of French and German. Allied with these reforms in method is the doing away with the system of narrow competitive cram under which Latin Grammar and other things, excellent in

themselves (science, for instance, in many so-called modern schools or "modern sides" of classical ones), are to monopolise an English boy's best learning years, to the practical exclusion of all knowledge or interest about the great facts of his own country, past and present, here and over seas. This blunder is doomed. National patriotism is worthy of a place among the school subjects of the new era. Another impulse of the times, equally healthy, is the instinct of escaping

from the eternal round of factories, machines, and machine-made education, with its competitive individualism, to the atmosphere of manual crafts and outdoor industries. Dr. Reddie and Mr. Badley maintain that, at most schools, the alternative is

between book competition and games competition, and that even our good British sports, with their possibilities for bringing out the spirit of co-operative comradeship, tend to become a sort of specialised class-amusement, as if cricket were the only kind of work a gentleman could properly do with his hands. Mr. Ruskin with his road-making and weaving, Edward Carpenter with his market-gardening,

Mr. Gladstone with his tree-felling, should highly approve the way in which at these schools gardening and carpentry and the like are put into the regular day's programme.

In some photographs which have been sent me, Abbotsholme boys are seen building a cricket pavilion, a boat, a dove-cot; Bedales boys bridging a lake



ABBOTSHOLME FROM MONKSCLOWNHOLME.



BEDALES: THE SCHOOL, NORTH FACE.

draining the football field, digging a garden bed. One breezy photograph shows the Abbotsholme boys bringing the hay harvest home, in fine old style, with harp, sack-but, psaltery and all kinds of music. The idea is that the varied day with its alternations of manual and brain work and games, and social recreations in the evening, is so interesting that the youngsters need less driving during the brief hours at the desk. Very brief these seem, compared to the usual time-table; but then both Abbotsholme and Bedales disavow any wish to be a wheel in the great "Competition Mill," the pivots of which are scholarships and money prizes. Marks and prizes, by the way, are dispensed with at both schools, and I am assured that their presence is not at all missed.

But of those points which deserve special mention in these pages, perhaps the chief is what I may call the Anti-obscurantism of both these schools on the great character question.

Both assert strongly the schoolmaster's duty to look after Character equally with Mind or Body. No school on earth can make up for the want of a good home in this respect. But it is something to have the importance of the thing practically recognised.



ABBOTSHOLME: BUILDING THE PIGEON-HOUSE.

faculties and temptations: Björnson's bold advocacy of simple lessons in physiology would be scouted out of court, and then, when a scandal comes out, a scapegoat

or so is made—often some wretched youth more sinned against than sinning, who is ruined for life to bolster up the great conspiracy of silence—and everything goes on as before. At the present day happily the braver and more earnest schoolmasters are beginning to



THE BÉDALES WORKSHOP.

rebel against old superstitions in this matter, and there is a refreshingly healthy tone about the pronouncements

in daily contact with the boys. For any further information about the educational views of Dr. Reddie or of Mr.



ABBOTSHOLME: BATHING IN THE DOVE.



ABBOTSHOLME: BOATING ON THE DOVE.

of Abbotsholme and Bedales on the subject—the latter school, by the way, making a special point of the inclusion of several women among the staff of trained teachers

Badley, I must refer my readers to the writings of those gentlemen themselves. Abbotsholme is near Rochester, Derbyshire; Bedales near Hayward's Heath, Sussex.



BEDALES: THE HALL.

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

A LECTURE BY WALTER WREN.

I AM here by invitation of my old pupil, your Head Master, and of yourselves, in the hope of being able to give some information, guidance, and advice which may be useful to you as learners. Aristotle teaches us that there are three requisites for a speaker's deserving belief—*ἐννοία, φρόνησις, ἀρετή*, which I would freely translate: "prudence in choosing the right topics, ability to satisfy his hearers that his aims are pure and unselfish, and to convince them that he has their interest at heart."

I have one disagreeable thing to say—I will get it over and done with. The writing of your invitation and of your signatures was not good enough. Do not underrate the importance of good handwriting. Every learner should systematically practise good readable handwriting. He should be able to read his own notes and common-place books as easily as print. The lines should be the proper distance apart, and the margin wide enough to allow the insertion of notes and references. Good writing is most important. It is useful whatever your future career—whether Law, Physic, or Divinity, Army, Navy, or Diplomacy, Oxford, Cambridge, or the Civil Service. I learned this a great many years ago from an order or instruction made by Lord Palmerston when he was at the Foreign Office. Examinations have to be gone through. It is no good for answers to be complete, terse, and accurate unless they are also readable. There is no need for a teacher to preach to a learner on the evils of ignorance—how the ignorant are at the mercy of the learned, how dull and sordid and grovelling are the lives of the ignorant. You asked me to come among you as a teacher; let me teach you what I can in the time allotted me.

I think the first thing that made me a teacher was my noticing, when a boy, how men and women read books and papers, and knew no more about them when they had read them than they did before. They heard the Old Testament read out to them once a year, and the New Testament three times, and there were—and doubtless are—many good people who read a chapter of the Bible every night of their lives. Some of them, after many years, know little or nothing more about it than when they started.

Lots of people seem to know nothing, and to want to know nothing; at any rate, they never show any wish to learn anything. I was once in a room where not one person could say where Droitwich was; once at a dinner of fourteen where only one besides myself knew in what county Salisbury was. I have asked, I believe, over a hundred times where Stilton is, and have been told twice. This when Stilton cheese was handed. I mention this to show the peculiar, conservative mental apathy of Englishmen: one would think people would not go on eating Stilton cheese for twenty or thirty or more years, and never ask where it was. Never be inattentive; never let things slip through your minds like water through a sieve.* Notice everything as you read. If you read a leader or article in a paper or magazine, and come to a French or German word of which you don't know the meaning, never let it go by. Ask as soon as you can; don't cultivate mental laziness. I will give you one or two more illustrations of this. I saw in a magazine not long ago mention made of the three estates of the realm—Queen, Lords, and Commons. Neither writer or editor knew that the three estates are the Lords spiritual, the Lords temporal, and the Commons. A distinguished statesman not long ago gave the following quotation:—

"I'm the blessed Glenliver;
'Tis mine to speak, 'tis yours to hear."

which he said was from Thomas Moore. There are about as many mistakes as could be crammed into that number of words. It should have been, "I am a blessed Glenliver," etc. It is from the parody of Southey in "Rejected Addresses." Nobody who knows Tom Moore calls him Thomas. Not long ago a most distinguished literary man—one to whom I would take off my hat—quoted from Rogers' "Satires":—

—"lauding from their several tubs,
Stubbs praises Freeman, Freeman praises Stubbs."

* Bishop Butler's "Introduction to Sermons."

saying "praises" instead of "butters," so that the joke of the tubs is lost. I read lately, "'It's the seasoning as does it,' as the sausage maker in 'Pickwick' said." The only sausage maker in "Pickwick" is the master of the celebrated sausage factory who rashly converted himself into sassaiges—as was found out by his trousers' buttons. It was Mr. Brook the pieman, whose pies were all made of them noble animals, cats, and who could "make a weal a beef-steak or a beef-steak a kidney, or any one on 'em a mutton, as the market changes and appetites wary." For a reviewer of a new edition of the Waverley Novels in a first-rate daily paper to speak of Sir Edward instead of Sir Arthur Wardour (in the "Antiquary") is perhaps venial, but we cannot say that of a leader writer in another first-rate daily, who wrote:—"You do not understand the beggarly trade you have chosen," said Mr. Osbaldistone to Frank in "Guy Rannering," instead of "Rob Roy." Another quoted:—"There are two kinds of particularly bad witnesses: a reluctant witness, and a too-willing witness; it was Mr. Winkle's fate to figure in both characters," with Snodgrass substituted for Winkle—a very strange mistake, for Mr. Snodgrass's examination is not given; and if there is any one piece in "Pickwick" more likely than another to make a lasting mark on one's memory, surely it is the account of Mr. Winkle in the witness-box. A distinguished officer wrote a letter to a daily, which had the honour of large print, in which he gave a quotation from Swift's "Directions to Servants" to Sydney Smith. Another wrote of Wegg (in "Our Mutual Friend"), and his liking for whiskey and water. I cannot remember that the word sausage-maker is used in "Pickwick," or whiskey in "Our Mutual Friend." Wegg spoke to Mr. Venus of a glass of rum and water "with a slice of lemon in it, to which you're partial." I could give more, but the above are enough. I had best not give too many. Each additional one increases the danger I incur of making a mistake myself.

I once had a large class of very clever young men from the best public schools in England. (They are called public, I believe, because endowed with large incomes which ought to be spent in the interest of the "Public," and why "the Public" allow them to be misappropriated as they are is one of the things no fellow can make out.) Not one of them could read; i.e., there was no communication between their brains and the book. I told them to read first a bit of "Robinson Crusoe," then Gulliver's "Voyage to Lilliput," then "Waverley." I gave them examination papers on all, lectured them on their answers, and so literally taught them how to read. In the paper on "Waverley" I asked a question involving knowledge of the Highland way of hunting deer at the time—making a circle or surround, and gradually making it smaller and smaller, till they were able to enclose and shoot a lot of deer. The Highland word for that surround is "TINCHEL." Not one did the question or had noted the meaning of "tinchel." I told this story to two most distinguished Oxford scholars—men of European reputation—as a proof of habitual carelessness in reading. I saw them exchange guilty looks, and said, "You neither of you know." They laughed, and admitted that they had read "Waverley," and did not know; the fact being that they read carefully only the books relating to their special subjects. Had that word occurred in Aristotle or Plato they would have told me in a minute. This is a specially good illustration, because almost everybody who has read anything at all has read Scott's "Lady of the Lake." In the description there of the battle of Beal an Duine we read:—

We'll quell the savage mountaineer
As their tinchel cows the game.
They come as fleet as forest deer;
We'll drive them back as tame.

I judge that even the cheapest editions have a note explaining tinchel. The moral is, cultivate the habit of reading carefully, and read only books worth it. I am not claiming to be less guilty than other readers, but the same rule holds good all round: the best general is the one who makes the fewest

mistakes. I have given you examples of carelessness—misquotations in newspapers and magazines. I hope no one will find reason for saying "Physician, heal thyself!"

I was lucky enough to be at a school where the head master did not grudge the trouble of setting examination papers and looking over and correcting the mistakes and omissions, and I was lucky enough to go to the same college in the same year and term with one of the most wonderful men and scholars that ever lived—who possessed this power of verbal accuracy and of sifting all the wheat out of books as he read, and of rejecting the chaff and padding—I mean my late dear friend C. S. C.—Charles Stuart Calverley. He knew all the books he read. A good many of us at Christ's College, Cambridge, knew "Pickwick" specially well. Calverley said he would set us a paper, and see who knew it best. I was ill and could not go in. Here are two of the questions:—

1. Show that there were at least three times as many fiddles as harps in Muggleton at the time of the ball at Manor Farm.
2. Is there any ground for conjecturing that Sam Weller had more brothers than one?

The answers are that it is stated in the account of the ball that in a shady bower were the two best fiddles, and the only harp in all Muggleton. If there were two best there must have been a least a third, and therefore there were at least three times as many.

When Mr. Perker asked if he wasn't a wag, Sam said his eldest brother was troubled with that complaint. If he had an eldest brother he had more than one. Walter Besant did twenty-seven questions out of thirty.

Calverley's mind was like the trunk of an elephant, which will pick up a pin and tear up a tree by the roots. Do you cultivate the habit of attention? Remember that only that knowledge can be properly called so which can be produced ready for use instantly. Whether you are in the examination room or the House of Commons, you must be able to do without books. Every subject you study should be known as mathematics must be. One who knows any particular subject in mathematics can write out any piece of book work, or solve any reasonable rider or problem. Learn as many things as you can, and the most possible of each. Do not despise all smatterings; some smatterings are worse than useless; not so others. A smattering of Latin is useless; it is better to be able to speak French a little than not at all; it is better to know a little mathematics than none. Here comes in a little story I heard many years ago, showing the value of being able to speak French. When Lord Derby's Ministry was formed in 1852, he made Lord Malmesbury Foreign Secretary. Much surprise was expressed. He was not of Cabinet rank. A great many unfavourable criticisms were expressed. At last some one asked why Lord Derby had done it. The answer was, "He is the only Tory in the House of Peers who can speak French." It is wonderful what a lot a man can learn between seven and seventy—to say nothing of Premiers of eighty-three—besides attending to his daily business—by "redeeming his time." Take St. Paul's advice and redeem yours, remembering that the Greek *ἐξαρπαζόμενοι τὸν καιρὸν* means a great deal more, viz., making the best possible use of every opportunity—but this can only be done by never letting the ink in the pen get dry—by continual cultivation of the power of learning, and by following Bishop Butler's advice already referred to, not to let things pass through your mind rather than think of them. Don't talk of killing time—we have too little between our cradles and our graves—make the best use of it.

EDUCATION.

We now have cleared the ground and come to the question. What is Education? It is threefold: of body, mind, and spirit. That of the body comes first. Without health and strength, and the gaiety and lightness which come of a sound body, mind and spirit cannot be properly educated and cultivated. Begin at the beginning; games for boys, athletics for men. Cultivate every power, every muscle of the body—eye and hand, wind and limb—play cricket and football, run,

swim, row, fence, box, ride, shoot. Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might. I hope the day will come when every child will be taught music. Hear the wise words of Aristotle*: "Nature requires that we should work well and use leisure well. We should not be idle. How then can we employ our leisure? Not in mere frivolous amusement. Amusements should be the medicine of the soul by which we obtain rest. Music means intellectual enjoyment in leisure."

Now for the mind. Make the best possible use of every power. Store the armoury of your minds with every available weapon to fight the battle of life with. Learn by heart every good bit you come across, for use and comfort in old age. Do as that great and good man John Bright did: keep a commonplace-book, and copy into it every particular passage you wish to remember. It is no good buying books of "Extracts," or "Familiar Quotations," except for purposes of reference. Make your own. Remember Bacon: "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, writing an exact man." Let us expand this. Students should mark, learn, and inwardly digest all they read. They should be examined *vice versa* to make them ready in using the knowledge they have acquired. They should be examined by examination papers, that they and their teachers may find out whether they really know what they have been reading or not. This must be done until they are accurate, terse, and exhaustive. He says also, "Historics make men wise; poets, witty; mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend." This is a pretty wide field, especially as it takes a knowledge of classics for granted all through his "Essays"; but he surely did not expect all his readers to study all these subjects. But he as surely thought some might. The standard set is not an impossible one.

The study of natural science should come before all others. The works of God are better worth studying than the thoughts of men. First comes geography, now strangely neglected—taught at first by the globe and maps only—no books. Botany should be taught every year during the summer months; all children love flowers and pictures and what they call pretty things. Geology follows geography. Chemistry would follow in time. After these follow other branches of natural science. We are organic beings of flesh and blood, walking the surface of a planet in the solar system, surrounded by solid, liquid, and gaseous bodies, girt about with trees and shrubs and herbs and mosses, with beasts and birds and fishes and insects. On our knowledge of these, their laws and properties, depend our health, our happiness, our very existence.† Yet in most public schools natural sciences are boycotted or neglected, and classics spoken of as if our principal mission in this world was to learn them.

It is infuriating to think of the torture and misery inflicted on children in my childhood—given outrageous nonsense to learn by heart in Latin and Greek grammars, and caned if they did not remember the nonsense accurately. Then comes Number—what we generally call Arithmetic, the beginning of Mathematics. I hope you will all live to read in the original and enjoy the interesting praise of pure Mathematics you will find in Plato's Republic, and the equally curious paragraphs about Proportion in the Ethics of Aristotle. Then come Modern Languages, learned at first by the ear, and not by the eye. Hear what my friend Mr. Walter Besant, one of the best French scholars of the day, says in the early pages of his novel "All in a Garden Fair":—"The first thing you want with a language is the vocabulary; men who learn many languages begin after the manner of Adam—with the names, not after the manner of the schoolmasters—with the syntax. Those who do not want to learn a language begin with grammar and exercises; *this is the way of our schools*. Next, they learned how to connect the names with verbs and adjectives and things of that sort. Then they perceived that a certain amount of grammar was necessary. When their ears had caught the sound of the French language, when they had learned a copious vocabulary, and could read with pleasure and talk freely, though still with plenty of mistakes, their

* Jowett's Introduction to the Politics, p. xcl.
† Grant Allen.

teacher set them to write. They read a story one evening and wrote it down the next. Then they compared what they had written with what they had read, and were put to shame. It was necessary to find out many more things in the grammar. They found these out. Their teacher was a man of ideas and of clear mind. He wanted the boys to learn, not to pretend. He therefore made them teach themselves by an intelligent process, not by the conventional process. In two years they really knew French."

In his life of his friend Professor Palmer, Mr. Besant quotes Palmer's opinion of the foolish way of teaching French, persisted in in most, if not all, public schools.

Hear Lord Beaconsfield's opinion of the value of French ("Coningsby," chap. viii., book 4):—"The Marquis solemnly urged him not to neglect his French. A classical education was a very admirable thing, but there is a second education demanded by the world to which French is the key. When you enter into the world you will find that Greek and Latin are not so much diffused as you imagine."

Then the ancient or dead languages, which should not be begun until general intelligence has been developed. One of the most distinguished of Senior Classics—the wife of the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge—has proved that classics should not be begun too young.

In them you find the best thoughts of the most original thinkers, and mines of culture and knowledge and pleasure which will be a *κρηνα* *ἐς αἶν*—a possession to last your lives. In Aristotle, in Plato, in the Tragedians, in Thucydides, you will find that which makes all readers so much the better for what they read that it is hard on all who have to go without. Here again I say, Redeem your time. No history written since Thucydides wrote his is *simile aut secundum*. It has never been equalled. There is no second. There are other subjects of study, but they do not come in the curriculum of a school. I know that the way I have been pointing out is at present out of the question. So long as the English Universities and the schools which have arrogated to themselves the title of the public schools dictate what shall be done, and despise the teaching of the guides they pretend to follow, teachers must teach the learners what parents and guardians allow to be forced on them. The first problem of all, viz., shall education be directed towards

the acquisition of useful knowledge, or towards the study of those subjects alone which make up what is commonly called "culture," has been settled wrongly by them. It is clear that Education should do two things: (1) bring out, develop, and strengthen the powers of the mind, just as a proper course of training in games and athletics does the powers of the body, and (2) teach useful knowledge. Those who compel boys to spend nearly all their time on the study of dead languages, starve the second half, which is of far more importance to that great majority which, on reaching manhood, have to earn their own living, and want to be taught while boys that which will best enable them to do it.

There are one or two things you should be sure not to do. Read no bad books. In your allotted span of life you will not have time to read all the good and useful ones. Do nothing to weaken, to soften, to emasculate, to water down your power of mind. Use no crutches or pretended short cuts. Face your difficulties like men; look them straight in the face. There is no royal road to learning.

I come now to the last, and by far the most important—the education of your moral sense and conscience. Spiritual power is better than that of body and mind combined. The education of the body and mind rightly conducted lead to it. Spiritual power will help you to trample Satan under your feet; to fight successfully the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, which three include all vice. They mean Sensuality, Avarice, and Pride, and cover the ground.

Study the Gospel story—in the Greek when you can—especially the Sermon on the Mount. Be brave as well as strong, brave enough to set a good example, to refuse to follow a bad one, to confess Christ before men. Vice may be pleasant, but remember that out of their pleasant vices boys and men make whips to scourge themselves. It has been said that "youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret." But the fewer the blunders of youth, the fewer the regrets of old age. The man, whether young, or middle-aged, or old, who could say on his death-bed, "I never told a lie, I never said or did anything unworthy of a gentleman, I never said or did when a boy anything I would not have said or done in my mother's presence," would be the happiest of the happy; his physical, mental, and moral education would have been perfect indeed.

THE GOUIN METHOD OF LEARNING LANGUAGES: ITS FUTURE PROSPECTS.

THE establishment of a central school of foreign tongues was announced last month to put in practice for the public in London the new method. Inquiries constantly arrive asking for information as to the future of the new educational movement, as to where qualified teachers can be obtained, whether lectures will be given in other towns than London, or in America, and so on. The following is the gist of what the promoters of the movement hope to do for its advancement during this next year.

The greatest need at the present time would seem to be a supply of fully trained teachers. This need has been only in part supplied by the training courses given up to the present. Those attending were for the most part natives or else English people speaking the language already well, and were also in nearly all cases already in positions of their own; so that, although more than 200 teachers have been trained in London and in Paris, there are still very few available for new openings. The movement having been widely taken up, has created a suitable opportunity for the consideration of an important question—that of the amelioration of the position or status of the modern language teacher, and especially that of the modern language governess. The governess, left to her own resources, often without scientific training in the practice of education, is subject to much difficulty in maintaining a recognised and

remunerative position. She is not always highly respected, for the simple reason that she cannot highly respect her own attainments. Granted a more accurate knowledge of psychological laws and of educational practice, the language mistress might take a position at least equal to that of private tutor, or of even higher professions. The status of teacher may be raised both by better training and by better organisation.

That this raising of status will come, every sign of the times now shows; and it will evidently be brought about by putting into the hands of its votaries a solid basis of scientific achievement for the carrying out of their duties. One great means to such an end will be the possession of a training in teaching which will enable them to achieve a well-determined result such as has been shown possible on the system perfected by M. Gouin. Not only for children will this result redound to the credit of the teachers, but also for business purposes. The stigma hitherto resting on Englishmen as being constitutionally bad linguists, and on the schools as being unable to teach languages usefully, will be swept away.

A LANGUAGE TRAINING SCHOOL.

It is evident then that the question of the training of teachers will continue for some time at least the principal one to be considered. France has already acknowledged this; and on the wide recognition in this country of the

importance of its principles, due greatly to the publicity given to the system in *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS*, the Municipality of Paris has determined to establish a training school for language teachers, and has appointed M. Gouin director of an *Ecole Pratique des Langues Vivantes*, which is now being rapidly organised. There is little doubt, therefore, that in a very few years the schools of France will be equipped with thoroughly trained teachers able to produce results at least equal to those reported in our January number. England must not be behindhand. In a practical age every progress is tested and then utilised. The public require better teaching; the schools must supply it, and a thoroughly organised training school would seem to be a necessity.

The teachers who instruct in foreign languages may be divided into two great classes—foreign and English. The first consist of those who already know the language well, but are often sadly lacking in pedagogic science. The second comprise a few who are both well acquainted with the language and also with teaching; but still the greater proportion speak a little though not enough to teach properly by an oral method, even if the books were published. An adequate training school should, therefore, aim at giving not only training in teaching, but a thorough knowledge of the language to be taught as well. There is the intention of opening such a training school at the Central School of Foreign Tongues, at Howard House, in Arundel Street, Strand, under Messrs. H. Swan and V. Bétis—while M. Gouin is occupied with the similar enterprise in Paris. The courses for such a purpose would extend over one or two years, as the case may be; the latter for those who, not knowing a word of the language, wish to be able eventually to teach it. Students will learn two languages, usually French and German, thoroughly; and if there are twenty students entered the courses will be started, the fees being fifteen guineas a term. Such a course would embrace full personal training: first, as student, and then as teacher, and those who pass through it with success would be able to take both the oral and grammatical written language-teaching, and even the higher literature in a modern language class, if their later studies were fully carried out.

As might have been expected, the offers for trained teachers to adopt the system come mostly from private schools, and if in two years the private schools have adopted the method with the success it now seems to obtain, the public schools, always slow to take up the new ideas, will be forced to pay attention to the new advance in educational science.

ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.

Many persons have thought that the principles of Gouin apply only to European languages, but this does not seem to be the case, as expressly set forth by Gouin in his book. The principles are perfectly applicable to Oriental languages. These Oriental people see in their minds mental pictures, which, for them as for us, constitute the "meaning" of their words; *they* live a human life composed of a series of actions which can be expressed in sentences; *they* use intuitively, as we do, the power of the verb; they use the objective and the subjective language, and they associate their word-sounds with their thoughts, as we do; with them the word-signs (writing) are learnt after the sounds and the meaning are known, and they apply intuitively the laws of their grammar. Where is the impossibility of applying the method to Eastern languages?

At the training courses at the central school, specimens

have already been given in Slavonic and Oriental languages—Russian and Hungarian, for instance, and Burmese; and there would seem no need of spending much more time on these languages than on French or German. The children in those lands learn to speak in approximately the same time—none later than at four or five years of age. As French and German is taught at an hour a day in a year, so Hindustani or Arabic should be taught in a similar time.

The proof that the Series Method can be adapted to Oriental languages is already apparent. Letters have come from Turkey, Syria, India, and even Japan, stating that it has been tentatively adopted with success and pleasure.

TEACHING ENGLISH IN INDIA.

But, for Englishmen, perhaps, after their own and their neighbours' languages, those of the natives of India are the most interesting. A problem which has long troubled our authorities in India is a double one—not only is the means required to teach the native languages to English residents, but more especially to implant English in India alongside the native tongues. This has been extremely difficult to accomplish by the old methods of teaching with grammar and vocabulary, and several native correspondents have written urging the speedy introduction of the new method into native schools. The establishment of a training school in London may enable this great problem to be solved successfully. English persons intending to go to India, and desirous of adopting the method, might first obtain the training required, if courses in Hindustani—Urdu, Tamil, etc.—(or equally Persian and Arabic) were there given. But before establishing such courses it would be necessary to know how many would join; and there would evidently be an opening for an intelligent Hindoo, knowing how to teach, and willing to adapt himself to new methods, to carry on such a class. In this way it would be possible to thoroughly train teachers, who could at once introduce the method for teaching English successfully in native colleges.

FUTURE ARRANGEMENTS.

The holiday courses in London will be continued, the next one being for ten days at Christmas, December 27th to January 6th. Messrs. Swan and Bétis will visit the North of England and Edinburgh early next year to give a course of lectures to teachers; and for the sake of American correspondents it may be mentioned that it is expected that arrangements will be made to visit Boston, New York, and Toronto, etc., in the early summer of next year, to give similar courses to teachers, and to establish schools on the model of the London Central School of Tongues.

As questions continue to arrive as to the books on the Series Method, it may be well to mention that a second work by M. Gouin, entitled "A First Lesson," will be published in England and America this month, to be followed by other practical works.

The first portion—text and French grammar chart—and a comprehensive work entitled "Universal Symbolic Grammar," by Messrs. Bétis and Swan, is also announced for publication. This work is an attempt to change entirely the ideas of linguists and language masters relative to the grammar—its psychological basis and the manner of teaching. It will comprise symbolic grammar charts in the various languages on entirely novel lines, and is a book of transition between the ideas at present received and those set forth by M. Gouin. At the same time this work, when finished, will eventually form (so at least the authors hope) a complete and practical collection in symbolic form of the grammatical laws governing all languages, ancient or modern.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE CIVIC CHURCH.

THE WASTED WEALTH OF KING DEMOS.

HISTORY.

A CANADIAN correspondent sends me the following interesting account of the way in which in Montreal the historic associations of the city are saved from wasting by a very simple expedient, which we might well adopt:—

Montreal, which is the premier city of Canada, is, in many ways, inferior to the great metropolis and the larger cities of England, but it is nevertheless in advance of every one of them in this respect. It might very fairly be said to set a good example to the world. Every house or place which can by any stretch of fancy be said to have any historical significance is plainly notified to the public by a marble tablet on the spot with suitable inscription. One would at first imagine there were peculiar difficulties in the way of doing this in a city like Montreal. Montreal is made up of a mixed population of nearly a quarter of a million, three-fourths French and one-fourth English or Canadian. So that historical events must of necessity cut two ways on either side. Take, for instance, the founding of Canada. It is not pleasant for an Englishman to see written up before his eyes, in his own language, in the city and country which he claims to govern, that his rival in said city was the founder. There is a peculiar piquancy to this when the preponderance of French population is remembered; and still more so when it is remembered that, rightly or wrongly, the French population are not regarded with the utmost complacency by the English portion of the people.

This aside, there is the clear fact to record—account for it how we will—that all the places of public or private interest, French or English, in Montreal, are written up for the public gaze.

Montreal, as is pretty generally known, abounds in magnificent Roman Catholic institutions. The great bulk of the population—that is, the French portion—look to the ministrations of that Church. It is the minority—the English-speaking portion—which are the Protestants, although in the main they control the commerce and are the governing body. This does not apply in the case of Quebec, where the governing body is both Catholic and French, the English and Protestant element being scarcely one-tenth of the entire population.

Take for an instance of what we have already referred to, the following tablet, which is affixed to a block of buildings almost adjoining the Custom House and facing the landing-stage on the river (St. Lawrence):—

"This spot was selected and named in 1611 'La Place Royale' by Samuel de Champlain, 'The Founder of Canada.'"

Side by side with this notice, separated only by a window, is another equally significant:—

"Near this spot on the eighteenth day of May, 1642, Landed the founders of Montreal, Commanded by Paul de Chomedy, Sieur de Maisonneuve. Their first proceeding was a religious service."

At about half a mile away, lower down the river, but separate from it by one or two streets, stands a monument of Nelson, England's great sea king, who was one of the mightiest factors in destroying the power of the French in the early part of the century. It is true this monument seems to be somewhat neglected—it is dirty, and in some places badly in need of repair—but it stands there all the same a witness to England's strength and England's glory. It was erected only three years after the great sea king's death, and gives in bas-relief some

scenic representations of his great battles, including the greatest of all—Trafalgar. It is not a very imposing structure, however; rather the reverse.

Not far from this, scarcely a stone's throw, is the Notre Dame Cathedral, and almost opposite the Cathedral, off a side street is the following interesting notice:—

"Here stood the first synagogue, built in Canada; erected in 1777, A. M. 5537, by the Spanish and Portuguese Jewish Congregation (Shearith Israel), founded 1768, A. M. 5528."

A few steps farther on you come across another witness eloquent in its silence, but from which evidently the glory has long since departed. In fact, the first Protestant church of Lower Canada is now used for storage, and the walls are enlivened with playbills:—

"St. Gabriel's Church, the first Protestant Church, Montreal, 1792."

Contrast this with the little Catholic chapel which stands just off Notre Dame Street, a little higher up than the Cathedral, and which, like all the R. C. churches, but unlike the Protestant churches, is always kept open during the day for inspection or devotion:—

"Commencée 1657; incendiée 1754; reconstruite 1772; restaurée 1888."

Leaving religious subjects, a spot interesting to Americans is marked by a tablet, as follows:—

"In 1694 here stood the house of Lamothe Cadillac, founder of Detroit."

Or in another part of the city which seems to bring up the famous John Frobisher, of North-West Passage fame, although said famous Frobisher must have been an ancestor a good way back:—

"Here stood Beaver Hall, built 1800, burnt 1848, the mansion of John Frobisher, one of the founders of the North West Company which made Montreal for years the fur-trading centre of America."

Just one other instance to show the wide ground covered by the society which undertakes this little public duty:—

"Here lived René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, 1668."

Although not exactly in the same historic line of things as the events above described, mention might perhaps be made of the R. C. representation of the Via Dolorosa in the cemetery on the Mount. The Way of the Cross is divided into fourteen stations, commencing with the stripping off the garments of Jesus, and finishing with the Grave. The stations wind in and out the road that gradually leads to the summit of the hill. Some of the pictures (in stone or metal) are exceedingly expensive, especially the one where one of the women comes forward to wipe the sweat off the brow of Jesus, as He almost faints under the load of the Cross. The scene which shows Jesus fallen beneath the load, and looking up with a face full of supplication and resignation, is very affecting. The coupling of women and angels throughout the whole series, with the men left out altogether or left in the background, save the One Man who stands there alone in ineffable sorrow, is very strong and very moving.

"THE CORRESPONDENCE CHURCH."

In the article on this subject which I published in the last issue of the magazine, a mistake was made in the name of the clergyman from whom the suggestion of a "Correspondence Church" originally emanated. Instead of saying the Rev. Standen Holden, I should have said the Rev. Holden Sampson, of Belstone, Redhill, Surrey.

UTILISING THE POLICE.

I AM glad to see that the movement begun in Edinburgh for utilising the police is spreading throughout the country. At Wolverhampton, on October 2, a public meeting was held in the town hall, the Mayor in the chair, when it was unanimously decided to form a Society for Clothing Destitute Children, and contributions amounting to £100 were promised in the room. The Mayor, in opening the subject, after describing the evils of the existing system, by which children were allowed to go half-naked, said:—

If they could mitigate an evil such as that, surely it was worth an effort, and it should be the duty—he might say, the pleasure—of those who were in happy circumstances to lend a helping hand to their poorer brethren. There were and had been many societies with similar objects in view, among others in this town the Ladies' Needlework Guild, but he took it that none of them had been able to prevent the abuse of the gifts of clothing, and it was only too sure that clothes given in charity had sooner or later found their way into the pawnshop, in many instances pledged for a mere pittance, and probably seldom or never redeemed. They had now the means ready to hand to prevent that abuse, viz.:—the police. The duties of the police brought them into conflict with many of the inhabitants of this borough, and if they could give the constabulary an opportunity of doing these poor people a good turn, they would put them in the position of being in closer sympathy with this class, and let them hope, minimise their work in their future. He had read an article in *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS* on the system which he now proposed, and which had been in force in Edinburgh for some time, and in regard thereto had consulted Captain Burnett (Chief Constable), the chairman of the Watch Committee, and several inspectors and policemen. He was very glad to say they had tumbled to the idea at once. It had been suggested to him that the proper persons to work a scheme like this were the School Board officers, but it occurred to him (the mayor) that the police would be able to render more efficient service, for they were at all times amongst the poor, and more frequently brought into contact with the wretched conditions of the courts and alleys. In addition to the assistance rendered by the police, the officer for the local branch of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children would give what aid he could.

The Rev. C. A. Berry, in seconding the resolution, said it appeared to him that this society filled a real gap in their social system, whilst it did not interfere with the admirable work carried on by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The latter was a preventive society; the proposed one would be a positive and immediate benefit to the children. The scheme was undertaken from very thoughtful motives, and would remove the real difficulties which most people felt in helping the poor. He thought the mayor was right in insisting that the police should have practical charge of this movement rather than any other body. Whilst the carrying out of the charity would still further harmonise the relations between the police and the people, it would also have a reflex influence on the police themselves. It was no easy thing for an ordinary man to maintain his faith in human nature, but with the police it must have such an effect on his own mind and character. The general public could not undertake such a work without being benefited themselves. It seemed to him that those present were at a school of civic education, and were learning how to found society on a better basis, and to bring classes together in more close and mutual helpfulness. This scheme conferred a great boon on the community.

"THE GUILD OF THE COMMONWEAL"

THE CIVIC MISSION OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

MR. P. LYTTELTON GELL, at the Church Congress, Birmingham, last month, read an admirable paper on "The Civic Mission of the National Church in Regard to the Homes of the Working Classes." It is an eloquent argument, pleading that the clergyman should always be the head of the Civic Church:—

The subject on which I have been asked to address the Church Congress is in itself a recognition of the fact that the National Church of England is not only a spiritual communion but a Civic agency, and has duties and responsibilities apart from the conduct of public worship and the religious instruction of its members.

It is therefore in discharge of a fundamental obligation of our faith that the parochial organisation of the Church of England places every acre of land, every cottage, and every individual, from one end of England to the other, under the cognisance of a consecrated and responsible officer, who is bound not only to minister in spiritual things to every soul that does not actually decline his offices, but also to discharge certain specified, and many unspecified, secular or civic duties; and in particular, as the traditional chairman of the parish vestry-meeting, he is designated as the natural leader of his people in all that is for the common good of his parish.

The civic responsibilities of the Church fall upon the workaday laity in each parish, and must be discharged by them; but how shall they learn without a teacher? or combine without a leader? And by the laity I do not mean merely the squires and the upper-middle classes, who, in my experience, are not always the easiest to move and the most liberal of their time and trouble, but the rank-and-file of the parish: not the social crust on the surface, but "the nation that dwells in its cottages." No one who knows the lower-middle and working classes nowadays can be oblivious to the immense civic capacities which exist among them.

These gifts are the very A B C of every Nonconformist leader, of every trades-organiser, of every political wire-puller, and wherever the clergy cannot cordially and adequately appreciate the qualities and the claims of the working-class laity, I fear the Church will find itself left outside the main local currents of our national life.

THE CALL TO EVERY MINISTER.

To every minister who, perhaps already overburdened, shrinks from extending the battlefield of his combat with evil in his parish, the voice of the vigorous democracy seems, to my ear, to cry aloud, "I will give thee two thousand horses if thou be able, on thy part, to set riders upon them."

The point I desire to urge is that, in acquiescing in the assumption by the State of many burdens connected with the homes of the wage-earners, which have in earlier days often rested on the shoulders of the clergy alone, the clergy should not relinquish an iota of their interest in them, nor a title of their sense of responsibility. If, therefore, the traditional work of the Church is thus to be reinforced by civic resources, surely the clergy should all the more tenaciously pursue that work through the new channels of civic machinery. All that is best in this movement represents the ascendancy of Christian ideas over the public conscience—for, in the words of Mrs. Browning, "Civilization perfected is fully developed Christianity."

Let us consider the enormous range of the problems opened up in any parish in connection with the homes of the working classes, and note how far they have been of late years claimed for the province of civic or communal administration.

They fall into three classes:—*First*—Christian responsibilities now directly assumed by the community. *Second*—Christian responsibilities partially or irregularly assumed by the community. *Third*—Christian responsibilities still directly incumbent on the National Church.

THE CHURCH AND COMMUNAL BODIES.

As regards the first class, wherever a local sanitary authority can be aroused to assume the statutory powers now conferred

upon it, the community can deal with the whole question of decent housing and effective sanitation.

Who cannot perceive the necessity of a force which, standing outside the "big-enders" and "little-enders" of municipal and rural politics, shall keep an eye open solely to the common weal, and an ear alert to catch the timid appeal of the poor?

There, in my belief, lies the function especially falling upon the Church in this sphere of State action. We must neither compete with the communal machinery, nor hold aloof from it, but endeavour to increase its effectiveness, and inspire it with Christian ideals, more especially in view of the imminent completion of our fabric of local self-government by district and parish councils.

Who has such an opportunity as the clergyman for kindling that healthy public opinion and criticism which in the long run is the only guarantee of good official work? He need not necessarily spend his own time upon the Boards to which such responsibilities are entrusted. I would see the clergyman in every parish at the head of what we might call a "Guild of the Commonweal," including both men and women, drawn from all classes, federated with similar guilds in adjacent parishes, and sub-divided in large districts, for whom instruction in the provisions of the law—Metropolitan, provincial, or rural, as the case might demand—would be provided by classes or lectures, and who would be the source from which all necessary initiative should proceed. It should be a leading object with a parish clergyman to get his laity taught their civic responsibilities as Christians. And that he might be qualified to lead them, the requisite points of municipal law should be studied in theological colleges, as medicine often is in missionary colleges; while in every Rural Deanery some leading layman might be secured—if possible, a lawyer or a doctor—who would act as referee whenever information or advice is required.

SPIRITUAL WATCHDOGS NEEDED.

Further, it is of the utmost importance that State regulations should be humanised, moderated, and, where necessary, supplemented. The workhouse master, the parish doctor, the inspector of nuisances, the relieving officer, the elementary schoolmaster, may do their work formally, but it will make all the difference whether they, the officials of the nation's philanthropy, do it as drill-sergeants, or as the representatives of a Christian and sympathetic spirit in the community. The influence of the Church, working through its Guild of the Commonweal, ought surely to be exercised—first, to compel the local authorities to administer the law energetically; next, to re-inforce the official sources of information; thirdly, to watch carefully the spirit in which the work of all officials is carried out; and, beyond this, to supplement, by the methods of individual helpfulness and charity, the hard and fast limits of official action. In all these directions, though the help of the well-to-do is invaluable, the help of the working man and working woman will be found more valuable still.

Let us pass on to consider our second class of Church work—Christian responsibilities partially or irregularly assumed by the community. Chief amongst these comes education, the relief of the poor, the sick, and aged in their own homes, under circumstances which would render the rigid intervention offered by the State unfeeling and even cruel, and, above all, the immense sphere of administration connected with the health of the homes in which the State has still left all initiative to voluntary action.

WANTED, ANGLICAN LAY PREACHERS.

The responsibility for the religious education of the wage-earner's children marks the dividing line between the second and third class of duties which we have indicated. Could not our parochial organisation habitually enlist the services of men corresponding to the local preachers in the Methodist communion?—men of the people, conscious of a message to their fellow-men, pursuing their daily avocations and not in full orders, yet recognised as preachers and teachers by the Church? Surely an adjunct of every parish church, with its full services conducted by fully ordained clergy, should be one or more mission rooms, where freer forms of service should be adopted, and where the lay deacons would find their sphere of defined and honourable responsibility; the value of such men as links with working-class feelings would be incal-

culable, and the mission room would become the natural centre of the parish or district "Guild of the Commonweal."

In conclusion, I would point out that so long as the principle of an Established Church is maintained in England, so long that Church must be regarded as the national organisation responsible for the whole sphere of Christian obligations of which it has not been positively relieved by legislation, and so long they cannot be ignored in any parish without an absolute dereliction of duty and an unfaithfulness to the Church of which it forms a part. These duties are not of choice, as in a voluntary organisation, but of positive obligation. I venture to believe that if this responsibility be recognised, if the Church be prompt to claim its place in the new social fabric, we are at the opening of a new chapter in its long and beneficent history.

If this view be correct, there could not be a more vital problem for the Church, as a whole, and in its parishes, than to recognise the situation, and zealously adjust its energies to harmonise with the movement of the day. Our Church, as an Establishment, territorially localised, is a monumental legacy of an age when society was effectively and almost exhaustively organised, whether for spiritual, industrial, military, or administrative purposes. It has held its ground through the epoch of disintegration and demolition. Now that we are again on the threshold of a constructive epoch, based upon the recognition of the brotherhood of men, let the Church claim its fitting place as a contributor to the new fabric!

Shutting Children out of School Playgrounds.

LORD MEATH sends me the following letter which he has received from Cardiff, illustrating the need for action on this subject:—

A few gentlemen in this town have been endeavouring for some years to induce the School Board to throw open their playgrounds on Saturdays and after school hours every day, and I am sorry to have to say without success. When I tell your lordship that the elementary schools of Cardiff provide accommodation for twenty thousand children you will, I am sure, agree with us in thinking that the Board (most of whose schools have extensive grounds) have shown little regard for the physical welfare of the children committed to their care. Through the liberality of a few public-spirited gentlemen we fitted up three school yards with gymnastic appliances—and as long as we were able to afford to pay the caretaker for his additional labour the Board allowed these grounds to be used after school hours; when, however, our fund came to an end, and we handed the apparatus over to the custody of the Board, they at once had the playgrounds closed, and so they have remained to the present time. I am writing in despair to know whether your lordship could suggest any means of bringing further pressure to bear on the Cardiff School Board.

Education in Paris.

In these days of higher education and frequent communication with the Continent, English and American parents are naturally desirous of procuring for their daughters such proficiency in the French language as cannot possibly be attained in England. They dislike to send their daughters abroad to convents, and they have great difficulty in finding suitable families. It may therefore be a service to some of my readers if I state that Madame Duchemin, wife of the pastor of Neuilly, is willing to take some English pupils. She lives in a large airy house with garden. Her daughter, who has passed the highest State examinations, gives instruction in the French language and literature; the best teaching in music and painting can be easily obtained. This house offers the highest educational advantages, together with cheerfulness and a Christian home. I can thoroughly recommend it. Madame Duchemin, 50 bis, rue Peronnet, Neuilly, Paris, who, by the way, is a daughter of the well-known Protestant historian, Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, will be glad to answer any inquiries.

TEACHING THE PEOPLE SOCIAL SCIENCE.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE SET BY THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE *Catholic World* for September describes two developments of the University Extension movement, one in the Old World and one in the New, both under Catholic auspices. Mr. John J. O'Shea glowingly dilates upon the success of the recent Summer School at Lake Champlain. To the criticism "It is only a copy of Chautauqua," he retorts, "Be it so: Chautauqua is only a copy of Oxford and Cambridge. . . . It is to the old Catholic Church that the world owes the first university."

A much more praiseworthy and admirable movement is the "People's University," which met for the first time in September of last year. It is described by Mr. Joseph H. McMahon as—

an innovation introduced for the benefit of the German Catholics by the Catholic *Volksverein*, or People's Association. . . . The plan of the *Volksverein* was to organise in different parts of the German Empire periodical courses in social and economic science. . . . Warned by the terrible mistakes made by socialists in social science in their endeavours, without sufficient knowledge of correct principles, to find practical answers to social difficulties, the German Catholics with prudent forethought have long been instructing the people in sound principles of social and political economy. The labour question, the land question, the question of syndicates and trades-unions, the social question in relation to Christianity, the struggle of socialism and the church, have all been dealt with, in the clearest, most practical and learned manner in a series of popular treatises prepared by some of the most celebrated students of political economy and sociology of the age, under the able direction and with the enthusiastic encouragement of the noble Bishop Kettler.

The aim of the course of study was to rouse interest in sociology and to show how the clergy and other members of the leading class should help in solving social problems, to connect the various problems and to expound the true principles of labour legislation, to suggest further lines of study, and to give lists of suitable books.

A LABOUR CIVIC CHURCH.

The place was München-Gladbach, a busy centre of cotton manufacture in Rhenish Prussia, and a sort of Mecca of modern Catholic sociology—

famous in Catholic Germany for the number, variety, and completeness of its institutions for the labouring classes, and its social works of every kind. Here, in 1889, Abbé Hitze founded the powerful organisation known as *Arbeiterwohl*—"The Commonweal of Workmen." . . . It busies itself with the formation, organisation, direction of working-men's associations; working-men's institutions, such as savings banks of all kinds; the internal arrangement of factories; their ventilation and heating; the separation of the sexes in mills; the question of the housing of labourers; the question of drunkenness; schools for housekeepers; legislation looking to the protection of workmen. Such questions as these are thoroughly ventilated in the organ of the union, appearing monthly under the same name. . . . München-Gladbach is also the seat of the Catholic *Volksverein*. . . . It contains moreover a specimen of almost all the institutions whose object is the amelioration of the condition of the working classes. The Catholics of this town have in advance demonstrated in reality all the reforms and improvements contemplated by recent labour legislation in Germany. Every family, for the most part, has a separate dwelling, kept with the greatest care. In most of the factories women are not allowed to work after marriage.

The session ran from the 20th to the 30th of

September. The students numbered six hundred, coming from a dozen different States. Three lectures in the morning, visits to the social institutions of the town in the afternoon, discussion on some mooted point and social amusement in the evening made up the day's work.

When will Anglicanism or Nonconformity do for Manchester what Romanism has done for this Rhenish Cottonopolis?

OUR LANTERN DEPARTMENT.

REFERRING to the proposed scheme of lectures mentioned in the August number of *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS*, the following sets are ready for delivery:—

- "Emanuel Swedenborg."
- "Reunion at Grindelwald."
- "Christianising Central Africa."
- "Oberammergau Passion Play."
- "Joan of Arc."
- "Life of Jean Baptiste de la Salle."
- "Be a Christ."

Others are in preparation, including "Lucerne," "Rome," "Romola," "Temperance Work of To-day," and a lecture by Professor W. Hall Griffin. A scheme of interchange is being tried, and I shall be very glad if those who possess lantern slides will communicate with the Secretary, 18, Pall Mall East.—Messrs. Peek, Frean, and Co. inform me that they are giving away slides suitable for intervals.

Mr. G. Robinson Lees, F.R.G.S., sends me the first English illustrated book ever printed and published in Jerusalem. It is entitled "Bible Scenes from the Holy Land," and contains 12 ½-plate photographs illustrating Bible texts by giving views taken from life of the native inhabitants of the Holy Land. There is a brief descriptive letterpress. It is published in cloth at 6s., post free, and in olive wood covers at 8s. 6d., by the London Jews Society's House of Industry, Jerusalem. Orders should be sent to Mr. Albert Singer, Jerusalem.

Notable Reunion at Pittsburgh, U.S.A.

"A FREE Church for America" is the plea of Mr. W. P. Mackenzie in the October *Arena*. He finds the secret of disunion in the fact that "thinking and not doing is emphasised in Church associations," and he asks—

Is there a church not based on creed, but aiming simply to manifest the spirit Christ asked for in His parable of the last judgment? Is there one united by a sentiment thus? . . . Only for such as have been converted and "become as little children" has a free church room, but it has room for all of these. It may well have many divisions; it will have but the one work—the regeneration of humanity. . . . The church will be home for the friendless and school for the ignorant; a place also for those who want not help but sympathy, the love that "restores the intuition" to the discouraged.

Here is the fact which gives ground to the hope:—

At Pittsburgh, in the "east end," has been given a practical example of union in work; twenty churches acknowledging that they are comrades, as soldiers in a war; making actually a "war-map" of the district, and assigning to each corps of labourers a part; a Presbyterian minister and a Roman Catholic priest working shoulder to shoulder as the captains of salvation for one division or parish.

No wonder Mr. Mackenzie proceeds:—

In the sixteenth century there was the disruption of Christendom; let us hope that even in this century we are to see the reunion of Christendom. Seers have looked to America as the meeting ground for men, the place where brotherhood is to be recognised.

FREE LITERATURE SOCIETY.

THE Kyrle Society, whose good work in promoting all that tends to humanise the people is not so widely known as it deserves, desires me to say that they have for years past undertaken the collection and distribution of literature to various public institutions. The Kyrle Societies of Dublin and Nottingham make this a branch of their work. From the central society, whose address is (T. Slingsby Tanner, Secretary) 49, Manchester Street, W., they send out every year about two thousand books, two thousand magazines, and three thousand newspapers. Parish libraries, working men's clubs, girls' friendly clubs, the United Society of London Firemen, libraries in connection with Board Schools, missions to seamen and others, nurses' associations, and hospitals for children, have, among others, benefited by grants from this branch. As at present the Free Literature Society necessarily confines its attention to workhouses, other applicants had better apply to the Kyrle Society.

The secretary of our Edinburgh Helpers' Association, Miss Josephine Marshall, established a magazine depot of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor at the King Stable's Road, Grassmarket. From an *ad interim* report I take the following information:—Parcels have been supplied weekly to the City Hospital, St. Cuthbert's Poorhouse and Craiglockhart Poorhouse, and, more or less frequently, to the Night Asylum, Magdalene Asylum, Gorgie; The Laundry, Castle Lodging House; Boys' Brigade, Grove Street; Seaman's Reading Room, Leith; Soldiers' Home, Piershill, Hospital for Incurables. A box has been placed, by the kind permission of the authorities, in the Caledonian Station, from which a fair supply is collected twice a week. Contributions of Christmas cards and pictures are also most acceptable. The cards and small pictures are made up into cloth scrap-books, and distributed among the various children's institutions, where the supply falls far short of the demand. Large pictures, such as Christmas supplements and illuminated texts, are pasted on cardboard, varnished, and sent to brighten the wards of our hospitals and poorhouses.

THANKS.

We have to acknowledge with many thanks promises of regular monthly contributions of back numbers from the following publishers:—

<i>Chips Newspaper</i>	Fleet Street, E.C.
<i>Christian Million</i>	20 and 22, St. Bride Street, E.C.
Clark and Co., James	13 and 14, Fleet Street, E.C.
<i>Comic Cuts</i>	Fleet Street, E.C.
<i>Dundee Advertiser</i>	<i>People's Friend</i> , Fleet Street, E.C.
<i>Fun Newspaper</i>	153, Fleet Street, E.C.
<i>Gentleman</i>	Howard House, Arundel Street, Strand.
Haddon and Co.	Bouverie House, Salisbury Square, E.C.
<i>Housewife</i>	20 and 22, St. Bride Street, E.C.
Lunn, Dr.	<i>Review of the Churches</i> .
<i>Methodist Times</i>	Fleet Street, E.C.
Newnes (Ltd.), Geo.	Southampton Street, W.C.
<i>Pearson's Weekly</i>	Temple Chambers, E.C.
<i>Record Press</i>	376, Strand.
REVIEW OF REVIEWS	Mowbray House, Temple.
<i>Rock Newspaper</i>	393, Strand.
Smith and Co., Thos.	<i>Great Thoughts</i> , Hutton Street.
<i> Vulcan</i>	Leeds.

An "Amateur Domestic."

"In Cap and Apron: Two Weeks in Service," is the title of a series of articles appearing in the *Sunday Sun*. The enterprising lady journalist, Miss Elizabeth Banks—who is the writer—has succeeded in acquiring a practical

knowledge of the problems of domestic service from the side that is not so vocal as that of the mistress. In the first two numbers as yet published she graphically recounts the varied experiences she went through in obtaining the situation. Subsequent issues are to tell her actual experience when cap and apron have been donned. These developments of amateurism are multiplying. The amateur casual, the amateur tramp, the amateur tram conductor, have not told their experiences in vain. The reflection suggests itself—Are we prepared to let members of the so-called lower classes play at our vocations as we play at theirs? What would happen to the casual or tramp who was found out trying to pass himself off as a journalist or sociologist, or member of Parliament?

Sporting Prophets Exposed by a Parson.

REV. J. W. HORSLEY tells in the *New Review* how a desire to save some young friends from a blind faith in "Our Sporting Zadkiels" led him to make a detailed comparison of their prophecies with the actual event. He took the selections of seven prophets for eleven races at Newmarket, and found that "in six out of eleven races all the prophecies of all the prophets were wrong. In three cases one prophet only was right, and in one case two were right."

Out of nine days' prophecies in a halfpenny morning paper there was a total of sixty-six failures to eighteen successes. Out of six days' prophecies in an evening paper there were twelve successes to thirty-three failures. A purely sporting paper yielded a total of nine successes to thirty-three failures. Mr. Horsley adds page after page of similar statistics, and boldly gives the names and dates of the papers, races, and prophets; so that the sceptical youth who distrusts the clergyman can verify the figures for himself. The Anti-Gambling Society would do well to get this article reprinted and scattered broadcast among boys and young men.

Lady Henry Somerset's Idea of a Christian.

IN the *Young Woman* Lady Henry Somerset essays to answer the question, "What is it to be a Christian?"

The word Christian means a Christ-man, therefore a Christ-woman. . . . The fundamental idea of a Christian is, I venture to think, therefore, not fully expressed by the phrase a "follower of Christ." "I am a Christ because His divine life exists in me," seems to be a higher, clearer vision of the truth.

To be a Christian means to count oneself in and not out when any new adaptation of Christianity presents itself, and make its appeal to hearts ripened in the sunshine of God to a tenderness that renders them responsive to every need of human brotherhood. It means to despise no smallest opportunity to make the way of life safer and better for all about us.

To women the call of opportunity comes in this kindly age as never hitherto. They are no longer gleaners, but strong-armed harvesters in the white fields of God.

PRIZE CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE prize is won this month by—

1. Miss Cécile Lambert, 27, Blenheim Crescent, W.

The next seven best follow in order of merit:—

2. W. Culling Gaze, Fengate, Peterborough.

3. C. D. Rosling, Horwell Endowed School, St. Stephens-by-Launceston.

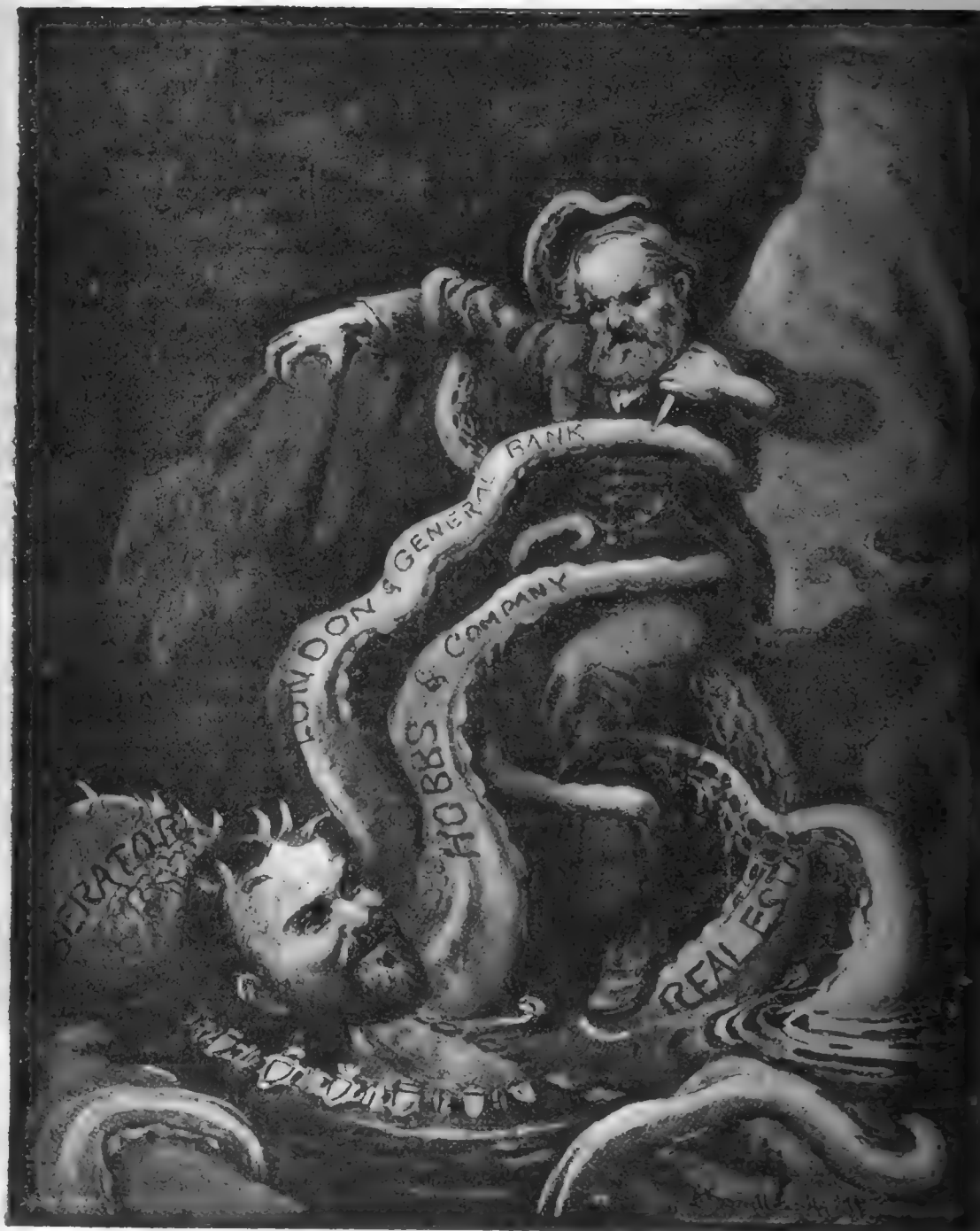
4. Miss Elise le Huquet, Greencliff, St. Martin's, Jersey

5. Miss S. C. M. Holmes, Southfield, Leominster.

6. Charles Scott, 4, Dalfield Walk, Dundee.

7. "Veritas," 3, Avoca Terrace, Blackrock, Dublin.

8. George W. Wright, Ings Road, Barton-on-Humber.



THE DEVIL-FISH OF TO-DAY.

"TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR."

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR THE TIMES.

A CASUAL observer looking at the outside of the Christmas Number of *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS* might mistake it for a schoolboy's slate. It contains no lettering of any kind. It is as like a school slate as the lithographers can make it. On the wooden edge of the slate is printed the name of the author, while the title consists simply of three figures:—

2
2
—
4

"Two and Two Make Four: A Story for the Times," is based upon the *Liberator* crash; and this leads up to the description of the *Daily Paper*, of which Mr. Stead has dreamed so long. Whether in its history or in its prophecy, it is a story which is certain to be so hotly discussed that it may be well to give an outline of the tale, which is unique among the Christmas publications of the year.

THE DEVIL-FISH OF TO-DAY.

"Two and Two Make Four" is divided into three parts. The first is devoted to the crash of the *Liberator*, the second describes how the financial catastrophe led up to the foundation of the *Daily Paper*, while the third, which is supposed to be laid in the year 1900, is devoted to a gorgeous description of the wonderful things which are supposed to have been brought about in the next six years by the combined agency of the *Daily Paper* and a Fellowship founded under its auspices. The frontispiece, to a certain extent, gives the keynote of the whole of the story. It represents Spencer Balfour, who is at present sunning himself in South America, out of the reach of Extradition Treaties, as a devil-fish or octopus, in whose grasp the luckless British investor is struggling for life. The motto is taken from Molière, whose graceless hero, Don Juan, declares that his only religion is that two and two make four. The author's point is that even this rudimentary religion has lost its hold on the public, and that if confidence is to be re-established, we must take our stand upon the fundamental principle that two and two make four, and cannot, by any process of lying, be made to make three or five.

THE LIBERATOR AND ITS ROGUES.

The story opens on Christmas Eve of the year 1892, when an Oxford undergraduate is making his way on a visit to Mr. Dodds of Streatham, who is easily recognised as Mr. Hobbs of the *Liberator*. The story, however, opens when Mr. Dodds, of the *Emancipator*, is still figuring as a leading light in the Baptist church of South London; but the toils are closing round him, and Christmas finds him full of horrible alarm. A fortunate adventure, by which his young visitor, Dick Grant, was instrumental in saving the life of Nedelca, the only daughter of Lady Sidney Nestor, the titled wife of an American millionaire, fills him with a hope that he may, as a last stroke, secure the prestige of Mr. Nestor's millions in order to postpone the impending crash of the *Emancipator*. There is no attempt to follow with minute accuracy the final struggles of that great thievish confederacy, but the outlines are followed sufficiently

close to enable any one to understand the nature of the desperate game which was played by Spencer Balfour and his confederates. In order to secure the support of Mr. Nestor, Mr. Spencer—for that is the pseudonym under which Mr. Jabez Spencer Balfour is described—appoints Dick as his private secretary. Mr. Dodds endeavours to get the support of Mr. Nestor for the society, the secretary of whose vice-president had saved his daughter from a bloody death. Mr. Nestor, however, refuses to be drawn, and the rogues are thrown back on their own resources, which were rapidly running dry.

HOW IT WAS WORKED.

Dick's father, a minister in the South of Wales, is made the unconscious tool of the *Emancipator* gang. In a couple of chapters we have pictures, more or less drawn from life, showing how helpless is the honest investor, and how difficult it is for him to learn the truth about public companies. Dick's aunt has £500, taken from the local building society for fear of its insolvency, hidden in her mangle, while she in vain endeavours to try and find trustworthy guidance as to the best place in which to invest it. At length she writes to the local editor, who in turn writes to his member, who, being of the guinea-pig description, is easily induced by Dodds to give a certificate of solvency for the *Emancipator*, which even at that moment is tottering to its fall. Mr. Jeremy, the *Emancipator* agent, quickly has the widow in his toils. The £500 is soon on its way up to London, minus the agent's commission.

BURNLEY ELECTION, 1892.

The General Election approaches, and Mr. Spencer summons Dick Grant to help him when seeking re-election for his Lancashire constituency. On the eve of the election, however, a letter not marked private arrives from Dodds, describing how Mr. Nestor had been killed in endeavouring to stop a runaway horse on the Embankment opposite Cleopatra's Needle. Dodds exults that vengeance has overtaken the millionaire for his base ingratitude in not rescuing the *Emancipator* from its impending doom. The letter informs Grant for the first time of the attempt which had been made to exploit his act for the benefit of the society. An angry scene follows, at the close of which he is flung downstairs by Spencer, and picked up unconscious; nor is he able to go about until the election is over, and Spencer is back again in town receiving the congratulations of his friends and admirers. Then comes the crash.

THE CRASH AND ITS SEQUEL.

The doors of the *Emancipator* are closed, and far and wide throughout the land are spread the tidings of woe. In town and country, in remote Borrowdale, where Dick and his companion are reading during the Long Vacation, and in the grim manufacturing town of South Wales where Dick's aunt awoke with dismay to find that the savings of a lifetime had disappeared, the news creates universal dismay. To Dick's father, who has been ill and failing, the news is as a death-blow. Dick hurried back to Wales, but found his father dying. He received with his parting breath an injunction to regard it as his duty to pay the interest of all those of his father's congregation who could prove that they would

not have invested their money in the Emancipator but for the apparent confidence in the society shown by the old minister. It was the mortgage of a life, but Dick undertook it cheerfully, and after his father's funeral sermon had been preached, proclaimed from the steps of the pulpit his determination to dedicate the rest of his life to the fulfilment of the obligations which had been imposed upon him at his father's death-bed. After this scene the first part closes. It is a story complete in itself, and as long as most of the stories which are published in the Christmas annuals.

LADY SIDNEY.

Part II. opens with a description of the heroine, Lady Sidney Nestor, who had been left a widow by the



LADY SIDNEY.

sudden death of her husband on the Embankment. Lady Sidney is the type of the modern woman, accustomed from her childhood to ignore the disabilities of her sex, which in her case had no real existence. When this part of the story commences she is a widow under forty, with one daughter, Nedelca, the same whom Dick had rescued from the carriage wheels at Clapham Junction, and they are on their way to Rome. There Lady Sidney hopes to dull the edge of her own misery by musing among the ruins of departed empires and forgotten civilisations. Immersed for some time in her sorrow, she is indifferent to everything, nor can even the questionings of her lively daughter rouse her from her torpor. The first awakening was brought

about by a visit which she paid to the catacombs, where she lost her guide and extinguished her light, and was left alone in that vast labyrinth of funereal honeycomb. Confronted with death in silence, solitude, and darkness, Lady Sidney discovered that the will to live was strong within her, and in the depths of the catacombs she cried, "O God! if there be a God, deliver me for my child's sake." Soon after this she heard a distant tapping, and to her immense delight came upon Professor Glogoul, a leading character in Mr. Stead's Christmas story of last year, "From the Old World to the New," and who now reappears to play a still more conspicuous part in "Two and Two Make Four." The Professor, who is engaged in extracting a skull for the Ethnological Museum at Washington, leads Lady Sidney to the light by means of a thread left by a companion. When they regain the upper air they find that they are staying at the same hotel.

THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY.

Some days afterwards Lady Sidney, while riding in the Campagna, was the means of saving the son of the Queen of the Gipsies. The old woman, who was near her death, hailed Lady Sidney as—

"Queen of a realm that is to be,
But is not yet on land or sea."

Producing King Solomon's crystal, she bade the fair lady from beyond the sea read her fate. In the crystal Lady Sidney sees only a dim impalpable mass, which however clears, and a brick building faced with stone, surmounted by two towers flying the English and the American flags, is clearly visible. Then it faded away, and the crystal was clear once more. "That," said the old crone, "was your throne; now behold your sceptre." Again the mist overcast the crystal, and parting revealed the figure of Lady Sidney sitting at a desk and holding in her hand a magazine or pamphlet closely printed, but the contents of which she could not make out.

"Queen of a realm that is to be,
But is not yet on land or sea,"

said the gipsy, "I have delivered my message, and now must be gathered to my fathers." As Lady Sidney left the camp news was brought her that the queen was dead, and she galloped over the paved road to Rome pondering in her mind what could be the meaning of this strange prophecy.

FROM BEYOND THE TOMB.

It is again Christmas Eve. The Yule log had burned low, and Lady Sidney had retired to rest, brooding over the sorrowful memories of the last Christmas evening when her husband was still alive and well. She was awakened about midnight by a strange consciousness of a presence in the room. She saw a dim grey mist in the darkness, which gradually took palpable visible form, and the spirit of her husband stood by her side. The shadow bowed and kissed her, and she anxiously implored it to speak and tell her what she should do in order to carry out his wishes. "Go to St. Peter's, to the English confessional," said her husband's spirit, "and there it will be told you what you must do." Lady Sidney was an agnostic at heart, and she would not believe although "one should rise from the dead." However, she was not able to resist the impulse which drove her to the English confessional. She entered it half resentful, but answered the inquiries of the priest by telling him exactly why she had come. This leads up to the colloquy which gives the keynote to the story:—

Then, addressing Lady Sidney, he said very tenderly, "My child, what do you believe?"

Resenting his attempt to catechise her, Lady Sidney answered somewhat defiantly, "I believe in nothing."

"That is impossible," said the priest; "faith of some kind you must have, for without faith you cannot live."

"No," said Lady Sidney, disliking to be preached at by an invisible priest behind a screen. "I don't believe in anything. I don't believe in God, and I don't believe in the devil. I don't believe in heaven, and I don't believe in hell. I don't believe in your church, and I don't believe in your Bible. I don't believe I have a soul, nor do I believe that the apparition that I saw was my husband, for all that seems to me to be too good to be true. I think that when the body dies the person dies, and there is an end of him for ever." She bit her lip to restrain the tears which were pressing their way from under her eyelids, and was preparing for a vehement censure of what she felt in her soul was a somewhat insincere blasphemy, when to her astonishment the same voice went on, "That matters nothing. I did not ask you what you did not believe. I ask you again, what do you believe?"

Then she said, "Do you mean to say that it matters nothing what I do not believe?"

"It matters everything what you believe; what does not matter is what you do not believe."

"Well, really," she said, "except——" and she checked herself, but continued, "Although I am afraid that you will think it is flippant, the only thing in which I believe is that two and two make four."

She was just going to apologise for the remark which she had uttered, feeling how unsuitable it was to quote Molière in the confessional box, when the voice from behind the partition said quickly and with an imperious ring in its tone, "My daughter, it is enough. Live up to that and it will suffice. Peace be with you!"

Bewildered and piqued, Lady Sidney felt that the interview was at an end. She rose from her knees and regained her daughter. Nedelca saw in a moment that the interview had by no means ministered to her mother's satisfaction.

"Well?" said she anxiously.

"I think I have been a fool," replied Lady Sidney shortly; "but I will tell you about it when I get home."

So saying, they entered the carriage and drove to the hotel.

Lady Sidney, however, had not long to wait for the key to the mystery. That very night when she returned to the hotel one of the Official Receivers of the Emancipator was dining with the Professor. After dinner he described the widespread misery and desolation which had been wrought by the failure of that society. Mother and daughter might not have realised the bearing of the narrative but for a remark made by the Professor:—

"I am afraid," asked Nedelca, "that it is only too true. Cannot something be done to prevent such things occurring in the future? What is the use of the law and religion if it cannot be prevented? It is worse than Italian brigandage."

"Many things could be done by law," said Mr. Bruce, "but there is no party advantage to be got out of it, and so governments don't trouble themselves with it. If public opinion could only be roused to carry out those simple reforms which have been insisted upon time and again by the registrar of the friendly societies and others, an effectual check could be placed upon much of the swindling which we are discussing. As for religion——"

"As for religion," interrupted the Professor, who was standing with his back to the fire, and who was looking more weird and impressive than was his wont—"what has religion done except to afford a convenient mask behind which thieves could plunder with impunity? Religion!" said he—"I have been thinking a great deal about religion since I came to Rome. We are standing upon the soil that is made up of the remains of dead and decaying faiths. Go where you please, everywhere you are confronted with a ruined shrine of some forgotten God. In every direction the sky is pierced by spires and towers erected to saints innumerable whose very names are unknown in our new world beyond the sea. Yes, the Catholic faith is very beautiful, no doubt. It has more than a dozen saints for every

day of the year, but it does not yet seem to have produced the saint that is wanted in our time."

"What saint is that?" said Nedelca timidly.

"There have been saints of all shapes and sizes," said the Professor, "since the days of the good man who owned that holy skull which we brought from the catacombs the other day, and which is now carefully mounted under that glass case. We have had saints who have founded religious orders each more fantastic than the other. We have had articles of faith piled upon articles of faith, and innumerable beliefs which no one can understand, and which therefore no one can really believe. We can get everything in Rome—thigh-bones of saints, and toe-nails of martyrs; infallible dogmas, brand-new with the stamp of infallibility; cardinals and bishops, mon-seigneurs and friars, and all the flummery and frippery of ecclesiastical millinery; but as for the St. George who will kill the dragon of our time—that saint is not kept in stock at the Vatican."

"Well," said Mr. Bruce, "suppose you got your St. George, what would you have him to do?"

"Do!" said the Professor: "two things, and no more. He should found a new order and proclaim it in the place of the huge *omnium gatherum* of unbelievable beliefs; he should proclaim one article of faith, and it should be as clear, as short, and as universal as the watchword of Islam."

Nedelca, who had been listening with all her ears, never having seen the Professor in such an exalted mood, said, "What would be the Order that the new St. George would found?"

The Professor's voice softened, and he looked down kindly at the eager face below him, and said, "The Brotherhood of all who Love for the Service of all who Suffer."

"Well, that is not bad, Professor—not bad," said Mr. Bruce; "but to formulate your creed is not such an easy task."

"Yes, it is," said the Professor; "I have it all spick and span."

"Proclaim it," said Bruce, mockingly; "proclaim it here on Christmas Day, 1892, in presence of this select company."

"Well," said the Professor, "you may make fun of it as you please; but I am still firm in my conviction that the one great doctrine which it is of all things necessary that men should hold to if they would be saved from the endless miseries of these financial disasters is——" and he paused.

"What?" said Lady Sidney.

"Two and two make four," said the Professor quietly.

Lady Sidney started as if she had been stung.

"Mother!" exclaimed Nedelca.

"What is the matter, madam?" said Mr. Bruce.

"Nothing," said Lady Sidney; "but—I see now. Excuse me, Professor, but it is time that we were retiring."

After they left, Bruce remarked to the Professor, "What's up?"

Professor Glogoul, on whose face there still lingered some of the light of his exalted mood, smiled quietly and said, "Dunno; but I guess the new faith has made a convert on its first proclamation."

THE NEW ST. GEORGE.

Nedelca, whose imagination had been fired by the stories told by the Official Receiver and by the remarks of the Professor, no sooner was alone with her mother than she asked why she, Lady Sidney, could not play the part of a modern St. George. Lady Sidney protested that she had no faith, whereupon Nedelca replied that she believed that two and two made four, which, as the good priest said, was enough. Lady Sidney agreed to refer the question to the priest, and received from him the assurance that if she lived up to the light she had she would get more light.

About this time Dick Grant reappears upon the scene with one Jasper Sterling, whom no one will have any difficulty in recognising as a more or less roughly drawn picture of the author of the story. They are in the Church of the Jesuits discussing the possibility of

the appearance of a new Loyola. Dick declares that the saint who was most wanted was a new St. Dominic, who would wage war with fire and sword against fraud, which was the great heresy of an industrial age. That night, Lady Sidney and her daughter, accompanied by the



JASPER STERLING.

Professor, go to the Colosseum to see the ruins by moonlight. When there Lady Sidney meets Sterling, who reproves her somewhat rudely for pining over the days of old.

WHAT WOULD THE APOSTLE PAUL HAVE SAID?

The following conversation takes place, which leads up to the formation of the *Daily Paper* :—

"Well, but what could be done? Take my own case for instance. I am anxious to do something to serve my generation; I have not genius, but I have a certain position, and I have more money than I know what to do with."

Sterling looked at her, and then said, "Say that again!"

Lady Sidney rather resented his brusque manner, but she repeated that she was anxious to do some good to her fellow-men, and that she had more money than she knew what to do with.

Sterling's manner changed. "Tell me; you say you have more money than you know what to do with. Will you pardon me asking you a very straight question? If you saw a clear chance of doing good and realising your aspirations, could you afford to throw a million of money into the sea?"

"I don't exactly see the use of throwing a million of money into the sea, but if the cause were worthy of it, I should not miss the money much."

"And you," he said, with unutterable scorn in his voice, "an Englishwoman, who could afford to throw a million of money into the sea to realise your ambition and to do good to your fellow-men, you sit here groaning over these miserable Romans, while you have in your hand a potential sceptre which would make you queen of a world immeasurably vaster than the Roman imagination ever conceived. Yes; queen of a realm that is not as yet bodied forth into material existence,

but which might be if your faith were equal to your wealth. The English-speaking world, if once unified by a common faith and inspired by a common ideal, would form a realm the like of which has never yet been seen on land or sea. What woman in ancient times had such a chance? Zenobia, queen of the desert city, among the most pathetic of all crowned heroines of history, who was brought captive to this very city by her Roman conqueror, was but as a May queen of a village green compared with the grandeur of the rôle which you might play, and yet——" He broke off abruptly. "It is sickening to see such a sublime opportunity flung away."

"Well," she said, humouring him, "what would you do in my place?"

"I would do what I believe the Apostle Paul would have done if he had lived in our generation."

"What is that? Found a church, I suppose?" said Lady Sidney, shrugging her shoulders.

"No," said he, "the day for that has gone by. He would found a newspaper."

"Yes," said she, with a sigh, "being a journalist you think journalism is everything."

"There is nothing like journalism. There is no more powerful means of influencing the minds of men."

"You might be right if I were the Apostle Paul and had a faith to preach as he had."

"And have you no faith to preach?" said Sterling, stopping and looking her full in the face.

"Well, I have a kind of faith, I suppose."

"Then, madam, preach that."

"But," said she, "supposing it is a very meagre faith?"

"I don't care," said Sterling; "preach it."

"But supposing," she said, "for instance, it was no more than that two and two make four?"

"Well," said he, "that would be a rather narrow basis on which to found a newspaper, but it would be an admirable gospel for its city editor. In fact," he added, "it seems to be the gospel which the present generation most needs. The chief end of man has long since been recognised by most men to be ten per cent. In their pursuit of that people forget their arithmetic, and, by some hocus-pocus or other, imagine that two and two either make more or less than four. A paper whose city editor applied that standard inexorably to every department of the Stock Exchange and the money market would work a beneficent revolution."

"But a paper cannot be all city article," said Lady Sidney lightly.

"No," said he, "and if it were it would be no use. What you want is to get the doctrine that two and two make four into the head of the general public—of the investor, and of the thrifty working man who puts all his savings into a rotten friendly society, or the poor widow who sinks her all in such a swindle as the Emancipator." . . .

Jasper Sterling had come to the end of his reflections. "I may as well tell you I am going to start a newspaper myself," he said. "It fits in in every way with your gospel that two and two make four."

"Do you mean," said Lady Sidney, "that you could start the paper with the million you wished me to throw into the sea?"

"Madam," said he gravely, "I had no such thought; and if I had, I certainly should not ask you to be my proprietor."

"Why?" said Lady Sidney, somewhat piqued at his tone.

He laughed as he said, "You have far too keen a hold on life to hanker after the martyr's crown!"

DEW ON THE FLEECE.

Next day, Sterling calls at the hotel and explains the way in which he proposes to start his paper, which is, of course, identical with the means which Mr. Stead has employed for the starting of his new daily. The following passage, however, sets forth Mr. Stead's own view of the scheme which he has submitted to the public :—

Sterling began to explain his scheme. "I am going to start a daily paper in London. I have no capital, and, what is

more, I am not going to be beholden to any one by asking for it. I was afraid that you would think I was fishing for your millions when I was talking to you last night."

"I was not under any such illusion," said Lady Sidney.

"Thanks," said Sterling. "I do not want to start the paper unless it is my duty; and I regard the supplying of the needed funds as a sign of His will."

"Then you believe in signs and wonders?" said Lady Sidney.

Sterling glanced at her somewhat scornfully, and asked, "Do you know the story of Gideon's fleece?"

"You mean the novel?"

"No," replied he, "I mean the story in the Bible. But as you do not seem to know it, I will tell it to you. Gideon was suddenly warned by an angel of the Lord to lead the children of Israel against the Midianites. This was a large order, and Gideon was very dubious about taking it in hand. He had no experience as a leader; the Midianites were as the sea-sand for multitude, and it seemed sheer madness to attempt any such enterprise unless God willed it. The question was, did God will it, or did He not?"

"Gideon being a level-headed practical man, devised a rough test. So Gideon said unto God, 'If Thou wilt save Israel by my hand, as Thou hast said, behold I will put a fleece of wool upon the floor, and if the dew be on the fleece only, and it be dry on the earth beside, then shall I know that Thou wilt save Israel by my hand.'"

"And was it so?" asked Nedelca, who was not as familiar with the history of the Judges of Israel as she ought to have been.

"It is written," said Sterling, "that it was so. 'For he rose up in the morning and thrust the fleece together, and wrung the dew out of the fleece—a bowlful of water.' I am just in the same position as Gideon was. I have placed my fleece upon the threshing-floor, and am waiting to see if there will be any dew on it."

"What do you mean by dew on your fleece?" asked Lady Sidney.

"I used to say," said he lightly, "that I would be content with nothing less than a quarter of a million of money stumped down on the table without my asking for it. But I have given that up long ago. It would be too easy."

"What do you want now?" asked Nedelca.

"I want 100,000 persons who will be willing to pay a year's subscription in advance for the paper which I hope to found."

"And you would do it if you get them?"

"Yes," said he, "100,000 prepaid subscriptions for one year for a paper which is not to be in existence for nine months, that would be as marvellous a sign as the dew on Gideon's fleece."

"Do you think," said Lady Sidney, "that the dew will fall?"

"That depends upon whether or not I am wanted to start the paper. If I am, I shall be willing; if not I shall not be grieved, for the hosts of Midian are strong, and my strength is but small."

"What kind of paper do you propose to establish?"

"A penny morning daily paper. I edited a halfpenny paper for years, but there is no scope for side-shows on a halfpenny paper, and a paper without side-shows is nothing."

"What do mean by side-shows?" said Nedelca.

"Oh, I mean everything that a newspaper does in addition to the mere collecting of news and advertisements and printing them on a sheet of paper. That kind of paper I would not go across the street to edit, no, not if my fabled old lady with her £250,000 were to arrive by the next mail."

He then proposes to Lady Sidney that he will conduct the City Editorship on the lines of "two and two making four," and carry on a holy war in the spirit of the new St. George if she will insure him against loss. This she is willing to do, but objects to being limited solely to the City office. She proposes to undertake the whole of the social side-shows of the paper. Sterling does not immediately reply, but the second part closes as follows:—

Nedelca followed him to the door, and while the Professor was taking leave of her mother, she said to Stirling, "Are you going to accept mother's offer?"

He looked at the girl with a somewhat troubled air, and then said, "Yes, certainly, if there is dew on my fleece."

Without waiting for another question, he slipped downstairs and was gone. The moment Nedelca was alone with her mother, she embraced her tenderly and said, "And so you are really to be St. George after all!"

"At least," said Lady Sidney, "I think I have found my charger. But the dragon has still to be slain."

SIX YEARS HENCE. THE PAPER.

The third part of the story is entitled 1900 A.D. It begins by describing the return of Professor Glogoul and his wife from South America, where they have been for the last six years. They come back to an altered world. London has been transformed, and England is Merry England once more. This transformation has been wrought by the *Daily Paper*. In his description of this change, Mr. Stead brings to bear all the results of his experience as a journalist for more than twenty years. In the story Lady Sidney has certainly not spared her millions. She has bought the Emancipator building on the Thames Embankment in front of which her husband was killed, built a National Theatre, established a Conservatoire of Music on the site of the Royal Aquarium, and has just settled the cost of a lawsuit which has footed up to £150,000.

THE FELLOWSHIP.

But even Lady Sidney's millions are inadequate for the task which the *Daily Paper* has in hand. The chief instrument by which it achieves its wonders is the fellowship or the union of all those who love in the service of those who suffer. Every Fellow subscribes the cost of a cigarette a day to the Fellowship Fund, and as there are supposed to be 500,000 Fellows, this represents an available income of £750,000 a year. Such a sum requires some spending, but the various branches of the Civic Church and the *Daily Paper* are adequate to the disposal of a much larger sum. For as the story proceeds it is evident that it is not so much the foundation of a daily paper, in the ordinary sense of the word, as the re-incarnation in modern guise of the spirit of the Mediæval Church. That basis is catholic with a small c as opposed to Catholic with a capital C, and its object is the service of man. One great feature, however, is the recognition of the rights of woman, for it is roundly laid down as a principle that no man should be employed on the *Daily Paper* until it was proved that no woman fit for the post could be secured.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

After describing a great fête on the river, one of the many schemes contrived by the *Daily Paper* for the purpose of vivifying English life and reviving popular interest in the history of the past, the scene changes to Switzerland. There Dick Grant, the historical director of the modern pilgrimage, finds his fate; and there an accident befalls Nedelca, for which the reader must be referred to the story, merely remarking that the author does not venture to carry his originality so far as to sin against the fundamental principle of a Christmas story that it should end happily.

The story, it will be seen, is an attempt to explain in the shape of a romance a scheme of social reorganisation, worked out by journalistic methods energised by the fundamental ideas of the Christian Church as they found expression at the time when the great Churchmen saved civilisation.

GIFT LITERATURE.

A FIRST BATCH OF CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

WHAT can one find to say that is new about Christmas books? Every year the output becomes larger, and every year the output becomes better. Children have never been so well

catered for in the matter of literature as in this present year of grace; and for their elders even a class of gift-books has arisen which, starting at first with gaudy and meretricious display, is gradually coming, to be more and more tasteful, finding its best exemplars, perhaps, in illustrated and beautiful editions of old classics, such, for instance, as the recent re-issues of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "Cranford," by Messrs. Macmillan, or the dainty editions of Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, and Fanny Burney, which Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. publish. To many it has seemed a pertinent question whether the constantly increasing crowd of children's books does not elbow out the older and perhaps better favourites, the classics of the nursery bookshelf? Have Mr. Henty and Mr. Manville Fenn to answer for wooing readers from "Robinson Crusoe"? Will Mr. Andrew Lang's "True Story Book" or Mr. Joseph Jacobs' admirable series prevent children turning again and again to Hans Andersen, to the Brothers Grimm, to the "Arabian Nights," to Lewis Carroll? We think not.

Mr. Henty may write and write—he does write and write, if one may judge from his yearly tale of volumes—Mr. Fenn and Mr. Robert Leighton may never cease from story-telling, and yet there will always be a sufficient audience for "Robinson Crusoe"; Mr. Lang and Mr. Jacobs may employ all their wits in providing yearly treats for the little ones, and yet Hans Andersen will find fit and many readers. The truth is, of course, that in children's literature, as in everything else, only the best books survive. Most of the volumes which appear every autumn have, as far as demand is concerned, the most ephemeral of lives: with the spring they are forgotten, for every year brings its own crop. Occasionally a book will live—such a book as "Alice in Wonderland," for

instance—but in the general course the old Hentys, the old Manville Fenns, although they have no uneventful existence on the shelves of their lucky possessors, are forgotten by the booksellers almost in the year of their appearance.

And then, of course, the best books and the old books are constantly making new bids for popularity; publishers never ceasing bringing out with fresh attractions the books which made happy their own and their grandfathers' youth. Already, for instance, we have noticed among the announcements two new editions of Hans Andersen.

This month our survey will be of the briefest: a few only of the best books will be noted for the convenience of those of our readers who may be anxious to send presents to the colonies and abroad. Next month we hope to complete our task.

JUNIORES PRIORES.

At Christmas the elders give place to their children, so we will give the precedence to a children's book, and to a book which, whatever the next month may produce, is hardly likely to be excelled in the gift-books of the year: Mr. Joseph Jacobs' "More English Fairy Tales." Its author should be a truly happy man if the blessings of

countless children count for aught. With such a testimony of delight as is owing to him at Yule-Tide he can almost afford to disregard the criticisms of Mr. Andrew Lang and other folklorists who view with, perhaps, excusable distrust and disfavour Mr. Jacobs' tampering with the stories they have collected with so much zeal. But what cares the nursery for such questions of the study? Readily will it excuse even the alteration of a Scotch ballad into an English fairy-tale if the result is but pleasing. At Christmas the matter is for pedants

alone. Well, this year Mr. Jacobs has come near surpassing himself. His new book is simply and solely



(From "More English Fairy Tales.")



(From "More English Fairy Tales.")

delightful. Never in recent years, except in his own books and in those of Mr. Lang, has so charming a collection of fairy tales appeared. The whole volume is of delight compact. Mr. Jacobs claims to have included nothing but English tales, but he has taken them wherever he could find them—from the United States, and even from the Lowland Scotch! One recognises favourite after favourite in a new and pleasant dress—for Mr. Jacobs has just the style for the nursery—and one reads the variants upon "Cinderella," "The Babes in the Wood"—but why call it "The Children in the Wood," Mr. Jacobs?—and "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," with increasing pleasure. "The Pied Piper" Mr. Jacobs names his version of this last, and from this tale one of our illustrations is taken. It is a legend of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, and the sketch shows the piper pushing out to sea piping after him, as Browning says:—

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friekers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers.

The other droll little sketch—both are from the inimitable hand of Mr. J. D. Batten, whose numerous illustrations this year show no signs of weakening fancy—shows the Hobyahs on the rampage. What the Hobyahs do you must find out for yourselves: they eat people and tie little girls up in bags, among other things. Indeed, children, "More English Fairy Tales" is the book you should ask for if you get the chance.

A NEW HANS ANDERSEN.

Certainly, if there is one of the old nursery favourites upon whom desuetude has fallen, it is the incomparable Hans Andersen, so that one is especially glad to see that two new editions, with the added attraction of adequate illustration, are to appear this autumn. One of these* is already in our hands, and very attractive it proves, with the pleasing drawings of Mr. (or Miss) E. A. Lemann, which have about them a certain artlessness admirably suiting them to the letterpress. Not by any means all the stories are included—there are many old favourites which we miss; but these, we hope, will form the nucleus of a second series. Andersen, as the preface says, was a Great Magician, and no jot of his writings for children but should be worthily presented—as, for instance, they are in this volume.

DAUDET FOR BABES.

Mr. Fisher Unwin's dainty Children's Library is growing apace. Last year one of

the most delightful of its many delightful volumes was the translation of Alphonse Daudet's "La Belle Nivernaise," and this year we have another volume* translated—very well translated—from the same author's stories for children. Nothing could exceed the delicacy of these charming little tales or of the prose in which they are told: they are real contributions to nursery literature, and deserve a permanent place on every children's bookshelf. Pathetic here—as in those miniature tragedies of the French loss of Alsace and Lorraine, "The Last Lesson," and "The False Zouave;" drolly serious here—as in "M. Seguin's Goat" and "The Stars," they are everywhere real gems of literature, of that kind of literature which children love, and which has that indefinable artlessness which is the essential attribute of the good children's book.

FOR GIRLS.

The modern spirit in literature is penetrating even to the schoolroom. Here we have one of Messrs. Blackie and Son's authors, Mr. J. K. H. Denny—whose name is quite new to us—giving us a girl's story† in which the characters are a more important consideration than the incidents, and where the value and interest of the book lie rightly in the influence of circumstance upon character rather than the mere bald narrative of incongruous action. "The Clever Miss Follett" is the story of a family which suddenly becomes immensely enriched—a *motif* which has acquired great popularity of recent months—and which not unnaturally is immediately anxious to better its social position, to "get into society," and to make "good marriages." The latter part of the tale is a variant upon "Timon of Athens" and the old Arabian legend of the man who, losing all his money, goes out to see what friends he may have left, for the Folletts' wealth is as suddenly taken from them, and they at last see their position in the society which they have made in its true character. The story is well written; it is not goody-goody, although its moral is excellent; and it is just the book to give to girls, who will delight both in the letterpress and the twelve illustrations by Miss G. Demain Hammond, who has never done better work.

A word of praise for the cover: it deserves the honourable place which it has in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, for it is admirably conceived.

WITH THE HUGUENOTS.

How well one knows Mr. Henty's method, and how many books to expect from him every year! With machine-like regularity he produces Christmas



(From Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales.")

* "Fairy Tales." By Hans Christian Andersen. Edward Arnold. 7s. 6d.

* "The Pope's Mule and other Stories." By Alphonse Daudet. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.
† "The Clever Miss Follett." By J. K. H. Denny. Blackie and Son. 6s.

after Christmas three books, two at six shillings and one at five, and all three dealing with some important and picturesque historical period, or with some vivid and interesting country. Nor does this regularity of production seem to interfere with the excellence of workmanship which one has learnt to associate with Mr. Henty's name. He is always full of instruction—covert instruction about exciting historical events, for boys will have no “school-book twaddle” dished up with their Christmas tales—and his books are always alive with moving incident. This year he has chosen for one of his books* the period of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and a right stirring yarn he has spun out of these somewhat well worn materials. His hero is a frank English lad, one Philip Fletcher, whose mother being French, decides him upon crossing the Channel to join with the Huguenots in their glorious struggle against religious persecution. His bravery and his intelligence soon win him promotion, and the consequent crop of dangerous adventures. At the moment depicted in the illustration we give, he is in prison: the narrative of his escape is thoroughly spirited and is only to be excelled by his later escape with his faithful companion and his sweetheart from Paris after the tocsin has rung on the fateful Eve, and all the city is given over to murder and rapine. You can see for yourselves that Mr. H. J. Draper's illustrations are excellent, and the book contains as well a good coloured map of France in the year 1570.

FOR THE POETICAL.

The criticism of poetry has become of late years so very much overdone, that to day a new book of the kind has to be either very good or very novel to justify its being. Certainly if the chief aim of the critic is to attract attention to the work criticised, then is Mr. Arthur D. Innes' “Seers and Singers” †

many times justified, for it is just the book to place in the hands of young man or maiden whom one wishes to lure to the delights of verse. Simplicity is the chief and the most pleasing quality of this dainty little book—for, printed by Constable, upon handmade paper, and bound with singular taste, it has a “get-up” unusually winning—simplicity of style and simplicity of thought. It cannot be pretended that Mr. Innes has anything very fresh to say about the five poets

whom he considers—Wordsworth, Brown- ing, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold and Mrs. Browning—but he has said the old things in just the right way, taking the reader into his confidence, assuming no airs of superior knowledge, and gossiping pleasantly upon the characteristics which they have in common, and the qualities which distinguish their work. “A sort of one-sided conversation,” Mr. Innes' own description of his little book, gives just the right impression; but although he converses, he is happily never colloquial; and although his feet are on the fender, and his favourite books are by his side, he is never slipshod. He quotes largely and wisely from all five poets, so that his readers have a constant example of the pleasures that lie before them if they but take “Seers and Singers” in the proper spirit.

YOUNG NATURALISTS.

A brief word may be said in praise of a volume which comes to us in a somewhat similar garb to the series of fairy tales with which is associated Mr. Andrew Lang's name. Mr. Furneaux's “The Outdoor World,”* with its six-

teen fine coloured plates, and its five hundred illustrations in the text, is just the book that boys or girls interested in natural history would give their eyes for. The animal, the vegetable, and the mineral worlds—Mr. Furneaux has included them all in his book, which combines instruction with amusement in the most delightful of manners.

* “St. Bartholomew's Eve.” By G. A. Henty. Blackie and Son. 6s.

† “Seers and Singers: a Study of Five English Poets.” By Arthur D. Innes. (A. D. Innes and Co.) 5s.

* “The Outdoor World; or, The Young Collector's Handbook.” By W. Furneaux, F.R.G.S. (Longmans.) 7s. 6d.



PHILIP IN PRISON.

(From “St. Bartholomew's Eve.”)

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

IRON, RALPH. *Dream Life and Real Life: A Little African Story.* (T. Fisher Unwin.) Long foolscap 8vo. Paper Covers. Pp. 93. 1s. 6d.

"A Little African Story"—a very little African story and two other stories, each shorter than the first, make up this small book, which if printed in the ordinary type of this REVIEW would hardly take up more than a couple of pages. And yet perhaps one should not grumble at its brevity: a jewel is not valued by its size, or a lyric by its length, and it were ungracious to cavil when each of the three stories is an exquisite work of art, a real contribution to the number of short stories which are literature. "Dream Life and Real Life" is one of Miss Olive Schreiner's earliest efforts—it was written for her brother's school magazine—but it shows no signs of the beginner: its literary quality is of the highest; its style is restrained, every phrase, every word helping to build up the impression. The intense pathos, the intense misery which make the little Danish goatherd's only experience of life become real to the reader: the sentiment is not by a single line overdrawn, and her sad end partakes of the reality of the inevitable. Both the other stories—the second is rather an episode, a sketch—have the same distinct and unusual qualities of restraint and of power. Indeed, if one feels tempted for a moment to grumble at the short measure given for one's money, one immediately remembers that each of the three central ideas which under the hand of the author of "The Story of an African Farm" have made exquisite—we willingly use the word a second time—pages, would with the more commercial treatment of the average "man of letters" have attained the dullness of a complete book. For how few "men of letters" could reach the deep ironic bitterness, the sense of the sadness, the agony of life, that is in the few pages of "The Policy in Favour of Protection—."

BENSON, ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER. *Poems.* (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.) Fcap. 8vo. Paper boards. Pp. 192. 5s. net.

Certain modern tendencies—the tendency among present-day writers to be artist first and man afterwards, the tendency to exalt criticism of literature to the level of literature itself—having vexed Mr. Benson's aspiring, perspicacious soul, he has "tried, with his eye on life, to present certain aspects of men and nature that have come home to him with force." To the majority of readers the high quality, the very high quality, of the result of this attempt will come with a shock of surprise; but those wiser readers of poetry who watch jealously for the latest and rarest developments of modern verse, will not have been altogether unprepared for Mr. Benson's success. For last year, a private printed volume, entitled "Le Cahier Jaune," demonstrated without doubt to its reader that one other real poet was with us. These poems are not modern in the latest sense of the word: to a generation which has shown signs of tiring of the accustomed metres they may seem old-fashioned, but one thing is certain, that modern or old-fashioned, Mr. Benson's ultimate success has now been placed beyond the warring opinions of different "sets," and will depend entirely upon whether or not his progress upon the lines that he has laid out for himself is at all commensurate with his present achievement. There is grace, thought, feeling, skill, in these poems; there is a view of nature and of its commonest objects thoroughly unhackneyed; and there is a depth of reflection in some of the more purely subjective verses only too rare at the present day. "Fritillaries," "Hidden Life," "The Toad," "The Dragonfly," and "Gilbert White," seem to us among

the most successful pieces; the last of these contains those beautiful lines:—

This was thy daily task, to learn that man
Is small, and not forget that man is great.

NOTTAGE, CHARLES G., LL.B., F.R.G.S. *In Search of a Climate.* (Sampson Low.) Royal 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 351. 25s.

Mr. Nottage has anticipated the strictures of those critics who are likely to be influenced by the way in which the subject suggested by the title is kept in the background, by printing in his preface a number of tentative reviews of a somewhat hostile type. We can assure him, however, that he need not fear that any one who reads his book through will have much else but praise for its exceedingly interesting character, and that the mere fact that he has relegated the question of climate to a secondary position will easily be forgiven. Having some obscure chest complaint, Mr. Nottage decided upon leaving England "in search of a climate" for a tour which might comprise a visit to Australia, the Sandwich Islands, and Southern California. Once we have got over a certain egotism, the result to the reader is almost entirely pleasant, for the author, although he can boast no particular literary style, is an excellent gossip; and as he saw a good deal upon his tour, and passed through the Hawaiian revolution, his record is not without value. The photographic illustrations of the book deserve more than a word of praise: designed and reproduced in photo-mezzotype by the Stereoscopic Company, they are of very unusual merit, and should make popular any book of travel. And with such pictures, and with Mr. Nottage's interesting text, "In Search of a Climate" is likely to become one of the most popular books of the season. It has, however, one serious fault: it has no index; and on one or two social questions Mr. Nottage is, perhaps, hardly at the right point of view.

STEEL, FLORA ANNIE. *From the Five Rivers.* (William Heinemann.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 212. 6s.

The comparison that has so often been drawn between Mr. Kipling and Mrs. Steel is unfair to both writers. Possibly it was the success of "Plain Tales from the Hills" that suggested to the authoress of this volume the using of her own somewhat exceptional Indian experience as the groundwork for a series of short stories, but there can be no question of imitation. "Plain Tales from the Hills" and "From the Five Rivers" both deal with Indian subjects, but there the resemblance almost ends. Mr. Kipling's is the India of the cantonments, the barrack-room, the bazaar and the fields; while Mrs. Steel deals rather with that intimate section of Eastern life which is concealed from masculine eyes—the life of the house, of the women's quarters. And this life she seems to have made her own with wonderful success—so much so, indeed, that she has more than once forgotten her readers' ignorance, and been betrayed into obscurities which cannot easily be unravelled. One would be sorry to say how many of these eight stories are rendered partly or wholly unintelligible to readers unacquainted with Indian life and custom. The humour which lurks in "The Blue Monkey," for instance, is almost lost, and "At a Girls' School" is only to be understood in snatches. The first and longest story is, however, perfectly clear. It is a study in Indian life as pathetic and as truly real as anything of the sort that has appeared: its note is the intense longing that the Indian feels for a man-child, and it would make valuable a volume far less clever than is Mrs. Steel's.

BIOGRAPHY.

ADAMS, JOHN, M.D. *Burns's "Chloris": A Reminiscence.* (Morrison Brothers, Glasgow.) Paper covers. Pp. 187. 1s. 6d.

To that lamentably large section of readers to whom the latest "chatter about Harriet" is by far the most interesting portion of literary history, Dr. Adams's book will come as a disappointment. The vindication of Jean Lorimer's character from the aspersions with which "the foul, weedy imagination" of Allan Cunningham cast upon it, has been Dr. Adams's purpose, and he seems to have succeeded. Having met "Chloris" when a mere lad, Dr. Adams has more than one interesting reminiscence of which to write, and the reader will be glad of his collection of those poems in which she figures, and for the facsimile reproduction of the original manuscript of "The Song of Death" which was delivered into his hands by Jean Lorimer herself. Burns specialists alone can decide upon the real value of this contribution to Burns literature, but there can be little question that Dr. Adams has rather overdone his references to those "literary pathologists" whose admiration for the Scotch poet has made them desire editions in which some of his sweetest poems have not been omitted for reasons of ultra-delicacy. Let there be an edition of Burns for the family table by all means, but let us also jealously keep some editions from emendation or bowdlerization.

ADKINS, W. RYLAND D. *Our County.* (Elliot Stock.) 4to. Cloth. Pp. 123.

A series of forty short descriptions, accompanied by portraits by Mr. W. B. Shoomsley, of some of the leading men of Northamptonshire.

BALLANTYNE ARCHIBALD. *Voltaire's Visit to England, 1738-1739.* (Smith and Elder.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 338. 8s. 6d.

Carlyle's remark that no competent man would be likely to inquire into that period of Voltaire's career which he spent in England is at last falsified. The "inanity and darkness" which covered those years has gradually been dispelled, and now comes Mr. Ballantyne with a work which makes clear almost the whole sojourn. To readers of Carlyle, and to readers interested in the brilliant galaxy of English writers who were Voltaire's contemporaries, this book will make particular appeal, for Mr. Ballantyne does not confine himself to the years during which Voltaire resided in England, but devotes a chapter to his subject's later relations with Englishmen, in which he brings the chronicle of his English acquaintance up to the time of Voltaire's death. The titles of the different chapters will give the best idea of the scope of the work: "Preliminary," "Voltaire and Bollingbroke in France," "Voltaire's First Impressions of England," "Voltaire in Retirement at Wandsworth," "Voltaire's English Friendships," "Voltaire's Literary Work in England," "Voltaire on English Life and Literature," "Voltaire's Later Relations with Englishmen," "Conclusion." The book is furnished with an excellent index.

BARROWS, JOHN HENRY. *Henry Ward Beecher: The Shakespeare of the Pulpit.* (Funk and Wagnalls.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 541. 6s.

A volume in the series devoted to American Reformers. Mr. Barrows has aimed at giving "in swift, flowing narrative, the story of Beecher's spiritual inheritance, his interesting early developments, his various achievements, sorrows and triumphs," and not at describing fully "the reform movements through the midst of which flowed the current of his career." The book contains an excellent portrait of Henry Ward Beecher and an index.

HASSALL, ARTHUR HILL, M.D. *The Narrative of a Busy Life: An Autobiography.* (Longmans.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 82. 5s.

An autobiography which will be of value chiefly to medical men, although it contains much general scientific matter of interest.

LEE, SIDNEY (Editor). *Dictionary of National Biography.* Volume XXXVI. (Smith and Elder.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 447. 15s.

This volume carries this magnificent publication from Malthus to Mason. Its most important articles are those on Malthus and Harriet Martineau, by Mr. Leslie Stephen; Mary Queen of Scots, by Mr. T. F. Henderson; Captain Marryat, by Professor J. K. Laughton; and Andrew Marvell, by Mr. C. H. Firth.

Reminiscences of Seventy Years' Life, Travel and Adventure: Military and Civil; Scientific and Literary. Volume I. Soldiering in India. (Elliot Stock.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 558.

The author of this volume—"A Retired Officer of H.M.'s Civil Service"—"having passed his seventieth year and led a life of remarkable vicissitude, the greater part of which has been spent in the public service," hopes that "a sketch of a soldier's life and its surroundings in India fifty years ago may be of some value." It is an interesting, if somewhat lengthy record, and his readers will look forward to a second volume, in which he will relate his experiences in "H.M.'s Civil Service, in Naval Dockyards, on great Scientific Expeditions," etc.

SIMSON, JAMES. *Eminent Men of Kent.* (Elliot Stock.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 178.

A series of studies of the lives of the most prominent men of ancient and modern times who have been associated with the county of Kent.

The Life of Robert Rudolph Suffield. (Williams and Norgate.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 327.

UNDERWOOD, FRANCIS H., LL.D. *The Poet and the Man: Recollections and Appreciations of James Russell Lowell.* (Bliss, Sands and Foster.) Crown 8vo. Buckram. Pp. 138.

This brief memoir, to which appears as frontispiece a portrait of Lowell at seventy, is wholly distinct from Dr. Underwood's previously published biographical sketch. Here his intention has been rather "to furnish in a compact form the important facts in the poet's life, with a brief account of his work, and to record some personal impressions and reminiscences." For these last Dr. Underwood had exceptional opportunities, for during several years he lived near Lowell at Cambridge (U.S.A.), and was one of a circle of half a dozen of his friends who met often at Lowell's house and elsewhere.

ESSAYS, CRITICISMS AND BELLES-LETTRES.

HUXLEY, THOMAS H. *Darwiniana: Essays.* (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 475. 5s.

The second volume of the collected edition of Professor Huxley's writings now appearing at monthly intervals in the Everyday Series. The essays here contained extend over a lengthy period of time, the first, upon "The Darwin Hypothesis," having appeared in 1859, and the last, an "obituary notice" of Charles Darwin, in 1885. Other essays are entitled "The Origin of Species," "Criticism on 'The Origin of Species,'" "The Genealogy of Animals," "Mr. Darwin's Criticism," "Evolution in Biology," "The Coming of Age of 'The Origin of Species,'" "Charles Darwin (1882)," "The Darwin Memorial," and "Six Lectures to Working Men 'on our Knowledge of the Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature.'"

KNIGHT, WILLIAM, LL.D. (Editor). *Prose Writings of Wordsworth.* (Walter Scott.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 198. 1s. 6d.

These "prose writings" are of the slightest, many of them being extracts from Wordsworth's letters, or from the prefaces, appendices, and notes to his successive editions of his poems. Professor Knight's introduction is interesting, and the bibliography of the sources from which the extracts have been taken will be useful.

MALORY, SIR THOMAS, Kt. *Le Morte d'Arthur. Part III.* (J. M. Dent and Co.) 4to. Paper covers. 2s. 6d. net. Illustrated by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley.

FICTION.

ADAMS, MRS. LEITH. *Louis Draycott: The Story of His Life and Geoffrey Stirling.* (Jarrold.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 279 and 397. 3s. 6d. New editions.

ALLEN, GRANT. *The Scallywag.* (Chatto and Windus.) Three volumes. 31s. 6d.

This particular scallywag—a scallywag, one of Mr. Allen's characters informs the ignorant, is "the sort of man, you know, you wouldn't like to be seen walking down Piccadilly with"—was the son of a baronet who was also a cab proprietor, and about as rough and ready a specimen of that profession as can be imagined. Paul Gascoyne, as he was called, had however been taken in hand by a Jew money-lender—an excellent character—who had sent him to a good school, to Oxford, had lent him money, and who now expected him to use his culture, his education, and his prospective title, to marry an heiress whose fortune would liberally repay the money-lender, and would enable Paul to live up to his baronetcy. How the little plan is frustrated, and how a great many exciting and interesting things happen to him and to his Jewish patron, must be left to the reader to discover. "The Scallywag" is as good a novel as Mr. Grant Allen has published, and, of its kind, is as good a novel as has lately appeared.

BARRETT, FRANK. *Kitty's Father.* (Heinemann.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 330. 3s. 6d. New edition.

BAYLEY, ELIZABETH BOYD. *Jonathan Merle: West Country Story of the Times.* (Jarrold.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 598. 3s. 6d. New edition.

BESANT, WALTER. *The Rebel Queen.* (Chatto and Windus.) Three volumes. 31s. 6d.

The Jewish doctrine that the woman must obey the man seems to be the message at the back of Mr. Besant's new novel. In literature at present, thanks largely to Mr. Zugzwilg, Hebrews are in fashion, and in choosing the majority of his characters from among the London Jews Mr. Besant has only once more shown his cleverness. The Rebel Queen is an almost absolutely rich Jewess who, full of the wrongs of women and of the subjection of her sex, separates herself from her husband, who has refused to break the law and customs of the people by giving to his wife a position of equality in his house. That Mr. Besant's sympathies make him control the woman's destinies to such a way that all her work for the great Cause comes to nothing is to be regretted; but there is a note of tragedy in the wreck of such splendid hopes and such unceasing devotion, and in the disappointment that comes to the woman in a daughter who refuses to work upon her mother's side in the labors for which she had been trained, that almost atones for the weakness of his position. The story is over-long, but some of the characters are excellent: the young man who was going to abolish the power of capital by making the interest illegal, and who always held that "women are different; the Jew who believed that the greatest compliment he could pay his daughter was to say that she ought to have been born a boy; the peer who wanted to share in the Common Lot, and got it—in the shape of a life of toil and a drunken wife—these are worthy newcomers in the large gallery of characters which Mr. Besant is creating.

BLACK, WILLIAM. *In Far Lochaber.* (Sampson Low.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 393. 2s. 6d. New edition.

BONTE, ANNE. *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.* (J. M. Dent and Co.) Two volumes. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 267 and 268. 5s. net. New edition. Illustrated.

UBOIS, M. A. *The Romance of a County: A Masque.* (T. Fisher Unwin.) Two volumes. 21s.

Judged as a work of sustained and unusually powerful, if somewhat sombre, imagination, rather than as a conventional novel, Miss Curteis' new work deserves a considerable success. As a novel it is interesting, often exciting, and containing here and there passages of great strength and beauty, not it is as a masque, a fantasy, an allegory somewhat reminiscent of Gulliver's Travels, or "The Pilgrim's Progress," that it should be viewed. It readers it must have; it is to be hoped that they will not be few, for the author of "Jenny" deserves to be better known and to be more widely read.

DOVONAN, DICK. *From Chase to Capture: A Series of Thrilling Detective Stories.* (Hutchinson.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 320. 3s. 6d. Illustrated by Mr. Paul Hardy and others.

DODNEY, SARAH. *A Romance of Lincoln's Inn.* (Hutchinson.) Two volumes. 21s.

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FRAPAN, ILSE. *God's Will and Other Stories.* (T. Fisher Unwin.) Long Fcap. 8vo. Paper Covers. Pp. 214. 1s. 6d.

A very pleasing and natural collection of short stories, translated by Mrs. Frapan, and now forming a volume of the Pseudonym Library, which has before given welcome to Miss Frapan. Certainly the six stories now selected are worth reading.

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GINGOLD, HELEN E. A. *Seven Stories.* (Remington.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 187.

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HARDY, THOMAS. *Two on a Tower, and The Leodician.* (Sampson Low.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 2s. 6d. each. New editions.

KRASZEWSKI, JOSEPH IGNATIUS. *The Jew.* (William Heinemann.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 469. 3s. 6d. Paper Covers, 2s. 6d.

Translated from the Polish, and now forming a volume of the International Library. In his preface Mr. Gosse tells the reader enough about Kraszewski to enable him to see that, even if his work is somewhat too diffuse and untrained, it is of surpassing moment, his personality at least was one of curious interest. As regards the bulk and volume of his writings, Mr. Gosse says he was of the mood of giants, "to be thought of with Lope de Vega, with Voltaire, with Alexander Dumas." An incomplete list of his works records the names of more than four hundred and fifty volumes!

NISBET, HUME. *The Queen's Desire: A Romance of the Indian Mutiny.* (F. V. White.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 312.

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OTTOLENGUI, RODRIGUES. *A Conflict of Evidence.* [(G. P. Putnam's Sons.) Paper boards. Pp. 317. 2s.

This story fulfils the first qualification of a good detective novel: it thoroughly succeeds in hoodwinking its readers. As one progresses one gets some faint glimmerings of the truth, but when the ingenuity of Mr. Barnes—the same detective who figured in "An Artist in Crime"—unravels the mystery of the murder, one is thoroughly surprised. But it cannot be called a very good specimen of its kind, for its characters are totally unreal and unconvincing.

PAYN, JAMES. *A Stumble on the Threshold.* (Horace Cox.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 329. New edition, illustrated by Mr. Hal Ludlow.

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An interesting historical romance of the times of the Crusaders. The heroine is the daughter of one of the family of the Counts of Toulouse. The mother is an Albigensian, who on the outbreak of persecution is compelled to fly from Provence to England, where she dies, leaving her child to grow up ignorant of her birth and station. Her identity is at last established by the dying statement of a repentant enemy, and the girl is restored to her father and her rank.

READE, CHARLES. *Peg Woffington and Christie Johnson.* (Chatto and Windus.) 8vo. Paper Covers. Pp. 125. 6d.

At last it seems as if the public were awakening to the fact of what a great writer they were slighting when they allowed the novels of Charles Reade to sink into comparative obscurity. Uniform with the sixpenny edition of "It's Never Too Late to Mend," with Messrs. Chatto and Windus lately produced, this edition of two of Reade's best known stories should do much to popularise the work of one of the very cleverest and most powerful novelists of the century.

REANEY, MRS. G. S. *Dr. Grey's Patient.* (Bliss, Sands and Foster.) Three volumes. 31s. 6d.

Upon her first attempt at serious fiction Mrs. Reaney is certainly to be congratulated: she has not allowed "the very definite purpose of its telling," of which she speaks in her preface, to interfere with the proper progress of her story; and she has almost entirely resisted the temptation to moralise upon its different incidents. "Dr. Grey's Patient" is the story of a young girl's life and of her difficulties from the moment of her doubtful birth to her marriage. In many ways it is sad reading, but it is full of reality, and it is certainly likely to fulfil with its readers the mission which its authoress set herself of helping to warn in time the many girls "who start on life's journey without any conception of its pitfalls." The one or two risky situations which such a story must hold Mrs. Reaney has treated with great delicacy.

RHOADES, WALTER C. *The Story of John Trevennick.* (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 421. 3s. 6d. New edition.

RUSSELL, W. CLARK. *The Wreck of the "Graysvorn."* (Sampson Low.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 382. 2s. 6d.

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SAINTSBURY, GEORGE (Editor). *Henry Fielding's "Amelia."* (J. M. Dent and Co.) Three volumes. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. 7s. 6d. net. Illustrated.

In his introduction, Mr. Saintsbury defends "Amelia" against the charges of those critics who have pronounced it inferior to Fielding's two earlier novels, and says that "if we ask ourselves whether it is not as good as 'Joseph Andrews' or 'Tom Jones,' we shall, I think, be inclined to answer rather in the affirmative than the negative." We have already praised the general appearance of this edition.

SAINTSBURY, GEORGE (Editor). *Henry Fielding's "The History of the Late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great."* (J. M. Dent and Co.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 227. 2s. 6d. net.

The tenth volume in Messrs. J. M. Dent's edition of Fielding's works. In his enthusiastic introduction Mr. Saintsbury considers the influences which have worked against the popularity of "Jonathan Wild," and says that he would rank it in its own class only second to "The Tale of a Tub." "Fielding has written no greater book." It is one of those books, he says, which must find fit readers or none: not to every one is it granted to appreciate its intense irony and its truth to life. It appears that the publishers had not at first intended to include it in this edition, and it was only upon Mr. Saintsbury's earnest representations that they were induced to do so.

SAVILLE-CLARKE, CLARA. *The World's Pleasures.* (Bliss, Sands and Foster.) Paper covers. 1s. 6d.

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tain many volumes written after the pattern of "The World's Pleasures." Not that Miss Saville-Clarke's material or method of treatment is particularly novel or modern, but one feels that in these five little sketches she has done her best to present various phases of modern life as she sees them, and that any weakness of handling and unskilful grouping is due not so much to carelessness as to inexperience. The book is at least an earnest attempt, and although all five sketches are depressing—the book's title is not a success; it is only clumsily satirical, for it is of disenchantment with life that Miss Saville-Clarke writes—one reads them with a pleasing sense that the author has a serious aim which is likely to gain fuller expression in future volumes.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, BART. *The Pirate*. (A. and C. Black.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 478. 5s. Dryburgh edition.

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Miss Veitch is to be congratulated; she has produced a novel which, if somewhat over-long and here and there suspiciously didactic, is a original in scene and treatment, and which hardly ever fails to hold fast the interest of the reader. Miss Drummond is an English girl who, through the death of a distant relation, unexpectedly comes into a large fortune and a small but fully inhabitable island off the west coast of Scotland. She takes her mission as a millionaire seriously, and decides, not like Lady Sitcey Nestor, to found a newspaper, but to devote both her life and her money to improving her property and rendering happier the lives of her tenants. The rough Scotch folk, however, look upon her well-meant efforts with disfavour, and as she happens to have upon her land one or two of the greatest rogues and hypocrites in Scotland, she has to put up with much opposition, misrepresentation, and ill-natured gossip, before she has, at last, to give up waging her fight singly and to take refuge in marriage with a middle-aged Scotch colonel. Some of the characters are excellent: there is a touch of tragedy in the dour Presbyterian clergyman, whose love for Miss Drummond drives him into insanity; and Matthewson, the independent oil fisherman, is well drawn, although it is difficult to understand his behaviour when he finds, at last, that Miss Drummond's plans will interfere with his own projects.

HISTORY.

A'BECKETT, GILBERT ABBOTT. *The Comic History of England from Julius Cæsar to George II.* (Dicks.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 339. 2s. Paper covers, 1s.

An exceedingly cheap and well printed edition, with all John Lee's original illustrations, of this very amusing history. Certainly its production for a shilling is little short of marvellous.

ALLEGROFF, A. H., M.A. *The Making of a Monarchy: A History of Rome, 76-31 B.C.* (W. B. Clive.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 244. 4s. 6d. University Correspondence College Tutorial Series.

A clearly written summary of the chief events in Roman history between the death of Sulla and Octavian's defeat of Antullus. For so small a book it contains a great deal of information; but 31 B.C. is not the date when the monarchy, that is to say the principate, was "made." If a single date must be given for this it should be 27 B.C.

DUFFY, SIR CHARLES GAVAN (Editor). *Thomas Davis's "The Patriot: Parliament of 1869."* (T. Fisher Unwin.) 16mo. Paper covers. Pp. xciv., 172. 1s.

The first volume of the New Irish Library, including a lengthy introduction upon Thomas Davis's work by the editor.

O'CONNOR, T. P., M.P. *Sketches in the House: The Story of a Memorable Session*. (Ward, Lock and Bowden.) Paper covers. Pp. 288. 1s.

A reprint of the vivid and, in many ways, admirable parliamentary sketches which appeared week by week in the *Week's Sun*, during the past session, under the title "At the Bar of the House."

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Laundry Wrinkles for the House and Factory. (Laundry Journal Office, 29, Ludgate Hill.) 8vo. Paper Boards. Pp. xiv., 79. 2s. 6d.

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SALIS, MRS. DE. *Dogs: A Manual for Amateurs*. (Longman.) Half cloth. Pp. 120. 1s. 6d.

The Art of Projection and Complete Magic Lantern Manual. (E. A. Beckett, 111, Kingsland Road, N.E.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 170. 4s. 6d.

The Insurance-File, 1893. (W. J. West, 21, Godliman Street.) Paper Boards. Pp. 237. 2s.

This annual reproduces by photography all the reports and accounts annually published by the different life assurance companies in Great Britain.

TOPHAM, JOHN. *The Temperance Science Reading Book*. (Jarrold.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 245. 1s. 6d. Illustrated.

POETRY, MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

BARROW, SIR JOHN CROKER, BART. *The Seven Cities of the Dair, and Other Poems, Lyrics, and Sonnets*. (Longman.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 136.

There is a good deal of imaginative power and some little skill in the lengthy title-piece of this volume, but we fear that Sir John Barrow is hardly justified in giving to the rest of the collection the broad title of "Poems."

GRAY, ALAN. *Rock-Buoys Bell*. (Novello.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 80. 1s.

Ballad for chorus and orchestra, with words by Susan K. Phillips.

PARRY, DR. C. HUBERT H. *Summary of Musical History*. (Novello.) Paper covers. Pp. 116. 2s.

An interesting volume in the series of *Musical Primers* edited by Sir John Stainer. Being a summary of the history and development of modern European music, it contains many useful notes on the great composers, but alas! there is no index!

ROBERTSON-HICKS, MAUDE. *Flowers from Overseas and Other Verses*. (George E. Over, Rugby.) 18mo. Paper boards. Pp. 69.

In this dainty little volume six pieces at most there are worth printing; the remainder, with but few exceptions, are of the most trifling description; one feels that the authoress would have been far better advised to have postponed her appeal until she could have included more poems as charming as "Lilac," "April," and "A Mystery." That she admires "A Country Wife" is certain, but the tinge of imitation sits gracefully upon her best verses, and the reader is not dissatisfied. "In a Volume of Amy Levy's Poems" is a feeling and of the right kind of sympathy, and is one of the most successful pieces in a book in which the verses which are of promise are almost hidden by the which did not deserve printing.

SAINTSBURY, GEORGE (Editor). *The Poetical Works of John Herick*. (George Bell and Sons.) Two volumes. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. liii., 293, 308. 2s. 6d. each, net.

It might have been thought that after Mr. A. W. Pollard's delightful scholarly edition of Herrick, to which Mr. Swinburne contributed a critical introduction, in the Museum Library, there was no need for a further excursion into the same field, even by an editor so fit and so accomplished as Mr. George Saintsbury. The All the Edition of the British Poets, however, has been incomplete without Herrick, and after all Mr. Saintsbury is an excellent critic that even though one has Mr. Pollard's, one is glad of additional information to be found in this new edition. Mr. Saintsbury has adopted Mr. Pollard's plan of separating the epigrams of a certain class from Herrick's better work, but has printed them in the original order, and has included an appendix containing the poems attributed to Herrick, but published in "Heperiles," an appendix of variants, and an excellent list of first lines. His introduction is, as might have been expected, a model of sense and critical ability, and the annotation "has been designedly kept out of its lowest terms."

SIGERSON, DORA. *Verses*. (Elliot Stock.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 131.

As the first venture of a new writer, this collection certainly deserves a place among the promising minor poetry of the year. The genius of Miss Sigerson's subtle and sympathetic is considerable, her command over words not inconsiderable, and there is more than one poem in the volume which deserves re-reading. "The Leper's Betrothal," for instance, is powerful, imaginative, and alone marks Miss Sigerson's future books out as worth watching for.

Tom Hood's Complete Poems. (John Dicks.) Crown 8vo. Pp. 237. Paper covers, 61. Cloth, 1s.

All things considered, this is an exceedingly cheap and creditable edition of Hood's poems. The print, of course, is small, but it is fairly clear, and

large number of illustrations by Hood himself, D. H. Friston, and George Cruikshank have been reprinted with the text.

TOURS, BERTHOLD. A Festival Ode. (Novello.) 8vo. Paper Covers. Pp. 20. 1s.

A setting of an ode by Canon Bell, produced at the recent Cheltenham Festival.

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The American Language. T. Baron Russell.

Geographical Journal.—1, Savile Row. October. 2s.

- Exploration in the Mustang Mountains. W. M. Conway.
Lieut. Peary's Arctic Work. With Map. Cyrus C. Adams.
The Influence of Geographical Position on the Development of the Australian
Natives. Ernest Favenc.
The Koude Country. With Map. Rev. Dr. Merensky.
The North Polar Basin. With Maps. H. Seebohm.
On the Teaching of Physiography. Prince Rapotkin.

Geological Magazine.—Kegan Paul. October. 1s. 6d.

- Contributions to the Geology of Africa. Miss C. A. Raisin.
On the Origin of the Engadine Lakes. C. S. Du Roi de Preller.
The Geological Development, etc., of the Mammalia. Prof. Karl A. von Zittel.

Girl's Own Paper.—56, Paternoster Row. November. 6d.

- Girls Who Work in the Fields. Illustrated.
On Brasses and Brass-Knibbing. Illustrated.
Precious Stones: the Pearl. Emma Brewer.
New Serial Stories: "A Vaulsbeil Hand," by Sarah Doudney; "Mermaldens,"
by Sarah Tytler.

Godey's Magazine.—376, Strand. October. 1s.

- The Clocks of Paris. Illustrated. Eleanor E. Greatorex.
A Plea for the Play-Writer. Fannie Aymar Mathews.

Good Words.—Isbister. November. 6d.

- Significance of Scottish Local Names. Prof. J. S. Blaikie.
A Hertfordshire Village: Totteridge. Illustrated. John Telford.
Concerning a Spool of Thread. Illustrated. Hamish Hendry.
Adolph Saphir. Illustrated.

- A Study of Chaucer's Women. Illustrated. Florence Maccum.

Great Thoughts.—28, Hutton Street, Fleet Street. November. 6d.

- Mrs. Gladstone. With Portrait.
Rev. Archibald G. Brown. With Portrait. Rev. J. C. Carlie.
The Times and Mr. G. E. Buckle. With Portrait. W. Roberts.
Interview with Mr. Barry Pain. With Portrait. R. Blathway.
New Serial: "The Vengeance of Meleus," by Elith G. Wheelwright.

Harper's Magazine.—45, Albemarle Street. November. 1s.

- From Tabreez to Ispahan. Illustrated. Edwin Lord Weeks.
The Decadent Movement in Literature. Arthur Symonds.
Along the Bayon Tehe. Illustrated. W. T. Smalley.
An Indian Commonwealth: Oklahoma Territory. With Maps and Illustrations. Rezin W. McAdam.
London in the Season. Illustrated. Richard Harding Davis.
Arbitration. F. R. Coudert.
Riders in Turkey. Col. T. A. Dodge.
Apollo in Picardy: Prior Saint-Jean. Walter Pater.
A Reminiscence of Stephen A. Douglas. D. Roberts.

Hertfordshire Illustrated Review.—62, Paternoster Row. Oct. 15. 1s.

- The Making of St. Alban's Shrine. Illustrated. Dr. F. A. Gasquet.
Is England a Free Country? W. Frampton Andrews.
Reminiscences of Charles Kingsley. Illustrated. Mrs. P. Inglis-Page.

Homiletic Review.—44, Fleet Street. October. 30 cents.

- The Minister's Literary Culture. Prof. T. H. Pattison.
The Model Church. Rev. W. F. Crafts.
What is True Preaching? Rev. W. C. Newell.
The Pulpit and Public Morals. Rev. W. J. Skillman.
Voice Culture as a Preparation for the Pulpit. Rev. M. C. Hovey.
Living Issues for Pulpit Treatment. Rev. S. Schwarz.

Humanitarian.—Swan Sonnenschein. November. 6d.

- The Reform of the Public House. Bishop of Chester.
The Education Question: A Reply to the Dean of St. Paul's. Hon. E. Lytton Stanley.
The Model Man of Classical Antiquity. Rev. J. Rie Byrne.
The Struggle of the Sexes: Its Effect upon the Race. Dr. Strahan.
A Plea for the Domestic Servant. Miss Helena Heath.
Electricity and Health. H. Newman Lawrence.
The Parliament of Religions in Chicago.

Idler.—Chatto and Windus. November. 6d.

- George Meredith. Illustrated. Anne W. Lathrop.
My First Book. Illustrated. "John Strange Winter" (Mrs. Sarnard).
Father Ignatius at Llanthony Abbey. Illustrated. Raymond Blathway.

Illustrated Carpenter and Builder.—313, Strand. November. 6d.
The Nature of Architectural Creation. Hans Schliepmann.
Hot-Water Fitting.**Indian Magazine and Review.**—14, Parliament Street. November. 6d.
Literature in Burmah. Justice Jardine.**Irish Monthly.**—50, O'Connell Street, Dublin. November. 6d.

- The Late Mrs. Atkinson.

Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society.—
Guy, Cork. October. 6d.

- The Lough of Cork. Illustrated. C. G. Doran.
The Private Bankers of Ireland. C. M. Toulson.

Journal of Education.—86, Fleet Street. November. 6d.

- Educational Progress in America. M. Louh.
Professor Jowett.
Oxford Conference on Secondary Education.

Journal of the Manchester Geographical Society.—(Quarterly.)
44, Brown Street, Manchester. September. 5s.

- The Lower Loire. E. W. Mellor.
The Yoruba Country, Abeokuta, and Lagos. Rev. J. T. F. Halligey.
Travel and Sport in South Africa. F. C. Selous.
Hints on Reconnaissance Mapping for Explorers in Unsurveyed Countries.

Journal of Microscopy.—(Quarterly.) 20, King William Street, Strand.
October. 2s. 6d.

- The Spongia or Porifera. Illustrated. R. L. Roberts and Miss F. Phillips.
The Cultivation of Diatoms by Artificial Means. Illustrated. Dr. P. Miquel.
Some Hardening Agents. Professor V. A. Latham.
Notes on the Breeding Habits and Embryology of Frogs. J. H. Morgan.

Journal of Political Economy.—University Press of Chicago.
September. 75 cents.

- Scottish Banking. J. Shield Nicholson.
Has the Standard Gold Dollar Appreciated? Simon Newcomb.
Economic Condition of Spain in the Sixteenth Century. Bernard Moss.
Silver Debate of 1890. Robert F. Hooley.
Indian Monetary History. J. L. Langhlin.
No Silver Grievance Exists. Fred Perry Powers.

Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.—(Quarterly.) John
Murray, Albemarle Street. September 30. 3s. 6d.

- Suggestions for Stock-feeding in the Winter of 1893-94: A Symposium.
The Chester Meeting, 1893. With Plan. W. Freeman.
The Trials of Sheep Shearing Machines at Chester. Illustrated. Jas. Edwards.
Typical Farms in Cheshire and North Wales. Illustrated. J. Bowea-Jones.

Juridical Review.—(Quarterly.) Stephens and Haines. October. 3s. 6d.

- Portrait of J. P. B. Robertson, Lord Justice General.
Popinian. N. J. D. Kennedy.
A French View of British Courts. A. J. G. Mackay.
The Growth of Commercial Law at Rome. F. P. Walton.

Kindergarten Magazine.—Woman's Temple, Chicago. Oct. 25 cents.
Directing the Self-Activity of the Child. Hannah J. Carter.
Sloyd for Elementary Schools as Contrasted with the Russian System of
Manual Training. Gustaf Larsson.**King's Own.**—48, Paternoster Row. November. 6d.

- The Ven. W. M. Sinclair. Rev. J. B. Burroughs.
The Cunard American Liners. Illustrated. Rev. R. Shindler.
Antwerp in the Olden Time. Illustrated. Rev. W. J. Adams.

Knowledge.—326, High Holborn. November. 6d.

- The Making of Mountain Chains. Illustrated. H. G. Wells.
The Tints of the Lunar Plains. Illustrated. A. C. Rayward.
Lexell's Comet and the Question of its Possible Identity with Comet V, 1890.
W. T. Lynn.
Dust and Atmospheric Phenomena. Dr. J. G. McPherson.

Ladies' Home Journal.—Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.
November. 10 cents.

How I Wrote "The Lady or the Tiger." Illustrated. Frank R. Stockton.
Mr. Howells at Close Range. Illustrated. H. H. Boyesen.
Why Do not Literary Women Marry? Amelia E. Barr and Olive Thayer.
The Story of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Illustrated. Edward W. Bok.

Ladies' Treasury.—23, Old Bailey. November. 7d.
Crimes in Book Buying.

Leisure Hour.—56, Paternoster Row. November. 6d.
New Serial Stories: "Farm and Town," by John Habberton; "Old Mail and Young," by Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling.
Flowers of the Market. Illustrated. W. J. Gordon.
Dogs We Have Known. Lady Catherine M. Gaskell.
St. Andrew's Day. James Macaulay.
Lord Kelvin. With Portrait.

Liberty Review.—17, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street. October. 6d.
The Reasonableness of Personal Direction in Personal Matters. Constance E. Plimtre.
The Conflicts of Capital and Labour in Germany. H. A. Buek.
Should Experiments on Animals be Prohibited by Law? Marc A. Ruffer.
The Crofter Question. Lieut.-Gen. F. T. Burroughs.
Natural Wealth. J. C. Spencer.
How to Remedy the Evils of Local Government. E. L. Sellon.

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine.—Ward, Lock. November. 1s.
Golf. John G. Speer.
Progress in Local Transportation. Lewis M. Haupt.
A Three Volume Tract: "The Heavenly Twins," by Sarah Grand. F. M. Bird.

London Quarterly Review.—66, Paternoster Row. October. 4s.
Modern Congregational Theology.
Early English Literature.
Three Poets of the Younger Generation: William Watson, Norman Gale, and Arthur Symonds.
Methodist Agitation of 1835.
Lord Sherbrooke.
A Life in the Swiss Highlands: J. Addington Symonds.
The Apostolical Succession.
The Future of British Agriculture.
An English Ultramontane Philosopher: W. G. WarJ.

Longman's Magazine.—39, Paternoster Row. November. 6d.
Aspects of Life. Sir Edwin Arnold.
Dr. Chesterfield's Letters to his Son on Medicine as a Career. Sir Wm. B. Dalby.
Frances Wyne. Mrs. Hinkson.
New Serial:—"The Matchmaker," by Mrs. L. B. Walford.

Lucifer.—7, Duke Street, Adelphi. October 15. 1s. 6d.
Elementals. Conclude. H. P. Blavatsky.
Here and There among the Buddhist Temples of Ceylon. Marie M. Higgins.
Karma and Astrology. Rai B. K. Laheri.
Gurus and Chelas. Annie Besant.
The Sevenfold Nature of Man. Sarah Corbett.

Ludgate Monthly.—63, Fleet Street. November. 6d.
Our Volunteers: The Honourable Artillery Company. Illustrated.
Student Duelling in Germany. Illustrated.
Clifton College. Illustrated. W. C. Sargent.
The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and Birmingham. Illustrated. J. A. Stewart.

Lyceum.—Burns and Oates. October 15. 4d.
Anomalies of Our Intermediate System.
The Gamblers of the Produce Markets.
A Halting Science: Physiology of the Senses.

Macmillan's Magazine.—29, Bedford Street, Strand. November. 1s.
The Appeal to the People: The Referendum. C. B. Roylance-Kent.
A Chapter in American History: The Bacon Revolt of 1676. A. G. Brailey.
The Early Life of Samuel Pepys. C. H. Firth.
Deer Stalking.
An Episode in the Life of Thomas Becket. Canon Venables.
A Winter's Experiment: The Mansion House Conference of Last Winter.
H. V. Toynbee.
Some Thoughts on Rousseau.

Medical Magazine.—4, King Street, Cheapside. October. 2s. 6d.
On the Care of Infants and Young Children, according to the Bible and Talmud. Dr. James Finlayson.
A Doctor's Life in the Army. III.
Medical Defence: Medical Defence Union; The London and Counties Medical Protection Society.
Contagion and Contagiousness. A. A. Kanthack.
British and Foreign Medical Schools.

Men and Women of the Day.—Simpkin, Marshall. November. 2s. 6d.
Portraits and Biographies of Sir W. Olpherts, Miss Jessie Bond, and Sir W. G. Cousins.

Merry England.—43, Essex Street. October 5. 1s.
An Oxfordshire Mystery: Somerton. G. T. C. Dolman.
The Smallest Things Alive: Microbes. Rev. R. F. Clarke.
A Coming Cardinal: Monsignor Jacobini. With Portrait. Philip Hemans.

Mind.—(Quarterly.) 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. October. 2s.
A Criticism of Current Idealistic Theories: A. J. Balfour.
On the Nature of Logical Judgment. E. E. C. Jones.
Idealism and Epistemology. II. Prof. H. Jones.
On Theories of Light-Sensation. C. L. Franklin.
Time and the Hegelian Dialectic. J. Ellis McGarratt.
Survival of the Fittest and Sensation-Areas. J. McKen Cattell.

Missionary Review of the World.—44, Fleet Street. November. 25 cents.
Students' Y. M. C. A. in Japan. L. D. Wisbard.
Forerunners of Carey: D. J. Thomas. Rev. W. L. Mayo.
Missions among the Chinese in the United States and Canada. A. Sutherland.
Romanism on Exhibit. G. W. Chamberlain.
Congress on Africa at the Columbian Exposition.
Ways Chinese: Examinations and Degrees. S. L. Gracey.
Missionary Work in South America. Rev. J. B. Kolb.

Modern Review.—4, Bouverie Street. October 15. 6d.
"The Scented Garden": a Prayer to Lady Burton. Ellis Ethelmer.
That Realism is Good. Edith Escombe.
Let us be Fair!
Arguments against Women's Suffrage Answered. Mme. Salès.
Clara Jessup Bloomfield Moore. Edward Legge.

Monist.—(Quarterly.) 17, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street. October. 2s. 6d.
The Present State of Mathematics. Prof. Felix Klein.
Correlation of Mental and Physical Powers. J. Venn.
Dr. Welsmann on Heredity and Progress. Prof. C. Lloyd Morgan.
Agnosticism: A Posthumous Essay. William Maccall.
Automatism and Spontaneity. Dr. Edmund Montgomery.
The Nervous Centre of Flight in Coleoptera. Illustrated. Dr. Alfred Binet.
Heredity versus Evolution. Theodore Gilman.
Sebastian Castellion and Religious Toleration. Theodore Stanton.
The German Universities at the World's Fair. Dr. Paul Carus.

Month.—Mansel Press, Southampton. November. 2s.
Father John Morris.
South Africa. Rev. Reginald Colley.
Faults for Confession. Rev. John Morris.
Christ in Modern Theology. Rev. J. R. Kaby.
French-Canadian Migration. F. W. Grey.
Reunion at the Birmingham Church Congress. Rev. S. F. Smith.

Monthly Packet.—A. D. Innes, Bedford Street. November. 1s.
Cambridge on the Charles. Oscar Fay Adams.
The Summer Meeting of the University Extension. C. M. Whilborne.
The Black Hole of Calcutta. C. M. Yonge.

National Review.—W. H. Allen. November. 2s. 6d.
The European Outlook. Admiral Maxse.
The Garden that I Love. Alfred Austin.
Reflections on the Way Home from India. H. E. M. James.
Robert Lowe as a Journalist. A. Pathelet Martin.
Parish Councils. Rev. T. W. Fowler and Hon. John Scott Montagu.
Golf—The Monstrous Regiment of the English. T. MaKay.
Church and Press. J. Th. K. Bunce.
Mansel. William Gresswell.
In Cabinet Council. H. D. Traill.
Golf. A. J. Balfour.
Collecting Signatures for a Petition against Home Rule.

Natural Science.—Macmillan. November. 1s.
Geology in Secondary Education. Prof. G. A. J. Cole.
Natural Science at the Chicago Exhibition. F. A. Bather.
The Place of the Lake Dwellings of Glastonbury in British Archaeology. Prof. W. Boyd Dawkins.
The Air-Sacs and Hollow Bones of Birds. F. W. Heatley.
On the Etymology and Life-History of some Vegetal Galls and their Inhabitants. G. B. Rothra.
Desert or Steppe Conditions in Britain: A Study in Newer Tertiary Geology. Clement Reil.
The Genesis of Mountain Ranges. T. Mellard Reade.

Nature Lover.—(Quarterly.) 62, Paternoster Row. October. 1s.
Sketches of a Voyage to Nova Scotia. H. K. Swann.
Shakespeare's Will Flowers.

Nautical Magazine.—28, Little Queen Street. October. 1s.
The Corinth Ship Canal. Capt. Elw. Bond.
Latitude by Single Altitude. J. F. Ruthven.
Some Notes on Speed and Power. George H. Little.
Nautical Astronomy. Wm. Allingham.
Maritime Exhibits at the World's Columbian Exposition.

New Occasions.—175, Monroe Street, Chicago. October. 10 cents.
Individualism and the Communist Idea. Lewis W. Smith.
The Elliot-Lewes Marriage. Chas. P. Wootton.

New Peterson Magazine.—Peterson Magazine Co., Philadelphia.
October. 25 cents.
The Land of the Dawning: North Queensland. Illustrated. M. McCarthy-O'Leary.
A Half-Hour from the Quaker City. Illustrated. Anna W. Wendell.
Daughters of the American Revolution. Illustrated. Gilberta S. Whittle.

New Review.—Longmans. November. 1s.

Study in Character: Marshal MacMahon.
The Armenian Agitation: A Reply to Mr. Stevenson, M.P. Salik Effendi.
The Advertisement Nuisance. W. E. H. Lecky, Walter Besant, Lady Jenne, W. B. Richmond, and Julian Sturgis.
William Cobbett. Conclusion. Leslie Stephen.
In Defence of Classical Study. Prof. Jebb.
Our Sporting Zuckis. Rev. J. W. Halsey.
Further Gleanings from the Papyrus. Prof. Mahaffy.
Parish Councils and Allotments. Bolton King.
Woman's Sphere in Art. Prof. Ferrero.

Newbery House Magazine.—Griffith, Farran. November. 1s.

The Origin of Christian Monasticism in Mesopotamia and Kurdistan. A. W. Pollard.
S. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield. Illustrated. Rev. Dr. Henry Hayman.
An Enlarged Kalendar for the Church of England. Rev. Canon Donaldson.
Frederick the Great and the Seven Years' War. Canon Pennington.
Hymns as Worship. A. R. Alsop.
Recent Archaeological Discoveries in Rome. III. The Catacomb of S. Valentine. Illustrated. Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

Nineteenth Century.—Sampson Low. November. 2s. 6d.

England and France in Asia. Sir Lepel Griffin.
What Next? The Parnellites and the Government. John E. Reimond.
Employers' Liability. A. D. Provand.
Darwinism and Swinburn. A Theory. Dr. Louis Robinson.
Victor Hugo: "Toute la Lyre." Algernon Charles Swinburne.
Religion at the London School Board. Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley.
Chats with Jane Clermont. William Graham.
Our Disastrous Cathedral System. Rev. W. E. Dickson.
Archangel Leslie of Scotland. A Sequel. T. G. Law.
The Coal Crisis and the Paralysis of British Industry. I. Stephen Jeans.
"Russud": An Indian Grievance. Hon. Olaf Pertap Singh, Rajah of Bhinga.
The Selection of Army Officers. W. Baptiste Scoones.
Christianity and Roman Paganism. Prof. St. George Mivart.

North American Review.—Wm. Heinemann. October. 2s. 6d.

The Business Outlook in the United States. C. G. Wilson, H. Heutz, J. O. Bloos, and C. S. Smith.
Can Europe Afford Her Armies? Sir Charles Dilke.
The Wealth of New York. II. Mayor T. F. Gilroy.
The Battle Ship of the Future. Admiral Colomb.
British Women and Local Government. Earl of Meath.
The Tyranny of the Kitchen. Mrs. Shaler.
Fashionable Life and Physical Deterioration in Women. Dr. Cyrus Elson.
Women and the World. Bertha M. Rickoff.
An Episcopalian View of Heaven. Rev. Reginald Heber Howe.
The Southern Confederacy and the Pope. Hon. John Bigelow.
The Dramatic Revolutions. Clement Scott.
Latest Aspects of Imperial Federation. Marquis of Lorne.
Forthcoming Legislation on the Tariff. Beaton McMillin, John Dalzell, and W. J. Bryan.
A New Science at the Fair: Anthropology. W. K. Moorehead.
Co-Education in the West. Jane Cooper Sinclair.
The Saloon as a Club. Thomas M. Gilmore.

Our Day.—28, Beacon Street, Boston. October. 2s. 6d.

The Chicago Congress on Africa. Frederick P. Noble.
The Congo State, as a Factor in the Redemption of Africa. Hon. J. A. Kasson.
A Scientific Socialist in London: Sidney Webb. Miss Frances E. Willard.
What is Sunday Worth to Labour? Joseph Cook.

Outing.—170, Strand. November. 6d.

Lenx's World Tour 'Awheel: In Japan. Illustrated.
Football: Retrospective and Prospective. Illustrated. Walter Camp.
Trapping and Homs: Made Traps. Illustrated. E. I. W. Sandys.
The National Guard of Pennsylvania. Illustrated. Capt. C. A. Booth.

Overland Monthly.—San Francisco. October. 2s. 6d.

Camping in Mendocino. Illustrated. C. S. Greene.
The Longest Jetty in the World: Columbia River. Alvin H. Sydenham.

Pall Mall Magazine.—18, Charing Cross Road. November. 1s.

Stray Echoes from Friedrichshagen. Illustrated. Sidney Whitman.
Jules Sandeau. Illustrated.
Chicago. II. Illustrated. Lloyd Bryce.
Giraffes, and How to Capture Them. Illustrated. H. A. Bryley.
The Hairy Tribes of the Hokkaido. Illustrated. A. H. Savage Landor.
The Passing of Philomel: Nightingales. Illustrated.
A Notable Island: Grenada. Illustrated. Eden Phillpotts.
Is the Theatre Growing Less Popular? W. Davenport-Adams and W. L. Courtney.

People's Friend.—186, Fleet Street. November. 6d.

Richard Cameron: or, the Sanquhar Declaration. Prof. S. Blackie.
Physical Education.—Springfield, Mass. October. 1 dollar per annum.
History and Bibliography of Physical Education. Dr. E. M. Hartwell.

Poet-Lore.—5, Chandos Street, Strand. October. 2s. 6d.

A Phase of William Blake's Romanticism. Lucy Allen Paton.
The Supernatural in Shakespeare: I. "Macbeth," "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Annie R. Wall.
Walt Whitman's "Artistic Atheism." Horace L. Traubel.
Gentle Will, Our Fellow. F. G. Fleay.
Dramatic Motive in Browning's "Straford." Charlotte Porter.

Presbyterian and Reformed Review.—(Quarterly). 23, Dock Street, Philadelphia. October. 80 cents.

Dr. Briggs's Higher Criticism of the Hexateuch. Wm. H. Green.
Recent Dogmatic Thought in Scandinavia. Conrad E. Lindberg.
The Westminster Doctrine of Holy Scripture. B. B. Warfield.
A Critical Copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch. W. Scott Watson.
Public and Private Epistles of the New Testament. Dunlop Moore.
Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. William Caven.
Synod of the Reformed Church in America. T. W. Chambers.
Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States. James I. Gosh.

Primitive Methodist Quarterly.—6, Sutton Street. October. 2s.

Miracles and Christian Theism. Robert Bryant.
The Land Question: Henry George and Herbert Spencer.
Trades Unions, Old and New. G. F. Johnson.
John Ruskin. H. Yool.
Methodism in Scotland: The Outlook. Robert Hind.
Co-operation of the Churches. John Binns.
The Science of Crime. W. Raistrick.
The House of Lords.

Provincial Medical Journal.—11, Adam Street, Strand. October. 6d.

Samuel Pozzi. With Portrait.
Migraine: Its Causation and Treatment. W. Hind.
On Immunity against Cholera. A. A. Kaulitza and P. F. Wesbrook.

Quarterly Journal of Economics.—Macmillan. October. 2 dollars per ann.

The Duties on Wool and Woollens. F. W. Taussig.
The Place of Abstinence in the Theory of Interest. T. N. Carver.
Value of Money. F. A. Walker.
The Prussian Business Tax. J. A. Hill.

Quarterly Review.—Murray, Albemarle Street. October. 6s.

Chicago.
The Command of the Sea.
Winchester College.
The Peerage.
Napoleon and Alexander.
Vell's Mythology.
The Modern Hospital.
A Sceptic of the Renaissance: Pietro Pomponazzi.
Coalitions.
The Dishonoured Bill.

Quiver.—Casell. November. 6d.

The Capture of the Slave. Illustrated. Rev. D. Gath Whitley.
In Chicago's Slum. Illustrated. G. E. Morgan.
New Serials: "Poor Pride," by Isabel Bellerby; "Garth Garrison—Working-man."

Religious Review of Reviews.—4, Catherine Street, Strand. October 14. 6d.

The Crucible of Criticism. II. Rev. Arthur Finlayson.
Religious Census of India, 1891. Dr. R. N. Cust.
The Future of the Scottish Establishment. Rev. J. G. Simpson.
Some of Our Hymns. III. Rev. M. Marshall.

Reliquary.—(Quarterly). 23, Old Bailey. October. 1s. 6d.

The Brass of John Moore, 1532, at Sibstone, Leicestershire. Illustrated.
Bishop Mitchinson and the Editor.
Talismans. J. Lewis André.
Old English Pewter.
Notes on the Cathedral Churches of Sweden. Illustrated. T. M. Fallow.

Review of the Churches.—Haddon, Salisbury Square. October 14. 6d.

The Parish Councils Bill. Rev. A. R. Buckland and Others.
The World's Parliament of Religions. Rev. Simon Gilbert.
Is a Parliament of Religions a Mistake?
The Holy Catholic Church. Canon McCormick.
Civic Education. J. A. Fleming.

St. Nicholas.—Fisher Unwin. November. 6d.

New Serial:—"Tom Sawyer Abroad," by Mark Twain.
New Orleans. Illustrated. G. W. Cable.

Science and Art.—Chapman and Hall. November. 6d.

The Royal College of Science, South Kensington. Illustrated.
Decoration as Applied to Metals: Chasing and Repoussé. Illustrated.
J. Harrison.
The First Technical College: Anderson's University, 1828—1877. Illustrated.
Prof. Sexton.

Scottish Geographical Magazine.—Stanford. October. 1s. 6d.

The North Polar Basin. With Map. Henry Seebohm.
Notes of a Journey in South Africa. J. Baylie Don.
British Association, 1893.

Scottish Review.—(Quarterly). 23, Paternoster Row. October. 4s.

Sir John Clerk of Pentuik. W. G. Scott-Moncreiff.
The Earliest Ages of Hebrew History. Major C. R. Conder.
The Scottish Paraphrases. J. Cuthbert Hadden.
The Meaning of the Russian Name. Karl Blind.
A Scottish Merchant of the Sixteenth Century: David Wedderburn. A. E. Millar.
An Idyll During the French Revolution. J. G. Alger.
The Ice-Age and Post-Glacial Period. D. Gath Whitley.
Standing Stones and Maeshowe of Stennes. With Diagram. Magnusson.

Scribner's Magazine.—Sampson Low and Co. November. 1s.
In Camp with the Kachins. Illustrated. Col. H. E. Colville.
Madame Roland. Illustrated. Ida M. Tarbell.
The House of Commons. Augustine Birrell.
The Picturesque Side of the World's Fair. Illustrated. F. Hopkinson Smith.
Mr. Freeman at Home. Illustrated. Della Lyman Porter.
Education for Girls in France. Katharine de Forest.
Historic Moments: the Nomination of Lincoln. Isaac H. Bromley.

Seed-Time.—(Quarterly.) 185, Fleet Street. October. 31.
The Function of a Teacher. Grace Heath.
Some Signs of the Times. E. F. Harrison.

Southern States.—Baltimore. October. 15 cents.
Southern Leaders in Congress: the Senate. Illustrated. E. W. Barrett.
The Spectre of the Negro. C. J. Haden.

Strand Magazine.—Southampton Street. October. 61.
The Lord Mayor of London: Sir Stuart Knill. Illustrated.
Portraits of Duke of Bedford, Charles F. Gill, Mrs. Hungerford, the Bishop of St. Andrews, Gourlay Steele, and Lord Alcester.
A Chapter on Ears. Illustrated.
Some Famous Chairs. Illustrated. F. G. Kitton.

Sunday at Home.—56, Paternoster Row. November. 61.
New Serial Story: "Zachary Brough's Venture." E. B. Bayly.
Buddhist Priests in China.
A Colony of Mercy: Bodelschwingh's Colony for Epileptics. Illustrated.
The Sanctuary of New Pompeii. Illustrated. Rev. T. W. S. Jones.

Sunday Magazine.—Isbister. November. 61.
Dr. R. F. Horton at Home. Illustrated.
The Coast of Syria. Illustrated. William Wright.
Types of Stundists. II.
Mrs. Browning. Illustrated. Lord Bishop of Ripon.
The True Story of Evangelina. T. Bowman Stephenson.
An Indian Pioneer: George Maxwell Gordon. Illustrated. Rev. A. R. Buckland.

Sylvia's Journal.—Ward, Lock. November. 61.
A Chat with Miss Jane Barlow. With Portrait. Katharine Tynan.
Dame Alice Owen's Girls' School. Illustrated.
Noteworthy Exhibits at the Arts and Crafts. Illustrated. Gleeson White.

Temple Bar.—8, New Burlington Street. November. 1s.
Elizabeth Inchbald.
Curiosities of Taxation. M. Q. Holyoake.
On the Frack of Montaigne. E. H. Barker.
Goethe's Maxims. Mrs. Andrew Croese.

Theatre.—Simpkin, Marshall. November. 1s.
The Elizabethan Stage. Wm. Poel.
The Playgoers' Club. R. Jope-Slade.
Portraits of R. Jope-Slade and Miss Florence St. John.

Thinker.—21, Berners Street. November. 1s.
The Authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Reva. A. Huddle and W. M. Lewis.
The Westcott and Hort Text of the Greek Testament Tested by its Results. Rev. Dr. D. Brown.
One God, One Sanctuary: Is Wellhausen Right? Rev. Dr. W. L. Baxter.
Faith and Reason. Prof. J. Orr.

United Service Magazine.—15, York Street, Covent Garden. November. 2s.
Suppression of Rebellion in the North-West Territories of Canada, 1885. Geo. Sir Fred. Middleton.
The Universal Postal Union. C. J. Willey.
Training and Equipment of the Mounted Soldier.

The Re-Partition of Africa. With Map. Edward Bond.
The Volunteer Movement under Pitt. Lieut. A. L. Morant.
A Recruiting Ground for the Navy: The Outer Hebrides. Hon. H. N. Shore.
France and Siam. A Retrospect. Major-General A. R. MacMahon.
The Training and Organisation of a Company of Infantry. Major Hon. A. Hardinge.
The Blood Tax in France and Germany. Lieutenant-Colonel J. Adye.
Present Development of the United States Navy. H. Lawrence Swinburne.

United Service (American).—Stevens, 4, Trafalgar Square. October. 35 cents.

Army or School. George W. Baird.
The Lieutenant.
The Fight between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac." S. D. Greene.

University Extension.—Fifteenth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia. September. 15 cents.

The University Extension Syllabus. E. T. Devine.
The Travelling Library. F. W. Shepardsou.
The Cambridge Summer Meeting. G. F. James.
The Edinburgh Summer Meeting.

University Extension World.—46, Great Russell Street. Oct. 10 c.
The Lecture-Study and its Functions. Thomas J. Lawrence.
The Universities and the Working Men. Chas. Zeublin.
University Extension in Belgium. Emile Waxweiler.

Westminster Review.—8, Bouverie Street. November. 2s. 61.
The "Life of Sir Richard Burton." Mrs. Newton-Robinson.
The Sea: Wrecks and Salvage. Douglas Owen.
The Alleged Danger of the Indian Civil Service "Resolution." Parbati C. Roy.
Ideen as an Artist. L. Simons.
Habits and Customs of Savage Life. Lady Cook.
"New Australia": Communistic Work at the Antipodes. A. J. Rose-Soley.
Emma Willard, the Pioneer in the Higher Education of Women. Elizabeth C. Stanton.
Cruel Sports. H. S. Salt.

Wilson's Photographic Magazine.—853, Broadway, New York. October. 30 cents.

Frederic Hart Wilson: In Memoriam. Illustrated.
Is Photography Art? F. H. Wilson.
Photographers' Efforts at Union. H. Snowden Ward.

Woman at Home.—27, Paternoster Row. November. 61.
Interview with Lady Charles Beresford. Illustrated. Raymond Blithway.
The Duchess of Connaught. Illustrated. Dr. Wm. Wright.
A Page of Confessions. Sir Edwin Arnold.

Work.—Casell. November. 61.
Practical Hints on Flattening Metal. Illustrated. R. G. Naisb.
G. W. R. Works at Swindon.
Some Suggestions for Good Patent Laws. W. L. Wiae.

Young England.—56, Old Bailey. November. 31.
Some Winter Workers in the Insect World. Illustrated. J. R. S. Clifford.

Young Man.—9, Paternoster Row. November. 31.
John Ruskin: II. The Man and His Message. W. J. Dawson.
Hall Cairne. Interview. Illustrated.
How an Evening Newspaper is Produced. E. H. Stout.
Two Letters from Ruskin.

Young Woman.—9, Paternoster Row. November. 31.
How Can I Earn My Living? I. As a Doctor. Miss Billington.
Lady Marjorie Gordon. With Portrait. Hilda Friederichs.
Our Lady Hymn Writers: Sarah Flower Adams. J. Cuthbert Haden.

POETRY.

Argosy.—November.
All Saints' Day. Christian Burke.

Atalanta.—November.
Autumn. E. Nesbitt.
Voice of the River. Gascoigne Mackie.

Blackwood's Magazine.—November.
The Gloomings. Wallace Bruce.

Bookman.—November.
The Stolen Bride. W. B. Yeats.

Century Magazine.—November.
To Lowell, on His Fortieth Birthday. Ralph W. Emerson.
The Bowers of Paradise. Clinton Scollard.
Farewell to Italy. Robert N. Johnson.
A Prayer in Thessaly. John Hay.
Combatants. Florence E. Coates.
The Burden of Age. Edith M. Thomas.

Cornhill Magazine.—November.
November.

Cosmopolitan.—November.
Rhododendron Land. E. E. Hale.
Time's Prisoner. Louise C. Moulton.

Girl's Own Paper.—November.
Stand Fast. Mary Rowles Jarvis.
A Leisure Hour: or, the Garden at Home. E. Nesbitt.

Good Words.—November.
A Minor Poet. Robert Richardson.

Harper's Magazine.—November.
Love and Music. Illustrated. John Hay.
Left in Charge. Anna C. Brackett.
In the Early Days. A. A. Sewall.
A Summer Day. Robert Barnes Wilson.

Ladies' Home Journal.—November.
Captain Young's Thanksgiving. Illustrated. Will Carleton.

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine.—November.
The Lapp Maiden's Song. H. H. Boyesen.
The Wind and the Tree. Bliss Carman.
The Awakening. Richard E. Burton.

Longman's Magazine.—November.

Between the Lines. May Kendall.
Rain Magic. Frances Wyne.

Magazine of Art.—November.

"Love Expectant." Illustrated. W. St. Leger.

Merry England.—October.

A Judgment in Heaven. Francis Thompson.
The Reflected Rainbow. Thos. Gorion Hake.

Nineteenth Century.—November.

Orpheus in Hades. Lord de Tabley.

American Art Journal.—23, Union Square, New York. 10 cents.
October 7.

M. Alexandre Guilmant. With Portrait. L. Lombard.
Music as a Factor in Philanthropic Work. Charlotte Mulligan.

Moral Forces in Music. Wm. L. Tomlins.
Ballads and the Blackboard Age. C. C. Converse.

Atlanta.—November.

Wagner's Drama, "Der Ring des Nibelungen." R. Farquharson Sharp.

British Musician.—21, Bevis Marks. October. 31.

Mr. Lazarus, Clarinet Player.
Weber. With Portrait.

Cassell's Saturday Journal.—November.

Choirs I Have Sung With: A Chat with Madame Nordica. With Portrait.

Church Musician.—4, Newman Street, Oxford Street. Oct. 15. 21.

The Music of the Prayer Book. Rev. G. T. G. Hayward.
Chant:—"Benedicite, Omnia Opera Domini Domino." Dr. J. H. Lewis.

Étude.—1708, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. October. 15 cents.
Stephen Heller.

Piano Solos:—"Dream after the Concert," by H. A. Clarke; "Watchers' Night Song," by E. Grieg; etc.

Girl's Own Paper.—November.

How to Sing in Oratorio.
"Changes." Song by Hamish MacCunn.

Keyboard.—22, Paternoster Row. October. 21.

Signor Buonamici. With Portrait.

Lyra Ecclesiastica.—49, Dawson Street, Dublin. October. 61.

Excerpts from Dr. Witt's Treatise on Church Music.
Gregorian Chant and Modern Music. Dom L. Janssens.
Catholic Choir Music:—"Inveni David," "Justus ut Palma," Kornmüller.

Magazine of Music.—29, Ludgate Hill. November. 61.

Music at the Foundling Hospital, with Sundry Recollections of Handel.
The Incorporated Society of Musicians: A Chat with Mr. Edward Chadfield.
Ancient Musical Instruments. H. St. G. Gray.

Monthly Musical Record.—86, Newgate Street. November. 21.

Piano-Solo:—"Four Characteristic Pieces in Canon," by Chas. Wood.

Music Review.—174, Wabash Avenue, Chicago. October. 20 cents.

The Homes of Beethoven. Illustrated. Max Kalbeck.
The Tone Painting and Tone Poem, or Music in Nature. C. M. Hitchcock.
False Reverence. Helmut Dorn.
Introduction to Interpretation of Beethoven's Pianoforte Works. A. B. Marx.

Music Trades Review.—1, Racquet Court, Fleet Street. October 15. 4d.
German Musical Instrument Manufacture.

Music World.—3033, Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo. September 30.
10 cents.

A Visit to the World's Fair.
Piano Solo:—"L'Arpa," by J. Raff.

Musical Herald.—9, Warwick Lane. November. 2d.

Mr. W. H. Miller. With Portrait.
Part-Song (in both Notations): "Behold! the Twilight Deepens," by J. C. Marks.

Musical Messenger.—141, West Sixth Street, Cincinnati. October.
15 cents.

Charles Edward Prior. With Portrait. Rev. J. W. Payne.
Anthem: "Give Ear to My Prayer," by J. H. Tenney.

Musical News.—130, Fleet Street. 1d. October

Gounod. T. L. Southgate.

Art Annual. 1893.—Virtue, Ivy Lane. 2s. 6d.

William Holman Hunt: His Life and Work. Illustrated. Archdeacon Farrar and Mrs. Meynell.

Art Journal.—Virtue, Ivy Lane. November. 1s. 6d.

"Chickens." Etching after Matthew Maize.
Sir John Day's Pictures. Illustrated. R. A. M. Stevenson.
The Evolution of a Picture. Illustrated. S. E. Waller.

Pall Mall Magazine.—November.

Tittle-Tattle. Illustrated. Mark Ambient.
For Ever Young. W. W. Story.

Scribner's Magazine.—November.

Indian Summer. Archibald Lampman.
Love's Guerdon. Eliz. C. Cardozo.

Sunday Magazine.—November.

A Star. Niall Herne.

Temple Bar.—November.

C'est l'Habit qui fait le Moine. Edith E. Cuthell.
Mr. and Mrs. —; and Mis-directed.

MUSIC.

Musical Opinion.—150, Holborn. November. 3

The Evolution of the Sheng Organ. Hermann Smith.

Musical Record.—Oliver Ditson, Boston. October. 10 cents.

Songs:—"Lullaby," by A. Geibel.
Piano Solos:—"Calvary," by L. Keach; "March of the Demons," by A. Streleski.

Musical Standard.—185, Fleet Street. 31.

The Norwich Musical Festival.
Operas as Dramatic Cantatas. October 7.

"Utopia (Limited)."
The Dance as an Act of Worship. October 14.

The Late Charles Gounod. With Portrait.
A Famous Violinist: O. E. Bull. October 21.

The Orchestral Association: Co-operation and Organisation.
Beethoven's "Immortal Beloved." October 28.

Spooks and Music. D. L. O'Genes.

Musical Times.—Novello. November. 41.

Charles Gounod.
Christmas Anthem: "There were Shepherds," by Myles B. Foster.

Musical World.—146, Wabash Avenue, Chicago. October. 15 cents.
Ancient Musical Instruments at the World's Fair.

Musical Visitor.—John Church Company, Cincinnati. October. 15 cents.
Piano Solos:—"Meeting Again in Heaven," by C. F. Becker; "Kyrie," from the "Twelfth Mass," by Mozart; "Lento," by Hans Huber.

National Choir.—Parlane, Paisley. November. 1d.

Part Songs:—"My Bonnie, Blithesome Mary," and eight others.

Organ.—149A, Tremont Street, Boston. October. 25 cents.

For the Protection of Organ Builders.
Organ Music: "Melody and Intermezzo," by J. S. Camp.

Organist and Choirmaster.—139, Oxford Street. October 15. 2d.
Plain Hints to Village Choir-Trainors. T. Westlake Morgan.

The Priest's Part in the Liturgy. Dr. C. W. Pearce.
Christmas Anthem: "Break Forth into Joy," by Dr. C. Vincent.

Overture.—267, Regent Street. October. 3s. per annum.

Royal Academy of Music Prize Distribution.

School Music Review.—Novello. November. 1d.

Report of the Scotch Education Department on Music in Schools.
Carols: "There was Silence in Bethlehem's Fields," by Sir J. Stainer; "The Star in the East," by Henry Leslie.

Vocalist.—97, Fifth Avenue, New York. October. 20 cents.

Secret of Voice Culture. Clara E. Munger.
The Business of Music. II. F. H. Tubbs.

How to Avoid Coughs, Colds, and Catarrh. II. Dr. A. R. Baker.

Werner's Magazine.—108, East 16th Street, New York. October. 25 cents.

Take Care of Your Voice. Leo Kofler.
The Elocution of Lawrence Barrett and Edwin Booth. J. B. Scott.

Sound and Colour. G. F. Young.

Woman at Home.—November.

How I Brought Liszt to London. Illustrated. Baroness von Zedlitz.

Young Woman.—November.

Madame Albani at Home. Illustrated. F. Dolman.

ART.

Historical Painting in France. Illustrated. F. Masson.
The Royal Academy in the Present Century. Illustrated. J. E. Hodgson and F. A. Eaton.

Arts and Crafts. Illustrated. L. F. Day.
Lace and Personal Decoration at the Chicago Exhibition. Florence Fenwick Miller.

Blackwood's Magazine.—November.

Rembrandt and the Dutch School.

Catholic World.—October.
An American Artist: James E. Kelley. Illustrated. Alfred Trumble.

Century Magazine.—November.
George Michel. Illustrated. Virginia Vaughan.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.—November.
Younger American Women in Art. Illustrated. Frank L. White.

Good Words.—November.
John Pettie, R.A. Illustrated. Robert Walker.

Leisure Hour.—November.
Jean François Millet. Illustrated. I. F. Mayo.

Magazine of Art.—Casell. November. 1s. 4d.
"Veronica Veronese." Photogravure after Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
"The Albambra." Etching by H. Macbeth-Raeburn.
In Memoriam: Cecil Gordon Lawson. Illustrated. H. Owen.
Art in the Theatre: Costume on the Stage. Illustrated. P. Anderson.
An Attempt towards the Restoration of the Venus of Melos. Illustrated. J. Bell.

The Ruston Collection: the Old Masters. Illustrated. C. Phillips.
Grez. Illustrated. R. A. M. Stevenson.

New Review.—November
British Art in the National Gallery. S. J. Vickers.
Woman's Sphere in Art. Professor Ferrers.

Newbery House Magazine.—November.
Van Dyck as a Painter of Children. Illustrated.

Quarterly Illustrator.—92, Fifth Avenue, New York. October. 39 cents.

An American Military Artist: Gilbert Gaul. Illustrated. G. P. Lathrop.
The National Academy of Design. Illustrated. J. S. Speal.
A Poet in Landscape: Bruce Crane. Illustrated. Alfred Trumble.
A Man of Artistic Ideas: Dan Beard. Illustrated. Arthur N. Jervis.
A Modern Marine Painter: Carlton T. Chaplin. Illustrated. Henry M. Steele.
A Painter of Pretty Women: De Scott Evans. Illustrated. Cromwell Childie.

The Illustrations of the Quarter. Illustrated. Perriton Maxwell.
Newspaper Art and Artists. Illustrated. Allan Forman.

Scribner's Magazine.—November.
Glimpses of the French Illustrators. II. Illustrated. F. N. Doubleday.

Studio.—16, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. October 15. 6d.
The Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society at the New Gallery, 1893. Illustrated. Architecture and Furniture at the "Arts and Crafts." Illustrated. Horace Townsend.
Embroidery, Textiles, and Wall-Papers at the "Arts and Crafts." Illustrated. Aymer Vallance.

THE GERMAN MAGAZINES.

Chorgesang.—Hans Licht, Leipzig. 2 Mks. per quarter.
October 1.

Paul Umlauf. With Portrait.
Choruses for Male Voices: "Laughing Chorus," by Dr. J. G. Töpfer; and
"In der Fremde," by V. E. Becker.
October 15.

Joseph Diem. With Portrait.
Choruses: "Abschiedsgruss," by A. Weber; "Mondschein am Himmel," by
G. Wohlgemuth.
October 29.

Edvard Kröner. With Portrait.
Choruses for Male Voices: "Sonnenaufgang," by C. J. Brambach; and
"Lied im Volkston," by G. Baldamus.
October 29.

Dahleim.—9, Poststrasse, Leipzig. 2 Mks. per quarter.

At West Point. Illustrated. Paul von Szczepanski.
October 14.
The Execution of Marie Antoinette. With Portraits. T. H. Pantenius.
October 21.

Berlin Sand. Illustrated. Hans Bohrdt.
The Execution of Marie Antoinette. II.
October 28.
Prof. Edmund Kanoldt. Illustrated. A. Fellin.
A Parsee Wedding. R. Gundermann.

Deutscher Hausschatz.—Fr. Pustet, Regensburg. 40 Pf. Heft 18.
Drama. Joseph Dackweiler.
The Former Cistercian Abbey at Waldsassen in Bavaria. Illustrated. J. Gratzmeier.

Heft 19.
Gas Light and Electric Light. Friedrich Hochländer.
Vegetarianism. Dr. L. Schmitz.
The Starry World. Dr. A. Meistermann.

Deutsche Revue.—Tausenienstr., 50, Breslau. 6 Mks. per qr. November.
King Charles of Roumania.—XXII.
A Frenchman on Russia Three Hundred Years Ago: Capt. Margeret. Karl Blud.

Lehar Bucher. VI. Heinrich von Poschinger.
British and German Universities. Concluded. Dr. A. Tille.
Wanderings through the Sea. Paul von Zsch.
Unpublished Letters to G. A. Reimer. Concluded. G. Hirzel.
Sixteen Years in Von Rauke's Workshop. Concluded. T. Wiedemann.

Deutsche Rundschau.—Lützowstr., 7, Berlin. 6 Mks. per quarter.
October.

Gottfried Keller in Hektelberg and Berlin: 1848—65. I. J. Baechtold.
Struggles for Freedom in Moslem Asia. H. Vambéry.
The Victoria Lyceum at Berlin. Alie von Cotta.
A Statesman of the Old School: Leopold von Plessen. I. L. von Hirschfeld.
The Centenary of "Das Entdeckte Geheimnis der Natur," by C. K. Sprengel.
—E. Strasburger.

Duke Ernst II. of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.
Conversations with Prince Metetrich in the Spring of 1850. R. Schlieden.
Political Correspondence: the Kaiser in Lorraine; the Crown Prince of Italy;
the Italian Riots at Algues-Mortes; the French Elections; India's
Buffer States, etc.

Deutsche Worte.—VIII. Langegasse, 15, Vienna. 50 kr. October.
Panama, Parliament, and Press. Paul Turn.
F. von Feilegg and the Ethical Movement. Prof. F. Tönnies and Dr. I. Himmelstaur.

Freie Bühne.—Köthenerstr., 44, Berlin. 1 Mk. 50 Pf. October.
Rena's "Emperor and Galilean." Paul Schleutner.
The Result of the Haackel-Hamann Case.
Müher's History of Painting in the Nineteenth Century. O. J. Bierbaum.

Die Gartenlaube.—Ernst Kell's Nachf., Leipzig. 50 Pf. Heft 11.
A Psychological Museum at Florence. Illustrated.
Hedge Sparrows. Illustrated. Adolf and Karl Müller.
Munich. Illustrated. Max Haushofer.

Die Gesellschaft.—Wm. Friedrich, Leipzig. 1 Mk. 30 Pf. October.
The Condition of the Peasants in Prussia. J. Engell-Günther.
Poems by M. G. Conrad, Anna Bert, and Others.
The Dramas of Gerhart Hauptmann. With Portrait. Hans Merian.
On Duelling. Theodor Lensing.
Has'a Man a Moral Justification for Judging a Woman? A Reply to Herr Kirstein.

Gleichheit.—12, Furthbachstrasse, Stuttgart. 10 Pf. October 18.
Woman's Work in German Factories.

Internationale Revue über die Gesammten Armeen und Flotten.
—Max Babenzien, Rathenow. 24 Mks. per annum. October.

The Triple Alliance in the Light of the New European Constellation. Dr. Felix Boh.
Night Actions.
The Prussian Hussar Regulations in 1764.
The Completion of the Technical Complements in the Austrian Navy.
The Replenishment of Munitions in the Field.
The Political and Military Condition of Morocco.
General Dodd's Report on the Dahomey Campaign.

Jahrbücher für die Deutsche Armee und Marine.—A. Bath, Berlin. 32 Mks. per annum. October.
The Reform of the Engineering Services in the Austro-Hungarian Army.
Major-General von Killikies.
The French Army since 1889. Major Schott.
Field Sanitary Service Training during the Army Manoeuvres. Dr. Neumann.
The New Musketry Instruction Regulations for the Russian Army.
Gibraltar and the Western Mediterranean.
The Loss of the Victoria. Vice-Admiral von Henk.

Die Katholischen Missionen.—Herder, Freiburg. 4 Mks. per ann. November.

The Third Congress of the Sioux Catholics. Fr. Hillig.
On Kilima Njaro. Illustrated. Continued. Mgr. Le Roys.

Konservative Monatsschrift.—E. Ungleich, Leipzig. 3 Mks. per quarter. October.

Heinrich Leo's Historical Monthly Reports and Letters. III. O. Kraus.
Memphis. Dr. Stern.
The Court at Weimar in the Time of Goethe.
Letters from Panama. Continued. E. Freiherr von Ungern-Sternberg.

Magazin für Litteratur.—Lützow-Ufer, 13, Berlin. 40 Pf. September 30.

Ferdinand von Saar. Benno Rittenauer.
The Reaction in Swedish Literature. August Strindberg.
October 7.

Art in Vienna. J. J. David.
The Awakening of Spiritualistic Error. W. Freyer.
October 14.

The Weber Trial and Dramatic Censorship. R. Grelling.
Crispi. Richard Nathanson.
The Munich Art Exhibition. I. The Secessionists. Max Schmid.
Who will Popularise Biblical Criticism? Björnsterne Björnson.
October 21.

The Secessionists at Munich. II. Max Schmid.
Unpublished Letters of Friedrich Hebbel to the Rousseau Family.
October 28.

The Hamann versus Häckel Trial. Dr. R. Loening.
Hebbel's Letters to the Rousseau Family. Continued.
Gounod's Death. Anton Roberts.

- Mittheilungen aus dem Gebiete des Seewesens.**—Carl Gerold's Sohn, Vienna. 17s. per ann. Part X.
- The Torpedo and Quick Firing Guns of Large Calibre. F. Attlmayr.
On the Accuracy of Finding the Time by theodolite and Sextant. Lieut. Koss.
Last Year's Experience with Ship's Armour and Guns, &c. 11 figs.
- Monatsschrift für Christliche Social-Reform.**—Franz Chamra, St. Pölten. 4 fl. per annum. October.
- Helpers in the Social Need. Dr. Schercher.
The Theory of Value of St. Thomas Aquinas. W. Hohoff.
- Musikaische Rundschau.**—I. Maria-Theresienstr., 10, Vienna. 25 kr.
October 1.
The Teaching of Music. V. Eugen Krantz.
The Smetana Cycle at Prague. Viktor Joss.
October 15.
The Jubilee of the Vienna Male Choir. Ernest Plak.
From the Bohemian Watering-Places. V. Alois John.
- Neue Militärische Blätter.**—Dienstadt a. d. Ostsee. 32 marks per ann. October.
- Reminiscences of the Franco-German War, 1870-71. III. Colonel H. de Ponchalon.
Two New Flags (Russian and American) in the Mediterranean.
A Few Words on the Swiss Soldier. Captain Petermann.
General Skobelev and the Moral Element: Based on Episodes of the Russo-Turkish War, 1877-78.
The Italian Naval Manœuvres.
- Neue Zeit.**—J. H. W. Dietz, Stuttgart. 20 Pf. No. 53.
The Trades Union Congress at Belfast.
Munich Prison Conditions.
No. 1.
Socialism in France during the Great Revolution. C. Hugo.
A Siberian Idyll.
No. 2.
Universal Suffrage and Political Parties in Austria. Dr. W. Ellenbogen.
The Disturbances in Italy. Adam Maurizio.
No. 3.
The Prussian Elections and Social Democracy. Max Schippel.
Universal Suffrage in Austria. Conclusion. Dr. N. Ellenbogen.
Political Parties and the Last Elections in France. Paul Lafargue.
No. 4.
Political Parties in France. Continued. Paul Lafargue.
- Nord und Süd.**—Siebenhufenstr., 2, Breslau. 6 Mks. per quarter. O. I.
The Skeletons of Plants. J. Reinke.
Jacob Frohschammer.
The Peace Movement of Our Time. Carl Gareis.
Rudolf von Ihering, a Realist in Law. E. Mamroth.
Napoleon's Mother. Letitia Bonaparte. C. Sokal.
Woman's Share in the World's Fair. Anna Simson.
- Preussische Jahrbücher.**—Kleiststr., 16, Berlin. 2 Mks. 50 Pf. Oct.
Silvio Spaventa. Ce. II. Mariano Pilar.
Stray Thoughts on the Woman Question. Dr. C. Rösler.
Statistics and the Public School System of Prussia. Prof. A. Petersilie.
Michael Marullin. D. Ivo Bruns.
The German Empire and the Poles.
The Latest Silver Crisis and the German Coinage System. Dr. A. Wagner.
Prussia's Need of Higher Teachers. Dr. A. Kannegiesser; and Reply, by Dr. R. Bünger.
Political Correspondence: The Prussian Elections; Prince Bismarck.
- Romänische Jahrbücher.**—Peter Brosteau, Hermannstr. 12 Mks. per annum. Hefts 8 and 9.
Epochs of the Roumanian National Congress.
The Roumanian Academy. Conclusion.
- Schweizerische Rundschau.**—A. Müller, Zürich. 2 Mks. October.
Place-Names in the Rhone Valley and on the Lake of Geneva. P. Fischer.
Catalan Literature. Jakob Rbm.
- Sphinx.**—Kegan Paul, Charing Cross Road. 2s. 31. October.
Letters from Chi-ago. Ludwig Deinhard.
A Warning against Quietism. Dr. Hübbs-Schleier.
Negation of the Will and Free Will. O. Zix.
Simon Magnus. H. Thomassin.
Psychic-Magnetic Power. Dr. Carl du Prel.
- Stimmen aus Maria-Laach.**—Herder, Freiburg, Baden. 1s. Mks. 50 Pf. per annum. October 21.
Ritschl's Teachings on the Godhead of Christ. Conclusion. T. Granleith.
Private Property in Land in the Middle Ages. II. H. Pesch.
The Pretender Baldwin of Flanders. II. L. Schmitt.
Paschal's Last Years. Conclusion. W. Kreiter.
- Ueber Land und Meer.**—Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart. 1 Mk. Heft 4.
Duke Charles of Württemberg and the Former Karlshule. Illustrated.
The Waterworks of Scutari and Kadiköy in Asia Minor. Illustrated. C. Beyer.
King Albert of Saxony. With Portrait. Max Dietrich.
Dresden, the Capital of Saxony. Illustrated.
Küstnidge. Illustrated. J. Kraner.
Freiligrath: A Reminiscence of the House of Justus Kerner. Theodor Kerner.
- Universum.**—A. Hanschild, Dresden. 50 Pf. Heft 3.
The Wherries of Berlin. Illustrated. Ludwig Pleisch.
Amanda Lindner, Actress. With Portrait.
Heft 4.
Falconry. Illustrated. Jakob von Falke.
Albert, King of Saxony.
Moritz Jókai. With Portrait. Balduin Grollier.
- Unsere Zeit.**—Potsdamerstr., 27A, Berlin. 75 Pf. Heft 2.
Tobacco and Its Manufacture. Illustrated. S. Frey.
The House of Coburg. S. Frey.
Rings and Their Symbolism. Illustrated. M. Kaiser.
Strikes in England. I. Stephen Margie.
- Velhagen und Klingsh's Monatshefte.**—53, Steglitzerstr., Berlin. 1 Mk. 25 Pf. October.
"Marengo" and "Copenhagen," the War-Horses of Napoleon and Wellington. Illustrated.
Amateur Photography. Illustrated. Valentin Blanchard.
Travelling in America. Paul von Szecspanski.
The Gabelbach Community. Illustrated. A. Trinius.
Murillo. Illustrated. H. Knackfuss.
- Vierteljahrsschrift für Musikwissenschaft.**—Breitkopf und Härtel, Leipzig. 3 Marks. III. Quarter.
Lodovico Zacconi as an Exponent of the Art of Singing. F. Chrysander.
Johann Valentin Eckelt, Organist and Musician. 1673-1732. E. Jacobs.
- Vom Fels zum Meer.**—Union Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft, Stuttgart. 1 Mk. Heft 2.
Giuseppe Verdi. Illustrated. Hermine von Preuschen.
Chemnitz and Its Jubilee. Johannes Corney.
A Journey to the Moon. C. Graf von Wartensleben.
The Woman Movement in England. Karl Blind.
The October Festival at Munich. Illustrated. M. G. Conrad.
Heft 3.
Berlin Porcelain and Its Manufacture. Illustrated. C. Guritz.
The Depths of the Sea. Illustrated. C. Falkenhorst.
The Barlizon School of Art. Illustrated. Felix Vogt.
Vienna Cabs. Illustrated. Carl Strobl.
Workmen's Dwellings and Self-Contained Houses. Illustrated. H. J. Diekmann.
- Die Waffen Nieder!**—E. Pearson, Leipzig. 6 Mks. per annum. October.
Louis Ruchonnet. A. Gundacar von Suttner.
Federation and Peace. Marchese Pandolfi.
- Westermann's Illustrierte Deutsche Monatshefte.**—Breslau. 4 Mks. per qr. November.
Painting in Scotland. I. Illustrated. Cornelius Guritz.
Reminiscences of Persia. Conclusion. Illustrated. Heinrich Brugsch.
German Society Verses. With Portraits. H. Prühle.
Problems of Civilisation in the Light of Anthropology. T. A. Schell.
A Mahomedan Wedding. Antoine Ruete.
- Wiener Literatur-Zeitung.**—I. Spiegelgasse 12, Vienna. 25 kr. Oct.
A Forgotten Austrian Poet: Josef Emanuel Hilscher. H. Menkes.
Anonymity. C. Engelmann.
The Vanity and Fame of Authors. Eugen Isolani.
- Zuschauer.**—II. Durchschmitt, 16, Hamburg. 1 Mk. 50 Pf. Oct. 15.
The Technique of Artistic Creation. Emil Prinz von Schoenach-Carolath and Otto Ernst.
The New Russian Literature. Hermann Menkes.

THE FRENCH MAGAZINES.

- Annales de l'École Libre des Sciences Politiques.**—108, boulevard St. Germain, Paris. October 15. 5 francs.
Louis XIV. and Charles XII. II. The Polish War. C. Schefer.
Rome and the Revolution of 1848. P. Matter.
The Political Effects of Partial Reconstitution. G. Pouzet.
The Departmental Directorate of 1789. R. Hennequin.
The Variations of Revenue and of the Price of Land in France in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. Continued. D. Zolla.
The English Universities. Max Leclerc.
- Association Catholique: Revue des Questions Sociales et Ouvrières.**—262, boulevard St. Germain, Paris. 2 frs. Oct. 15.
Professional Organisation and Universal Suffrage. Comte de Segur Lamolignon.
Draft of the Catholic Social Programme.
The Second Congress of the Belgian Catholic Democratic League. L. Grégoire.
- Bibliothèque Universelle.**—18, King William Street, Strand. 2 fr. 50 c. October.
The Future of the Latin Monetary Union. Vilfredo Pareto.
Woman's Work in Times Ancient and Modern. IV. Berthe Valier.
Notes of an Explorer in Patagonia. IV. Dr. F. Ma-bou.
The Hygiene of Food and Lodging. II. Louis Wuarin.
Chroniques—Parisian, Italian, German, English, Swiss, Scientific.
- Chrétien Évangélique.**—G. Brélvi, Lausanne. 1 fr. 50 c. October 26.
The Prophet Jeremiah and King Jehoiachin. Lucien Gautier.
A Pilgrimage to Einsiedeln. J. Joseph.
- Entretiens Politiques et Littéraires.**—8, rue St. Joseph, Paris. 60 c. October 10.
Poetry in France. Henry Bordeaux.
Buddhism. Continued. Emile Cère.

October 26.
The Wooing of the Elements by the Sages. Continued. Jules Bois.
Buddhism. Continued. Emile Cère.

Initiation.—3, rue Racine, Paris. October. 1 fr.
The Magic of Arbatel. Marc Haven.
The Bible of the Jewish Race. M. Darbier.

Jeune Belgique.—31, rue des Paroissiens, Brussels. 75 c. October.
The Phantom of Criticism. Albert Giraud.
At the Brussels Salon. Ernest Verlant.

Journal des Economistes.—14, rue Richelieu, Paris. 3 fr. 50 c. Oct.
The Senate and Algeria. Ch. Roussel.
Monetary Reform in India. G. François.
The Abuse of Credit. Ladislav Domanski.
The Law of 1867 concerning Foreign Societies in its Fiscal Application.
Eugène Rochetin.
The Work of the Cadastral Sub-Commission. J. G. Henricet.
The Peace Movement in America, Switzerland, and Japan. Frédéric Pusey.
The Railway Question in Asia Minor. Azarian.
What is the Best Method to Adopt to Overcome Social Misunderstandings?
Ernest Brelay.

Journal des Sciences Militaires.—30, rue et passage Dauphine,
Paris. 40 frs. per annum. October.

The Tactical Instruction of Officers.
The Infantry Battalion under Artillery Fire. Commandant Nigote.
The Frontiers and Fortresses of Austria-Hungary. M. Amphroux.
The Campaign of 1814: the Cavalry of the Allied Armies. Commandant
Weil.
The Reserve of Ex-Tirailleurs-Algériens. Lieutenant Salagnac.
The English Campaign in the Soudan, 1884-5. Continued. Commandant
Palat.

Ménestrel.—2 bis, rue Vivienne, Paris. 10 frs. per annum.
October 1, 8, 16.—Marie Mailbran. Continued. Arthur Pougin.
October 22.—Charles Gounod. Arthur Pougin.

Monde Artiste.—24, rue des Capucines, Paris. 50 c. October 1.
Piano Solo: "Trois Improvisations," by George Marty.
October 22.
Charles Gounod. With Portrait. F. Le Borne.

La Nouvelle Revue.—18, King William Street. 62 francs per annum.
October 1.

The Origins of the Black Sea Fleet. I. V. de Gorlof.
The Family Life of Count Tolstol. E. Behrs.
The Bull-fights in Nîmes Arena. Duchesse de FitzJames.
Persia and Persian Society. Ahmed Bey.
The Witchcraft Trials of the Seventeenth Century. F. Delacroix.
The Battle of Waterloo. G. de Dubor.

October 15.
Alexander the First and France. Duc de Richelieu.
The Origins of the Black Sea Fleet. V. de Gorlof.
Alexander the Great *opropos* of the Russian Alliance.
The Prince de Valori.
The Life of a Russian Hero. Madame L. Paschkoff.
Constantinople. Fournier de Flaix.
Persia and Persian Society. Continued. Ahmed Bey.
Letters on Idealism and Realism in Fiction. A. E. Savvas.
Letters on Foreign Politics. Madame Juliette Adam.

Nouvelle Revue Internationale.—23, boulevard Poissonnière, Paris.
50 frs. per annum. October 1.

The Teaching of French in Russia. A. Portier d'Arc.
Socialism and the New Literary Generation. Hadrien Merle.
Bull-Fighting at St. Sebastian. Marius Bernard.
Charles Huxon. Eugène Asse.
In the Land of Perfumes: Valencia. H. Lyonnet.
October 15.
Review of European Politics. Emilio Castelar.
Blacks and Whites in the United States. Paul le Franc.
Home Rule. Julien Desprez.
The Pamir Question. V. S. Ximénès.
Russets and the Mediterranean. Augy.

Réforme Sociale.—54, rue de Seine, Paris. 1 fr. October 1.
The Trade Guild of Louvain. Victor Brants.
Sophisms: Ancient and Modern. Sidney Dean.
The United States of To-Day. Walter Kaempfe.
German Socialist Literature. Georges Blondel.

October 16.
The Radical Programmes for Reform of Taxation. René Stourm.
Private Initiative Works at Geneva. Capt. Paul Marin.
The Legal Repression of Usury in Germany. Ernest Dubois.
The Reorganisation of the Teaching of Political Science in the State Universities
of Belgium.

Revue d'Art Dramatique.—44, rue de Rennes, Paris. 1 fr. 25 c.

October 1.
François de Curel, Dramatist. Paul Gautier.
In the Basque Provinces: The Guernikako Arbola. C. de Latour.
October 16.
Pyramus and Thisbe. Gaston Bizos.
"Sous La Loi." Drama in Three Acts. G. Brandès.

Revue Bleue.—Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. 60 c.

October 7.
The Russian Army in 1893. Alfred Rambaud.
October 14.
Ernest Renan. James Darmesteter.
The Russians in Paris: The Visit of Peter the Great in 1717.
October 21.
The Opinions of Pushkin on French Literature.
Ernest Renan. Concluded.
The Festivals for the Russian Fleet. A. Rambaud.
October 28.
The Festivals for the Russian Fleet. II. A. Rambaud.
Charles Gounod. René de Récy.
The Future of Literature. Paul Stapfer.

Revue des Deux Mondes.—18, King William St., Strand. 62 frs. per
annum. October 1.

Richelieu at the Parliament of 1614. G. Hanotaux.
Medieval and Ancient Chemistry. II. The Arabs. M. Berthelot.
Franche Comté. III. Its Industries. V. du Bled.
Why do People Blush? C. Mellnaud.
The Memoirs of General Baron Thiebauld. (1769-1796). J. Marmée.
October 15.
How Russia took her Place in Europe. A. Desjardins.
Three Moments in Lacordaire's Life. Comte d'Haussonville.
An Italian Statesman: Ubaldo Peruzzi. E. Jordan.
The Russian Reviews. T. de Wyzewa.

Revue Encyclopédique.—17, rue Montparnasse, Paris. 1 fr.
October 1.

Perrinac: The Country of Joan of Arc. Illustrated. N. Quellien.
Fur-Seals. Illustrated.
Adrienne Le Couvreur. Illustrated. Eugène Asse.
The Reform of French Orthography. M. Gréard.
Herbert Spencer's "Justice." With Portrait. F. Pillon.
October 15.

The French Dramatic Season, 1892-93. Illustrated. Léo Jarette.
Russian Literature. Illustrated.
Russian Studies in France.
The Siamese Question. Illustrated. J. Hausmann.

Revue de Famille.—8, rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Paris. 1 fr. 50 c.
October 1.

Marie Antoinette. With Portraits. Jules Simon.
The Marriage of Marie Antoinette. Pierre de Nolhac.
The Queen; Festivities, Gambling, Racing. Gaston Maugras.
The Diamond Necklace. Germaine Bapst.
Marie Antoinette and the Comte de Fersen. Duchesse de FitzJames.
Was Marie Antoinette Pretty? Henri Bouchot.
Marie Antoinette as a Musician. Illustrated. Georges Vanor.
Three Plans of Escape of Marie Antoinette. Maurice Tourneux.
The Last Moments of Marie Antoinette. Illustrated. Robert Vallier.
Marie Antoinette and the Empress Eugénie. Mdm. Carrette, née Bouvet.
October 15.

The Russian Navy. Lieut. Maurice Loir.
The Empress Frederick. With Portraits. Amédée Pigeon.
The Socialist Peril. Yves Guyot.
The Russian Soldier: Memoirs of a Soldier of Souvarof. I. Prof. A.
Rambaud.

Revue Française de l'Etranger et des Colonies.—1, place d'Élysée,
Paris. 1 fr. 50 c.

October 1.
The Canadian Census of 1891: Its Incongruities and Alterations from the French
Point of View. E. Rameau de Saint-Père.
The Mizon Mission and the Niger Company.
October 15.

Italy in East Africa. Edouard Marbeau.
France and the Tonaregs in the Algerian Sahara. Georges Deminche.
The Terror of South Africa: Matabeles and Mashonans.

Revue Générale.—Burns and Oates, Orchard Street. 12 frs. per ann. Oct.
Some Works on the French Revolution. Ch. de Riaux d'Hériault.
The World's Fair. Capt. E. Monthaye.
The Autonomous Work of the Nineteenth Century. J. de la Vallée Poussin.
The Early Novels of Count Tolstol. M. van Ypersele de Strihou.

Revue de l'Hypnotisme.—170, rue St. Antoine, Paris. 75 c. October.
Criminals Having the Appearance of Reason. Dr. Rouby.
Passive States, Dreams, &c. Dr. Liébault.

Revue Internationale de Sociologie.—16, rue Soufflot, Paris. 10 frs.
per annum. September-October.

The Idea of Solidarity in the Economic Programme. Charles Gille.
Chance and Religion. Mécias Golberg.
Darwinism in Social Science. G. de Laponge.
The Classification of Social Sciences. René Worms.
The Social Movement in Roumania. C. D. Anghel.

Revue Maritime et Coloniale.—L. Baudoin, 30, rue et passage Dauphine,
Paris. 56 frs. per annum. October.

The Geometry of Diagrams. Economic Questions on Expansion Curves. 22
figs. Commander Bailis.
Geographical, Topographical, and Statistical Notes on Dahomey. 3 figs.
Colonel E. Lambinet.
An Examination of the Magnetic Field inside the Conning Towers of Modern
Warships. 3 figs. Professor Tiesot.
Statistics of Wrecks and Casualties on the French Coast for 1891. With Chart

Revue Philosophique.—108, boulevard St. Germain, Paris. 3 fr. October.
The Abuse of the Unknowable and the Reaction against Science. A. Fouillée.
The Role of Mental Pathology in Psychological Research. L. Marillier.
"L'Arrêt Ideo-Emotionnel": A Study in Psychology. G. Ferrero.

Revue des Revues.—7, rue Le Peletier, Paris. 1 fr. October.
The Literary Movement in Norway. Knut Hamsun.
Against Work. Count Tolstol.

Revue Scientifique.—Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. 60 c.
October 7.
The Military Application of Aerostatics. M. Espitalier.
October 14.
The Military Application of Aerostatics. Concluded.
The North Sea Canal. Daniel Bellet.
October 21.
Ethnography: The Struggle between the White Races and the Yellow. E. Barbé.
Transit and Transport in Great Cities. With Map. P. Villain.

THE ITALIAN MAGAZINES.

La Civiltà Cattolica.—Via Ripetta, 246, Rome. October 7.
The Pope's Encyclical Concerning the Rosary.
The Pope's Encyclical to the Hungarian Bishops.
The Pope and the French Elections.
October 21.
Rural Patronage over the Archbishopric of Venice.
The Migrations of the Hittites. Continued.
The Columbian Exhibition at Chicago.
La Nuova Antologia.—Via del Corso, 466, Rome. 46 lire per annum.
October 1.
The Origin of Romanticism. Guido Mazzoni.
Military Education. Angelo Mosso.
The New Room of Oriental Antiquities in the Vatican Museum. O. Marucchi.
Paraguay. Paolo Mantegazza.
The Jews in Venice and Her Colonies. Conclusion. L. A. Schiavi.
October 15.
The Last of the Romantic School. Cesare Cantù.
The Romance of an Empress (Catherine II. of Russia). E. Mas.
On the Arab Tribes before the Adoption of Islamism. C. A. Nallino.
La Rassegna.—16, Via San Carlo, Naples. 36 frs. per annum. October.
Politics and Finance. X.

October 28.
Condorcet. M. Robinet.
Soldiers' Discontent. A. Marvaud.
The Superstitions of the Malagasy. L. Perrier.
Revue Socialiste.—10, rue Chabanais, Paris. 1 fr. 50 c. October.
The Death of Benoit Malon. Arien Veber.
Sociological Laws. Dr. Julien Ploger.
The Socialism of the Trades Unions, and the Belfast Congress. Georges Ghesler.
The Blackguardism of Socialist Revolutionaries! Dr. A. Delon.
Revue du Vingtième Siècle.—7, Kohlenberg, Bâle. 1 fr. 25 c.
October 20.
The Colmar Club. Continued. P. Kaltenbach.
Université Catholique.—26, rue du Plat, Lyon. 20 fr. per ann. Oct. 15.
The National Council of 1811. Mgr. Ricard.
Cardinal Newman and the Catholic Renaissance in England. Continued.
Comte J. Grabinski.
Janssen. Continued. Pastor.

Industrial Training at Naples. Prof. S. Chiola.
Agrarian Syndicates. E. Capuano.
La Rassegna Nazionale.—Via della Pace, 2, Florence. 30 lire per annum.
October 1.
On the Rio della Plata. Conclusion. A. Scabrin.
The Gortyna Laws and Recent Studies in Cretan Antiquity. Serafino Birci.
Court and Society in Turin from the Middle of the 17th Century to the Beginning of the 18th. G. Claretta.
The Government and Civil Marriage Procedure.
October 16.
The Teaching of Religion in the Catholic Colleges. Carlo Calzi.
Co-operation in Agriculture. P. Manassei.
Court and Society in Turin in the 16th and 17th Centuries. Continued.
G. Claretta.
Is there an Obstacle to the Formation of a Conservative Party? B. Corniani.
Rivista Marittima.—Tipografia del Senato, Rome. 25 lire per annum.
October.
Ships' Armour. 37 figs. Chief Constructor R. Bettini.
Electro-Magnetic Relations between certain Cosmic, Telluric, and Atmospheric Phenomena. 8 figs. Professor Busin.
A Formula for Calculating the Mean Indicated Power of Ships' Engines. A. Perroni.
Soap Water for Calming the Waves of the Sea.

THE SPANISH MAGAZINES.

L'Avenç.—Ronda de l'Universitat, Barcelona. 25 centimos. September 30.
The De-centralising Action of Socialism. G. Ghesler.
An International Literary Congress in Barcelona.
La Ciudad de Dios.—Real Monasterio del Escorial, Madrid. 16 pesetas per annum. October 5.
The Pope's Encyclical Concerning the Rosary.
The Pentateuch and Pre-historic Archaeology. P. Honorato del Val.
Revista Contemporánea.—Calle de Pizarro, 17, Madrid. 2 pesetas.
September 30.
Africa. Pablo de Alzola.
The Natural Productions of Spain. Continuation. A. de Segovia y Corrales.

October 15.
The Melstersinger. Rafael Mitjana.
Africa. Continuation. Pablo de Alzola.
The Natural Productions of Spain. Continuation. A. de Segovia y Corrales.
Revista General de Marina.—Deposito Hidrográfico, Madrid. 20 pesetas per annum. October.
The French Naval Manoeuvres.
The Length of Modern Ordnance.
Short Guns.
Vocabulary of Powders and Explosives.
The Grand Canaries.
The Adaptation of Merchant Steamers as Auxiliary Cruisers.
The Preparation and Employment of Steel for Guns.

THE DUTCH MAGAZINES.

Elsevier's Geillustreerd Maandschrift.—Luzac and Co., 46, Great Russell Street. 1s. 8d. October.
H. D. Kruseman van Eften, Artist and Engraver. H. M. Krabbé.
Macriht. A. L. Koster.
"Out of Work." From a Hygienic Standpoint. J. W. Deknatel.
De Gids.—Luzac and Co. 3s. October.
Our Rhymes. I. G. J. Boekenroogen.
The State Archives. Jhr. Mr. T. Van Riemdijk.

Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." Dr. R. C. Boer.
The Bible. Prof. M. J. de Goeje.
Vragen des Tijds.—Luzac and Co. 1s. 6d. October.
The Present Phase of the Electoral Reform Question. J. A. van Gils.
The Stumbling-Block Between England and the Transvaal. W. F. Adriaessen.
The Improvement of the Financial Position of Our Communities. M. L. Rutten.

THE SCANDINAVIAN MAGAZINES.

Dagby.—Fredrik-Bremer Society, Stockholm. 4 kr. per annum. No. 6.
Camilla Collett. Esselte.
Women-Students in Switzerland. Lydia Wahlström.
"Woman in Swedish Literature." M. C.
Danskeren.—Jungersen, Nygård and Schröder, Kolding. 8 kr. per annum. October.
Sketches from North-Zealand. L. Schröder.
Stanley's Last Travels. II. and III. S. N. Mouritsen.
Hemåt.—Y.W.C.A., Stockholm. 2 kr. per annum. October.
Frances E. Willard.
Idun.—Frithiof Hellberg, Stockholm. 8 kr. per annum. No. 42. (305.)
Madame Melba and Madame Sembrich. With Portraits.
The Study of Foreign Languages. Pussic.

Nyt Tidsskrift.—De Tusen Hjem's Forlag, Christiania. 8 kr. per annum. No. 9.
Jon Tro. Knut Hamsun.
Jav Gould. Sigurd Ibsen.
Why do we Resemble our Parents? Sophus Torup.
Zola's Theology. Chr. Collin.
Nordisk Tidsskrift.—Letterstedt Society, Stockholm. 10 kr. per annum. No. 5.
Norway's Stave-Churches. F. Meldahl.
Samtiden.—Gerhard Gran, Bergen. 5 kr. per annum. October.
The Influence of Determinism on Morality and Religion. J. Parr.
Walt Whitman. H. Tambe Lyche.
Lawrence Oliphant. I. Veyrac.
Lombroso on Ibsen's "Ghosts."

INDEX.

Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index.

A. C. Q.	American Catholic Quarterly Review.	F. L.	Folk-Lore.	N. Sc.	Natural Science.
A. J. P.	American Journal of Politics.	F. R.	Fortnightly Review.	N. N.	Nature Notes.
A. R.	Andover Review.	F.	Forum.	Naut. M.	Nautical Magazine.
A. A. P. S.	Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.	Fr. L.	Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.	N. E. M.	New England Magazine
Ant.	Antiquary.	G. M.	Gentleman's Magazine.	New R.	New Review.
Arch. R.	Architectural Record.	G. J.	Geographical Journal.	New W.	New World.
A.	Arena.	G. O. P.	Girl's Own Paper.	N. H.	Newbery House Magazine.
Arg.	Argosy.	G. W.	Good Words.	N. C.	Nineteenth Century.
As.	Asclepiad.	G. T.	Great Thoughts.	N. A. R.	North American Review.
A. Q.	Asiatic Quarterly.	Harp.	Harper's Magazine.	O. C.	Our Celebrities.
Ata.	Atlanta.	Hom. R.	Homiletic Review.	O. D.	Our Day.
A. M.	Atlantic Monthly.	I.	Idler.	O.	Outing.
Bank.	Bankers' Magazine.	I. L.	Index Library.	P. E. F.	Palestine Exploration Fund.
Bel. M.	Belford's Monthly.	I. J. E.	International Journal of Ethics.	P. M. M.	Pall Mall Magazine.
Black.	Blackwood's Magazine.	I. E.	Investors' Review.	Phil. R.	Philosophical Review.
B. T. J.	Board of Trade Journal.	Ir. E. R.	Irish Ecclesiastical Record.	P. L.	Post-Lore.
Bkman.	Bookman.	Ir. M.	Irish Monthly.	P. R. R.	Presbyterian and Reformed Review.
C. P. G.	Cabinet Portrait Gallery.	Jew. Q.	Jewish Quarterly.	P. M. Q.	Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review.
Cal. R.	Calcutta Review.	J. E. I.	Journal of Education.	Pay. R.	Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.
C. I. M.	Caribbean Illustrated Magazine.	J. Micro.	Journal of Microscopy.	Q. J. Econ.	Quarterly Journal of Economics.
C. F. M.	Cassell's Family Magazine.	J. P. Econ.	Journal of Political Economy.	Quarterly Review.	
C. S. J.	Cassell's Saturday Journal.	J. R. A. S.	Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.	Q.	Quiver.
C. W.	Catholic World.	J. R. C. I.	Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute.	R. R. R.	Religious Review of Reviews.
C. M.	Century Magazine.	Jur. R.	Juridical Review.	Rel.	Reliquary.
C. J.	Chambers's Journal.	K. O.	King's Own.	R. C.	Review of the Churches.
Char. R.	Charities Review.	K.	Knowledge.	St. N.	St. Nicholas.
Chant.	Chantiquan.	L. H.	Leisure Hour.	Sc. A.	Science and Art.
Ch. M. I.	Church Missionary Intelligencer.	Libr.	Library.	Scots.	Scots Magazine.
Ch. Q.	Church Quarterly.	Lipp.	Lippincott's Monthly.	Scot. G. M.	Scottish Geographical Magazine.
C. R.	Contemporary Review.	L. Q.	London Quarterly.	Scot. R.	Scottish Review.
C.	Cornhill.	Long.	Longman's Magazine.	Scrib.	Scribner's Magazine.
Com.	Comopolitan.	Luc.	Lucifer.	Shake.	Shakespeareana.
Crit. R.	Critical Review.	Lud. M.	Ludgate Monthly.	Str.	Strand.
D. R.	Dublin Review.	Ly.	Lyceum.	Sun. H.	Sunday at Home.
Econ. J.	Economic Journal.	Mac.	Macmillan's Magazine.	Sun. M.	Sunday Magazine.
Econ. R.	Economic Review.	Med. M.	Medical Magazine.	T. B.	Temple Bar.
E. R.	Edinburgh Review.	M. W. D.	Men and Women of the Day.	Th.	Theatre.
Ed. R. A.	Educational Review, America.	M. E.	Merry England.	Think.	Thinker.
Ed. R. L.	Educational Review, London.	Mind.	Mind.	U. S. M.	United Service Magazine.
Eng. M.	Engineering Magazine.	Mia. R.	Missionary Review of the World.	W. R.	Westminster Review.
E. H.	English Historical Review.	Mod. R.	Modern Review.	Y. R.	Yale Review.
E. I.	English Illustrated Magazine.	Mon.	Monist.	Y. M.	Young Man.
Ex.	Expositor.	M.	Month.	Y. W.	Young Woman.
Ex. T.	Expository Times.	M. P.	Monthly Packet.		
		Nat. R.	National Review.		

Adams, Sarah Flower, J. C. Halden on, Y W, Nov.
 Advertisement Nuisance, W. E. H. Lecky and Others on, New R, Nov.
 Africa, (see also under Missions):
 Prospects of Africa's Settlement by Whites, Dr. Carl Peters on, F, Oct.
 The Re-Partition of Africa, Edward Bond on, U S M, Nov.
 The British East Africa Company, Gen. Sir A. B. Kemball on, F R, Nov.
 Mashonaland, Wm. Greswell on, Nat R, Nov.
 Mashonaland and Its People, J. T. Bent on, C R, Nov.
 The Konde Country, Rev. Dr. Merensky on, G J, Oct.
 South Africa, Rev. R. C. Hey on, M, Nov.
 Notes of a Journey in South Africa, by J. B. Don, Scot G M, Oct.
 The Chicago Congress on Africa, Mis R, Nov.
 F. P. Noble on, O D, Oct.
 Martyrs to a New Crusade, by Herbert Ward, E I, Nov.
 Agnosticism, Wm. Maccall on, Mon, Oct.
 Agriculture, (see also Contents of the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*):
 The Future of British Agriculture, L O, Oct.
 American History, (see also under Civil War):
 The Baron Revolt of 1676, A. G. Bradley on, Mac, Nov.
 American Language, T. B. Russell on, G M, Nov.
 American Literature:
 A Group of Army Authors, C. C. Bateman on, C I M, Oct.
 Literary Emancipation in the West, Hamlin Garland on, F, Oct.
 Anarchists: Judge Gary and the Chicago Anarchists, M. M. Trumbull on, A, Oct.
 Anthropology at the World's Fair, by W. K. Moorehead, N A R, Oct.
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LONDON

Editorial Office:

11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

Publishing Offices:

125, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

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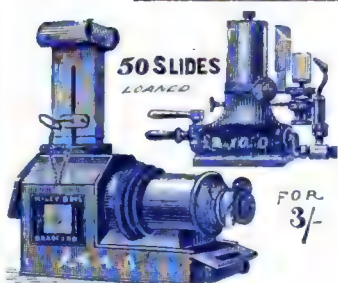
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THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, *December 1, 1893.*

Fleet Street and South Africa. The progress of events in Matabeleland last month has naturally been followed with keen anxiety by the public at home. It is to be regretted that in the case of many of the more forward of commentators, intelligence has by no means kept step with interests. The jabbering of monkeys in a bamboo tope could hardly be more inane than most of the comment which has been printed in Fleet Street upon South African affairs. Fortunately, the chatter of the simian race is not one of the determining factors in the evolution of our Imperial destinies. John Bull having, by rare good fortune, secured the presence of the ablest of his sons in the position of danger and responsibility, is not such an idiot as to interfere with him because of the cluttering crew of irresponsible carpers in Fleet Street.

Free Hand for Mr. Rhodes. It is necessary to speak out clearly and with emphasis in this matter. Mr. Rhodes is the ablest man in South Africa. For my own part, I have long ago recognised him as an abler Imperial statesman than any man whom I have ever met—bar none—at home or abroad. But not even his bitterest enemies will deny that in South Africa he is absolutely without a rival for ability, for a knowledge of the facts, and for what is still more important, a knowledge of his own mind. But Mr. Rhodes is not only a supremely able man. He is the man of all others who is most weighed down by responsibility. He is bound over to keep the peace, and to avoid any war that can possibly be avoided by obligations, both public and private, as weighty as ever were imposed upon a statesman. His own personal and public interests coincide with our interest. He is at the front. He knows his facts.

He knows his men. He knows to a nicety his resources and his limitations. Why, then, in the name of common sense can we not leave him alone, instead of screaming ourselves hoarse at a distance of thousands of miles lest he should do something of which in our necessary ignorance and irresponsibility we might haply disapprove?

The only True Policy. The question involved in this *charivari* of carping criticism goes to the root of the whole problem of empire. It is much wider than the mere local issue in Matabeleland. Fleet Street has yet to make up its mind, once for all, that the only way in which the Empire can be maintained and defended, before it could be extended, is by a resolute refusal on the part of ill-informed irresponsible critics at the rear to interfere with the freedom of action of our well-informed responsible representatives at the front. Choose your ablest man, lay down the general outline of the policy which you wish to be pursued, saddle him with the full burden of responsibility, and then—leave him alone to deal with the crisis which you in your editorial sanctum cannot cope with, no—not although you print acres of leading articles and waste oceans of printer's ink. Get your ablest man, agree with him as to your policy, and then in the name of common sense give him a free hand and all the backing that he needs. The opposite course was tried at Khartoum, with results which still sting and burn in the memory of our race. Do not let us make criminal idiots of ourselves a second time by worrying Mr. Rhodes in Matabeleland.

The Real Difficulty in Matabeleland. The real difficulty in these regions is not the overbearing, dictatorial power of Mr. Rhodes, but the fact that Mr. Rhodes with all his power is of necessity compara-

tively impotent. Mr. Rhodes, if he could, would have prevented the Matabele war. His interest was peace. But just as the impi forced the hand of Lobengula, so the forces at the front rendered it impossible for Mr. Rhodes to avert the outbreak of hostilities which he had honestly and anxiously striven to avert. It was his obvious interest to avoid fighting. How obvious will appear much more clearly when the real difficulties of the situation disclose themselves. If he can even now capture or make terms with Lobengula, he may emerge from the campaign with flying colours. If, on the other hand, he should have to retire before the rains which render the country impassable, with every prospect of having to renew the campaign in the Spring, his position will be one of such difficulty,

who left 1000 dead on the field, and the flight northward of Lobengula. On the 2nd the victors, who had lost in both battles very few men, entered Buluwayo and found it deserted, the Royal kraals having been burned and the Royal magazine blown up—by order of the retreating monarch. Meantime the Imperial troops under Major Goold-Adams, who were moving on the same centre, had a slight skirmish with another impi, after which King Khama with his 1700 men turned back to Palapye, on the plea that smallpox had broken out. Major Adams reached Buluwayo on the 13th, and joined there the Company's forces. Dr. Jameson reported on the 18th that the Matabele were "entirely broken up," and that the capture of Lobengula, after whom a special detachment had gone in pursuit, was expected every



MAJOR GOOLD-ADAMS.



DR. C. S. JAMESON.



COLONEL SIR F. CARRINGTON.

that it would be unpatriotic and ungenerous to the last degree to aggravate it by a campaign of slander at home. Every consideration of patriotism and of common sense should lead us to uphold the honour of the great Elizabethan Englishman who answers for South Africa in the counsels of the Empire.

Buluwayo taken.

The progress of the war may be shortly stated. On October 23rd the combined Fort Victoria and Fort Charter columns, numbering 1800 men, under command of Dr. Jameson, were attacked in laager near the Shangani river, thirty-five miles from the Matabele capital, by an impi of some 5000, who were defeated and driven back with a loss of 500 men. The Company's troops pressed forward towards Buluwayo, and on the 1st of November were assailed by the Royal army 7000 strong. The result was a total rout of the Matabele,

day. Subsequent rumours of capture have been frequent. On the 27th the Bechuanaland police left Buluwayo to prevent the king's brother-in-law, Gambo, who is at the head of 4000, joining the fugitive. More fighting is thus still possible.

One pleasing proof that the Imperial Our Naval Supremacy. temper has not quite died out amongst us is the unanimity with which all parties

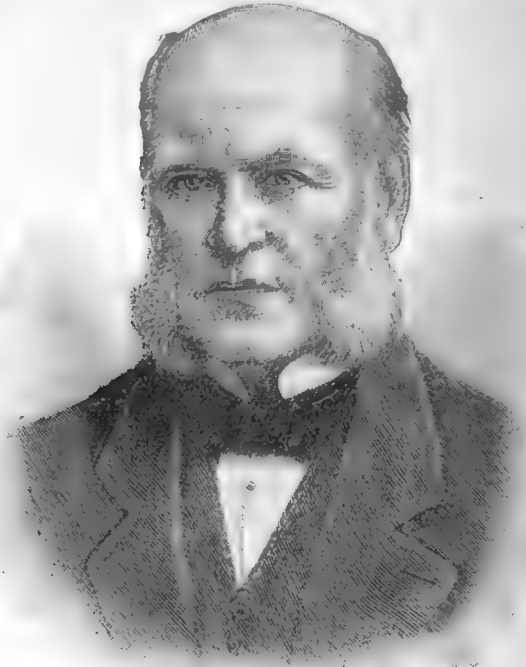
insist, at least in words, on the maintenance of our naval supremacy. The approaching expiry of the Naval Defence Act; the apprehensions aroused by the Franco-Russian Alliance, and the opening of French harbours in the Mediterranean to Russian men-of-war, together with the comparative weakness of our fleet in those waters, has given rise to a vigorous agitation with a view to making our Navy what it should be. The absolute necessity of our maintaining the command of all

the seas is happily becoming more and more evident, even to minds not generally suspected of Imperial enthusiasm. Mr. John Morley, speaking at Manchester, declared that we must maintain an "all-powerful" navy. Lord Charles Beresford requires as the minimum standard of efficiency that we should possess a fleet one-third greater than any possible combination of two hostile fleets. At present we are far below that point. To reach it we shall require an outlay of several millions. Mr. Gladstone expresses himself perfectly satisfied with the capacity and adequacy of our present fleet. It remains for all those who value our Empire and our trade, with all that these involve for the future of mankind, to insist that the aspirations expressed by Lord Spencer on the one hand, and Mr. John Morley on the other, are fulfilled to the letter.

The death of Sir Robert Morier, who **The Vacant Embassy.** has for so many years represented Britain at St. Petersburg, is a great loss to the cause of European peace. Sir Robert Morier was trusted by the Tzar (who, as it is now generally admitted, is the real keeper of the peace of the Continent), more than any British Ambassador who has been sent to Russia since he came to the throne. It will be most difficult to replace Sir Robert. Even if the best man were secured, he could not step at once into the position which his predecessor had won by years of honest, sturdy, straightforward diplomacy. The peace of the world depends on the Tzar, and it is of supreme importance that the man who speaks for England in the Russian Court should have his confidence, and should be a man of transparent honesty and simple truthfulness. Sir Robert was any thing but a diplomat in the usual sense of the term; he was often a very clumsy bull in a very crowded china-shop; but he was a man of his word. He had brains enough to understand where the truth lay, and courage enough to speak plainly when occasion arose. The selection of his successor will be the most difficult and delicate task that has fallen to Lord Rosebery's lot since he became Foreign Minister.

Sir Robert Morier. Of Sir Robert Morier personally, I find it difficult to write without genuine emotion. He was a man who alike for his qualities and for his defects left a very deep and lasting impression upon the minds of all his friends. The late Lord Derby told me that Sir Robert had more knowledge of men and affairs in modern Europe in his little finger than all the rest of the diplomatic corps possessed in their combined heads. Although

this was an exaggeration there was some truth in it. Night after night I have sat up till two and three



SIR ROBERT MORIER.
(From a photograph by Walery.)

o'clock in the morning at the Embassy on the Neva, hearing this extraordinary man discourse in unending monologue upon the events of the last quarter of a century, and every time that I left the Embassy I felt that his immense store of information had but been sampled. For Sir Robert Morier had studied the transformation of modern Europe from behind the scenes. He knew everyone, had been everywhere, and could throw a flood of vivid light upon almost all the incidents of modern history. Not dry light, or colourless light, by any means; for Sir Robert was a man of fierce antipathies and strong predilections. He was a Berserker of a man in some things. His language, when he let himself go, was something to remember rather than to repeat; but these idiosyncrasies added to the fascination of his discourse. Like many men of his type, he was a pessimist in Home Politics. Home Rule made him foam at the mouth; but he loved his country with a passionate devotion, and almost to the last he cherished hopes that he might be able to serve her in the Senate. He was a man bursting with information, and he inundated his chiefs with despatches which were often too long for the patience of

the Foreign Secretary, who as a rule does not care for encyclopedic knowledge served up in despatches. Sir Robert was by nature a journalist rather than a diplomatist, and he very narrowly escaped being an editor instead of an ambassador. In St. Petersburg he recognised the opportunity his position afforded him of promoting the peace of the world and the overthrow of Prince Bismarck, and before he died he had the rare satisfaction of feeling that in both objects he



THE LATE PRINCE ALEXANDER.

(From a photograph by Carl Bachofen, Darmstadt.)

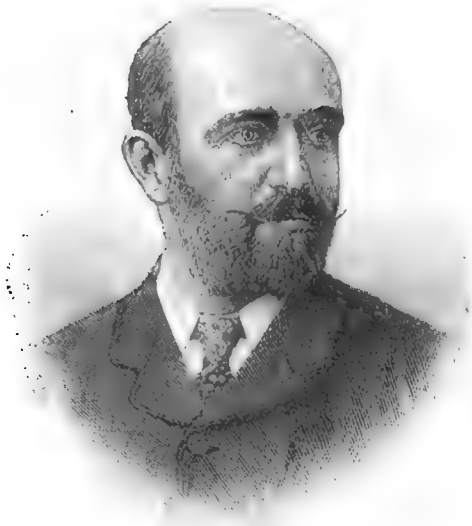
had been completely successful. The same month which records the death of the Ambassador who has done so much to promote friendly feeling between Russia and England, has witnessed the decease of the brilliant young adventurer, Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, whose personal influence among British Royalty it was once feared might have involved this country in hostilities with the Tzar.

The Close of the Coal War. At last, after a civil war of sixteen weeks' duration, peace reigns throughout coal-getting England. The settlement was most welcome, but even more satisfactory was

the final method of settlement. The closing stages of what has proved to be one of the greatest industrial struggles of the generation need to be stated with some detail. The first attempt made during the month to put a stop to the strife ended in failure. Representatives of miners and mine-owners met at the Westminster Palace Hotel on the 3rd and 4th, only to part without achieving agreement. The masters proposed the formation of a Board of Conciliation to decide the rate of wages, the immediate resumption of work by the men at a reduction of fifteen per cent., and the payment of this fifteen per cent. into a bank, pending the decision of the Board, to be made over to the men or to the masters as the Board should decide. The miners agreed to the formation of a Conciliation Board, and to its fixing the wages to be paid after the first of April next, but insisted that in the interim work should be resumed at the old rate of wages, and that the Board should be precluded from making a greater reduction than that of ten per cent. Thus the dispute had narrowed. The negotiable limits were now, on the one side, the coal-owners' fifteen per cent. forthwith, and, on the other, the miners' ten per cent. from April 1st. But neither party would yield the intervening five months and five per cent. The deadlock remained as grim as ever. Winter was coming on. The area of dominant hunger and cold spread far beyond the mining districts. The enormous rise in the price of coal meant misery to the poor everywhere, and the scarcity of fuel involved general dislocation of national industry. For nine days the outlook was very black.

The Good Offices of the Government. Then, "at last, though late," Government awoke to a sense of its functions. The primary duty of Government is, after all, not to win partisan triumphs over fellow-citizens, but to maintain civil peace and to protect the nation as a whole from being sacrificed to private cupidity or stupidity. If two men try to settle their quarrel by the help of bludgeons, the State intervenes at once; but a conflict directly involving hundreds of thousands of citizens, and waged with the deadly weapons of starvation and resolute inaction, constitutes a much more serious breach of social order. Long before a privateer had inflicted on the national commerce an infinitesimal proportion of the damage which has resulted to it from this Coal War, the Government cruisers would have been on her track. But a third of a year of intense national suffering must elapse before either Government or people are ready to allow the State

to interpose as industrial peacemaker. However, "better late than never." Mr. Gladstone's letter of the 13th ult. caught the psychological if not the logical moment. His wisely-worded proffer of Lord Rosebery's good offices, not as umpire or arbitrator, but simply as friendly host and presiding mediator, evoked general and enthusiastic approval. The Miners' Federation and the Federated Coalowners



ARTHUR MARSHALL CHAMBERS, CHAIRMAN OF THE COALOWNERS' FEDERATION.

(From a photograph by Haenisch, Vienna.)

promptly acceded to an "invitation," which virtually embodied a national command. The Conference at the Foreign Office on the 17th was as fortunate in issue as in inception. A single day under Government influence sufficed to effect what had been fruitlessly attempted in a long series of local and municipal negotiations.

The agreement arrived at is marked by mutual concession. The miners won the immediate and manifest victory of resuming work at the old rate of wages, pending the decision of the Board of Conciliation. But the men conceded that the Board's decision should take effect from February 1st, and not, as they had urged, from April 1st. The masters, that is, yielded two-and-a-half months, the men only two months, of the period in dispute. The balance of victory on the side of the men thus amounts, when measured in time, to barely half a month. On the other hand, the men gave up what had been declared to be the very backbone of their contention, the prescribing to the Board of a minimum wage. There is not a

word about the minimum wage in the Rosebery settlement. Its terms leave the Board free to fix the miners' wage without predetermined limit, either upward or downward. No doubt the stand which the miners have made for what they take to be "the living wage" will have its moral influence on the deliberations of the Board; but "the living wage" has found no express acknowledgment in the terms of the treaty.

Arbitration The result is a twofold triumph. It is **Victorious at Last.** a triumph of the principle of arbitration. The fourteen representatives from each side in selecting a neutral chairman virtually appoint an arbitrator. It is a triumph of the further principle that the promotion of industrial peace is one of the duties of the State. The possible nomination of chairman by the Speaker is a picturesque reminder of the fact that the State is not less interested in maintaining order amid the economic than among the political disputes of the nation. The precedent is certain to be largely followed. Already trade organisations have begun to ask for its systematic adoption by the Labour department. Some day, the Coal War of 1893 will seem as much a piece of civil barbarism as the Wars of the Roses. How largely popular sympathy has gone with the miners may be inferred from the amounts which have been subscribed for their relief. The *Daily Chronicle* alone has won from its readers more than eighteen thousand pounds.

The Church and the Labourer. By their straightforward and resolute use of the opportunity the Government have gained almost as much as the Churches lost by the halting and pusillanimous conduct of the Jerusalem Chamber conference on the 14th. The Conference at Holborn Town Hall on the 29th, even though it met nearly a fortnight after the termination of the coal struggle, did something to remove the stigma of cowardice. To insist on "a living wage," to interpret that term to mean "such a wage as shall enable the workers to maintain healthy and human homes," and to invoke for the help of Boards of Conciliation "the best conscience of the community," were excellent steps to take; but they impose upon the churches adopting them the further duty of specifying more precisely their meaning for different industries and different districts. To get this done there will have to be a vigorous and extensive adoption of the idea of the Civic Church. Whether or not the religious bodies will so far forget their differences as to unite in promoting "the Christian organisation of industry,"

their interest in these questions is undoubtedly deepening. It has received picturesque illustration in the fact that Mr. Tom Mann has seriously contemplated taking orders in the Church of England. His idea was, if possible, to capture the Church for the Labour movement and the Labour movement for religion; but, though personally approached by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Mann has wisely decided not to become a priest. He will probably devote himself to Labour politics, which offer a freer and, possibly, a more exciting career. The Independent Labour Party have

officially abjured both of the historic parties. The Fabian Society has distinguished itself by a manifesto similar in substance, but—thanks to the literary gifts of Messrs. Bernard Shaw and Sidney Webb—more polished in form. These threats of revolt, whatever their ultimate effect, may in the meantime help to quicken the pace of social legislation.

Liability of Employers. The Employers' Liability Bill, in spite of alleged obstruction, has safely passed through all stages in the Commons. The

chief interest of the debates centred in Mr. W. McLaren's amendment to allow employers and employed, under carefully specified conditions, the

liberty of "contracting out."

It was stated that the vast majority of the workmen now covered by the mutual insurance arrangements of certain great railway and other companies had voted or petitioned for exemption from the proposed law. But the Commons held, by 236 votes to 217, that citizens, however much they desire to do so, may not



MR. WALTER MCLAREN, M.P.

relieve the State of its obligation to secure for them

that compensation for injury, and that consequent protection from injury, which the Bill has in view. A great landlord undertaking, with the consent of his tenants, to defend their life and property from aggression, might as logically expect to contract himself and his estates out of the

jurisdiction of the police. Mr. Chamberlain got back from America just in time to speak against the Bill on its third reading. His speech will possibly be best remembered by its ingenuous allusion to "his Radical days" and the explanatory confession, "I was a Radical once." It remains to be seen



MR. SIDNEY WEBB.
(Photo by Stereoscopic Co.)

whether the covert obstruction of his present allies will prevent the passage through the Commons of the other measure down for the Autumn Session,—the Parish Councils Bill. What fate either or both of these measures will meet in the Lords is also uncertain. The nearness of Christmas and the tone of Lord Salisbury's remarks at Cardiff on the 28th and 29th discourage any sanguine hopes of much legislative result accruing from this year's session, although it is already the longest Parliamentary year on record.

Growth of Civic Spirit. His disparagement of civic life in its rural developments, and the refusal of certain provincial town councillors, even in face

of fine, to accept the proffered Mayoralty, seem to indicate that the "municipalisation of the individual"—in a sense different from that given to the phrase at the opening of Battersea Town Hall—is by no means complete. The renaissance of municipal London to which Lord Rosebery referred sheds a pathetic interest over the installation of the new Lord Mayor of London, as it certainly deprived the banquet at the Mansion House of some of its glory. How long will it be before the historic "City" loses its life to find it in the larger whole? The same quickened sense of local self-government as is working such a transformation in the metropolis, was disclosed also in the recent quarrel between

the rank and file of the Gladstonian Commons and the Lord Chancellor. The excessive preponderance of one party, or one sect, or one social grade on the County Bench, has not merely weakened public confidence in the impartiality of the administration of justice; it has affronted also that feeling of local responsibility which is the salvation of democratic institutions. Apparently the property-qualification for holding office as a magistrate requires to be reduced by legislation before suitable justices of the peace can be drawn from all classes.

A Perennial Problem.

The local authorities, and the local authorities alone, are, by Mr. Gladstone's reply to Mr. Keir Hardie on the 28th, left to deal with the ever-more obtrusive problem of the unemployed. The national Government is to limit itself to issuing circulars and Blue-books. In the beginning of the month a Blue-book was published by the Labour Department of the Board of Trade containing much valuable information about methods for dealing with the unemployed, but practically going no further than negative or suspensive criticism; and at the end of the month we are promised a report on the same subject from the Labour Commission.

German Socialism advancing.

The wants and woes of the working man are not the preoccupation of the hour to Great Britain alone. The official statistics of the elections to the Reichstag which was opened in Berlin on the 16th, showed that the Social Democrats had polled more votes than were cast for any other party, and had increased their total in three years by one-third of a million. The Social Democrats have also won further victories in the Berlin municipal elections. The German Emperor, with his genius for dramatic contrast, may hurry from opening the Diet, elected on a wide popular suffrage, to tell 12,000 soldiers freshly sworn, "You must have but one will, and that my will;" but all this parade of military autocracy fails to lay the menacing spectre of the Social Democracy.

The Austrian Crisis.

The crisis brought about by Count Taaffe's valiant endeavour to enfranchise the Austrian working man has ended in the formation of a coalition Ministry composed of Conservatives, German Liberals, and Poles, under Prince Windischgrätz as Premier; but even they have been compelled to admit that an extension of the franchise is inevitable, and to prepare Bills accordingly. The Royal assent to the Hungarian Civil Marriage Bill marks the breaking of another bar to progress in the bi-partite realm.

The Fall of the French Ministry.

But the crisis in France supplies perhaps the most startling illustration of the power of the new Labour or Collectivist movement. The Chambers assembled on the 14th, with a clear majority of 100 for the Moderate Republicans. Against their 325, the Socialists numbered only 50, Radicals and Socialists together only 185. The Ministerial programme was announced on the 21st by M. Dupuy, and wore a strongly anti-Collectivist complexion. He "repudiated all doctrines claiming to substitute the impersonal tyranny of the State for individual initiative," and he would have nothing to do with a progressive income tax, separation of Church and



PRINCE WINDISCHGRATZ.

State, or revision of the Constitution. But the new leaven was at work in his own Cabinet—M. Peytral, the Finance Minister, being wedded to the project of a progressive income tax—and the vigorous Radical criticism in the Chamber coming on the top of the Ministerial dissensions, led to the resignation of Ministers in a body, their majority in the Chamber notwithstanding. M. Spuller, a great friend of Gambetta, who is said not particularly to favour the Russian alliance, was asked to form a new Ministry. Eventually, however, M. Casimir Périer has become Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, with M. Spuller as Minister of Public Instruction.

Greece gone Bankrupt.

There has been quite an epidemic of ministerial crises during the month. Austria, Greece, Italy and France have all succumbed. Spain and Portugal have been threatened. The Greek Chamber was opened on the

8th, with the announcement of a certain funding scheme as the only way of escape from financial collapse. Next day the Government was defeated by a majority of more than two to one, and the King, on receiving their resignations, called M. Tricoupis back to power. But not even the new Premier's abilities could cope with the situation. He has had to declare that Greece could no longer fulfil her foreign engagements, and desired therefore to come to "an honourable compromise with her creditors, offering them such terms as the state of the country would permit." The smallness of the Hellenic kingdom does not destroy the importance of the fact that in a continent overburdened with debt the precedent of national bankruptcy has been revived.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR CLARE FORD.
(From a photograph by Maull and Fox.)

Crisis in
Italy.

Greece has fallen into the abyss of insolvency; Italy still reels on the brink. The assistance lent her by German financiers has only postponed the evil day: and an ex-Minister has gone so far as to suggest war as the only way out—a desperate plunge to bring the present tension to an end, which has long been apprehended. Even if the public honour of the Government was unscathed, the private honour of its members was not above suspicion. When the Chamber met on the 23rd, the report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the charges revealed grave irregularities in the dealings of Ministers with the banks. The violent debate which ensued next day, and in which the Premier, Giollitti, was personally denounced, ended in the resignation

of the Ministry. After four days' negotiation, Signor Zanardelli was entrusted with the formation of a new Cabinet. The Right Hon. Sir Clare Ford, G.C.B., has been appointed Ambassador to Rome in place of the late Lord Vivian.

The third Mediterranean peninsula is *The Sorrows of Spain.* also in deep trouble. The sensitive

Spanish honour calls for vengeance on the Riff tribes for their attack on the forts at Melilla. The Sultan of Morocco has tried to preach down the rebellious tribes and to mollify



THE INFANT KING OF SPAIN.
(From "Vanity Fair.")

Spain. But in vain. The Spanish Government has called out the reserves, and to relieve the financial embarrassment voluntary subscriptions have been solicited. The tribesmen are proclaiming a holy war of Moslems against the Nazarenes, and the Spanish clergy seem to be returning the compliment. As Marshal Campos, who has been put in command of the Spanish forces, has arrived at Melilla, bent on vigorous measures, we may soon expect to have sanguinary news. This little war has lasted too long, and lies too near the open gunpowder mine of Europe, not to suggest unpleasant possibilities.

Anarchy Militant. But Spain has worse enemies than the Kabyle hordes. Within her own borders is encamped the army of despair whose strategy is secrecy, and whose weapons are dynamite. The bomb outrages at Barcelona and Granada, as well as the stores of explosives later discovered by the police, attest the activity of the Anarchists. A wave of anarchic passion seems to have been passing over the lands. A bomb was exploded at Marseilles barracks on the 15th. In Paris, on the 20th, a workless man stabbed M. Georgevitch, the Servian Minister—in revenge on Society for allowing him to starve! Infernal machines were despatched on the 23rd, ostensibly from Orleans, to the German Emperor and his Chancellor, von Caprivi, but were fortunately detected in time. In Dublin, a dynamite-box with spent fuse was found on the 26th; a man was arrested with a canister of detonators in his possession, and a suspected informer was shot in the streets. Even in Montreal, three militia officers, one the son of an ex-Premier of Quebec, were detected on the 20th carrying dynamite, presumably for the purpose of blowing up the Nelson Monument. Boyish freakishness, anti-British sentiment, horror of Nelson's immoralities are alleged as cause. An attempt to raise a panic in London on the ground of an Anarchist meeting in Trafalgar Square, which burned the Homo Secretary in effigy, was promptly squashed by the real Mr. Asquith.

The Cabul Mission. The anarchy, tempered by united antagonism to British influence, which was once too largely characteristic of Afghanistan, seems to be developing into stability and friendly alliance. The Cabul Mission has ended happily. Sir Mortimer Durand, after being handsomely entertained and publicly honoured by the Ameer, has returned in safety to British soil. The Afghan ruler has consented to the rectification of a long disputed frontier, and has received in return an increase of fifty per cent. in his annual subsidy.

If the very different mission of Mr. Scott to the Siamese capital only results as pleasantly, the new Viceroy, free from frontier anxieties on East and West, will be able to devote his energies to the enormous internal problems of India. Of these we have been reminded by the Opium Commission, now sitting in Calcutta,—by the minute of Sir A. P. MacDonnell on the tremendous loss suffered by the State in consequence of the present Zemindar system (which turned collectors of Government rents into landlords),—and by the religious dissensions which have made the Moham-medans of the Punjab publicly abjure the Indian National Congress. Lord Elgin will need all the resources of his statesmanship.



THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.



SIR H. MORTIMER DURAND, K.C.I.E.
(From a photograph by Cowell, of Simla.)

Undoing the McKinley Policy. The Silver Crisis which our Indian Government precipitated in the United States, being now allayed by the Repeal of the Sherman Act, the American people are proceeding steadily, if not very blithely, in the pathway of reform. Of the State elections this month which have resulted in great Republican gains, the most cheering are those in New York State, where Independent Democrats united with Republicans in a successful revolt against "Ring-rule" and a corrupt judicature. The Bill for the Revision of the Tariff, which was submitted on the 27th ult., proposes changes which will, it is said, result in a reduction of the revenue to the extent of 50,000,000 dollars. It practically involves the abandonment of the McKinley policy. The effect on the world's trade if the new fiscal tendency is allowed to fulfil itself will be something almost stupendous. The shrewdness of the German Emperor, who encouraged his subjects to exhibit largely at the World's Fair, with the result that they have won a third of the honours divided among sixty-eight competing nations, will doubtless have its reward. The moment seems a favourable one for the negotiations which the Canadian Government has set on foot at Washing-



THE EARL OF ELGIN.
(From a photograph by J. Thomson.)

ton for promoting freer trade relations between the two countries.

This is not the only direction in which Canada and Canada has been fulfilling her destiny as Australasia. mediator of unity among the English-speaking peoples. She has taken the initiative in the admirable policy of establishing closer relations between herself and Australasia. The mission of Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, the Canadian Minister of



SIR THOMAS MCLLWRAITH.

Commerce, to the Governments of the Australian Colonies has evoked gratifying response. As a result, a conference will, it is understood, shortly assemble in Canada to promote trade and to arrange for a cable between the two great Colonial continents. Of the alternative routes proposed for this cable—



HON. HUGH MUIR NELSON.

the shorter crossing French territory and the longer touching British possessions only—the latter alone ought to be considered. The electric link—symbol of what we all hope will become an ever stronger tie—connecting the Dominion and the nascent Commonwealth is much too precious to be exposed for the length of a single inch to the control and caprices of any foreign Power. That Australians are not behind Canadians in the new enterprise is evident from the statement that Sir Thomas McIlwraith has yielded the premiership of Queensland to Mr. Muir Nelson in order to find time for a journey to Canada on this business. The new Premier, who still has Sir Thomas in his Cabinet, is faced with a recrudescence of the separation movement in the north.

How much we in the home country have to learn from these daughter-states was strikingly illustrated last Tuesday, the 28th ult. Then, for the first time, if we mistake not, in the history of the British Empire, women exercised the full political franchise. The electoral law which came into force on September 19th established woman's suffrage in New Zealand. Our Antipodean sisters have shown great promptness in getting their names on the register. On the day of election they voted eagerly, and were welcomed at the polls with enthusiasm. Properly enough the Ministry which enfranchised them has

Woman
Triumphant.

been maintained in power. This is not the only woman's victory which claims record here. Far away to the West, the citizens of Colorado have adopted the franchise for women by a majority of 4,000. This is not so complete a novelty in the Republic as the case of New Zealand is in the Empire, but it is another confirmation of the inevitable tendency of the English-speaking folk. Even in the Old Country, this November, which has been so favourable to the advance of woman, has not passed without its trophies. In the House of Commons, on the 16th ult., on a refusal to accept Mr. W. McLaren's instruction—empowering the Committee to add to the Parish Councils Bill a clause giving the parochial vote to all women, whether married or single, who would, if men, possess the municipal or parliamentary franchise—the Government were defeated by 147 to 126. Accordingly on the 21st Mr. Fowler promised to insert a clause conferring a yet wider franchise: "that no person should be disqualified by sex or marriage from being on *any* local government register of electors or from being an elector for *any* local authority." To this innovation all parties agreed.

The position which the late Prof. Jowett held in the general regard makes the appointment of his successors a matter of national importance. Mr. Ingram Bywater has become Regius Professor of Greek, and Dr. Edward Caird, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow University, has been elected Master of

PROFESSOR EDWARD CAIRD.
(From a photograph by J. Stuart, Glasgow.)

Balliol. The latter selection especially may be hailed as another indication of the effort the stronger men in Oxford are making to lift their university out of an almost parochial exclusiveness into something like national and catholic life.

DIARY FOR NOVEMBER.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

O. & 31. Conference of the Free Labour Association at Clerkenwell.

Conference at the Mansion House on the Unemployed Question.

Mr. Spencer Walpole appointed Secretary to the Post Office.

Council Meeting of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture at the Society of Arts.

Elections to the Prussian Diet.

Resignation of the Austrian Cabinet.

Nov. 1. Municipal Elections throughout England and Wales.

News received of a defeat of the Matabele.

Conference of Liberals, at the National Liberal Club, to consider the Coal Crisis.

Silver Purchase Repeal Bill passed by the United States House of Representatives.

Sentences on Eight Persons accused of Illegal Gambling in Germany.

Conference, at the Westminster Town Hall, on the State Regulation of Vice in India.

Meeting of Postal Telegraph Clerks at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street.

2. Shock of Earthquake in Wales and Cornwall.

Cutlers' Feast at Sheffield.

Meeting of the Lower House of Convocation, at Westminster, to discuss the Parish Councils Bill.

Floods in Japan reported.

3. Meeting of Representatives of the Coalowners' and Miners' Federations at Westminster.

Discussion, in the Upper House of Convocation, on the Parish Councils Bill.

Socialist Riots at Vienna.

Captain Williams reported missing from the Chartered Company's Forces.

Fatal Dynamite Explosion at Santander, in Spain.

Armut Rising in Turkey.

4. Gunpowder Explosion at Rio de Janeiro; 2 killed.

End of the French Miners' Strike.

Close of the Conference of Coalowners and Miners; no settlement effected.

Strike of Tramway Employees at Marseilles.

7. Deputation, to Mr. Gladstone, from the Central Committee of the Poor Law Conference on the Parish Councils Bill.

Launch of the *Hermione* at Devonport.

Report received of an Attack on a British Missionary in the Shire Country.

Meeting of the Council of the Liberation Society at the National Liberal Club.

Meeting of Women, at St. James's Hall, in aid of the Miners' Wives and Children.

Central Conference of Women Workers opened at Leeds.

End of the Prussian Elections.

State Elections in America.

8. News of Further Fighting in Matabeleland.

Bomb Outrage at Marseilles; thirty killed.

Opening of the Greek Chamber by the King.

Opening of an Institute of Arts and Science at Carlisle.

Annual Central Conference of Representatives of Poor Law Guardians at St. Martin's Town Hall.

9. Lord Mayor's Day in London.

Banquet at the Guildhall: Speeches by Earl Spencer, Lord Kimberley, Count Torioli, and others.

Resignation of the Greek Ministry.

News of the Complete Defeat of the Matabele.

10. Meeting, at St. James's Hall, in Support of Woman Suffrage.

11. Formation of the New Greek Cabinet with M. Tricoups as Premier.

Gates and Bars removed from Twenty-one London Thoroughfares.

12. Formation of the New Austrian Cabinet with Prince Alfred Windischgrätz as Premier.

13. Sir Clare Ford appointed British Ambassador to Italy.

Colston Banquets at Bristol: Speeches by Mr. Arnold Mori, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and others.

Annual Congress of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union.

Public Durbar at Cabul to the Members of the British Mission.

14. Publication of the Final Convention between Great Britain and the Transvaal for the Cession of Swaziland to the Transvaal.

17. The Son of the Comte d'Eu proclaimed Emperor of Brazil.

Settlement of the Coal Trade Dispute.

Deputation, to Sir William Harcourt, from the Friendly Societies' Conference with reference to the Stamp Duty.

18. Disastrous Gales: many lives lost.

Lord Roberts presented with the Freedom of the City of Edinburgh.

Marquis of Huntly elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University.

First Sitting of the Opium Commission at Calcutta.

19. Municipal Elections in Spain.

Attempted Dynamite Outrage at Montreal.

20. Opening of the St. Bride's Foundation Institute by the Prince of Wales.

Special Meeting of the British South Africa Company at the Cannon Street Hotel.

21. Deputation, to Sir William Harcourt, of Representatives of University Colleges on Government Grants.

Annual Meeting of the Allotments and Small Holdings Association at the National Liberal Club.

Annual Meeting of the Society for Promoting the Return of Women as Poor Law Guardians.

22. Special Meeting of the Court of Common Council to discuss the Unification of London.

Brazilian Rebel Jaxary Inoculated.

23. Deputation from the London Reform Union, to Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, on the Work at the Government Factories.

Budget Statement at the London School Board.

Opening of the Italian Chamber: Parliamentary Report on the Banks.

Lord Roberts presented with the Freedom of the City of Dundee.

Opening of the Austrian Reichstag.

Coal Strike in the West of Scotland began.

The Egyptian Budget passed by the Council of Ministers.

Dispersal of the Matabele.

24. Deputation of railway workers, to Lord Salisbury, on the Employers' Liability Bill.

Sir J. West Ridgway appointed Governor of the Isle of Man.

Resignation of the Italian Cabinet.

25. County Council Bye-Election in North Islington: Mr. T. E. Napier (Progressive) elected.

Resignation of the Serbian Cabinet.

Fall of the French Ministry.

Statement by M. Tricoups on the Financial Situation in Greece.

Mr. Reitz re-elected President of the Orange Free State.

26. Museum Sunday.

Separate Court granted to Hungary.

Funeral of Prince Alexander of Battenberg at Sofia.

27. Opening of the Roumanian Parliament.

Deputation, to the Duke of Argyll, of Representatives of Workmen's Insurance Societies on the Employers' Liability Bill.

Shock of Earthquake in Canada.

The Imperial Budget submitted to the German Reichstag.

Infernal Machines from France received by the German Emperor and Count von Capriv.

28. Memorial Window to the late James Russell Lowell at Westminster Abbey unveiled by Mr. Leslie Stephen.

General Election in New Zealand: Defeat of the Opposition.

New Free Library in Walworth Road opened by Princess Christian.

29. Conference of the Christian Organisation of Industry, at the Holborn Town Hall, to discuss the Living Wage.



LORD MAYOR G. R. TYLEA.

(From a Photograph by the Stereoscopic Company.)

Conference at the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster, on the Church and the Coal Dispute.

M. Casimir-Perier elected President of the New French Chamber.

Professor Edward Caird elected Master of Balliol.

15. Deputation of Liberal Members, to Lord Herschell, on the Appointment of County Magistrates.

Great Fire in Old Bailey. 1 killed.

Sir John Gorst elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University.

Opening of the Serbian Parliament by King Alexander.

16. Deputation of Grocers, to Mr. Acland, to protest against the Teaching of Co-operation at the Continuation Schools.

Opening of the German Reichstag by the Emperor William.

Opening of the New Royal Exchange at Calcutta.

SPEECHES.

Oct. 30. Sir Henry Parkes, at Melbourne, on Australian Federation.

31. Mr. Asquith, at Leeds, on the Government.
Sir George Trevelyan, at Glasgow, on Liberal Legislation.
Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, at Stirling, on the Political Situation.
Mr. Carson, at Ramsgate, on the Work of the Government.

Nov. 1. Duke of Argyll, at Glasgow, on the Home Rule Bill.
Mr. J. W. Logan, at Market Harborough, on the Home Rule Bill.

2. Mr. William Morris, at the Arts and Crafts Society, on the Printing of Books.

3. Mr. W. H. White, at Sheffield, on Technical Education.

4. Mr. Arnold Morley, at the Mansion House, on the Post Office.

King Oscar, at Christiania, on the Union of Sweden and Norway.
Lord Claude Hamilton, at Stratford, on the St. John's Ambulance Association.



MR. SPENCER WALPOLE.

The New Secretary to the Post Office.

(From a Photograph by Abel Davis, Douglas, Isle of Man.)

5. Mr. John Dillon and Mr. Michael Davitt, at Ballaghaderin, and Mr. John Redmond, at Frenchpark, on the Lie Freyne Evictions.

6. Sir Charles Russell, at the National Liberal Club, on the Government and London Reformers.
Duke of Devonshire, at Paskewich, on Education.

7. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, at Bradford, on the Home Rule Bill.
Mr. Akers-Douglas, at Herne Bay, on the Parish Councils Bill.

Dr. Alderson, at Exeter Hall, on State Medical Relief.
Duke of Devonshire, at Larnoe, on Home Rule.

8. Mr. John Morley, at Manchester, on the House of Lords and the Home Rule Bill.
Lord George Hamilton, at Aston, on Obstruction in the Home Rule Debate.

Mr. Labouchere, at Canterbury, on the Matabele War, etc.
Mr. Justin McCarthy, at Southwark, on the Home Rule Bill.

9. Duke of Devonshire, at Belfast, on Home Rule.
Lord Randolph Churchill, at Dundee, on Home Rule.

Mr. E. C. Price, at St. Martin's Town Hall, on the Poor Law and the Unemployed.

10. Marquis of Lansdowne, at Agra, on Religious Strife in India.

11. Lord George Hamilton, at Harrow, on the Navy.
Mr. S. Woods, at Haydock, on the Coal Crisis.

12. Mr. John Redmond, at Newcastle, on the Irish Dynamite Prisoners.

13. Mr. C. R. Markham, at the Royal Geographical Society, on the Present Standpoint of Geography.

Sir Charles Russell, at the National Liberal Club, on the Government and London.

14. Sir Albert Rollit, at Botoolph House, on Arbitration.

Lord Onslow and Lord Rosebery, at the Hotel Metropole, on State Socialism.

Lord Randolph Churchill, at Glasgow, on the Government.

15. Lord Kimberley, at Bedford, on the Government.

Sir Charles Russell, at Lincoln, on the Political Situation.

Lord Rosebery, at Battersea, on the London County Council.

16. Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe, at Islington, on the Ratepayers' Grievance in London.

17. Lord Roberts, at Edinburgh, on India Past and Present.

Lord Cross, at Millom, on Political Affairs.
Mr. Goschen, at the Hall of the Goldsmiths' Company, on University Extension.

18. Mr. Acland, at Birmingham, on Technical Education.

19. Mr. John Burns, at Battersea, on Labour's Death Roll.

Mr. T. Harrington, at Drogheda, on the Action of the Parnellite Party.

20. Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, at the Imperial Institute, on England's Colonial Prospects.

21. Mr. Charles Booth, at the Royal Statistical Society, on Life and Labour in London.

Admiral P. H. Colomb, at Edinburgh, on the Strategic Position of the United Kingdom.

Lord Randolph Churchill, at Bradford, on Home Rule, etc.

M. Dupuy, in the French Chamber, on His Programme.

M. Paul Verlaine, at Bernard's Inn, on the French Poets of To-day.

22. Mr. Arnold Morley and Mr. Mundella, at the Institution of Electrical Engineers, on Progress and Electricity.

Sir Charles Russell, at Bristol, on the Work of the Government.

Lord Randolph Churchill, at Bradford, on the Government Policy.

23. Alderman Beechcroft, at Bermondsey, on Overcrowded London.

Lord Randolph Churchill, at Bradford, on the Government.

Surgeon-General Sir W. Moore, at the Imperial Institute, on the Optim Question.

Duke of Fife, at Manchester, on the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

24. Lord Ashbourne, at Frome, on the Home Rule Bill.

Marquis of Lorne, at Shipley, on Educational Questions.

25. Mr. McLaren, at Stratford, on Employers' Liability.

Mr. Ben Tillett, at Coventry, on Labour and Social Re-organisation.

27. Dr. John Murray, at the Royal Geographical Society, on Antarctic Exploration.

Sir A. K. Rollit, at Stratford, on Chambers of Commerce.

Sir W. Marriott, at Cardiff, on Parish Councils, etc.

28. Lord Salisbury, at Cardiff, on the Political Situation.

Vice-Admiral P. H. Colomb, at Aldershot, on Coaling Stations and Trade Routes.

Mr. A. Colquhoun, at the Royal Colonial Institute, on Matabeleland.

Mr. H. Gladstone, at St. Pancras, on the Salvation Army Mission to Discharged Prisoners.

29. Lord Salisbury, at Cardiff, on Public Affairs.

Sir Charles Russell, at South Hackney, on the Unification of London.

Sir Henry James, at Portsmouth, on the Parish Councils Bill.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Nov. 9. The House Reassembled.

13. Second Reading of the Savings Banks Bill.

17. Discussion on the Commons' Amendments to the Madras and Bombay Armies Bill.
The Savings Banks Bill passed through Committee.

20. Second Reading of the Sea Fisheries Regulation (Scotland) Bill.

Third Reading of the Married Women's Property Act (Amendment) Bill.

24. First Reading of the Employers' Liability Bill.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Nov. 2. The House Reassembled.

Debate on the Second Reading of the Local Government (England and Wales) Bill.

3. Debate on the Second Reading of the Local Government (England and Wales) Bill continued.



THE LATE MR. FRANCIS PARKMAN.

6. Debate on the Second Reading of the Local Government (England and Wales) Bill continued.

7. Second Reading of the Local Government (England and Wales) Bill.

8. Debate on the Employers' Liability Bill.

9. Debate on the Chartered Company and Matabeleland.

Debate on the Employers' Liability Bill continued.

10. Debate on the Employers' Liability Bill continued; Mr. McLaren's Amendment rejected by 236 to 217.

13. Debate on the Employers' Liability Bill continued.
Statement by Mr. Gladstone with regard to the Coal Strike.

14. Discussion on Anarchists in Trafalgar Square.
Debate on the Employers' Liability Bill continued.

15. Debate on the Employers' Liability Bill continued.

16. Debate on the Employers' Liability Bill continued.

Committee on the Local Government (England and Wales) Bill; Mr. McLaren's Motion for the Enfranchisement of Women carried by 147 to 126.

17. Debate on the Local Government (England and Wales) Bill continued.

20. Debate on the Local Government (England and Wales) Bill continued.
21. Debate on the Local Government (England and Wales) Bill continued.
22. Debate on the Local Government (England and Wales) Bill continued.
23. Third Reading of the Employers' Liability Bill.
Second Reading of the National Debt Redemption Bill.



LORD EBURY.

24. First Reading of the Trade Councils Bill.
Debate on the Local Government (England and Wales) Bill continued.
27. Debate on the Local Government (England and Wales) Bill continued.
National Debt Redemption Bill passed through Committee.
Second Reading of the Public Works Loans (No. 4) Bill.
28. Committee on the Local Government (England and Wales) Bill continued.
Third Reading of the National Debt Redemption Bill.

29. Third Reading of the Public Works Loans (No. 4) Bill.
Committee on the Local Government (England and Wales) Bill continued.

OBITUARY.

- O t. 30. Sir John Abbott, late Canadian Premier, 72.
31. Henry Chasemore. †

- Nov. 1. General Sir T. Teeddale, 60.
Johann Matejko, Polish painter, 55.
2. Cardinal Carlo Laurenzie, 72.
Lord French.
3. Rev. Dr. Kettlewell, 71.
4. M. Thard, French statesman, 66.
Lady Hornby, 79.
Commander R. S. Moore, 80.
5. Rev. J. C. Burnett, 86.
Admiral Franklin, Aide-de-Camp to the King of Italy.
6. Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., 66.
Peter Tschaiikowsky, Russian composer, 53.
9. Henry Pratt Roberts, 92
10. Lieut.-Gen. G. C. Vialis, 69.
11. Anthony Rekenzaun, electrician, 43.
Baron Alexander Bach, Austrian Ex-Prime Minister, 81.
13. Principal James Morison, of Glasgow.
14. Theodor Wachtel, Tenor, 70.
Baron Maurice Königswater, 56.
15. David Bremner, Journalist.
16. Sir Robert Morier, 67.
Bishop Parry, of Perth, Western Australia.
17. Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, 36.
Colonel A. H. Pascoe, 56.
18. Lord Ebury, 92.
19. J. Bailey Denton, engineer, 78.
Count Bethusy-Hue, Founder of the Free Conservative Party in Prussia, 64.
Ladislaus von Szogyeny-Marich, Lord Chief Justice of Hungary.
20. Madame Julia Woolf, composer.

24. Earl of Cromartie, 41.
William Courtney, 83.
25. Mr. H. West, Recorder of Manchester, 78.
27. Sir John D. Hay, 76.
Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing, 75.
Capt. the Hon. Henry Weyland Chetwynd.
Alex. Low Bruce, 54.



SIR ANDREW CLARK.

(From a photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

The Deaths are also announced of Karl Eadmer, French painter, 84; Hon. Charles Hope, 72; Lanerton; Mrs. Hannah Palmer, 75; General Duc de Beaufremont, 66; Marquis de Flers, Portrographer to the Orleans Family, 56; Francis Parkman, historian, 70; Prof. H. Hagen, Entomologist; M. Emil Jamais, French Deputy, 1st; A. Bouvier, theologian; Ali Pascha Monbari; Ernest Caban, musician, 65; Henry W. Kist, archaeologist, 78; Henry Fraser Walter, of the Times, 71; G. A. Osborne, Musician; Carlo Herisson, 62; Count Boleslav Potocki; Sir Jean Louis, 70.

The New Volume of the "Review of Reviews" (July-December, 1893) will be ready in a few days. Price 5s., handsomely bound.

THE CARICATURES OF THE MONTH.



From the *Westminster Budget*.

[November 17, 1893.]

MR. RHODES: THE NAPOLEON OF SOUTH AFRICA.



From the *Baltimore*.

[September 30, 1893.]

JUST ROUND THE CORNER.

"We have turned the corner."—Premier PATTERSON, of Victoria.
(We have; and, as usual, run up against a familiar figure.)



From *Judge*.

THE ADMINISTRATION TYPEWRITER.

GROVER: "Blame the thing—I can't make it work."

[November 25, 1893.]



From the *Hindi Punch*.]

[October 22, 1893.

THE NEW KEEPER.

Hindi Punch: Ride him gently, my Lord of Elgin; don't tighten the bridle, but guide him with this trident, and you are sure to find him as gentle and docile as Mayo and Ripon found him.



From the *Hindi Punch*.]

[October 15, 1893.

GIN versus OPIUM; ♡

OR WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

[When opium is gone, alcohol will come in—a deadlier enemy still.]



From *Judy*.]

[December 2, 1893.

THE NAVAL SCARE.

"Ready!—Are we?"



From *Puck*.]

[October 25, 1893.

NOT UP TO THE MARK YET.

UNCLE SAM: Cheer up, Johnny; keep on coming over here and I'll put you up to all the latest improvements.



From *La Silhouette*.]

[November 26, 1893.

DEBTS IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

WILLIAM: What does this bottomless basket mean?
CAPRIVI: Emperor, it is the result of the inquiry into the pecuniary condition of the officers of the Empire.



From *Kladderadatsch*.]

[November 19, 1893.

ENGLISH SYMPATHY.

At the Lord Mayor's Banquet Lord Kimberley spoke of England's sympathy with Spain in her present trials.



From *Kladderadatsch*.]

[November 13, 1893.

TO THE PILLARS OF HERCULES.

How good to be able to reckon on friends in time of need!



From a photograph by

MR. EDISON.

[V. Daireaux, Paris]

CHARACTER SKETCH.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

IN the World's Fair year, we Americans may be forgiven an excess of national self-consciousness which leads us to ask where we stand among the peoples of the earth; to cast about for the significance of this young trans-Atlantic civilisation.

The answer is writ large over the length and breadth of the continent in our huge railway systems, containing more than half the track mileage of the entire world; in the telegraph lines beside them; in the network of wires over and under our great cities; in the trans-oceanic cables with which, a quarter of a century ago, the Old World was brought within speaking distance of the New, and in the strange machines—telephones, photographs, dynamos,—which have revolutionised our industries and which will certainly revolutionise our whole society. In short, we are a nation of mechanics and inventors.

AN AGE OF ELECTRICITY,
AND EDISON IS ITS PROPHET.

But half a century ago one might have felt secure in asserting that the great engineering triumphs of the age had come through the application of steam. And now, already, the more subtle agency of electricity has thrown the work of Watt and Stephenson and Fulton from the category of marvels and bids fair to supersede it altogether. Steam came but to prepare the way for the ever-present, all-powerful "fluid," and we are being ushered into an age of electricity.

In America there is one unassuming citizen who sums up in his personality and achievements this genius of the American race. If one were to ask what individual best symbolises this industrial regeneration it would be marvellously easy to answer, Thomas Alva Edison. The precocious self-reliance and restless energy of the New World; its brilliant defiance of traditions; the immediate adaptation of means to ends; and, above all, the distinctive inventive faculty reach in him their apogee.

The mere mass of this extraordinary man's work gives in itself a striking idea of the force which he exerts in our material progress. Up to a few days ago the government had granted Edison no less than seven hundred and twenty patents, while he had in addition one hundred and fifty applications on file. And this during a working period that has not yet brought him within many years of the grand climacteric, and much of it accomplished in the face of discouraging financial obstacles.

THE BOYHOOD OF A GENIUS.

For Mr. Edison is but forty-six years of age. He comes of Dutch parentage, the family having emigrated to America in 1730. His great-grandfather was a banker of high standing in New York. Thomas Edison was born in Erie County, Ohio. When he was but a child of seven the family fortunes suffered reverses so serious as to make it necessary that he should become a wage-earner at an unusually early age, and that the family should move from his birthplace to Michigan.

Only four years later the boy was reading Newton's "Principia," with the entirely logical result of becoming deeply and permanently disgusted with pure mathematics. Indeed, he seems to have displayed all the due precocity of genius, one of his notable feats about this time being an attempt to read through the entire Free Library of Detroit!

NEWSBOY, EDITOR, AND
CHEMIST AT FIFTEEN.

Nor was he by any means a youthful bookworm and dreamer. The distinctly practical bent of his character was shown in his operations as newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway—especially in the brilliant coup by which in 1869 he bought up on "futures" a thousand copies of the *Detroit Free Press* containing important war news, and, gaining a little time on his rivals, sold the entire batch like hot cakes, so that

the price reached twenty-five cents a paper before the end of his route. It was at this period, too, that he was posing as editor of the *Grand Trunk Herald*, a weekly periodical of very modest proportions issued from the train on which he travelled.

He had also begun to dabble in chemistry, and fitted up to that end a small itinerant laboratory. During the progress of some occult experiments in this workshop certain complications ensued in which a jolted and broken bottle of sulphuric acid attracted the attention of the conductor. He, who had been long-suffering in the matter of unearthly odours, promptly ejected the young devotee and all his works. This incident would have been only amusing, had it not been rendered deplorable from the lasting deafness which resulted from a box on the ear, administered by the irate conductor in the course of the young scientist's begonia.

Edison transferred the laboratory to his father's cellar,



MR. EDISON AT FOURTEEN.

and diligently studied telegraphy, establishing a line between his home and a boy partner's, with the help of an old river cable, sundry lengths of stove-pipe wire and glass bottle insulators.

A HEROIC TUITION FEE.

Dramatic situations appear at every turn of this man's life, though from his temperament he would be the last to seek them. He seems to be continually arriving on the scene at critical moments to take the conduct of affairs into his own hands. It was on one of these occasions, when he snatched a station-master's child from before an approaching train, that he earned his first lessons in telegraphy from the father. So apt a pupil was he that the railroad company soon gave him regular employment, and at seventeen he had become one of the most expert operators on the road.

NOT A PRIG BY ANY MEANS.

There was a saving human quality of error in the boy to redeem him amply from the colourless perfection of the story-book model. One is almost glad to hear that he was not by any means a paragon as an operator, and that he played tricks on the company by inventing a device which would automatically send in the signal to show he was awake at his post, while he comfortably snored in the corner. Some such boyish mischief soon sent him in disgrace over the line to Canada. The heavy winter had cut off telegraphic connections and all other means of communication between the place in which he was sojourning and the American town of Sarnier. With characteristic promptness and originality Edison mounted a locomotive and tooted a telegraphic message again and again across the river until the Americans understood and answered in kind.

AMONG THE TRAMP TELEGRAPHERS.

For the next few years Edison was successively in charge of important wires in Memphis, Cincinnati, New Orleans, and Louisville. He lived in the free and easy atmosphere of the tramp operators—a boon companion with them, yet absolutely refusing to join in the dissipations to which they were professionally addicted. He has always been a total abstainer and a singularly moderate man in everything but work, for which he is a perfect glutton. Many are the stories current of the timely aid given his rollicking colleagues when their potations had led them into trouble. It was their custom, when a spree was on the tapis, to make him the custodian of those funds which they felt obliged to save. On a more than usually hilarious occasion one of them returned rather the worse for the wear, and knocked the treasurer down on his refusal to deliver the trust money; the other depositors, we are glad to say, gave the ungentlemanly tippler a sound thrashing. But, though Edison could be trusted with his colleagues' money, he was himself in a chronic state of penury, since he devoted every cent, regardless of future needs, to scientific books and materials for experiments. Nor was he in any great favour with his employers; they wanted operators, not inventors, so they—not unreasonably—said.

THE LOUISVILLE PRESS GIVES HIM A STATE DINNER.

At one time he was in such straits that a necessary journey from Memphis to Louisville had to be performed on foot. At the Louisville station he was offered excel-

lent chances to put his extraordinary skill to use. He had perfected a style of handwriting which would allow him to take from the wire in very legible longhand forty-seven and even fifty-four words a minute. As he was but a moderately rapid sender, he invented an automatic help which enabled him to record the matter at leisure and send it off as fast as it was needed. Of this Louisville stay, one of his biographers says:—

True to his dominant instincts, he was not long in gathering around him a laboratory, printing office and machine shop. He took press reports during his whole stay, including on one occasion the Presidential message and veto of the District of Columbia by Andrew Johnson, and this at one sitting, from 3.30 p.m. to 4.30 a.m. He then paragraphed the matter received over the wires, so that each printer had exactly three lines, thus enabling a column to be set up in two or three minutes' time. For this he was allowed all the exchanges he desired, and the Louisville press gave him a state dinner.

HIS FIRST PATENT. IT WORKED TOO WELL.

A little later Edison received his first patent—a machine for recording votes, and designed to be used in the State Legislature. It was an ingenious device, by which the votes were clearly printed and shown on a roll of paper by a small machine attached to the desk of each

I have my own ideas, and I take my stand upon them, you know. A man who does that is always charged with eccentricity, inconsistency, and that kind of thing.
Middlemarch

MR. EDISON'S HANDWRITING.

member. The invention was never used, and Mr. Edison tells with a comical twinkle in his eyes how amazed he was to hear, on presenting it to the authorities, that such an innovation was out of the question; that the better it worked the more impossible it would be, for its use would destroy the most precious right of the minority—that of filibustering. The inventor thinks, however, that he received quite the worth of his trouble in the lesson taught him to make sure of the practical need of and demand for a machine before spending his energies on it.

ASTRAY IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

In this same year, Edison came to New York friendless and in debt on account of the expenses of his experiments. For several weeks he wandered about the town with actual hunger staring him in the face. It was a time of great financial excitement, and with that strange quality of opportunism which one would think had been woven into his destiny, he entered the establishment of the Law Gold Reporting Company just as their entire plant had shut down on account of an accident in the machinery that could not be located. The heads of the firm were anxious and excited to the last degree, and a crowd of the Wall Street fraternity waited about for the news which came not. The shabby stranger put his finger on the difficulty at once, and was given lucrative employment. In the rush of the metropolis a man finds

his true level without delay, especially when his talents are of so practical and brilliant a nature as were this young telegrapher's. It would be an absurdity to imagine an Edison hidden in New York. Within a short time he was presented with a cheque for \$40,000, as his share of a single invention—an improved stock printer. From this time a national reputation was assured him. He was, too, now engaged on the duplex and quadruplex systems, which were almost to inaugurate a new era in telegraphy.

WORKING TWENTY HOURS DAILY FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

"Do you have regular hours, Mr. Edison?" I asked not long ago. "Oh," he said, "I do not work hard now. I come to the laboratory about eight o'clock every day and go home to tea at six, and then I study or work on some problem until eleven, which is my hour for bed."

"Fourteen or fifteen hours a day can scarcely be called loafing," I suggested.

"Well," he replied, "for fifteen years I have worked on an average twenty hours a day."

This astonishing brain has been known to puzzle for sixty successive hours over a refractory problem, its owner dropping quietly off into a long sleep when the job was done, to awake perfectly refreshed and ready for another siege. Mr. Dickson, a neighbour and familiar, gives an anecdote, told by Edison which well illustrates his untiring energy and phenomenal endurance. In describing his Boston experience Edison said he bought Faraday's works on electricity, commenced to read them at three o'clock in the morning, and continued until his room-mate arose, when they started on their long walk to get breakfast. That end, however, was entirely subordinated in Edison's mind to Faraday, and he suddenly remarked to his friend: "'Adams, I have got so much to do and life is so short, that I have got to hustle,' and with that I started off on a dead run for my breakfast."

MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO.

Mr. Edison's fine gray eye is the clearest I ever looked into, and his fresh, wholesome complexion and substantial, though not by any means corpulent figure, are not better described than by the stock phrase "the picture of health." There is none of the lean and hungry look of the overworked student about him. His face, though strongly, even magnificently chiselled, is almost boyish in its smoothness, and in his manner there is that flavour of perfect simplicity and cheery good will given only to the very great. He is one of the most accessible of men, and only reluctantly allows himself to be hedged in from certain interviewers of the baser sort. "Mr. Edison is always glad to see any visitor," said a gentleman who is continually with him, "except when he is hot on the trail for something he has been working for, and then it is as much as a man's head is worth to come in on him."

The inventor describes himself as possessing only a fair amount of manual dexterity in the manipulation of machinery. Yet he generally controls with his own fingers the mechanism of his experiments. There have been associated with him during his working history two or three gentlemen who have materially aided him, where a second brain and hand are needed. These co-operative experiments have been carried on in a very pleasant atmosphere of camaraderie.

HOW MR. EDISON INVENTS.

His genius comes near to justifying that definition of the word which makes it an infinite capacity for taking

pains. "Are your discoveries often brilliant intuitions? Do they come to you while you are 'lying awake nights?'" I asked him.

"I never did anything worth doing by accident," he replied, "nor did any of my inventions come indirectly through accident, except the phonograph. No, when I have fully decided that a result is worth getting, I go ahead on it and make trial after trial until it comes."

"I have always kept," continued Mr. Edison, "strictly within the lines of commercially useful inventions. I have never had any time to put on electrical wonders, valuable simply as novelties to catch the popular fancy." And he named in distinction some noted electricians who had made their reputations through the pyrotechnics of the profession.

HE HATES A TELEPHONE.

"What makes you work?" I asked with real curiosity. "What impels you to this constant, tireless struggle?"



AT TWENTY-ONE.

You have shown that you care comparatively nothing for the money it makes, and you have no particular enthusiasm in the attending fame."

"I like it," he answered, after a moment of puzzled expression, and then he repeated his reply several times as if mine was a proposition that had not occurred to him before. "I like it. I don't know any other reason. You know some people like to collect stamps. Anything I have begun is always on my mind, and I am not easy while away from it until it is finished. And then I hate it."

"Hate it?" I asked, struck by his emphatic tones.

"Yes," he affirmed, "when it is all done and is a success, I can't bear the sight of it. I haven't used a telephone in ten years, and I would go out of my way any day to miss an incandescent light."

THE INVENTOR VERSUS THE PATENT PIRATE.

Mr. Edison waxes eloquent and righteously indignant over the treatment which the inventor is only too apt to



MR. EDISON AND HIS PHONOGRAPH.

receive. He thinks that it is flying in the face of providence to patent an important discovery; for a race of professional sharks has arisen to dispute, with absolute disregard of facts, priority of claim to valuable patents. The better known the patentee, the more liable are they to swarm about with suborned witnesses. Mr. Edison has no fault to find with the patent law in this matter, but condemns strongly the practice of the United States Circuit Court in issuing injunctions forbidding an inventor to use his discovery until the case is decided—a period often covering years. He maintains that this works great injustice to the honest parties to a suit, and that there is “no protection in patents at all.”

“However, I am glad to see that Bradstreet rates your credit at \$3,000,000 (£600,000),” I remarked.

“It did not come from my inventions,” he said quickly, “I never made money as a professional inventor. What property I own has been accumulated since I began to do business and manufacture the machines in my own shop. That is the only hope of the inventor. He will starve if he depends on his patents.”

Those who have been associated with Mr. Edison add that he has been fleeced by unscrupulous lawyers and patent sharks so unmercifully that it is to be wondered he has any faith left in mankind.

In the Orange mountains Mr. Edison has a pretty home, presided over by a charming wife—his second—and three children, of whom the eldest boy is beginning an apprenticeship in his father's work.

THE ESTIMATE OF A TWENTY YEARS' ASSOCIATE.

Perhaps no one is in a position to give a truer estimate of the inventor as he appears beyond the threshold of his laboratory than Mr. Edward H. Johnson, who was associated with him in the disillusionizing atmosphere of business for twenty years. Mr. Johnson himself is an American of a type which is a necessary complement to creative genius such as Edison's. He has shown a masterly ability to comprehend the intricate problems of organising and conducting the great companies, by whose agency inventions such as the incandescent light and the phonograph could be brought to the people all over America—a work than which affairs of state themselves call for scarcely less breadth of view, talent for combination, and executive force.

He characterises Edison as genial and even frolicsome, with a temperament which might even be called boyish. “In the whole course of our connection,” says Mr. Johnson, “and notwithstanding the many strains on his temper and the injustices which he suffered from unscrupulous business antagonists, we have had but one ‘difference.’ That was based on a pure misunderstanding and has long since died a natural death. My association with him has been of the greatest profit and pleasure to me. Our active friendship will end only with the death of one of us, though our business relations have ceased in the course of the natural ramification of the electric light and power industries,

with which I became more intimately identified than did his other laboratory associates."

HE IS A RELUCTANT LION.

Though Mr. Edison is social in his nature even to the point of jollity, he is thoroughly averse to the formulas of a conventional society. Can we expect men who work twenty hours a day to cultivate the more elaborate graces? This is in some sort to be regretted, especially from the point of view of the circles which, if he were otherwise minded, would be open to him; for he is really a brilliant conversationalist. But while society loses a lion, the world gains a genius. "He has often been heard," continued Mr. Johnson, in his courteous answers to my questions, "to express contempt for an inventor who, having produced a single invention, makes a tour of 'society' to receive its plaudits, and, finding the life so agreeable, pursues it permanently, to the destruction of his further ambition."

Mr. Johnson deprecates this hiding of Edison's delightful personality under the bushel of reserve, and wishes that he might be gently and tactfully lured into the social world, which, when once he had confidence in his command of its technicalities, he could not but greatly enjoy.

But perhaps it is well to remember that the fearful and wonderful thing we call "society" was made neither by nor for geniuses. And he is only a genius.

No, clearly the world is ready enough to grant him hero worship; but it is rather as we see him at noon

taking his workmanlike lunch basket on his knees, or as we hear of his being refused admittance to his own laboratory by a new porter, who sees nothing in him but a suspicious-looking person in a slouch hat—than as a candidate for initiation into the sartorial and other mysteries of the *beau monde*. As well as these may be in their way, they are utterly foreign to the most picturesque and lovable aspects of Edison.

THE INVENTOR AS A BUSINESS MAN.

It is told that in the halcyon days of Mr. Edison's earlier manufactories, he absolutely refused to have any system of book-keeping, and even kept no record at all of notes to be paid. When these fell due, he would drop everything and scurry around to raise the necessary funds—this on the principle, as he put it, that the notary's fee on the protested note was cheaper than keeping books! He has learned much since then in the stern *regime* of the business world; but it is still the unqualified opinion of many true friends that both the world and Mr. Edison would have been gainers if he had left the conduct of the purely business side of his affairs to associates of special commercial training and instincts. For the inventor has an intolerance of forms in business, as in society. He undertook an active part in the management of the industries he had created in consequence of his disappointment at the slow development of the electric lighting venture. Mr. Johnson gives him credit for fertility of resource and brilliancy of



PHONOGRAPH ROOM IN MR. EDISON'S LABORATORY AT ORANGE.

conception in his business management, but easily shows how little these avail in the exacting world of commerce when not backed by the patient pursuit of an established order.

This natural disregard for the forms and minutiae of business affairs has led to anything but a path of roses for Mr. Edison in his financial operations.

A SENSITIVE NATURE.

"He is frank and open to a degree," said Mr. Johnson, "and, despite many a sad experience, as well as oft-repeated expressions of cynicism under the sense of injustice, he is always ready with sympathy and an open hand. When he feels himself injured he is bitter for a time, but this passes away unless fed by the active hostility of an opponent.

"He is extremely sensitive to criticism of his motives, and is even too apt to interpret a light remark to mean a great disparagement. When he is robbed of money he will easily forget it; but if attainted in any moral sense he becomes relentless."

EDISON'S PLACE AMONG THE WORLD'S SCIENTISTS.

It might seem an infelicitous place for such a heading in the midst of a discussion of his business relations, but his achievements cannot be separated from commerce. He is an inventor, not a discoverer of underlying laws and mathematical formulas. The keynote of his work is commercial utility. He is willing to make mathematics, pure science, his servant; but, as an end in itself, he has no taste for it. He sees in every idea that ever taxed his brain a direct immediate worth to the people about him, though it may not be within the limits of human imagination to comprehend the extent of that worth. The masses of his fellows and their needs are regarded in every test, in every experiment, in the most daring new conception and in the most homely improvement alike. He asks himself when a new idea is suggested: "Will this be valuable from the industrial point of view? Will it do some important thing better than existing methods?" And then, if the answer is clearly affirmative, "Can I carry it out?" He is not so much a seeker after truth as he is a mighty engine for the application of scientific truths, through unexpected and marvellous channels, to the fight we are making "in the patient modern way." He is an inventor purely, and the greatest of his race. One might call him the Democrat of Science.

A WIZARD AT WORK.

It is a sign not to be passed over without thought, that the first chamber the visitor enters on invading Mr. Edison's workshop, at Orange, is a library with voluminous and closely packed shelves. It is the sumptuous room of the establishment, and with a further store of volumes at his home, contains one of the most costly and well-equipped scientific libraries in the world; the collection of writings on patent laws and patents, for instance, is absolutely exhaustive. It gives in a glance an idea of the breadth of thought and sympathy of this man who grew up with scarcely a common school education. Nor will one find this self-taught and self-made scientist only a gigantic specialist. He will respond to any topic of real interest and value, will talk intelligently, and quote appositely.

But while it is significant to note that Mr. Edison's sympathies have not been dwarfed by his early limitations, yet it is in the character of specialist, after all, that he enchains our attention; a more profound impression of him comes when he stands in his roomy, but topsy-turvy laboratory, with its two well-hung and well-locked doors, or when he is directing the assistants

and skilful workmen who follow his behest with something nearly akin to reverence. The inventor told me that in the huge system of electrical manufactories with which he is associated, no very large proportion of the best helpers come from the colleges, so many of which now have special courses in the new profession. The college training has the danger of spoiling them for the necessary rough manual labour. For a long time they used to apply a test here when a new man came in. He was told that one of his duties would be to sweep the floor in the morning—this, of course, only to try him. But if he bridled up and resented it as an insult, we knew that he could never be of much use as an electrician.

THE WEAPONS OF MAGIC.

Two centuries ago Edison would have had a poor chance to escape the stake if the good citizens of Salem had taken an awed peep at the uncanny materials of his stock-room. In these multitudinous drawers and shelves lurk unearthly relics of birds, beasts, plants and crawling things. The skins of snakes and fishes, the pelts of an extraordinary number of fur-bearing animals, some of them exceedingly rare, the hide and teeth of sharks and hippopotami, rhinoceros horns, the fibres of strange exotic plants, all manner of textile substances and precious stones from the uttermost parts of the earth, are there waiting to bridge over their destined gap in some important machine. Many of the great inventions have awaited a laborious trial of this infinite variety of material before they became practical. "That," said Mr. Edison, pointing to a globe enclosing the filament of the incandescent light, "never would work right, no matter how hard we tried, till the fibre of a particular kind of bamboo was put in"—the marvellously delicate, quivering elastic thread which we have all seen. The phonograph, too, was only perfected after finding the value of the hard sapphire stone for several of its parts—the reproducing ball, the recording knife, and others.

STORING UP A SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A later development of the musical phonograph is the last device which Mr. Edison has perfected; it is now on the point of being introduced to the world. The cylinders of this instrument can record the most elaborate musical instrumentation. We sat down before it with the inventor and listened for half an hour to various selections from popular composers. It is hard to believe, but the machine has been so delicately constructed that the very quality of tone in most instruments was preserved. This effect is its special value, which Mr. Edison has spent much work in attaining. One feels tempted to pinch one's self to break the dream when the violin's long drawn notes with their sympathy and pathos, the cello's marvellous tone, the firm, clear, reed sounds of the flute, and the cornet's blare, are ground out of this insignificant bundle of bolts and bars—the whole of which one might almost get into a peck measure. It is a sight to be remembered—the picture of Mr. Edison quietly listening with rapt enjoyment till the last strains of "Cavalleria Rusticana" had died away, only moving to put on a "new tune," or once in a while, with a slight touch, to try if increased pressure on some lever would improve the quality of the tone. He promises in time to have this phonograph reproducing all the harmonies of its musical record as well as the first tones.

A SINGLE INVENTION SAVES £3,000,000.

Perhaps it will give a better idea of what Mr. Edison's work means to the world than any generalisation or enume-



MR. EDISON AT WORK.

ration to simply state that the duplex and quadruplex systems of telegraphy begun by him in 1869, and finished after six years of work, have saved in America alone the enormous sum of \$15,000,000. By the duplex system two currents of different degrees of strength were sent over the wire in the same direction, thus doubling its efficiency, while the quadruplex arrangement became possible when it was discovered that these two currents could be sent in opposite directions at the same time—thus enabling one wire to transmit four simultaneous messages. Not satisfied with this, Mr. Edison is confident of attaining sextuplex and octuplex systems.

INSTRUMENTS OF MARVELLOUS DELICACY. MEASURING A MILLIONTH DEGREE FAHRENHEIT.

Through the mysterious qualities of a carbon button Mr. Edison has been able to construct a little machine called the tasimeter, which in different forms, measures degrees of heat, of moisture, and—in the odorscope and microphone—of odours and sound so small that it is difficult for the human mind to grasp the situation. The tasimeter will show a sensible deflection at the one-millionth of a degree of Fahrenheit. The heat from the human body standing eight feet away will be accurately registered; a lighted cigar held at the same distance will give a large deflection, as will the heat of a common gas jet *one hundred feet away*. When it is arranged to be sensitive to moisture, this astonishing instrument was deflected eleven degrees by a drop of water held on the finger five inches away. The microphone multiplies the intensity of sound by the hundred thousand, making the passage of the tiniest insect sound like a mighty deafening roar.

THE GREATEST TRIUMPHS ARE YET TO COME.

Electrical science is in its infancy. Those who are greatest in the march of mechanical progress confidently predict that future discoveries will be as incredible to us as the present science would be to our forbears of two centuries back. One single further secret won from nature will open a practically limitless field for electrical introduction, and will probably be more decided in its quantitative results, as the technicians say, than any invention the world has seen. It is the direct production of electricity from oxygen and coal (carbon). At present we burn coal to obtain steam, which is transmuted into mechanical energy and thence into electricity. Before the energy of the coal reaches the dynamo six-sevenths of its power are lost, even under the very best conditions, and afterwards one-tenth of the remainder. Find a way to dispense with the steam engine in this making of electricity, and we have multiplied several times the available mechanical energy of the world. Thousands of the brightest and most earnest engineers and chemists are now striving, generally in secret, to obtain this gigantic result—beside which the philosopher's stone was but a bauble. Edison has worked on it and confidently predicts that the discovery will come. He asserts that he is no longer troubling himself about it, but he has a very well-equipped chemical laboratory, in which, nowadays, he spends most of his time, and if he happens upon this secret we have no idea that he will let it pass by unnoticed.

When we shall have made this eternal saving in our fuel supply the Atlantic steamships will need only a snug little coal-bin for 250 tons of coal instead of one for 2,500 tons. There will be no more forced draughts, and grimy, consumptive stokers, and the five-day record will be an uninteresting reminiscence. The great English ship-builders can already construct a vessel to go 40 knots an

hour, if only she could burn 2000 tons of coal a day; then she will only have to burn 200. Then it will take only one-twentieth of an ounce of coal to carry a ton one mile!

Nor is it only the sanguine dream of inventors—this magnificent discovery. So cool-headed a business man as Mr. Johnson, whom I have been quoting from before, believes that we shall certainly have the problem solved early in the next century. "It will," he adds, "make short work of machinery now run by electricity. The greatest future of electricity is in its quality of a power agent. Light and heat it will give, but power is the grand field for its employment. All that is required is cheap production; the means of utilising it effectively and economically are even now more perfect than in the case of the steam-engine or the horse."

NIAGARA IN HARNESS.

While our industrious alchemists search for the Great Secret, we are doing the best in our power to make up for the inefficiency of steam by utilising the energy of streams. In the Falls of Niagara there is about three million horse-power hitherto wasted. But now a portion of this monster force is in the traces. One hundred thousand horse-power is caught by giant turbines, is transformed into electricity on the spot, and then sent over wires to distant points to give light and turn wheels. The silent, invisible power is to be taken, to the city of Buffalo, or even farther, and as a local result that town is already looking forward to a population of a million. It helps us to realise our gain on nature when we think that even this bit stolen from Niagara—only one three-hundredth of her might—is equivalent to the continuous work, night and day, of six hundred thousand men. The question at once arises, why we do not utilise all the Niagara power and run every piece of machinery in New York City with it? Perhaps some day we may; but at present there is a practical limit to the long-distance transmission of power which puts this feat out of the question. At great distances there is too much resistance to be overcome to make it commercially efficient; and the personal equation of the men who have the machinery in charge must always be taken into account," said Mr. Edison. "No machinery can be much beyond the conception of the men who run it. That is a point seldom thought of but ever present in the consideration of these new problems."

WE MAY TRAVEL 150 MILES PER HOUR.

It is now but a question of time when the mantle of the steam locomotive will fall on the electric car. The latter has made the first advances towards supplanting steam in such work as is required in the long B. and O. tunnel under the city of Baltimore, where whole trains—even freight trains with their locomotives attached—are hauled six or seven miles by powerful electric motors. The engineers studying the practical details of electrical locomotion are still uncertain as to whether we shall have a separate locomotive drawing the future train or whether each car will be equipped with its own motor.

The possible speed is to be limited only by the problems of the cohesion of steel in the rails and engines. I asked Mr. Edison what, in his opinion, was the practical speed limit on the horizon of electrical locomotion, and he answered, "perhaps 150 miles an hour." He made at Menlo Park one of the first important experiments in electrical railways, exhibiting one in 1882 that carried cars 40 miles per hour. But before we come to moving heavy trains by electricity, to which there are serious, though not insuperable, obstacles, he believes

that we shall shoot our mail through the country by some electrical device, of telpherage construction possibly.

THE SOCIAL ASPECTS OF CITY RAILWAYS.

But perhaps the most far-reaching results of the introduction of electrical transportation will be seen in our city and suburban railways. That was, after all, but a feeble bit of philosophy which said "time is money." For when the problems of our congested centres of population are considered, time is green fields and running brooks, fresh air, and cream and butter and eggs, it is life and health and happiness for the ill-fed, ill-housed, untaught class, which our social and industrial systems constrain to exist in city tenement houses. When the fathers of such families as we now see in Mulberry and Cherry streets can go every night to their country homes thirty miles away from work in half as many minutes for five cents, then we shall be well on our way to a signal solution of the ugliest questions of the day.

ELECTRICITY AS A LIFE-SAVER.

It will never be known how many lives have been saved by the introduction of electric lighting in our houses and streets in the stead of oil and gas. At first this might have seemed of dubious advantage when one heard stories of the fires which resulted from lighting wires, and of men and horses killed in trolley accidents. But since the improved methods of insulating have been applied—and it is to be expected that more and more of the dangerous wires will be carried underground—there can be no suspicion but that we have gained immensely in safety from fire. And this is of two-fold importance on trains and in ships, where fire so often leads to holocausts. Railroad accidents have been lessened in another way, primarily, of course, by telegraphic dispatches, without which we cannot imagine our great roads in use at all, and also in the later inventions by which one can telegraph from a moving train, currents being induced in the wires running parallel to the road. It seems to a layman little short of miraculous that the sender can tick on his instrument while the Chicago "flyer" in which he is travelling is making sixty miles an hour, and send a message by this wonderful property of induction over wires which may be so much as 500 feet away! In certain of the great railroad central offices there are charts in which all the trains at the moment in use are represented in miniature in the relative positions they actually occupy, the movements being electrically recorded. And when hearing by electricity comes into general use, as it certainly will, we shall be advantaged further by immunity from the deadly car stove.

In the ocean greyhounds that are again and again cutting off the distance between Europe and America, electrical devices are of signal service in reducing the danger to life. The bearing on the ship's enormous shaft is announced, when it gets to the danger point, to the engineer by a little electric bell which tinkles automatically, the bearing having closed a circuit on reaching a certain fixed point in the shaft.

The terrible danger of collision with icebergs will be lessened through an application of that same small carbon button which registered a millionth of a degree of heat. An apparatus has already been arranged to effect this—the nearing bergs announcing their presence through the increasing cold, which the tasimeter records.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

We shall almost certainly be flying. The greatest difficulty at present in the way of that pleasing performance is the weight of the motor and fuel relative to the

power necessary. The chemical production of electricity will sweep away that obstacle by making possible the construction of motors weighing but a small fraction of the lightest now constructed, and by effecting an even more decided saving in fuel.

As one result of the flying-machine, among the many which it will effect even revolutionary in character, a writer has pointed out that we shall probably be delivered from the institution of war, since such terrible destruction will be possible with a corps of fighting aeroplanes that no nation will dare to risk it.

Farming by electricity has been successfully tried in the Southern States, and it is not improbable that we shall see the agriculturist of the future sawing his wood; cutting his ensilage, shelling his corn, threshing his wheat and running his creamery with power from a small electric plant owned in co-operation with a half dozen of his neighbours.

We should be whisking our heavy baggage, too unwieldy for the aeroplanes, through the country by electricity applied to some telpherage or other system. We shall be cooking by electricity, and heating and lighting our houses, our cars, and our ships. We shall not only cook our meals; we shall probably serve them too, to judge from an experiment made not long ago in Baltimore with much more *éclat*.

SEEING, HEARING, AND THINKING BY ELECTRICITY.

But these methods fairly seem old-fashioned beside some of the feats which our most daring electricians are considering as possible. If we hear by electricity—through the telephone—why, do these undismayed men ask, can we not see at a distance by the same agency? The vibrations of light are, to be sure, many times more rapid than those of sound; but it is merely a question of obtaining a diaphragm which will respond to those vibrations. May we not look forward to seeing, from our easy arm-chair in New York, the latest drama at the Théâtre Française?

And since hearing is but a tickling of the brain by vibrations, may we not, if our apparatus for introducing these vibrations to the brain-centres gets out of order—if, in short, we are deaf—lead the impulses to the brain through the bones of the head, by electrical means?

With the problems of seeing and hearing by electricity established, there is not so wide a gap to bridge over to the idea of thought-transference by the same means. Everything they have observed leads our psychologists and physiologists to suspect that the impulses from the brain along the nerves to the muscles are, if not electric, at any rate inextricably combined with electrical phenomena. All of us know the simple experiment in our physiological lessons of making an electrical impulse act on a frog's muscles as an act of volition from the brain. If it be true that thinking is, or is always accompanied by, an electrical disturbance, why should we not be able to induce thoughts in other people's brains corresponding to our own? Mr. Edison worked on this *bizarre* problem with much earnestness. He and his assistant, Mr. Bachelor, fitted up their craniums with a coil of wire each, and connecting the two with a string, impregnated successively with various conducting substances, the thinkers thought away sturdily, testing, at intervals, the effect on each other. Many times, said Mr. Edison, their hearts were in their mouths with the belief that the connection had been established; but on laying traps for one another it was invariably found that the result was but the product of their strained imaginations.

CHARLES D. LANIER.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

ARE WE TO LOSE COMMAND OF THE SEA?

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON contributes to the *National Review* a dispassionate and statesmanlike paper on the question, "Is Our Sea-Power to be Maintained?" In discussing this, which is a question of life and death for us as an Empire and as the traders of the world, he carefully abstains from partisan recriminations or alarmist rhetoric. He quotes Mr. Gladstone's "perfect" satisfaction at "the adequacy and capacity" of our Navy, and then proceeds to give a plain statement of the facts:—

"The purposes for which the British Navy exists" are the protection of the colonies, commerce, and territories of the British Empire, against the united naval forces of the two strongest existing foreign fleets, by maintaining against such a combination the command of the sea . . . France and Russia happened to be then, and are still, those two Powers, and therefore their fleets, present and prospective, form the test.

Since foreign nations have few distant coaling stations and their battleships have inferior coaling capacity, the great naval struggle, if it came at all, would most probably occur in European waters. Hence comparisons between ours and the allied navies must leave out of count "all our foreign squadrons abroad (except the Mediterranean) as being too remote from the central conflict, and as being mainly composed of second-class cruisers and small vessels, whose functions are not to fight battle-ships, but to protect commerce."

BEFORE AND AFTER THE NAVAL DEFENCE ACT.

Lord George then proceeds to make tabulated comparisons at three periods.

In March 1889, before the Naval Defence Act was introduced, . . . we had of effective battle-ships 32, of 262,340 tonnage, against 23 French and Russian ships of 150,653 tonnage, but . . . many of our ships were old. In April 1894, at the end of the Naval Defence Act, . . . the five years' work ending in 1894 . . . shows in battle-ships alone an addition of 14 ships, 179,300 tons to the British Fleet, against 13 ships, 120,300 tons to the fleets of France and Russia. . . . Our ships are more modern, and have relatively a greater concentration of offensive and defensive power than the ships added to the other navies.

These figures do not include "our present effective armoured and first-class cruisers," which number 29 against a Franco-Russian total of 17.

Thus, as the case of the three greatest naval Powers of Europe now stands, "although we may fairly claim to be equal in strength to our two most formidable competitors, no one can pretend that the margin of our superiority is such that we can afford to rest on our oars."

FRANCE AND RUSSIA BUILDING FIVE TIMES AS MUCH AS WE ARE.

Comparing next "the prospective building programme of the three countries on January 1st, 1894, as now known,"

France and Russia will have, on January 1st, 1894, no less than 23 large ships, with an aggregate tonnage of 210,300 tons, in various stages of construction, against only 4 of Great Britain, with an aggregate tonnage of 56,000. But at the time I am writing, on three out of the four . . . no actual work has yet begun.

Every wise Englishman will agree with Lord George Hamilton when he says, "These figures indicate an urgent danger ahead."

SINKING BELOW THE MINIMUM.

The ignorance or indifference of the public, combined with the delays consequent on change of Administration and the Coal War, make our naval peril still more serious. In 1892 the late Board of Admiralty had decided on beginning five new ironclads during the two years 1893-94, declaring, however, that this was "the minimum requisite to meet only the future wastage and depreciation of the existing fleet." But though France and Russia were going in for a large increase of construction, yet the present Government has not kept up this minimum requisite, but instead of the five has only gone on with two.

Lord Spencer's public speeches and exchange of opinion with naval officers leave nothing to be desired; but for more than a year nothing has been done to counteract the prospective development of other navies. . . . It is clear that the obstruction is not within that Department, but outside.

Lord George gives the Government credit for adding to our torpedo gunboats, but strongly objects to this expenditure being met by reducing the annual normal outlay on large ships.

"AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR."

The loss of time has been great.

Every month saved now is of incalculable value as regards our future naval supremacy. It is from this standpoint, and not from any factious or partisan motive, that I and my friends in the House of Commons are urging the Government to announce at once their intentions, and receive the preliminary sanction of Parliament, so that the contract work may at once be placed. By this course at least three months can be saved; unless it is adopted, no new expenditure can be incurred until after the approval of the votes presented in March next; and the time subsequently occupied in inviting tenders and preparing specifications would further delay the commencement of heavy work till May or June 1894; and saving of time is now a consideration as important as the expenditure of money. . . . We are arriving at the eleventh hour; and unless a prompt, vigorous, and sustained action be at once taken, "Too late" may be the epitaph of our next great scheme of naval outlay.

The last few years have wrought a great change of feeling upon the subject of naval expenditure. A Government which starves the Navy loses popularity; the Government that adequately maintains it gains popularity.

All that is soundest in English life will support Lord George Hamilton's concluding appeal to the Government to "face resolutely and deal adequately with the grave national danger."

THE LAW OF SEA POWER.

THE agitation for a strengthened navy naturally finds reflection in the magazines. "Nauticus," who writes from the point of view of "a naval expert of neutral nationality," and of "a publicist who finds in the *Independence Belge* a tribune," expounds in the *Fortnightly* the laws of "Sea-Power; its Past and Future." He calls attention to the great discovery published three years ago, by Capt. Mahan, of the United States Navy. This was a discovery of the simple fact that sea-power, whether local or universal, cannot be enjoyed by more than one tenant in any given district, and of the law that "sea-power, or mastery of any sea, in proportion as it is complete, confers upon its possessor an ultimately dominating position with regard to all the countries the coasts of which border that sea." This law is verified in the

great wars of history in which navies took part. Capt. Mahan's demonstration of it has "roused the dockyards of Europe and America to unwonted activity."

GERMANY NOT FRANCE OUR RIVAL.

Many maritime powers forget, however, that sea-power does not rest primarily upon the possession of a strong navy, but upon the possession and the maintenance of a superior maritime trade. A navy does not make trade. . . . Spain had at one time the best trade of the two hemispheres. When she lost her naval supremacy she also lost her trade. The Netherlands inherited Spain's business, but preserved it only so long as the Netherlands navy was equal to the task of its guardianship. . . .

If, to imagine an illustration, a naval war were to break out between France and Great Britain, and if the latter were to experience a decisive and crushing defeat at sea, she would lose her trade. But, in the existing circumstances, it would certainly not pass under the control of France. There is no doubt whatever that Germany, which is already the second commercial power, would immediately become the first. . . .

Unfortunately France remains "blind to the fact that the vacated place would be occupied by Germany. She persists in believing that she could take it. And this is because she will not accept Captain Mahan's law of sea-power."

WHAT EUROPE HAS A RIGHT TO DEMAND.

Great Britain pretends to the supremacy of the sea, and Europe is, upon the whole, resigned to her enjoyment of it. But . . . Europe has a right to demand that so long as Great Britain continues to put forward her claims, she shall support them so determinedly and with such a convincing display of her ability to maintain them as to accustom her envious neighbours to the idea that in a quarrel with her they are doomed to defeat. Upon no other terms is her presence in the Mediterranean either tolerable or defensible. . . . Her sea-power has ceased to be convincing, undoubted, recognised; to-morrow it could be shattered, perhaps immediately, by France alone, if only France had no other preoccupations and if she were assured beforehand of Italy's non-interference. For the citadel of British sea-power, the vantage-point upon which rests the centre of the British position in Europe is in the Mediterranean; and, excluded from the Mediterranean, the United Kingdom would in a few years be no weightier a factor in international politics than the Netherlands or Denmark.

"Nauticus" shows by comparative tables British naval inferiority to France in the Mediterranean, and concludes that our "present policy of pretension and powerlessness in the Mediterranean is perhaps the most formidable of existing menaces to the peace of the world."

MR. LILLY'S BLAST AGAINST DEMOCRACY.

It is quite in the academic style that Mr. W. S. Lilly proceeds to enlighten the readers of the *Fortnightly* on the nature and method of true self-government. He is moved with a lofty pity at the vulgar notion that self-government is realised by current democratic institutions. He draws—chiefly from Mr. Bryce's writings—a picture of the partisanship corruption and "boss" rule which prevail in the United States, and exclaims, This is what you call self-government "in its greatest perfection!" He then turns to Great Britain, and says, "Our governors," too, are "merely the chiefs of a dominant party."

Self-government in England, as in America, means party government; and in England, as in America, the two great parties represent little more than a desire for power and place. . . . The fact is certain that to win or retain office, not to carry out principles, has become the dominating motive of the two chief political parties. . . . True, the system of Ring-and-Bossdom is at present inchoate among us. But surely the Parliamentary party, of which Mr. Bryce is an ornament, is

essentially a Ring, and, most assuredly, the Prime Minister is a Boss *in excelsis*! And he rules his followers with an absolute sway which an American Boss might envy. . . . In England, then, as in the United States, "self-government" really means bossdom in fear of the Irish vote.

Mr. Lilly knows no more signal proof of the deep degradation of our public life, than the way Mr. Gladstone thrust Home Rule on his reluctant adherents. He next looks to France, but finds there the same story repeated.

Self-government in France, as in the United States, is party government; nor does the machinery of politics in France differ substantially from the American, although it is less highly organised. . . . These parliamentary engineers are the bosses of France, who set up one phantasmal ministry after another, filling meanwhile their own pockets.

From these counterfeits of national self-government, Mr. Lilly passes on to consider what the true article is.

Self-government in an individual man means the supremacy of the rational nature over the emotional; the predominance of the moral over the animal self. The lower powers and faculties of a self-governed man are brought into subjection, and kept in subordination to the higher.

So is it in the nation. But—and here we come on a piece of Toryism as old as Plato—"in the social organism the masses (as the phrase is) represent passion, impulse, emotion." And they must be ruled by reason. "Civil society arises from the nature of things." The State must be based on morality, on justice therefore. Justice requires that every man "should count in the social organism for his true political value. And the political value of men differs greatly."

All the elements of national life should be represented in just proportion. All should be subsumed in the reason of the organic whole. . . . "pure democracy," as it is called, the unchecked domination of numbers, is not a form of government at all. Every State is naturally an aristocracy. . . . The method, now widely supposed to be the final achievement of political wisdom, of determining great public issues by simply counting heads, is supremely irrational. You might just as well determine them by measuring stomachs.

For the present deplorable state of things Mr. Lilly has two remedies to offer: "the increased separation of the executive from the legislative Government;" and "a strong second chamber" as a "safeguard against the tyranny of a debased popular chamber."

The House of Lords, even as at present constituted, is far more truly representative of that which makes the nation what it is, of its wisdom, its experience, its culture, its independence, its great historical traditions, its imperial instincts, than the House of Commons.

So Mr. Lilly's academic disquisitions on the nature of government end in a plea for the Reform of the House of Lords. Contemporary science has established "the importance of the principle of heredity." But let the English hereditary peers be represented by only one-tenth of their number, elected every seven years. Let the "black sheep" be struck off. Let the tenure of certain great positions entitle to a seat in the Lords—such as the position of the Prince of Wales, Lord-Lieutenants of Counties, Field-Marshal, Admiral, Ambassador, Colonial Governor, etc. Seats should also be given to, say, commoners distinguished for public service, literature, science, art, to the properly accredited representative of every County Council, and to the chief magistrate of the seventeen chief cities of the United Kingdom. But no peer should be eligible for the lower House.

Such a House of Lords would be the most powerful senate in the world. It would realise self-government.

"THE LUTHER OF THE SOCIAL REFORMATION."

TOM MANN AND THE CHURCH.

Few events have made a greater sensation both in Labour and in Church circles than the announcement of the *Times* that Mr. Tom Mann was going to take orders as an Anglican clergyman. The stir was not lessened when Mr. Mann, though not decided, owned to be seriously meditating the step. Among the many articles which the subject has evoked, one of the most interesting is supplied to the *Review of the Churches* by Rev. John C. Carlile, who is an intimate friend of the Labour leader. He thus describes

MR. MANN'S "THEOLOGICAL PILGRIMAGE."

Born at Foleshill, in Warwickshire, April 15th, 1856, he was trained among Church people. In 1870 his family moved to Birmingham. There he came under the influence of Thomas Laundry, a godly Quaker, who conducted Cross Street Bible-class. Here Tom Mann found a spiritual home. In the



MR. TOM MANN.

discussions he took a prominent part, and received impressions which have moulded all his future. When he left Birmingham for London, he became a teacher in the Sunday-school at St. Stephen's Church, Westminster. Then began his theological pilgrimage, which is not yet at an end. From the Church of England he drifted to Mr. Voysey's congregation without finding mental rest. From the idealists he turned to the Swedenborgians, becoming connected with the church at Argyle Square, under the ministry of the Rev. John Presland.

MAINLY STILL A SWEDENBORGIAN.

He joined the theological class, and read deeply the works of the Swedish seer, taking also a course of reading in *Spencer's First Principles* and *Ruskin*. Up to the present

his theological position is mainly that of the New Church. Still working at his trade as an engineer, he continued to devote time to Christian enterprise and study. . . . In 1884 he lectured on "Progress and Poverty." From that lecture may be dated his crusade against the social system—or want of system—of our time. . . . Two years ago . . . he and I were discussing vital questions of religion. His attitude towards the Churches was still that of an opponent, but his love for the Divine Christ was clearly expressed. He saw plainly that the Labour movement must ultimately fail unless it has a firmer foundation than that of a desire for increased wages. The social reconstruction for which he was working could only be based upon religious and economic principles.

THE LARGER PARISH AND THE WIDER PULPIT.

Mr. Carlile, like most of Mr. Mann's friends, strongly opposes the idea of his entering the Church.

To-day thousands of men are looking with expectant hope to Mr. Mann. He, above most others, is marked out as the Luther of the Social Reformation. . . . In the Church of England he might do much, but outside he could do more. If he wants a parish, all England may be his parish; if he wants a pulpit, there is the House of Commons. . . . His religious influence is a thousand times greater now than if he turned parson.

A JUSTIFICATION OF INTEREST.

THE question, Is it right to take interest?—once so laboriously discussed by mediæval casuists—is rising again to exercise the consciences of men. In the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, Mr. Arthur T. Hadley writes with the aim of showing that the justification of interest, as an institution, is not to be sought either in the productivity of capital, or in the difference of value between present and future goods; but in the fact that it furnishes a means of natural selection of employers whereby the productive forces of the community are better utilised than by any other method hitherto devised.

He traces three stages in the development of modern industrial law:—

The first, where a man was allowed property as a stimulus to labour and save; the second, where he was allowed profits as a stimulus to exercise skill and foresight in management; and the third, historically almost coincident with the second, where he was allowed to offer interest to induce others to give him the means of exercising his skill and foresight over the widest range.

This is his summing up:—

If these views be correct, interest is essentially a price paid by one group of capitalists to another, for the control of industry on a large scale. The system is justified by its effect in the natural selection of employers and methods rather than by any contribution made by the individual receiver of interest to the good of society. The rate of interest does not depend so directly as has been supposed on a general market for capital, but is the result of commutation of profits in particular lines; the terms of this commutation depending upon the relative numbers of those who desire control and those who are willing to part with such control for the sake of avoiding the risks which it entails.

PRIZE CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER.

The Prize is won this month by—

1. Miss Jessie Hay, 33, Abbey Street, Elgin, Scotland.
2. W. Culling Gaze, Fengate, Peterborough.
3. W. Richards, Ardbeg Villa, Oban, Scotland.
4. C. D. Rosling, Horwell Endowed School, St. Stephen-by-Launceston, Cornwall.
5. "Veritas," 3, Avoca Terrace, Blackrock, Dublin.
6. J. S. Keeling, Willington, Burton-on-Trent.
7. George Wright, Ings Road, Burton-on-Humber.

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

I.—A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT'S SOLUTION.

THIS ever-recurring question is treated by Canon Barnett in the *Fortnightly*, and by Mr. J. A. Murray Macdonald, M.P., in the *New Review*. Mr. Macdonald begins by pointing to the effect which machinery has had in increasing the number and relatively decreasing the employment of the population. He contends—

1. That the proportion of the population of the country that finds work in the staple industries is decreasing, while the wealth produced in them is increasing. 2. That the increase in the population does not obtain work under satisfactory conditions in other channels of labour. 3. That the over-supply of labour cannot justly be traced to any fault of the labourer, but to a cause, operating in our industrial system as a whole, over which the labourer has hardly any control.

PUBLISHED ACCOUNTS AND COLLECTIVE CONTROL.

The remedy he advocates is "the substitution of such an organisation of industry as would lead to a due balance between distribution and production, in place of the present wasteful over-production."

To this end we first require knowledge of the actual demand and actual supply of a given commodity.

Export and import returns are not enough. "What is needed is a detailed account of the business of each particular firm in each particular industry of the country, and the collection and analysis of these accounts." In order to obtain a balance between the demand and supply of commodities thus ascertained, Mr. Macdonald advocates "the collective control of the production of any particular commodity by the whole body of the producers of that commodity"; for example, "the collective control of the whole cotton industry of the country by the whole body of those actually engaged in it," or the combination of the Miners' Federation and the Federated Mine-owners. Such an amalgamation would make the miner's connection with the mine as stable as is the mine-owner's. His third specific is the eight-hour day for certain trades.

II.—THE WHITECHAPEL CANON'S VIEW.

Canon Barnett divides the unemployed into two classes, those unable to work and those unwilling to work, requiring respectively relief and discipline. "The danger at hand is," he thinks, "not so much one of abnormal distress as of antagonism." He does not find a solution in shorter hours or new public works, or the holding over to the slack times of winter of all work that can be so arranged, or farm colonies; he condemns outdoor relief to the physically unfit, and "shelters and feeding." He approves of the proposal—

(1) That training be offered by Boards of Guardians to all willing to submit for a certain time to certain regulations; (2) that the parochial authorities reserve its street work—sweeping, cleaning, &c.—for inhabitants in its own district who have occupied tenements for at least twelve months, and that such work be strictly supervised so as to ensure the performance of a full day's task; (3) that those who refuse training and fail at street work be offered the workhouse.

The Whitechapel guardians are proposing as an experiment to offer willing, able-bodied men—inhabitants of Whitechapel—work on farms in Essex.

"DO ONE GOOD THING."

The Canon's final advice is to trust less to machinery and more to personal friendship:—

The one thing which every one can do and be certain of its use is to make friends with one or two who are in need—to do all necessary for this one or two, and leave off attempting to raise the masses. There would be perhaps more self-denial in the self-restraint than in the sacrifice. It is often less hard for many in these days of bold advertisement to spend them-

selves on platforms and at street corners, to stand night after night in close rooms feeding hungry hundreds, than to restrain themselves in order to do one good thing. If to-morrow, every one who cares for the poor would become the friend of one poor person—forsaking all others—there would next week be no insoluble problem of the unemployed, and London would be within measurable distance of becoming a city of happy homes.

HOW OUR ANCESTORS SPENT THEIR HOLIDAYS.

AN instructive and amusing article is that in the *Nouvelle Revue* on the medicinal baths of the Middle Ages, by M. Fernand Engerand. Towns may come and towns may go, as war and commerce decide; but wherever curative springs, hot or cold, start unbidden from the earth, we usually find them frequented, from age to age, by an unending stream of visitors.

The Romans have left traces of their thermal establishments all over France. The great arch in the marketplace of Aix-les-Bains, and the remains of conduits and baths underneath the flowery gardens of a neighbouring villa, testify to the long record of the Savoyard valley; and the early Gauls adopted the habits of the Roman imperial colonists, and bathed and feasted in like manner. But when Attila came down with his Huns they wrecked the complicated bathing arrangements, and that generation bathed no more. On the withdrawal of the barbarians into Germany, the natives, however, set to work to restore the conduits, and in 484 we find Prince Ambron, son of Clodion the Hairy, bathing at Plombières and at Luxeuil, where arose a legend of the seventh century, telling how St. Agile restored a dead man drowned in the bath. Aix in Provence was sought by invalids during three centuries, but Charlemagne preferred Aix-la-Chapelle, and fixed there the abode of his later years for the express purpose of enjoying the hot springs; he liked bathing in company, and his courtiers disported with him in the water.

Then came the turn of Caunterets in the Pyrenees, and of Spa on the skirt of the Ardennes. We hardly realise that Spa was a popular watering place in the time of William the Conqueror, and that invalids camped out in tents because the little old town was too small to hold them. In the fourteenth century we find an ironmaster buying wood from the Bishop of Liège and building "Young Spa," near the spring called the Pouhon.

But the strangest story of mediæval baths is that told by Pogge, the Florentine Secretary at the Council of Constance in 1415. Not far from Zurich are sulphur springs still enjoying a mild reputation among the serious and decorous Swiss people. They had been discovered, named, and used by the Romans, and may now be found in the then Gazetteer, under the head of Bade, near Aarnau. They were not of much importance in classic times and are not of much importance now, but in 1415 they were the height of fashion! From a radius of two hundred miles and farther, if the trouble and perils of the journey could be surmounted, came the bathers, not generally speaking on account of illness, but because they desired a complete holiday; and according to a long letter written by the Florentine to a friend they seem to have had a merry time indeed. Neither Bath in the last century, nor Nice, Vichy, or Royat in the present day, can boast of such carnivalesque diversions. The bathers lunched in the water off floating trays made of cork; their hair was garlanded with flowers, tied up with ribbons. Men, women, and children played games, and indulged in the wildest gaiety. Pogge, the Florentine, seems to have enjoyed it all very much, but we may well be thankful that times are quieter now.

MR. BALFOUR AS CRITIC OF IDEALISM.

MR. A. J. BALFOUR contributes "a criticism of current idealistic theories" to the current number of *Mind*. He describes the exponents of Transcendental Idealism as "a metaphysical school, few indeed in numbers, but none the less important in matters speculative." Its central position is that of—

a mind (thinking subject) which is the source of relations (categories), and a world which is constituted by relations . . . a mind which is conscious of itself, and a world of which that mind may without metaphor be described as the creator.

It claims thus to free us from scepticism, to make Reason the essence, cause, origin and goal of the world, and to secure the moral freedom of self-conscious agents.

Mr. Balfour is sorry to object to so promising a theory.

We may grant without difficulty that the contrasted theory which proposes to reduce the universe to an unrelated chaos of impressions or sensations is quite untenable. But must we not also grant that in all experience there is a refractory element which, though it cannot be presented in isolation, nevertheless refuses wholly to merge its being in a network of relations, necessary as these may be to give it "significance for us as thinking beings"? If so, whence does this irreducible element arise?

To Mr. Balfour it "certainly appears" that transcendental idealists are not warranted by their own essential principles in making mind the sole creator of experience. Their analysis of experience leads them to conclude

that the world of objects exists and has a meaning only for the self-conscious "I" (subject) and that the self-conscious "I" only knows itself in contrast and in opposition to the world of objects. Each is necessary to the other; in the absence of the other neither has any significance. How then can we venture to say of one that the other is its product? And if we say it of either, must we not in consistency insist on saying it of both?

The universe is as much or as little the creator of the self-conscious principle as the self-conscious principle is of the universe.

All, therefore, that the transcendental argument requires or even allows us to accept, is a "manifold" of relations and a bare self-conscious principle of unity, by which that manifold becomes inter-connected in the field of a single experience.

Mr. Balfour then proceeds to view the bearing of this result on theology, ethics, and science. The combining principle which, apart from the multiplicity it combines, is only an empty abstraction, and which is only real in its relation to that multiplicity, cannot be God, who by hypothesis distinguishes Himself from Nature. Just as little can the combining principle, taken together with the multiplicity, be other than non-moral, because it holds in its all-inclusive universality every element, good and bad, of the knowable world. The "unifying principle can as such have no qualities, moral or otherwise." Lovingness and equity belong to the realm of empirical psychology, and Mr. Balfour does not see "how they are to be hitched on to the pure spiritual subject."

The freedom ascribed by idealists to the self-conscious "I" is metaphysical, not moral; for it belongs only to the subject "in virtue of its being not an agent in a world of concrete fact." Mr. Balfour comments on the difficulty which exists on the Idealistic theory in bringing together into any sort of intelligible association the "I" as supreme principle of unity, and the "I" of empirical Psychology, which has desires and fears, pleasures and pains, faculties and sensibilities; which *was not* a little time since, and which a little time hence will be no more. The "I" as principle of unity is outside time: it can have therefore no history. The "I" of experience, which learns and forgets,

which suffers and which enjoys, unquestionably has a history. What is the relation between the two?

It will not do to make the latter a phase or mode of the former which is then identified with God or an Eternal Consciousness: for, argues Mr. Balfour, the idealistic theory pressed to its furthest conclusions, precludes us "from supposing that either the eternal consciousness or any other consciousness exists save only our own."

Similarly with regard to science, Mr. Balfour endeavours to make out that "the Transcendental 'solipsism' which is the natural outcome of such speculations" is no more valid or re-assuring than "the psychological, or Berkeleyan form of the same creed." He concludes:—

I am unable to find in Idealism any escape from the difficulties which, in the region of Theology, Ethics, and Science, empiricism leaves upon our hands.

CAN WHITE MEN PEOPLE AFRICA?

DR. CARL PETERS' VIEW.

AT a time when a fresh tract of Africa has been, alas! only too literally "painted red" by British troops, the value of the continent as a peopling-ground for our race is a question of no small moment. It is opportunely discussed by Dr. Carl Peters in the October *Forum*. "Prospects of Africa's Settlement by Whites" are set down by him as somewhat various. He grants that "the limit of habitability"

is advancing continually. Parts of the Dark Continent that fifty years ago, would have been looked on as utterly unfit for permanent occupation by civilised human beings have been conquered to their uses by hardy and energetic settlers. It is shown on all sides that the conditions of health are improving everywhere.

The most mountainous countries, such as the Kilimandsharo, Kikuyu, Uganda, Usambara, Karagwe, the upper Congo, and the mountainous districts around the Nyassa, will provide excellent fields for white settlement, for they possess all the necessary conditions—healthy air, plenty of water, and fertile soil. But they are like oases in the steppes, and must first be connected with the coast by railways before we may dare to take settlers to them. . . . I do not think that the whole German East-African sphere of interest, although it covers more than four hundred thousand English square miles, would ever be able to support more than a few hundred thousand European colonists. Yet this is one of the most preferable territories.

In the course of future developments, several millions of white men may perhaps settle in the more highly-favoured parts of this interesting continent; but the great bulk of it will belong perpetually to the black race, as it has belonged to that race for many thousands of years.

"THE BRAIN OF THE DARK CONTINENT."

The Africans are mostly agriculturists and cattle-raisers, and by correct and earnest treatment, they could be made to learn the duties of European labourers. . . . I am convinced that the largest portion of the farming population will, necessarily, learn to work and to respond to the advanced culture. Then they will encounter the same fate as their brothers the Zulus in the South African countries, among whom we observe, under European organisation, not only a steady increase of population but also a growing wealth.

The magic process which will open the Dark Continent to civilisation is the organisation of native labour by white intelligence. . . . I do think that, in times not far remote, Africa will be honeycombed, at all points and places fit for them, with European settlements. I believe that these outposts of the white world will in future constitute the brain of the Dark Continent.

MATABELE MANNERS.

TEN years' residence "Among the Matabeles" enables the Rev. D. Carnegie, of Hope Fountain, a London Missionary Society station in their land, to furnish to the *Sunday at Home* a very interesting series of papers on their customs and beliefs. On Lobengula and his government, Mr. Carnegie thus pronounces:—

He is their god who rules by fear, overrides justice, kills the innocent, plunders his peaceful neighbours' cattle; is, in fact, as far as it suits his cunning heathen craftiness, the same sort of a monster as his father was. Round this heathen monarch and his counsellors cling tenaciously superstition, witchcraft, and caste, which are other names for what we term the government of the country, which really is no government worthy of the name, but a patched-up combination of heathen laws and customs, of self-conceitedness, pride, and arrogance and ignorance, upheld by fear and terror, guarded by jealousy and revenge, and the frequent sacrifice of human life.

LOBENGULA'S TITLES.

Thus far the missionary. The Matabele lavish on Lo Ben among other laudatory titles these:—

The Heavens, The Spearer of the Heavens, Rain-maker; Great Father, Great Mother, Great King, Great Black King, King of Kings, King of Heaven and Earth. . . . At the dance, they often call him by the titles of Rain, The Full River, Mighty Gushing Sounding Water, The God of Rain, Rain-maker, and other such high-flowing phrases. . . . Many think that by some strange process or other the sun dies every evening, and a new one is born every morning. This opinion is more general in regard to the moon. They believe that the chief creates the new moon every month, and on their first seeing it they thank the king,

The war-dance alluded to takes place every year in January and February:—

This is held at Bulawayo, where people from every town in the land congregate, dressed up in all their finery, which includes black and spotted calico, pink and black beads, twisted round their legs, necks, and arms; skins—monkey, tiger-cat, jennette, buck, sheep; old coats, shirts, hats, and patches of rags of every description. It is the annual gala fair to which they come to thank and praise the chief for sending the rain.

"NO WORK, NO FOOD."

With all their savagery the Matabele are civilised enough to impose the labour test on every rank:—

Lazy persons who will not help in sowing or reaping are driven from town to town. No work no food is the motto for them. The queens themselves dig their gardens, and everybody who can must help to prepare for the dry season.

Unfortunately, industry does not destroy mendicity:—

From the queens and head indunas, down to the meanest slave, men and women, and boys and girls, all of them are persistent beggars. . . . Their reason for having this begging propensity so largely developed is "Because," they say, "we white people were created in the long ago—long before them, which accounts for us having so many good things and they so few."

A RICH LAND.

Mr. Carnegie speaks highly of the resources of the land:—

The soil is very well suited for all kinds of European seeds. You may have two crops a year, and good ones too, provided you attend to your land as you ought to do. You need never be without green vegetables all the year round; fruit trees grow luxuriantly, grapes and oranges and bananas flourish abundantly. The land is rich with deep soil, the valleys are

well watered, and fountains bubble up everywhere. Irrigation can be made easy; hundreds and thousands of cattle, sheep, and bucks graze here, and many more would but for the primitive mode of rearing live stock. . . . No doubt coffee, tea, and cocoa would also grow if they were planted; and the settler may reckon on fir, spruce, larch, and other kinds of trees thriving as well.

THE KING'S PALACE.

In a similar article in the *Leisure Hour*, Mr. Carnegie gives this picture of the royal residence:—

There is a dwelling-house of red brick at Bulawayo, with three apartments in it, in which are kept tobacco, mats, skins, picks, corn, beer calabashes, and various other articles. One or two pictures grace the walls, the plaster of which, when I was last there, had partly fallen off, and which can scarcely be discerned on account of dust and cobwebs. Her Majesty the Queen's picture is there amongst others. Bats and bats, not to mention other live creatures, ants, beetles, and such like, abound in every part of the house. The original fireplace is discarded, and another one, in the form of an old broken clay pot placed in the middle of the floor, is used instead.

Outside in the verandah are tusks of ivory, rhinoceros' heads, lions' skins, tigers' skins, a box or two, an old chair, and some native-made baskets. Just alongside is another brick building in which are stored clothing, calicoes, beads, shawls, guns, powder, and other lumber. A brick waggon-house, recently built in place of an old pole one, is on the "suez-up" side of the large building, while at the back, and partly round this inner yard are the huts of the queens and their slaves. Just hard by the waggon-house is the cattle kraal; and beyond it the large open enclosure some thousand yards in diameter, round which are built the huts of the town of Bulawayo.

'A EULOGY ON KHAMA.

MR. GEORGE COUSINS, of the London Missionary Society, supplies the *Leisure Hour* with a glowing eulogy on "Khama, the Bechwana Christian Chief." He recounts how Khama as a youth came under missionary influences, and how his refusal, "on account of the Word of God," to take a second wife enraged his father. Khama suffered much under the reign of his heathen father and uncle. It was only in self-defence that Khama revolted, drove out his uncle, and became king in 1872. On his accession he refused to perform the customary royal rites. He "emphatically announced his own adherence to the Word of God":—

He would not prohibit heathen ceremonies, but they must not be performed in his "khotla," and as their chief he would contribute nothing towards them. He was about, by public prayer to Almighty God, to ask a blessing upon their seed-sowing, and afterwards would set to work. Whoever wished to have his seed charmed could do so at his own expense. . . .

For twenty-one years Khama has been in power, and his reign throughout has been in thorough harmony with that early declaration. All who know him bear testimony to his consistent life, his sagacious and enlightened rule, and to the general strength, probity, and nobility of his character.

Mr. Cousins thus sums up our ally:—

Undoubtedly this chief stands out conspicuously among South African princes as the finest, noblest of them all. He rules with a firm hand, is soldierly in bearing, a keen sportsman, a good rider, every inch a man; but combined with this strength there is remarkable patience, gentleness, and kindness of disposition, and none who know him doubt his sincerity or earnestness as a Christian. The remarkable way in which by the force of his own example and conduct he has led his people forward in the pathway of enlightened Christian progress furnishes striking evidence of this.

THE POPE AND THE NEW ERA.

FROM AN ITALIAN STANDPOINT.

MANY of the views concerning the future of the Catholic Church which were ventilated in "The Pope and the New Era," published as the result of my visit to Rome over three years ago, find a re-echo—with friendly acknowledgment—in an article contributed under the same title to the *Nuova Antologia* (November 15th) by Signor Bonghi. Although the question of the Papacy is one with which the welfare, and indeed the very existence, of his country is intimately bound up, the Italian statesman approaches it with admirable impartiality and detachment of spirit. He recognises both the vast successes and the failures of the Catholic Church. He deplors the present deadlock between Church and State in Italy, and looks for a solution of the apparently insoluble dilemma mainly to the sagacity and marvellous power of adaptability of the Roman pontiffs. Meanwhile he prophesies the transference of Catholic supremacy from the Latin to the Anglo-Saxon races, gazes with admiration at the rapid strides with which the Catholic Church advances in the United States, and groans in spirit at the vast gulf which separates the utterances of American and Italian ecclesiastics. At the very outset of the article Signor Bonghi dissociates himself from those who blindly decry the Church. "A single righteous man," he writes, "was sufficient, according to the Biblical legend, to save a city. Now, the Catholic Church possesses at the present moment many more righteous men than any of the social or religious bodies which oppose her. How, therefore, should she perish?"

AMERICAN CATHOLICISM.

Then, after quoting freely from some pastoral utterances of that most energetic of prelates, Archbishop Ireland, words inspired by the broadest of democratic sympathies, he continues—

Everything that in Europe saddens and alarms the Catholic Church, in America causes her to rejoice. She feels herself young in a young society. She advances serenely towards a future in which she has faith, that same future which in Europe she regards with suspicion because it is different from the past. . . . Such a Church forms a living and powerful and pacific element in a vigorous civil society—not a dead residuum of an enfeebled ecclesiastical state. Her co-operation in all moral and social aims is not offered with greater eagerness than is displayed by those who accept her help. The co-operation of the Church in Italy is offered but seldom, and, as a rule, it is unjustly rejected. . . . Undoubtedly it is a new spirit which breathes through American Catholicism and through the clergy that direct it. Yet it is a spirit entirely Catholic, and which displays no inclination whatever to separate itself from the fount of all Catholicism, the Roman See. And this latter, than which no Government is more humanly sagacious, able and prudent, so that divine inspiration might very well fail her without any danger of her falling easily into error, directs this clergy, which differs in so many particulars from that to which she is accustomed, with a gentle and indulgent hand, that nevertheless does not fail to display firmness wherever it might appear that any fundamental principle of Catholic theory or practice is in jeopardy. And from this standpoint nothing could be more curious and noteworthy than the history of American Catholicism during the first century of its existence. It may be compared to a boy full of intelligence and vivacity who voluntarily submits to the guidance of an old man, advanced both in age and learning, who pauses at every step to weigh all possible dangers.

FROM LATIN TO ANGLO SAXON SOIL.

But the old man is of the Latin race, whilst the boy comes of mixed parentage, with a preponderance of Anglo-Saxon blood, and speaks the English language. And it is the Anglo-Saxon race which threatens to submerge all

other nationalities, and which is more truly Christian in its convictions than the Latin races are ever likely to be again. As regards the hostility between Catholicism and Protestantism, Signor Bonghi points out that the ancient bigotry of the latter towards the former is decreasing in intensity, and that whereas Protestantism is everywhere crumbling away before the attacks of rationalism, Catholicism alone stands firm, as on a rock. Hence he believes the victory of the future to lie with the Catholic Church.

That the Papacy will be transferred in the near future from Latin to Anglo-Saxon soil, our Italian author regards as a certainty. It will, he admits, be a loss to Italy, but if Italian unity can only be bought at that price, he considers that the nation ought not to hesitate. Of the personality of Leo XIII., the "sagacious statesman," he has nothing but good to say. "Not for many centuries has the Papacy attempted to exercise so intellectual and so broadly moral an authority as it has been able to exercise under the present Head of the Church. . . . Most assuredly the Papacy has not lost. The Pope enjoys greater respect throughout the civilised world to-day than had fallen to the lot of his predecessors for many years." And although his new policy has only been developed on certain well-defined lines, there is no reason why his successor, inspired by his noble example, should not develop it in yet other directions, thus bringing about that New Era, which it were infinitely worth while to see inaugurated amongst us.

A GLOOMY OUTLOOK FOR ITALY.

PROFESSOR PASQUALE VILLARI, ex-Minister of Public Instruction, and perhaps the best known to English readers of contemporary Italian literature, contributes a most gloomy article on the prospects of Italy under the title of "Whither are we Tending?" an article all the more noteworthy that the writer is an ardent supporter of the House of Savoy. This is the first time, he says, that we are compelled to doubt not only of ourselves, but of our future. Our whole moral existence is at stake. Then, after summarising the various well-known ills—political, social, financial, religious—under the accumulated burden of which Italy is suffering, the Professor continues:—

For some time now we have heard repeated on all sides that the moral level of our Parliament is growing lower day by day. . . . How is it that, whereas despotism produced heroes, liberty so far has only produced political plotters? And the worst of it is, our moral decadence having once begun it continues steadily without there being any prospect of a change. . . . The truth is, the more we examine into our present condition the more hopeless it appears to be, from every side. And we might seek through the whole universe without finding any solution of this difficult problem, because in reality the solution can only be found within ourselves. The destiny of a free people must be in their own hands. . . . Italy was made by unity, self-sacrifice, and virtue. By these means alone can she be saved.

Of help from the Catholic Church Signor Villari sees no prospect.

We can imagine in Italy a strong clerical party which would not be national but international in its interests. We can also imagine an anti-clerical party, of which the democratic liberalism would consist in fighting the Church and the Faith. What for the moment we cannot hope for is a movement at once religious, national, liberal, and progressive. The Church is in continual conflict with the State, and therefore can render no efficacious help, either social or political. And the consequences of this abnormal condition of things are felt in the family, in the schools, in literature, in all society. Now for the present does there seem to be any available remedy.

COUNT TAAFFE'S CAREER.

Temple Bar contains a clever sketch of this Austrian statesman, whose Bill for the establishment of universal suffrage electrified the world a few weeks ago. From the account of the writer, it seems that this was but the crowning paradox in a thoroughly paradoxical career.

He is in politics a moderate Liberal, yet he has been hailed as chief by the Ultramontanes, high Tories, and fierce Radicals. He is devoted to progress, yet he has sanctioned the most reactionary of measures; in keen sympathy with the poor, he has passed laws intensifying the sting of poverty; a thorough-going educationalist—apparently at least—he has helped the priests to capture the schools. Whilst leading one party, he has constantly proclaimed his preference for the principles of the other; and when his own adherents have met with a defeat, he has carried on the government by the votes of their rivals. Amidst all his tergiversations, however, he has never forfeited for one moment the confidence of his sovereign, or the enthusiastic support of the more patriotic of his countrymen.

IRISH AND CZECH AND TEUTON IN ONE.

He comes of an old Irish stock: the Taaffes once "played an important part in Ireland," even to the extent of gaining a peerage. The family is now a fairly equal blend of Celtic, Czech, and Teutonic elements. Born in 1833, "he fought his first battles for the oppressed" on the playground of the gymnasium. As student, he was a thorough-going democrat. He rose rapidly in the service of the provincial governments. The Emperor and he had been as boys warm friends and constant companions, and when, after twenty years' separation, they chanced to meet again at Linz, they formed the close attachment which has lasted ever since. In 1867 he was called into the Imperial Ministry for the first time,—as chief of three departments! The courtiers "scoffed at his ill-made clothes, and marvelled that a man of his rank could eat and drink in third-rate restaurants, surrounded by clerks and tradesmen." "He is singularly lacking in the personal gifts by which most men win popularity: he is no orator, no genius." But the Emperor believed in him, and made him premier in the very next year. After less than two years in this office he resigned, and in 1871 went off as viceroy of Tyrol. He found the province poverty-stricken, ill-governed, discontented, oppressed under a badly adjusted taxation, and left it after seven years of vigorous reform, "one of the best governed and most contented provinces in the empire." In 1879 he became premier once more in a "ministry of reconciliation." Rejected by the liberals, his natural allies, he won the support of the other parties by lavish concessions—so much so that his official residence was dubbed "the concession market." Yet he was able often to neutralise reactionary concessions. "Not the least of his merits as a strategist is the power he possesses of taking back with one hand what he gives with the other; and of casting a glamour, as it were, over the husks he throws away." In his educational policy he secured as an administrator what he had seemed to surrender or imperil as a legislator. His protectionist policy is condemned, but as a set off are noted many useful measures of social legislation. In 1881 he lowered the franchise as far as his followers would let him. The writer declares that his last Bill must pass "sooner or later, in one form or another," and the electorate rise at a bound from 1,700,000 to twice that number. His policy in regard to the nationalities was finally rendered impossible by Czech extremists. In laying down his fourteen years' premiership, he has stepped aside—the writer is confident—"only for a time." The key to the Count's career is said to be this:—

By nature he is a straightforward, plain-dealing man; and it was only hard necessity that drove him to govern by playing off party against party, nation against nation, and lavishing on each in turn bribes, promises, and threats. In any other country in Europe a minister who played Count Taaffe's rôle would be a miscreant and a traitor; but in Austria it is otherwise; there opportunism is the one art of ruling.

MENDING THE BELGIAN CONSTITUTION.

RECONSTRUCTION of the British Constitution being contemplated by all parties, if we may judge by demands for Home Rule in Ireland and "all round," as well as by Conservative proposals for mending the House of Lords, a practical interest attaches to the Belgian Minister at Washington, Mr. A. de Ghait's account in the November *North American Review* of the recent Revision of the Belgian Constitution. The constitution of 1831 was based on the elective system, but the franchise was extremely limited.

THE REFERENDUM ROYAL.

The labours of the Constitutional Parliament, entrusted with the task of revision, are described by M. de Ghait with more unction than lucidity, but it appears that the following changes were decided upon:—"The *referendum* post was the constitutional right accorded to the King, to consult directly with the electors concerning a law voted by the Chambers, but of which the King hesitated to approve." To this has been added the innovation of a *referendum royal*, the right of the King to learn the opinion of the electoral body "either as to a question of principle, or concerning a law voted upon but not yet promulgated."

MANHOOD-SUFFRAGE PLUS PLURAL VOTING.

The conflict between advocates and opponents of universal suffrage resulted in adopting a system of plural voting: a combination of "one man one vote" with the principle of some men two votes or even three, but never more than three.

Universal suffrage is henceforth inscribed in the constitution for all worthy citizens of the age of twenty-five years, but conservative ideas are largely protected, by the addition of one or two votes to the heads of families and property owners. The voting power is also represented by the adjudication of a vote to the holders of diplomas whom the law will designate. The exercise of the right to vote is declared obligatory.

Members of the Lower House are to be paid 4,000 francs a year and free travel.

THE SECOND CHAMBER.

The make-up of the Senate, whose members are not paid, caused much difficulty. Eventually the Senators are elected by the voters like the members of the Lower House . . . according to a basis of population of each province, one Senator being elected for two representatives. To be eligible in this category it is necessary, in addition to the requirement of forty years of age, to pay 1,200 francs or to be proprietor of real estate representing a cadastral value of 12,000 francs. Besides the first category the provincial councils elect from two to four Senators for each province, according to the population, which will give twenty-six more Senators who are not submitted to the "cens" or property qualification.

Thus, election to the Senate by the direct popular vote is safeguarded by the heavy property qualification. Election to the Senate without heavy property qualification is safeguarded by the indirect election through the provincial councils.

One wonders whether our County Councils will ever be called on to play a part similar to the Belgian provincial councils in the election of a remodelled Upper Chamber.

A BASIS OF FACT IN SUPERSTITION.

MR. ANDREW LANG ON PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

THE New Psychology, which is pushing its way on all sides, receives a friendly impetus in the *Contemporary* from Mr. Andrew Lang's discussion of "Superstition and Fact." The phenomena of hypnotism, once scouted by men of science, are, now, he points out, accepted; but by a remarkable coincidence these have in general testimony, both modern and ancient, been accompanied by other phenomena as yet unaccepted by science, such as ghosts disturbances, clairvoyance, telepathic hallucination. Are not these also facts? he asks.

SAVAGE PHILOSOPHY NOT WHOLLY UNFOUNDED.

Mr. Tylor's explanation of belief in ghosts and religion, as arising from savage reflection on dreams, trances, visions, leads Mr. Lang to say a word for the savage.

It is evident that, if clairvoyance does occur, and if the phantasm of the clairvoyant is actually seen, in the place which he fancies that he visits, and if appearances of men at the hour of death are, verily, beheld at a distance, then the savage's philosophy had more to go upon than mere dreams, shadows, sleeping, waking, and the contemplation of death. He was really in touch with disputed, unaccepted phenomena, and these phenomena are of high importance.

"Death-bed-wraiths" are not a peculiarity of the savage:—

Hundreds of living, civilised English men and women tell similar tales of their own experiences. Now, experiences of this kind are part of the basis of the primitive animistic theory. It reposes on psychical phenomena which, however we explain them, are by no means unusual.

Cases of telepathy "abound through all history and among all tribes of men, and in all conditions of culture."

SOME PSYCHIC FACTS.

Good evidence is becoming more difficult to get.

Yet, only yesterday, I met three sane and healthy English people who had simultaneously seen a ghost, in broad daylight, *sans le savoir*! They had each remarked on the presence of a young and pretty girl in a room where (as was incontestably demonstrated) there was only an old and plain woman, whom, of course, they also beheld. It was not till next day that they woke and found themselves famous, for what they had seen, though they knew it not, was the right thing to see—the traditional "ghost" of the place. But about this legend they were absolutely ignorant.

A distinguished statesman, from whom I have the story, once tested a so-called *clairvoyante* in the house of a celebrated physician. He did not ask her to describe his own house, which was well known to many, but he bent his thoughts on a very curiously decorated room in the house of a friend at a great distance. The *clairvoyante*, an uneducated woman, gave a correct description of arrangements so peculiar that I have never, myself, seen anything of the kind.

Nobody knows how far back the practice may go of what used to be called "divination by the mirror".—

It is an ascertained matter of fact that a certain proportion of men and women, educated, healthy, with no belief in "spiritualism," can produce hallucinations, pictures, by looking into a crystal ball.

A RECOGNISED "EXTENSION OF HUMAN FACULTY."

Mr. Lang, it appears, so far knows the causes of these facts as to denounce their usual interpretation as false:—

Where savage belief, and popular superstition, and, we must add, ecclesiastical opinion went wrong, was, not in accepting the existence of certain abnormal phenomena, but in the animistic interpretation of these phenomena.

That the hypnotic section of these alleged facts has been accepted by science, and that the residue may also possess a basis of fact, are the chief reasons which Mr. Lang has "for believing that an accepted extension of human faculty may be imminent."

SNUBBING THE FABIANs.

THE Fabian manifesto of revolt in last month's *Fortnightly* has elicited vigorous replies. Mr. H. W. Massingham in the *Contemporary* points out that if the workers are to join the Fabian wreckers, they must surrender the prospect of progress on the political side of the labour movement. They cannot themselves hope for years to come to constitute a turning force in Parliament, and they cannot exact any terms with Tory allies which would cover either payment of members—the key of the democratic situation—a manhood suffrage, or electoral reform, or even the abolition of the property vote. . . .

If the industrial education of the Liberals is incomplete, that of the Tories has not even begun. Conservatism did not supply a man or a principle to the progressive movement in municipal affairs which in four years has swept all through England.

THE RADICAL HEAD AND THE CAPITALIST TAIL.

In the absence therefore of complete treachery to the workers by the Liberal party, I imagine that the bulk of the trades-unionists will do what they have previously done with perfect consistency—give their votes to those Radical candidates who are with them on vital points and withhold them from the capitalist "tail."

Mr. Massingham concedes that "Mr. Fowler, as Minister for London, has been but an equivocal success." "It is Mr. Fowler's misfortune that he regards Wolverhampton much as Mr. Chamberlain regards Birmingham, and is unaware of the fact that the modern Radical movement dates from London." He also allows that the Government has not carried out the *rôle* of the model employer "who pays trade-union rates of wages, observes the trade-union limit of hours, and deals with 'fair,' as opposed to 'unfair,' houses."

MR. GLADSTONE AND PAYMENT OF MEMBERS.

"On one point there has been something very like betrayal." Sir William Harcourt would have introduced an equalisation of the death duties, steeply graduated against the larger estates, and would have provided for payment of members; but Mr. Gladstone vetoed the project. Mr. Massingham insists—

The Government must reorganise itself as a "fair house," and we must have payment of members. If these things are not done . . . it will be swept off its feet by that encroaching tide of Conservatism which, not in England only but all over Europe, has almost eaten away the old Liberal movement, and may, for a time, submerge the new Radicalism.

WHAT MR. MICHAEL DAVITT THINKS.

Mr. Michael Davitt in the *Nineteenth Century* deals much more trenchantly with what he calls "Fabian Fustian." He regards it as inevitable that Great Britain, like the Australian colonies, will have its Parliamentary Labour Party, but not necessarily in the political tutelage of the Fabian Society.

The object of the Fabian Society, as plainly discerned between the lines of their new policy, is to induce the working men of Great Britain to desert the Home Rule cause, and help to return its enemies to office at the next General Election.

Mr. Davitt is much amused with the modest claims of the Fabians to have educated the people in Collectivist principles. The body which has done most for the spread of these principles is, he maintains, the Social Democratic Federation, whose members are *bonâ fide* workers, not *bourgeois* like the Fabians, and which has included Labour leaders like Burns, Mann, Tillett.

LABOUR AND HOME RULE.

None of these have ever tried to antagonise British Labour and Irish Home Rule.

The working classes of Great Britain know that in Home Rule and Home Rulers they possess the truest and strongest allies outside of their own ranks and organisations.

WHAT A DAILY NEWSPAPER OUGHT TO BE.**AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST'S IDEAL.**

MR. WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE, associate editor of *The Dial*, who writes from some score years' of editorial experience, sets forth in the November *Forum* his notions of "What a Daily Newspaper Might be Made." He does not spare his fellow journalists. "Men of intelligence everywhere are," he says, "profoundly dissatisfied with the American daily newspaper; they believe it to be both vulgar and dishonest, and they find that these qualities have grown increasingly prominent of recent years." This is his "fundamental classification of the duties incumbent upon any newspaper conducted upon a high ethical plane":—

1. As a collector of news, pure and simple, its work should be done in the scientific spirit, placing accuracy of statement above all other considerations.

2. In its selection and arrangement of the news thus collected, it should have regard to real rather than sensational values; it should present its facts in their proper perspective (which is still, of course, a very different perspective from that required by permanent history); and it should carefully exclude, or at least minimise to the utmost, those facts which it cannot possibly benefit the public to know, or of which the knowledge is likely to vulgarise popular taste and lower popular standards of morality.

3. In its comment upon the happenings of the day or the week, it is bound to be honest, to stand for well-defined principles, to express the sincere convictions of its intellectual head and of those associated with him in the work.

WHAT THE THREE REQUISITES INVOLVE.

The unveracity of existing journalism is due to partisan and personal prejudice and to ignorance. The ideal newspaper will not be a party organ, nor bid for "job-lots of votes." It will be free from vindictiveness. It will employ educated men specially fit for their special work. Local and immediate interest must largely decide the proportion of prominence and general perspective.

Crimes and scandals must be chronicled, but they should be chronicled in the briefest possible way, and with as little display as possible. . . . The ideal newspaper . . . will if some transatlantic journalist shall see fit to recount his explorations of a new "modern Babylon," refuse to receive the foul matter from the cables to spread it broadcast over a land which it cannot possibly concern.

The editorial page, as "the most important part of the paper," will "compel attention," and "really give its readers the guidance they have a right to expect." "One of the most noteworthy signs of the process of newspaper degradation that recent years have witnessed has been the steady deterioration of the editorial page." Drama, music, and art criticism should be well-informed, instructive, and anonymous. Only the newspapers in a few cities which are centres of art need to have art-critics at all. The ideal newspaper will have "an important editorial department devoted to the general subject of education, and particularly to local educational work." It—

will not be illustrated, except for a few cuts of diagrams, sketch-maps, and other necessary adjuncts to the text. The experiment of making daily picture-papers has been fairly tried, and it has proved a failure. The illustrations do not illustrate, and they are unsightly in the extreme. . . . The reporter will be a scholar—which now he is not often—and a gentleman, which now he is frequently not permitted to be.

TWO WAYS OF GETTING IT DONE.

"Purity of motive, knowledge, and ability to write the English language are the prime qualifications."

They are all to be had, as well as executive genius to control and direct. A few newspapers, both in England and America, come near the ideal, and are commercially successful. But—

By what means shall the American public receive the great and much-needed object lesson in journalism? It may be done, in the first place, by purchasing some established paper, placing it in the hands of a body of experienced and large-minded men, increasing its expenses to whatever extent may be necessary to accomplish the desired end, and taking the chances of ultimate commercial success.

Mr. Payne tells a good story of the London *Morning Herald*. To force one of the partners to retire, the rest ordered all profits to be spent on the paper. The only result was great increase of circulation and still larger profits!

But to secure a clear record from the start,

A great newspaper might be established and maintained by endowment, just as great universities are so established and maintained. The analogy between the two undertakings is very close. . . . The endowment plan would have the inestimable advantage of doing away with the unceasing conflict between editorial conduct and business management, and thus with the tap-root of the whole evil. . . . Whatever the plan of the ideal newspaper, it must at least hold out the prospect of real editorial independence.

Mr. Payne concludes by insisting that journalism is a profession closely akin to the work of educator, clergyman, and lawyer, and should be not less free from commercial taint. The idea of buying up a newspaper for sordid ends should be held as monstrous as the suggestion of a syndicate of Mormons buying up Plymouth Church, pastor and all, to advocate polygamy.

AGAINST THE DESPOTISM OF DOCTORS.

THE *Arena* for November contains an impassioned protest by Henry Wood against "Medical Slavery through Legislation." The writer loudly complains that if any man in the gloriously free Republic chooses to be healed of a disease by the help of an "irregular" practitioner, the healer is "liable to arrest, punishment, and classification as a felon."

"If a man chooses to die without the aid of a 'regular,' it is rather severe that he cannot have an orderly burial without his post-mortem services."

"Citizens of the despotic governments of Germany, Austria, and Russia have a larger medical liberty than that enjoyed in most of the states of the American Union."

"In the whole sisterhood of states, only three—Maine, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island—remain entirely free from medical usurpation."

Even if allopathy were an exact science like mathematics, rival systems would still have a right to a fair field and no favour, but allopathy notoriously is not. "There is no other profession or occupation that expects to have a clientage furnished through Government coercion." Again—

Why are prescriptions written in Latin—and generally in bad Latin? The practice was begun in a more ignorant age, to make a profound impression of mystery and great learning. It was a kind of charm, and the profession may have blindly recognised that it included a real psychological factor. Its present practical use, however, seems to be to furnish additional chances for mistakes by druggists' clerks, and to enable them to charge exorbitant prices for simples disguised by formidable Latin names.

HOW TO SAVE AN INSOLVENT STATE.

A BOLD SCHEME FOR OUR "BANTAM" SETTLEMENTS.

THE *Investors' Review* continues its brilliant but Jeremician rôle in the November number. The scathing series of articles on "The Bantam 'States' of Australasia" is closed with a woe-inspiring summing-up. The prospects of "thirsty South Australia" are painted with a very dark brush. Its rainfall in the south is extremely small, and is probably growing smaller. The soil is baked with the heat, the yield of wheat is often only five bushels to the acre, "the production of cereals—of any crop—upon a large scale is bound to be, one year with another, a losing industry." Judicious irrigation, at a great cost of labour, might develop fruit-growing industries if there were, as there is not, a large population. "The population as it now stands can in no sense be expected to pay the debts it has contracted." "Pleasant Tasmania" is given a better chance. "It is a little wet, perhaps," at certain seasons, but has, on the whole, a delightful climate. Its debt of seven millions for a people numbering 150,000 is "too much, of course, but it is not perhaps a deadly matter, and Tasmania may possibly pull itself out of this slough" if her statesmen will economise and borrow no more for a decade. Of "empty Western Australia"—unless its people are prepared entirely to surrender great portions of their territory to other races, and so to introduce into the continent an element of future strife—we must expect the advancement to be "excessively slow, and that only the southern part will be peopled with whites."

"SUPPOSING THEY DEFAULT."

The "general conclusions" are even more gloomy:—

Not one of these colonies can, we are persuaded, escape a prolonged time of misery except by way of a composition with their creditors. . . . These settlements ought to have no more of our money until they have put their affairs in order; until they honestly show us what they can do unaided. . . . They have hardly taken the first step towards placing their finances upon a trustworthy basis.

"Supposing they do default," what is to be done? The idea of turning them into Crown Colonies is dismissed with ridicule. Representative Government has been a "miserable failure," but the democracies "must be left to work out their own salvation." They are not ripe for federation. They need the reforming stimulus of emulation. No constitutional change is called for unless it be "a more complete severance" from the mother country. "They get no good whatever from those colonial governors who are sent out to them to ape majesty, and who are only a source of useless expense to the people and a fountain of miserable snobbery." This might mean "cutting the painter" "in a sense."

"A COMPREHENSIVE PLAN."

The great obstacle in the way of Colonial recuperation is the fact that the land is not free; "all has been grabbed, and jobbed, and mortgaged"; the needed population cannot therefore be induced to settle. These prospects lead the reviewer to think that, before the colonies can get more loans, and "the final crash comes,"—

a comprehensive plan ought to be meantime formulated and perfected, whereby the whole of the burden of the debt—the three hundred odd millions of money which this country has poured into Australia, and taken pledges for—might be consolidated into sets of obligations in certain priorities.

More than immediate or local interest attaches to this plan put forward by one of our ablest critics of finance, and a man least inclined to visionary schemes. How to

get a State out of the Serbonian bog of over-indebtedness is a problem which may demand attention nearer home when the strain of militarism reaches breaking point.

CONSOLIDATE ALL DEBTS.

This is the reviewer's solution:—

The obligations of each colony of all degrees should be arranged in an equitable order of precedence. Put the direct Government debts first. Consolidate the debt of New South Wales and Victoria, each in its own country, and ascertain what would be the reasonable probability of payment of interest upon this debt, assuming that interest to be reduced to a figure lower than is now promised. Say that they were consolidated into a first charge upon the revenues of the country at 2½ per cent. as a starting-point, with ½ per cent. sinking fund to be applied annually.

Then, coming immediately after this first charge, place all the mortgages upon the land which are first mortgages held by companies or banks, and consolidate these into a stock ranking second, and entitled to, say, 3 per cent., after interest and amortisation upon the first portion had been paid. A sinking fund should be arranged for here also, to come into play at a future date.

Behind these, the lower obligations might rank as a third, or even a fourth stock, on which also 3 per cent. would be paid when the stocks ranking higher had been satisfied. Limits should be fixed for all the stocks above which they would not be drawn for redemption, but they might be cancelled by purchase in the market under those fixed prices. Surplus revenues might be devoted partly to the purchase of the lowest class of debts in the market at fixed prices, partly to meet colonial wants.

NATIONALISE THE LAND.

The corollary to this would be "the cancellation of all leases or sales of land on which the money had not been paid, bonds of the various consolidated debts to be given in exchange."

The colonists should, if possible, be induced to pass a fundamental constitutional law forbidding to all future time further alienations of the soil in fee simple; not even "homestead" farms ought to be exempt from rent to the State. The land not already sold and fully paid for should be exclusively freehold property of the State henceforth and always. . . . How the rent is to be assessed would be a matter for experts to determine, but it ought to be a rent never exorbitant, and yet one that increased up to a certain point in proportion as the land became productive. . . . Upon their land the people ought to be taught directly to rely for the income of the State. All tariff abominations should be swept away.

The Origin of the Name America.

THE much-debated question of the origin of the name America is considered by Dr. John Murray, of the *Challenger* expedition, in a most interesting article in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for November. He points out that in the Cantino map—the oldest but one of the New World, prepared in part, it is believed, by Vespucci—the name *Tamarique* occurs "towards Darien and in the direction of Nicaragua." To this day, a little to the westward of Nicaragua is a range of mountains called *Sierra Amerrique*, inhabited by a tribe (once widely extended) called *Amerriques*. Again *Amarca* or *America* is shown by their Sacred Book to have been the national name of the Peruvians. *Tamarique* is therefore supposed to stand for *Terra Amerique*. Dr. Murray observes:—

It was an age of nicknames. What more natural than that Vespucci should be called America Vespucci? His Christian name of Amerigo would lend itself to, or even suggest, the nickname. It is possible that the New World may have given Vespucci his celebrated name of Americus, and not Vespucci his Christian name to the New World.

He quotes as example the case of "Chinese" Gordon.

NAPOLEON'S PRISON-VOYAGE.

THE second instalment from John R. Glover's hitherto unpublished diary of Napoleon's voyage to St. Helena appears in the November *Century*, concluding with a pathetic note to the effect that the author was "particularly averse that any part of it should get into print." He reports a conversation of the great captive on the project of invading Ireland, which Unionists may feel not wholly without meaning for modern times.

He said he had kept up constant communication with the disaffected party, which he averred was by no means confined to the Roman Catholics, but had also a very large proportion of Protestants. He said he invariably acquiesced in everything they wished for, leaving all arrangements respecting the country, religion, etc., entirely to themselves, his grand and only object being to gain the advantageous point for him of separating Ireland from England.

Referring to his early days,

He said it was not until after the battle of Lodi that he entertained an idea of ever being sufficiently of consequence to authorise his some day or other interfering with the government of France.

CROSSING THE LINE.

On the day the ship crossed the Equator, the ex-Emperor wanted to give the sailors one hundred napoleons, but so heavy a largesse the admiral would not allow; whereupon Bonaparte refused to give even the smallest coin. "His spirits are even," remarks Mr. Glover, "and he appears perfectly unconcerned about his fate;" but when the vessel reached St. Helena he "delayed disembarking until it was dark, to avoid the gaze of the inhabitants," and he seemed to "loathe the sight of a British soldier."

"BONEY" PLAYING BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

A refreshing glimpse is given of the man as guest in the house of a Mr. Balcombe, who had two daughters, one fifteen, the other thirteen:—

Bonaparte appeared much delighted in their society. These young ladies in a few days became perfectly familiar, and the general seemed highly pleased with their naïveté, particularly that of the younger (a pretty girl, and a most complete romp when out of sight of her father). He occasionally so completely laid aside his imperial dignity as to romp with these young ladies, who during such diversions as "Blind-man's Buff," etc., called him by the familiar appellation of "Boney"; indeed the younger, who appeared his favourite, said anything and everything to him her lively imagination dictated, asking every possible question, and he answering without the slightest apparent reserve.

Thus sentimentally does Mr. Glover sum up the impression left on his observant mind by the illustrious Corsican:—

Greatness of mind or character in my opinion he possesses not, very frequently acting the part of a spoiled child. Feeling I consider him devoid of. Every religion is alike to him, and did I believe there existed such a being as an atheist, I should say Bonaparte is that being. Of those about him he seems neither to care nor feel for the privations they undergo from their blind and infatuated attachment to him.

THE Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has surely reached the very utmost limit to which literature can descend in the way of cheapness by their Penny Pocket Library of Pure Literature. Five volumes of this library have just appeared: Southey's "Life of Nelson," Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," Scott's "Talisman," Marryat's "Masterman Ready," and Kingston's "Owen Hartley"; and when everything is considered, paper and print are very good. The books are better and really more interesting than the "penny dreadfuls."

BISMARCK AT HOME.

MISS ELENORA KINNICUTT contributes to the *Century* for November a bright sketch of her visit to Friedrichsruh in the summer of 1892. The old man at home is shown in a very agreeable, not to say lovable light. His table talk seems to have been charming.

His language was so graphic, brilliant, and varied, and flowed on with such fulness of thought and illustration, that the desire not to lose or forget a word made the strain of listening to him great. It recalled what I had once heard a man, himself with a world-wide reputation for eloquence, say—"To have heard Bismarck and Mazzini talk is to have enjoyed something that can never be described." And in all that Bismarck said there was not one word of censure, reproach, or disloyalty for his sovereign! There was an occasional flash of humour, a sudden restraint in speech—that was all.

"THE SECURITY AND STRENGTH" OF AMERICA.

In talking about America, he said:—

"The security and strength of your country lie in the fact that the American race is a mixed one—a 'Sammelvolk.' History has never made a great people in any other way. Look at France. It was the invasions from Italy and the north that gave her bone and sinew. Spain was strongest because she sucked in Iberian blood. And England—what made her so great? Not the invasion of the Anglo-Saxons only, but the fact that there they joined hands with the Normans. A people may be comfortable and prosperous without an influx of foreign blood, but it will cease to be capable of great things whenever that ceases." Continuing, he said: "The Americans, to my mind, have overdone the Columbus worship. The Norwegians were the first discoverers and settlers of America. Columbus was a map- and chart-maker, and, before setting out on his own voyage, had positive proof of the existence of other continents. . . My only relation with America nowadays is receiving letters from young ladies who ask me for my autograph."

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Of bi-metallism he remarked:—"England must face the subject some day, for she has a big silver nail in her body—India."

Reverting to "Germany and the evils of the day,"

"Fortunately for me," said Bismarck, "when I was very young I learned to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and truly to mean it when I said, 'Thy will be done.' And this I still say, and so nothing ever really troubles me."

This is a pleasanter picture of the Grand Old Man of Germany than political newsmongers have been wont to give us. By-the-bye,

A great pleasure to Bismarck, and one that serves him well in old age, is the planting of trees—unlike the other great old statesman of our time, whose delight has always been in cutting them down, a difference which might perhaps by some be used to point a political lesson.

Sir Edwin Arnold as Saviour from Suicide.

How well worth living life is has been of late the theme of Sir Edwin's prose muse. How he proved it to the satisfaction of a would-be suicide is told by him in an interview which appears in the *Woman at Home*:—

A poor man, broken-hearted through disappointment and want, came to me and told me that he was tired of life, because he had nothing in the world to live for. I saw that the man was terribly in earnest, and that he had almost made up his mind to commit suicide. I asked him to grant me a favour—namely, to give himself up entirely to me for two days, during which he should follow my instructions and counsel implicitly. When he came to me, prepared to do as I bade him, I brought him into contact with people to whom he could be eminently useful in his way, and thus he became aware of the fact that he had a *raison d'être*, and that, after all, he had something to live for. This very man who, not so very long ago, was meditating self-destruction, has now grown to be an indispensable being to a great many of his fellow-creatures.

FRENCH LITERATURE BECOMING MORAL.

THE moral regeneration of France, for which even religious optimists once ceased to hope, shows many signs of becoming actual at last. As letters mirror life, "the new moral drift in French literature" described by M. Paul Bourget in the November *Forum* is a pleasing confirmation of the upward tendency. M. Bourget draws a picturesque contrast between the literature of 1880 and that of 1893. The novel then, aiming at "the humble truth," ignored spiritual life, moral initiative and effort; now, cases of conscience form its habitual theme. "Poetry, formerly realistic, sometimes to the point of brutality, tends to-day to become idealistic even to symbolism." Then it sought to rival painting; "to-day it models itself on music." "Criticism also, from being positivistic and wholly documentary, has become again philosophic and moral." The theatre, long recalcitrant, now leans to Ibsen.

While romance, poetry, the theatre, and criticism are engaged more and more with moral questions, the symptoms of a veritable religious renaissance are discernible among the young. True, the group of the so-called "Neo-Christians" is not very numerous. Nevertheless, it exists.

THE POSITIVISM OF DEMOCRACY AND SCIENCE.

M. Bourget regards this "moral crisis" as "the direct and inevitable outcome of a general spiritual advance" in France during the last fifty years. He traces it from the advent of the Second Empire—democracy in its Latin form of Cæsarism—equality aggravating the struggle for life.

To say that democracy triumphed in 1852 is to say also that the cult of material interest began to predominate from that epoch with singular intensity. . . . Positivism of ideas had triumphed at the same time through science. At that date, 1850, the principal results of the experimental method were known. This transformation was almost overwhelming, by its rapidity in the world of metaphysics and in the industrial world, and it extended almost as quickly in the world of literature. . . . Democracy and science fraternised at every step.

Money, not passion, as in 1830, or intellect, as in 1840, became the motive of the drama. The novel embodied the exact "scientific analysis of sensation." M. Renan attempted a natural history of religions. De Lisle zoologised poetry; Baudelaire made it the implacable vivisection of human misery. M. Taine defined literature as a "living psychology" with science as its end.

THE CLIMAX OF "FLAGRANT REALISM"—AND AFTER.

In this idolatry of science and scientific experiment grew up the young people who began to write before 1870. "The most typical among them, whose work will live in years to come as the monument of an astonishing genius," was M. Emile Zola. The programme of "what has been called the 'naturalistic movement,' but which might more exactly have been called the 'positivist movement,'" was "to reduce the literature of imagination to the rigour of an observation or even of a scientific contribution." Hence its "flagrant realism." But the positivist reverence for facts could not finally ignore "the inner world of ideas and sentiments," of distraction, doubt, joy and remorse, which were also positive facts.

It was thus that, beside physiological realism, if one may so term it, another sort of realism manifested itself, which we may call psychological. . . . The literature of scientific observation was constrained to unfold into a psychological literature. It was impossible that this last should not encounter on its side the problems of moral life. . . . In other words, the problem of sin appears, and, once apparent, may be no longer neglected.

French literature would have followed this route, even if left to itself; but two causes arose to precipitate it.

ENGLISH AND RUSSIAN INSPIRATIONS.

The first was the somewhat factitious or artificial influence of foreign literature. Frenchmen suddenly discovered the "universe of lyricism," "which glittered with the names of Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, and Rossetti," and "were intoxicated by it." M. Daudet in 1888 said that "most young Parisian critics made their *début* with a study of Shelley." Similarly, Russian literature was unveiled in the writings of Tolstoi and Dostoiewsky. The second cause—more durable because more national—is the "period of definitive metamorphosis," with its range of political and social problems, which France is now traversing.

At this moment, among the young people just on the threshold of manhood, there is a sentiment of national duty intense almost to the point of passion, a fervent desire to do strenuous work in the service of their country, a conviction that the agnosticism of science is not adequate to the creation of useful energies, an ardent and sorrowful anguish in religious problems. These are the young people whose intimate perplexities M. Paul Desjardins has explained in pamphlets which have made too much stir not to express a general mood.

This outlook is cheering from other than a purely French point of view. If the moral and religious pioneers of the new era in France experience and avow their indebtedness to the inspiration of English as well as Russian literature, the early result must be a powerful check to the political hatred of England. The awakener of the French conscience cannot be simply set down as "perfidious Albion."

"LITERARY MODELS" FOR ARTISTS IN FICTION.

In "A Dialogue between Frank R. Stockton and Edith M. Thomas," daintily recorded by the latter, with picturesque illustrations, in *McClure's Magazine* for November, the novelist and the poetess exchanged confidences about their respective crafts. Mr. Stockton made an interesting comparison between the arts of the brush and the pen, with a practical suggestion which the realistic novelist may find of value. He said:—

I have been thinking why it is that very often the work of an author of fiction is not as true as the work of an artist, and I have concluded that the artist has one great advantage over the author of fiction, and over the poet even. The artist has his models for his characters—models which he selects to come as near as possible to what his creations are going to be. The unfortunate author has no such models. He must rely entirely upon the characters he has casually seen, upon reading, upon imagination. . . .

I think the beautiful young heroine of fiction generally gives the author of love stories a great deal of trouble. Such ladies exist, and their appearance may be described; but it is very difficult to find out what they would do under certain conditions necessary to the story.

I have sometimes thought that a new profession might be created—that of Literary Model. Of course we would have none but the very highest order of dramatic performers, but such assistance as they might be able to give would be invaluable. Suppose the writer wanted to portray the behaviour of a woman who has just received the tidings of the sudden death of her rejected lover. How does a writer, who has never heard such intelligence delivered, know what expressions of face, or what gestures, to give to his heroine in this situation? . . . The professional literary model might be enormously useful in delineating the various phases assumed by one's hero or heroine. . . .

It might be a good idea for a novel-writer to have a study near the green-room of a theatre, and then between the acts he might send for this or that performer to give him a living picture of a certain character in a certain situation. It might not take a minute to do this.

WAS SHAKESPEARE AN "AUTOMATIC WRITER"?

THE Shakespeare-Bacon question has been discussed for several months in the *Arena*. In the November number the discussion draws to a close. Writing to his daughter, the late Richard A. Proctor, the noted astronomer, treats the theory of Baconian authorship as a mental curiosity, which has only lived by being seriously opposed. "A school of flat-earth men, another of circle squares, would soon be established, if science did not very rigidly leave the paradoxers alone, or else—which has been my own constant custom—deal with them" as specimens of mental pathology. The acknowledged Shakespearian authorship of "Venus and Adonis" carries with it, Mr. Proctor contended, the Shakespearian authorship of the plays. To attribute the plays to Bacon is like attributing the poems of Tennyson to Thomas Carlyle.

SHAKESPEARE A "MEDIUM" OF "OCCULT" FORCES.

Mr. A. B. Brown applies recent knowledge of "automatic writing" to the problem.

Believing that hidden and unseen forces work external results in mental as in material unfoldings, the writer would ask if Shakespeare may not have been a medial subject in the hands or under the control of some hidden intelligence, force, or potent power, through which Shakespeare's organism afforded opportunity for such intelligence to work phenomena upon the external plane of life? . . . Is it not very probable that he possessed—to a very large extent—those medial powers which it is now well known are the inheritance of many men and women of to-day, and which distinguished both seers and sages who preceded Shakespeare? In all biblical and historic literature, such gifts enter largely into the inspirational manifestations of infinite force, through seership and prophetic revelation. . . Can it not be reasonably certain that Shakespeare lived, wrote, and had his objective life within such an environment, where the two elementary forces of nature, the dominant in objective life and the controlling in subjective living, join their potent forces and give equal opportunity for the soul to reveal its thought, and to give through the *automatic pen* the writings which, some at least believe, neither Bacon nor Shakespeare, of himself, was capable of producing?

MR. HENRY IRVING'S VIEW.

Mr. Irving writes that he has "never been able to take any serious interest in this controversy":—

The apex of the ludicrous was touched when Mr. Ignatius Donnelly wrote a stupendous work to prove that Bacon wrote into Shakespeare's plays a narrative in cipher full of historical incidents which never happened. . . Why not argue that the total lack of imagination, of the poetic faculty, and of the sense of humour revealed in Bacon's published works, is a proof of his deliberate purpose to prevent any identification of his genius with Shakespeare's? That would be quite as convincing as the famous cipher. The theory of "composite authorship" is a weak and waddling compromise. . . When the Baconians can show that Ben Jonson was either a fool or a knave, or that the whole world of players and playwrights at that time was in a conspiracy to palm off on the ages the most astounding cheat in history, they will be worthy of serious attention.

Out of the twenty-five celebrities who have given judgment in the *Arena*, only one (Mr. G. Kruell) favours the Baconian authorship, two (including Miss Frances E. Willard) accept the composite authorship, two believe neither Shakespeare nor Bacon was author, and twenty vote for the Shakespearian authorship. To the last class belong Alfred Russel Wallace, the Marquis of Lorne, Edmund C. Stedman, Edmund Gosse, Luther R. Marsh, William E. Sheldon, Henry George, and Henry Irving.

CLIPPING THE LAURELS OF COLUMBUS.

IT is a question whether the celebration of the fourth centenary of Columbus' discovery of the New World has added to or taken from the great navigator's fame. Of the class of facts now everywhere disseminated which have somewhat shorn Columbus of his traditional glory, interesting reminders are given in a paper by Dr. John Murray, of the *Challenger Expedition*, in the November number of the *Scottish Geographical Magazine*.

FORESTALLED BY THE NORSEMEN.

He tells of the Norsemen who discovered and colonised Iceland and Greenland in the ninth century, and went on to forestall Columbus by well nigh half a millennium.

In the year 1000 Leif Erikson and his companions discovered the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland (Helluland), Nova Scotia (Markland), and New England (Vinland), but the voyages of these bold mariners were wholly unknown to the nations who did not speak the ancient language of the North. . . . The settlements formed by Thorfinn and others early in the eleventh century were soon abandoned, and in 1347 we have the last record of a voyage to America. . . . It is doubtful if Columbus had ever heard of these voyages.

ANTICIPATED BY ANCIENT GREEKS.

The Renaissance, dispelling the geographical night of the Middle Ages, brought to light the ideas of the scientific Greeks. Aristotle had established the sphericity of the earth, and argued that India and the Pillars of Hercules were near to each other. Eratosthenes (third century B.C.) had estimated the circumference of the earth at 25,000 geographical miles. The Italian poet, Pulci, published in 1481 a poem in which he predicted "the discovery of a new hemisphere and the circumnavigation of the globe":—

... his bark
The daring mariner shall urge far o'er
The western wave, a smooth and level plain,
Albeit the earth is fashioned like a wheel. . .
... Hercules might blush to learn how far
Beyond the limits he had vainly set
The dullest sea-bont soon shall wing her way.
Men shall descry another hemisphere,
Since to one common centre all things tend.

— Such was the intellectual atmosphere in which Columbus formed his great enterprise.

ECLIPSED BY MAGELLAN.

The palm of "the most extraordinary voyage on record" Dr. Murray awards to Magellan, when for ninety-nine days he ploughed the waters of the Pacific—a voyage "far surpassing the exploit of Columbus in the Atlantic, both in boldness and in the effect it produced on geographical conceptions. Though he died at the Philippines, and though—

only one of his vessels ultimately reached Spain, Magellan had finally solved the problem of western navigation, the sphericity of the earth, and the existence of the Antipodes. . . . Fifty-seven years elapsed before Drake accomplished the second circumnavigation of the globe.

The whole review of geographical progress leading up to and beyond Columbus is masterly and replete with valuable information. The appended "maps of the world, according to early geographers," constitute in themselves a liberal education in the evolution of geography.

COUNT PAUL VON HOENSBRÖGHE, whose confessions, after he quitted the Jesuit Order, made such a stir a few months ago, supplements his former account of modern Jesuitism by an article of fifty pages, which he has contributed to the *Preussische Jahrbücher* for November.

SHALL THE UNITED STATES ABSORB CANADA?

I.—A FRENCH CANADIAN ANSWER.

THE overtures now being made by the Canadian Ministry to the Government at Washington in the direction of establishing commercial reciprocity between the two countries lend a fresh interest to the old question of their prospective political union. The subject is discussed—and from opposite standpoints—by two well-known Canadians in the *Forum* for November. Mr. Louis Frechette, late member of the Dominion Parliament, and “foremost poet of Canada,” declares he writes as interpreter of what he believes to be the opinion of most of his compatriots, the French Canadians in the province of Quebec. That one who professes to speak in this representative way should head his article with the motto, “The United States for French Canadians!” will probably occasion surprise on this side of the ocean. Mr. Frechette argues that the Canadian Confederation must give place to a more definite arrangement; whether it be Imperial Federation, or Canadian Independence, or Annexation with the States.

“OUR MOTHER-COUNTRY IS FRANCE!”

French Canadians, he says, are a “conquered people,” and do not regard themselves as pledged to everlasting loyalty to their conquerors, whom “by the influence of tradition they cannot but instinctively consider in a vague way as the ‘hereditary enemy.’”

Not that they in any way entertain the slightest hope or desire to resume their former allegiance to France; but they feel themselves French, they are proud to be so, and are bound to remain so . . . Our mother-country is France! If ever a conflict should arise between her and England, which God forbid—it is hard for me to say so, but it is true—we should be for France. Treason! some may cry. Nonsense; for our forefathers never voluntarily consented to become British subjects, and if we are such it is against their will and ours.

So Imperial Federation “must be absolutely thrown aside.”

How could we be expected to consent to an infeoffment not only with the United Kingdom, but also with distant countries like Australia, the Indies, East and West, and those other lands spread all around the globe, with which, although parts of that “Empire upon whose flag the sun never sets,” we have no more natural connection than with the planet Mars?

ENGLISH AND FRENCH “INEVITABLY HOSTILE.”

Independence for the province of Quebec alone “is dreamed of by no one”—

Whether we become federated with the Empire or recognised as an independent nation, Canada must stand as a whole, with a government neither English nor French, but Canadian. Our only ambition, as French Canadians, would be to have our legitimate share of influence therein.

But what would that influence amount to in face of a majority “inevitably hostile”? Mr. Frechette uses the word hostility advisedly; for it is a—

hostility which arises from the distinctive character of two races that differ in religion, language, habits, customs, sympathies, aspirations, and even in physical externals; . . . that hostility, in short, which is born from the juxtaposition of two different nationalities on the same soil—like two lovers before the same woman—one of whom some day must win.

“Permanent Independence” is therefore dismissed as “impossible or dangerous.”

CONTINENTAL BLISS “AT ONE STROKE.”

Annexation has been a phrase most unpopular; but “the generous and universal hospitality extended to eleven or twelve hundred thousand French Canadians living in the United States to-day has completely wiped

out all traces of the old animosity.” The clergy have “considerably altered their opinion.”

The idea of Annexation has, during the last few years, made rapid progress with Canadians of French origin; the fact is that, even to-day, were they consulted on the question under conditions of absolute freedom, without any moral pressure from either side, I am certain that a considerable majority of Annexationists would result from the ballot. And this majority cannot but increase.

Mr. Frechette waxes enthusiastic over the prospect.

Alliance with the States of the Union would with one sweep of the pen settle all those thorny questions which now embarrass us. At one stroke . . . we should have no more hate, or rivalry of faith or race; no longer conquerors ever looking upon us as the conquered; no longer any joint responsibility with any European nation; no longer any frontiers; no longer any possible wars; a single flag over the whole of North America, which then would be, not the holding of any particular nation, but the home of Humanity itself, the Empire of Peace, the richest and most powerful dominion of the Earth, under a democratic government.

II.—AN ENGLISH CANADIAN VIEW.

“Canadian Hostility to Annexation” is the theme of Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, late Secretary of the Imperial Federation League in Canada and associate editor of the *Toronto Empire*. He thus summarises “the conditions of the annexation problem”—

Canada is contented with her present national position, and conservative Canadians entertain a profound belief in the superiority of the British system of government over the American. They think the institutions, laws, morals, finance and legislation of the Dominion superior to those of the United States, and they would not care to risk serious changes through annexation. They are every year becoming more attached to Great Britain and more grateful for the power and liberty which can be obtained within the British realm. They are afraid of American aggression, suspicious of American dislike to the mother-land, averse from the necessity which would exist of hostile fiscal legislation under annexation, and of possible future conflict with Great Britain. They are becoming profoundly interested in the British market, as opposed to the old “sixty million market” theory, and have defeated by an overwhelming vote unrestricted reciprocity schemes which seemed to involve trade discrimination against England. Their commerce, railways, steamship lines, cable projects, and waterways all converge, east and west, toward Britain and British countries, instead of south to the United States.

III.—MR. ERASTUS WIMAN'S VIEW.

Writing in the *Engineering Magazine* for November on “Canada and Our New Tariff,” Mr. Erastus Wiman avers:—

In no part of the Empire is the temptation toward secession so great; in no part would secession be so complete and so fatal to the prestige of the Empire as in the case of Canada. Measured by the effort which Great Britain put forth in the War of Independence to retain the American colonies, the secession of Canada would be the most stupendous event at present possible to the Mother of Nations. The possibility that Republican institutions should suddenly pervade so vast a proportion as forty per cent. of the Empire over which the monarchy rules would do more to sap the foundations of that monarchy itself than any other possible event. Such a contingency, following the yielding tendency towards Democracy apparent in recent legislation in Great Britain, would be regarded by many as the first step towards reducing England to the position of a second-rate power, lessening her military and naval force, and eventually resulting in a serious set-back to civilisation. . . . Yet to those who understand the Canadian people and are familiar with the political, social, and commercial forces that prevail, both in the colony and in the mother country, annexation seems so far away that its possibility need hardly be considered as affecting the interests of the present generation.

WHO SHALL HAVE THE WORLD'S CHIEF TRADE?

ENGLAND OR AMERICA, OR A LEAGUE OF BOTH?

"AMERICA'S Battle for Commercial Supremacy" is the title of an instructive and suggestive article in the November *Forum*, by Mr. John R. Procter. He asks at the outset, "Are not Anglo-Saxon freedom, law, and language destined to prevail in all lands where nature as provided the most suitable habitation for man?" He goes on to point out—by the help of a map of British fortified coaling and naval stations—that "it would seem that England is preparing either to fetter the commerce of the world, or to insure the good behaviour of mankind. Steadily she has acquired and fortified strategic points commanding the pathways of commerce." But he concludes that "England's warlike preparations are guarantees of peace rather than threats of war." The world's indebtedness to her in an amount estimated at £2,000,000,000 gives her the strongest interest in peace. He remarks with evident joy that "England's commerce with the sixty-five millions of people under the Stars and Stripes amounted to almost as much as her trade with the three hundred and eighty-six millions under the British flag."

AMERICAN AND BRITISH COAL AND IRON.

Mr. Procter then asks if the commercial supremacy of England is to be transferred to the United States, and thus puts points in answer:—

Of all the coal mined in the world, from the beginning of this century to the present time, that speck upon the ocean has produced quite one-half. Her output of coal still exceeds that of any other country. In 1891 she mined thirty-six per cent. of the world's product, while the United States produced thirty-three per cent. This country is increasing its output of coal at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, while the increase in Great Britain is less than two per cent. The cost of coal is increasing in Great Britain and decreasing in this country. England exports thirty-one per cent. of her total product of coal, while this country exports less than one per cent. of its product. This country will in the near future become a large exporter of coal.

Great Britain has for many years led all other countries in the production of pig-iron, producing, until of late years, more than one-half of all the pig-iron made in the world. Great Britain reached her maximum output of iron in 1882, and this country has doubled its production since that time, now producing more iron and steel than its competitor. In 1867, Great Britain produced fifty-two per cent. of all the iron made in the world, and the United States produced only fourteen per cent. In 1891, the United States turned out thirty-four per cent., and Great Britain only thirty per cent. of the world's product. The production of iron is increasing in this country faster than the increase in population.

England will, Mr. Procter believes, "probably for a longer time retain her hold upon the textile industry, which now furnishes about one-half of the total value of her exports." He rejoices that his people have "realised the folly of protection," and counts on their "advancing to absolute freedom of exchange."

A COUNTERPOISE TO BRITISH ADVANTAGES.

He grants that "our principal rival" has certain advantages, "not easily to be overcome":—

Her long established trade relations with all parts of the world; her trained and efficient consular service; her national Board of Trade, working in harmony with local boards and with her consular service and foreign merchants; her stable and consistent financial policy; her great superiority in merchant-marine.

"The ample protection given by British fleets to England's merchants trading with semi-civilised countries,

and the fact that her trained statesmen can give their time to the consideration of commercial, industrial, and financial questions," while American statesmen are occupied with the "spoils" system and other pernicious business, are classed as a "tremendous benefit." As a counterpoise is suggested the construction of a "ship-canal uniting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans." This, it is urged, would make the United States "the workshop and clearing-house of the world," and could be done at a cost of less than the annual expenditure on pensions. Civil Service reform, free trade, and the canal would give the United States the balance of conditions in favour of industrial and commercial supremacy.

THE LEAGUED ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES.

Having made this statement, Mr. Procter passes abruptly, without any explicit transition, to the following weighty observations:—

Between England and the United States there is an increasing community of interest which is drawing these two countries into closer commercial and social relations. Is it unreasonable to hope that these interests and the ties of kinship will draw the English-speaking peoples of all lands into an Anglo-Saxon League that will insure peace and prosperity to all the world? While the continent of Europe is an armed camp, and millions of men in the prime of life are removed from productive industry to guard against imagined evils, or to gain petty and questionable advantages; and while the effective force of the people is dwarfed by the twin evils of Paternalism and Protection; the unfettered Anglo-Saxons, possessing the fairest and most productive lands, with dominion over the seas, owning ninety per cent. of the world's stores of coal, producing already seventy per cent. of all the iron and steel, ninety-five per cent. of the raw cotton, eighty per cent. of the tin, sixty-seven per cent. of the gold, forty-eight per cent. of the silver, fifty per cent. of the wool, thirty-six per cent. of the wheat, and producing more than one-half the manufactures of all kinds; controlling the short highways of commerce round the world—these peoples are entering upon an era of prosperity unexampled in human history.

Detective Pinkerton on "the Yellow-back."

A STUDY in a new class of crime by an expert in criminal research is supplied to the *North American Review* for November by Mr. William Pinkerton, of the famous detective agency, in his sketch of "Highwaymen of the Railroad." Train robbing, he says, has been "practised pretty steadily in the South and West during the last twenty years, but during the last few months outrages of this character have increased at an alarming rate." He remarks that train robbers "generally go in families—that is, there are usually two or three members of one family in the same gang." A more surprising fact is that "the majority of these robbers are recruited from among the grown boys or young men of small country towns." This extraordinary departure from supposed rural innocence is attributed by the detective-chief to the class of reading in which the rising rural population indulge.

One of the reasons for the recent epidemic of train robberies may be found in the general business depression. It is, however, also largely due, in my opinion, to the reading of yellow-covered novels. Country lads get their minds inflamed with this class of literature. Professional thieves or designing men find among this class many who are willing to go into their schemes. . . . They start in as amateurs under an experienced leader. They become infatuated with the work, and never give it up until arrested or killed.

The youth of these train robbers is often extreme. One was a lad of seventeen "who had seen a railway train for the first time" when he robbed it.

THE NEED OF AN ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN'S PLEA FOR OUR EASTERN EMPIRE.

"So far as England is concerned, the true Eastern Question of to-day is not in Europe, but in Asia." These words of Sir Lepel Griffin's sound the keynote of his vigorous and suggestive article in the *Nineteenth Century* for November on "England and France in Asia." He is deeply impressed with French hostility to Britain. "The hatred to the Germans is faint when compared with that which the French feel, and on every occasion proclaim, to England." "To conciliate France would be as easy as making friends with a rattlesnake." Sir Lepel is much exercised by the common belief that if France annexes Siam or other territories their trade will still be ours. The Franco-Russian hospitalities suggest that—

The time seems to have arrived for a reconsideration of our position, and to determine whether the policy of masterly inactivity should not be definitely abandoned in favour of an energetic defence of the national interests.

But even as matters now stand

The work of the Foreign Secretary is too heavy to be properly performed by one man . . . It would surely be expedient to relieve both the Foreign and Colonial Offices of a portion of their work, and to form an Asiatic Department under a separate Secretary of State, who should preferentially be an ex-Viceroy of India, and who would take charge of all questions relating to the East which were not more conveniently placed under the Secretary of State for India. . . .

The arrangement suggested is as follows:—

Under the new Secretary of State for the Asiatic Department would be an—Under Secretary for Persia, the Persian Gulf, and Aden; Under Secretary for China, with Corea and Hong Kong; Under Secretary for Japan; Under Secretary for Burmah, Indo-China, the Straits Settlements, and the islands, such as British North Borneo and British New Guinea. Under the Secretary of State for India:—The Viceroy of India—India, with Ceylon, Afghanistan, Biluchistan. . . . The principal change proposed in the Indian jurisdiction is to remove Burmah altogether from the control of the Viceroy. The country has no intimate connection with India.

"The disruption of the Persian Empire is more imminent than that of Turkey," and we need a strong diplomatic staff at Teheran. But

the most important political question in the Eastern world, which may more directly affect the fortunes of England than any other, and which is worthy of the best efforts of English statesmen, is the defensive alliance of England and China.

For both have good reasons to be apprehensive of the Franco-Russian Alliance.

Mr. Ruskin's Advice to Bible-readers.

THE November *Young Man* publishes two letters from Mr. Ruskin, sent in December, 1872 and 1873 respectively, to the president of a young men's Bible class in Aberdeen, which gives this terse advice:—

Say to them that they will find it well throughout life, never to trouble themselves about what they *ought* to do. The condemnation given from the judgment throne—most solemnly described—is all for the *undones* and not for the *donees*. People are perpetually afraid of doing wrong; but unless they are doing its reverse energetically, they do it all day long, and the degree does not matter.

My own constant cry to all Bible readers is a very simple one—Don't think that Nature (human or other) is corrupt; don't think that you yourself are cleft out of it; and don't think to serve God by praying instead of obeying.

PLEA FOR A QUINTUPLE ALLIANCE.

In the *National Review* for November Admiral Maxse discusses "The European Outlook." He regrets the intensity of French hatred for the English people. He deplors the aloofness of our Government in 1871, when the Germans were before Paris, and even Bismarck confessed he expected British mediation with a view to peace. That might have saved "the biggest blunder of the century"—the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. He regards the Franco-Russian alliance as a *fait accompli*.

An immediate consequence of the *entente* has been that Russian and French chancelleries have been working together wherever there has been a conflict of French and English interests. If France can always rely upon Russia to support her when there is a difference between France and England, that is bad for England; and it is equally bad that in Russian and English disputes the former can rely upon French support.

Russian aggression will ultimately force us into war.

India will be threatened, and I take it that at this last ditch of our supremacy as an Oriental Power, we shall stand and employ the whole resources of the Empire to defend India from Russian invasion.

We have to consider whether we should not fortify ourselves by a counter-alliance. The question arises as to whether we should not now resort to the very formidable one which is doubtless available, viz., to a Quintuple Alliance, consisting of the present Triple Alliance plus England and Turkey, and, for that matter, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Sweden would readily form part of it. Such an alliance would secure European peace. France would have to accept the situation created by herself. Russia would be warned off Western Europe, and her Eastern projects would be arrested.

An Anglo-Italian alliance alone might have saved the necessity of such a precaution; but the time for that has passed.

The striking feature of the situation now is, as the result of this latest alliance, that England is the one isolated Great Power of Europe. A war might readily arise between England and the Double Alliance over one of the many disputes which are always open between England and France. . . . The Triple Alliance might watch with equanimity a war likely to exhaust and impoverish her enemies.

Red Snow.

"THREE thousand two hundred miles by foot and paddle" in the Canadian territory bordering on Alaska, is the subject of a series of papers which Dr. William Ogilvie begins in the September number of the *Canadian Magazine*. One passage describes and explains a curious natural phenomenon:—

I have read somewhere of red snow being seen in this region; so it is, but it is only snow covered with a vegetable juice. When I first saw it I was surprised . . . but soon noticed that it was confined entirely to the line of travel. This led me to examine it more closely, when I found that it was caused by the juice of a berry which grows on a ground vine at the head of the timber limit. When pressed this berry gives out a purple juice, which by dilution shades down into a pale pink. The juice is absorbed by the leather of the Indian's moccasins as he tramps on the berries, and afterwards stains the snow as he travels over it. This, by the heat of the sun and the action of gravity on the hillside, is distributed over a wide space, compared with the track, and is visible after all sign of the track is gone. The red snow of the Arctic regions is in part due to vegetable colouring matter. Might not some at least of the instances recorded in which the phenomenon has been observed be traceable to a similar source?

HOW THE CHURCH HAS ESTRANGED THE PEOPLE.

A HEAVY INDICTMENT BY DR. C. A. BRIGGS.

THE discussion of the question, Is Christianity played out? which is itself pretty well played out now on this side of the Atlantic, reappears with a difference in the *American Forum* for November. Three articles are bracketed under the general heading, "Is Christianity Losing Ground?" The first and the weightiest—on "The Alienation of Church and People"—is from the pen of Dr. Charles A. Briggs, who, since his condemnation by the Presbyterian Assembly, seems disposed—somewhat naturally—to take gloomy views of the ecclesiastical situation. Yet these sober strictures of a theologian who is a leading Churchman, and entertains exalted notions of the dignity and mission of the Church, form one of the most weighty indictments against the Churches which have appeared in recent times.

We are living, he tells us, in "the ebbtime of the Christian Church. The Church is ruled by dogmatists, ecclesiastics, and traditionalists. But their day is nearly over." The Church, as at present constituted, has lost the confidence of the people in its (1) ability to teach them the truth, (2) authority as a divine institution, and (3) sanctity. As endowed with the Holy Spirit the Church ought to be in the van of knowledge. But theology is no longer the queen of the sciences. Roman Catholic theology is too mediæval; the Protestant theology savours too much of the seventeenth century; even the more advanced types of Protestantism have not got beyond the eighteenth century.

"THE FILTHY RAGS OF TRADITIONALISM."

Happily, there are liberal theologians:—

These ministers gather about them multitudes who without them would be lost to the Christian Church. The liberals in the great Protestant denominations for the most part see eye to eye, and stand shoulder to shoulder. . . . It is a characteristic of liberals that they "believe in the Holy Ghost." They have confidence that the Holy Spirit is guiding the Church of our day as truly as He guided the Church of the apostles.

They are not destructive, but constructive. They "have removed the rubbish of traditional theories and gained the real Bible," and "a real Christian history."

They have traced the dogmas of the systems to their roots, and have determined what was derived from Holy Scripture, what from Greek philosophy and Roman jurisprudence, what from the creeds, what from the speculations of the theologians, what from the provincial schools of theology. . . . They . . . strip from the dogmas the filthy rags of traditionalism in order to clothe them in the shining raiment of history. . . . Early in the next century we may hope that a new theology will advance to the front of human learning and will become once more the mother and queen of all truth.

CHURCH AUTHORITY "WELL-NIGH RUINED."

The authority of the Church was impaired when it divided into Greek, Roman, and Oriental communions, was shattered when at the Reformation it split up into a host of national Churches, and was well-nigh ruined when the national Churches of Great Britain were confronted with large numbers of non-conforming sects. Men seek in vain amongst them for any satisfactory claimant to the authority which properly belongs to the Church.

The Protestant denominations have in the main abandoned the theory that their types of church government are chartered in the New Testament, and therefore they seek historic right. . . . The General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States of America in this year 1893 declared it to be heterodox to say that "the Church is a great fountain of Divine authority."

SALVATIONIST AND SACERDOTALIST.

The Salvation Army, "one of the most aggressive forms of modern Christianity," has "discarded the Church form of Christianity altogether, and adopted the Army form." It may result in another variety of the Church form of Christianity, or may prove only a temporary refuge for a more devout and aggressive type of Christianity, or "like the monastic orders, it may become an auxiliary of the Church." Confidence in the Divine authority of the Church, "a vanishing quantity in most Protestant communities," is "all the more powerful in the Episcopal churches through the potent influence of the Anglo-Catholic movement, and also in the Roman Catholic Church." Hence these Churches will gain as the others lose. "The denominations of Christians are, in fact, losing the confidence of Christian people."

THE FAILING SANCTITY OF THE CHURCH.

The sanctity of the Church is felt to be lacking. Protestants have depreciated good works, and not taught them as essential to salvation. Rome has upheld a higher ethical standard for the saint, but in the main has been content with a ceremonial sanctity.

Church membership, subscription to creeds, conformity to doctrines, liturgies and ceremonies, the observance of religious customs and sacred days, have been made of more importance than repentance, good deeds, and Christlike lives. . . . Where are the great preachers, the great church-buildings, the great expenditure of Christian men and money—among the toiling masses of the people, or among the comfortable and well-to-do?

The Churches have been slow to engage in Christian work. Almost all the great Christian enterprises of modern times have been undertaken by consecrated men and women outside the Church, and often in spite of the opposition of ministers and other ecclesiastical authorities.

NO "CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE."

The Churches have been slow to recognise woman, or to see "what a mighty transformation will take place when woman enters with all her energies of Christian love into the field of aggressive Christlike service."

The Church has limited its conception of salvation too much to the future life. It has not comprehended the length and breadth of the salvation taught by Jesus Christ. The poor, the sick, the suffering and the dying need a salvation that relieves their physical maladies.

The Church is called upon to consider and to solve the great social, industrial, and sanitary problems of our times. The Church has lost the confidence of the toiling and suffering masses by neglecting these problems. . . . It remains to be seen in the immediate future whether a new denomination of Christians will spring into existence to be the Church of the people, or whether the alienation of the Church and people is still further to increase, while the people solve their religious and social difficulties without the aid of the Churches.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

Dr. Briggs concludes by denouncing denominationalism as "the gr-at sin and curse of the modern Church."

The denominations have accomplished their historic task. There is no longer any sufficient reason for their continued existence. They should yield their life and their experience to a more comprehensive and more efficient church plan, one that will embrace all that is best in each, combining the executive bishop with the legislative presbytery and the electing people in one comprehensive organisation, in which every form of tyranny, injustice, and wrong will be stayed by wholesome checks and balances, in which the official doctrine will be reduced to the simple sentences of the universal catholic faith, and in which conformity to Jesus Christ in character and service will be regarded as of vastly more importance than conformity to doctrine, discipline, or ceremonial. Then we may hope that the Church will have regained the confidence of the people in her Divine authority, sanctity, and catholicity.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE "GUINEA-PIG."

"THE Professional Director," whose be-all and end-all is to draw his guineas and decoy unwary shareholders, is pilloried in this quarter's *Investors' Review*. That review has, it appears, succeeded so well as a five-shilling quarterly that from the 1st of January next it will be brought out—naturally in smaller bulk—as a shilling monthly: a reassuring proof of the popular desire to be told the plain unpleasant truth, especially when told so vividly and slashingly as by Mr. Wilson. He thus introduces the class of men he is going to "roast":—

Pick up Mr. Thomas Skinner's "Directory of Directors," and look at the names most frequently found there. Are they names of men of business? No. Picture them in the mind's eye. Behold the long procession of lords and lordlings, baronets and knights, generals and admirals, colonels and captains, honourables and right honourables, aldermen and M.P.'s, all grades and conditions of labelled persons down to the common barrister. See how they throng upon the "boards" of companies, and make tanners of themselves, or tinsmiths, tailors or tobacconists, washerwomen or brickmakers, hatters or hog-feeders, keepers of gin-palaces or dairies, horse-dealers and knacker-yard owners, or grocers—all and everything comes handy to these men, if only the due modicum of guineas is forthcoming. Gold gilds all. . . . There is never a company—of the classes these men settle upon—gets into difficulties but what its "board" proves to have been useless or worse. Its members knew nothing or next to nothing of the business in hand.

THE IMPECUNIOUS LORD.

Special types are then drawn to life:—

Perhaps he is but a courtesy lord, or he may be a peer of ancient lineage or a new-made nobleman, whose title has been given him as a reward for political services or to end his much begging. Anyhow, his endowments are smaller than his requirements. So he comes to the City and lets his name to the company promoter. On this "board" and that he is to be found, sometimes as "chairman" or "deputy-chairman," always as an "ornament." . . . Often much dirty work of a kind falls to the poor man's lot. He has to dress up falsehoods as facts, and lie with dignity and discretion at the behest of his master. It is hard, but what can he do? He must have his carriages and horses, his retainers in livery, his house in town, his yacht or his shooting-box; he must bet a little to be in the fashion, and gracefully lose now and then at baccarat.

WHAT M.P.'S HAVE MADE OF THE "CITY."

Similarly the retired Anglo-Indian determined to live in the style he has been used to in the East, turns to "the City," where mysterious fortunes are made, and lets himself out as "director." He is "drawn into the whirlpool," in most cases "only to be cast forth again stripped and covered with mud":—

But the greatest nursery of the guinea pig species of director is, when all is said, the House of Commons. . . . Who does not know some being of this cast—the loud-tongued brawler, the impudent liar, a simulator of patriotism, a suborner of the electorate, a cut-purse with no shred of conscience, a designer of fraudulent prospectuses, a concocter of false balance-sheets, distinguished, perhaps, for his "piety" and works of charity—done in public? . . . Through them more than through any other class of person . . . the "City" has become a hot-bed of thieves.

"ALL GAMBLERS TOGETHER."

The Inspector-General in Bankruptcy has reckoned the annual loss of the British public through the promotion of bubble or semi-bubble companies at twenty millions sterling, a figure the reviewer thinks too high. But "for this the guinea-pig class of director is, more than any one else, responsible":—

It is altogether an abominable thing, this company-manufacturing industry, but it is not the plundered shareholder

any more than the decoy-duck director who can be trusted to sweep it away. They are all gamblers together often, a corrupt product of a civilisation which much parade of wealth has tended to putrefy.

LET IN THE LIGHT.

The reviewer suggests two remedies. First and foremost "publicity, publicity." The affairs of every failed company "ought to undergo public examination like a common bankrupt." Every public company should be subjected to frequent criticism during its lifetime.

The custom that all new prospectuses should be noticed in newspaper money articles as a matter of course, and without criticism . . . as a portion of the paid advertisement . . . ought not to be. . . .

To aid intelligent criticism, fuller balance-sheets and profit and loss accounts might be made compulsory by legislative enactment. Most company balance-sheets are at present shamefully deficient in information. As corollary to this, accountants ought to be made liable to fine and imprisonment if convicted of having "passed" any balance-sheet whose figures were afterwards discovered to be misleading. Should they have "certified" a false or duping balance-sheet, their fate ought to be imprisonment with hard labour.

CREED AND WORK OF THE ETHICAL SOCIETY.

PROFESSOR FELIX ADLER, founder of "The Society of Ethical Culture," writes in the November *Forum* on "Modern Scepticism and Ethical Culture." He dwells on the fact of the religious uncertainty which has swept over the masses of all civilised peoples, and affirms:—

If morality and religious belief must stand and fall together, then the outlook into the moral future of the human race would be dark indeed. But it is at this point that the Ethical Societies have taken a new departure. The gospel which they preach is essentially this: that the good life is possible to all without the previous acceptance of any creed, irrespective of religious opinion or philosophic theory; that the way of righteousness is open and can be entered directly without a previous detour through the land of faith or philosophy. The word "righteousness" acquires in the Ethical Societies the supreme place. It is written in our Holy of Holies. It is pronounced with reverence and piety; it is the best thing in the world we know of. This does not imply that belief in God or in Christ is denied. The Ethical Societies are not societies of free-thinkers or agnostics. Many who belong to us are radicals and agnostics, but others are ardent theists.

Their attitude to the Churches is not unfriendly. "The ethical societies cover ground which the Churches cannot cover. They are missionary societies of the moral life in *partibus infidelium*."

THE SLIGHTED SCIENCE OF CONSCIENCE AND CHARACTER.

They hope also to serve the Churches by specialist study of ethics.

Moral teaching has been in the past and still is almost exclusively in the hands of theologians. The leading interest of these teachers, however, lies in the realm of doctrine, and they have had, as a rule, no special training for the scientific study of the subject of ethics. The consequence has been that the progress of moral science, like that of the natural sciences under similar circumstances, has been greatly retarded. . . . The evolution of conscience among mankind generally has only begun to attract attention. The development of conscience in the young is little known. The scientific study of character which Mill proposed has remained a desideratum to this day. . . . Then again, the practical problems of ethics have not received the attention they deserved, such questions, for instance, as those of the hygiene of the passions, the best methods for the training of the will, and again, beyond these, the larger problems that affect the welfare of society as a whole, the problem of justice as between the social classes, the problem of the moral functions of the State, and the like.

THE ANNIHILATION OF THE DRUNKARD.

A SWEDISH DOCTOR ON THE KEELEY CURE.

Eira is an important little seventeen-year-old medical magazine—a sort of Swedish *Lancet*—published at Stockholm by Dr. E. W. Wretling. In No. 14 there is a noteworthy article of general interest by Dr. Selldén. It is a paper on the Keeley Cure, which has often been and is even yet confounded, not only by the public but even by physicians, with the "Gold Cure." Dr. Selldén has studied the effects of the cure in the Keeley Institutes at Christiania and Copenhagen, and the remarkable results he has witnessed have made a valuable Keeley disciple of him. At the Copenhagen Institute, out of eighty-two patients Dr. Thygesen cured completely all the morphia-maniacs, while of the alcoholists 16 per cent. became backsliders. At the Christiania Institute, Dr. Kjennerud has treated thirty-seven patients since the 10th of March—four morphia-maniacs who were cured completely, and thirty-three drunkards, of whom two only fell back into the "clutches of their enemy." Dr. Kjennerud did not believe that in the north it would be possible to keep down the proportion of backsliders to 5 per cent., as Dr. Keeley had believed, since alcoholic liquors were too much in request at the social gatherings in Scandinavia. He would, however, be fully satisfied if they could keep the proportion to 25 or 30 per cent. If only half the patients were reclaimed it would be a gain to the community.

In Christiania, the general attitude is in favour of the Keeley Cure, owing to the personal esteem in which the physicians of the Institute are held, and to the fortunate fact that the "gold cure" has never been practised there. The confounding of the "gold cure" with the Keeley method has placed the latter at a considerable disadvantage. For example, in June last year and in May this year, Professor Brandes gave an account in the *Ugeskrift for Læger*, of experiments made with the "gold cure" at the public hospital in Copenhagen. An extract from this account has since passed through several Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish papers, and been understood to refer to the *Keeley Cure* in spite of the author's pointing out that it was *Monroe's* cure. This same account of Professor Brandes is mentioned in this year's May number of the *British Medical Journal* as referring to the Keeley Cure—a very serious error indeed. From what Dr. Selldén heard and saw at the "gold cure sanatorium," which he also visited, and where he met the physician and manageress of the institute as well as three patients, he understood that Dr. Monroe's "cure" is merely a disappointed endeavour to copy Dr. Keeley's method. Under the "gold cure" treatment, the patient gets weak-sighted, his pupils dilate, he has fits of dizziness and burnings in the throat, a sensation of dryness of the lips (the effect of atropia?); by-and-by, fits of ague and considerable reaction with manifest infiltration after the injections, which are painful (strychnine or other toxic matter?), and finally vomiting, which occurs as soon as he has received a "dram" and directly afterwards an injection (apomorphia?). None of these effects have ever been observed under the Keeley Cure. Dr. Kyhl, who first had the management of the "gold cure sanatorium," left the institute some time ago, dissatisfied with the "cure" which causes much suffering to the morphia-maniacs, according to the statement of the manageress. It is a noteworthy fact, too, that Dr. Monroe has written to Dr. Keeley asking to be allowed to buy some of the latter's medicines.

The Keeley Institute at Christiania is very conveniently situated in Ullevoldsveien, No. 57, in the neighbourhood

of St. Hans Hangen; it is fitted up in first-class style, and the attendance is in every way perfect. Patients should, if possible, live at the institute, during the first week, at any rate—they may then live at home or at a hotel. There is a boarding-house for them close by. Punctually four times a day they are required to be in the reception room to receive in the arm a subcutaneous injection of the Keeley fluid. They get a medicine at the same time, a teaspoonful of which is to be taken every other half-hour in a half-tumbler of water—the individuality of the patients and the different phases of their disease being taken into account, and the doses regulated accordingly. The diet is strongly nutrient and easily digested; the patient exercises freely in the open air, takes a warm bath twice a week, and retires early. The first few days he is allowed as much brandy, morphia, opium, etc., as he requires, but can only obtain it from the doctor. This is not that the doctor may mix anything else with it, but simply that it may be known how much the patient consumes of his favourite poison. On the third or fourth day the drunkard has, as a rule, lost all desire for spirits, while in a week or a fortnight the morphia-maniac has, without any trouble worth mentioning, been weaned from the habit.

"No Such Thing as an Unearned Increment!"

THIS is the assertion with which E. N. Dingley, in the *American Journal of Politics* for September, advances to the defence of millionaires, corporations, and other wealth accumulators. He reaches his conclusion by an analogy which may surprise the sober sociologist. "Nature is for ever progressive," he reminds us. "The colt becomes a horse; the seed becomes the grain." "There is a corresponding increase in value," owing to the presence of "a society having wants to be supplied." So with land. In it—

a legitimate increment takes place because of the existence and growth of a society with wants to be supplied. Society certainly would not claim the increment in the case of the farmer's seed or cow; . . . nor can it claim the increment in the case of A's piece of land. In all these cases, it is very evident that the increment is due, not to the natural or artificial transformation, but to the existence of a society. *Per contra*, if society does claim the increment in the case of A's land, it can claim the increment in the other cases with equal justice.

Mr. Dingley calmly ignores the perfectly obvious fact that the increase in value of the colt and the seed is due partly to unaided nature, partly to the farmer's labour, and partly to the presence of society; while the increase in the land's value is often entirely due to the increase of human society or industry in the neighbourhood. He thus fails to perceive that society, while entitled to only a portion of the increase in cereal or livestock, as in the shape of rates and taxes, may be held justly to claim the whole of the increased land value which has not been created by nature or the landowner's exertions. Yet Mr. Dingley goes on to declare that—

"Society owes no man a living" and "Something cannot be obtained for nothing," are two axioms which lie at the foundation of all true social and material progress.

The second axiom is just what Mr. Dingley's opponents wish to enforce against such landlords as draw enormous revenues from land which neither they nor their fathers have done anything to raise to its present value. So, too, even Henry George might accept Mr. Dingley's otherwise astonishing statement that—"There is no such thing as an 'unearned increment' either in the physical or industrial world, except in the case of theft;" although, of course, Mr. George would include landlordism under "theft."

THE MUSIC OF RUSSIA. THE LATE PETER TSCHAIKOWSKY.

THE music of Russia has been a favourite subject during the last few months. First, there were the papers on the music of various nations read at the congress at the Chicago Exhibition, and reprinted in a number of magazines; later, M. Albert Soubies published a "History of Russian Music"; and now the death of M. Tschaiakowsky again draws attention to the subject. Several magazines contain articles on the late Russian



THE LATE M. TSCHAIKOWSKY.

composer, the most interesting, perhaps, being that on his lyrical drama, "Eugene Onegin," in the November number of the *New Quarterly Musical Review*.

RUBINSTEIN AND TSCHAIKOWSKY.

Russian music (says the reviewer) is evidently on the ascendant, for the names of Rubinstein and Tschaiakowsky are growing as familiar to our ears as those of Brahms, Dvorák, and Gounod, not to speak of the host of new Russian composers, of whom our musical journals are constantly informing us. Both Rubinstein and Tschaiakowsky, however, stand out far and away in advance of their native contemporaries, and on the Continent take rank among the greatest living composers.

The works of the former are, to a certain extent, cast in the classic mould, and are characterised by rugged grandeur, bold conception, and breadth of melody; while Tschaiakowsky shows a stronger leaning towards the modern romantic school, relying for effect chiefly upon charm of melody, strongly marked rhythms, and the rich colouring of harmony with which his ideas are generally invested; his works, in fact, exhibit finesse in contrast to Rubinstein's force. Distinct as are the styles of these two masters, a strong national element is visible in their compositions, tending to produce picturesque impressions on the mind.

JURISPRUDENCE AND MUSIC.

Peter Iltitsch Tschaiakowsky was born in 1840, and was the son of a mining engineer. From his association with the peasantry, the child early imbibed a strong love for music, particularly taking to the folk-songs and antique church music; but his father intended him to study the law, and it was not till he was twenty-one that the youth entered himself as a student at the new Conservatoire at St. Petersburg. Among his teachers were Professor Zarembo and Anton Rubinstein, and when he left the Conservatoire in 1865 he took, besides his diploma as a musician, a prize medal for a cantata on Schiller's "Ode to Joy."

Proceeding next to Germany, he became an ardent advocate of the works and ideas of Schumann. In 1866 he accepted a professorship at the Moscow Conservatoire, and remained there till 1878. After this he seems to have devoted himself almost exclusively to the work of composition. It was in the spring of 1888 that he made his first appearance in London to conduct the performance of two of his works at a concert of the Philharmonic Society. Since then his works have frequently been heard in our concert-rooms, and the composer himself has come over to conduct several of them. Only this last summer, when the musical society of Cambridge was celebrating its jubilee, Tschaiakowsky was among the five foreign composers upon whom the degree of Mus. Doc., *honoris causa*, was bestowed. The Tzar, who was a warm admirer of his work, granted him some years ago an annual pension of three thousand roubles, and he has just issued an order that three of the dead composer's latest operas shall be given in the native language at the St. Petersburg Imperial Opera House during the present winter season.

"EUGENE ONEGIN."

"Eugene Onegin" was written over ten years ago, but was introduced into this country only in 1892. The text, which deals exclusively with Russian domestic and social life, was furnished by the celebrated Russian novelist, Pushkin. But the libretto is nevertheless a clumsy affair, and it is only by the continuous flow and wealth of melody, the judicious use of harmonies, and, above all, the exquisite workmanship visible on every page of the score, that the composer has succeeded in elevating the music far above the level of the libretto. Musically, the opera is a triumph.

Originality of ideas and the methods of their developments (says the writer in conclusion) are not the common property of every musician, but with Tschaiakowsky all seems to come naturally. Russia has evident reason to be proud of her Rubinstein and Tschaiakowsky, considering how much they have, by their individual efforts, raised the musical art of their country to a pitch of excellence and prestige in the eyes of all Europe.

THE BERLIOZ CYCLE.

A PROPHET is still without honour in his own country. An eminent musician like Mr. Cowen has had to go all the way to Milan to get his new opera, "Sigurd," produced; and Berlioz, one of the greatest musical glories of France, seems to have found his Bayreuth in Germany! Early in November, Herr Mottl, to whom indeed is due the chief credit for the undertaking, gave a performance in chronological order of Berlioz's operas at Karlsruhe; and to Karlsruhe the pious French have made their pilgrimages, in order to be present at the performances of the German versions of their composer's dramatic work—"Benvenuto Cellini," "Béatrice et Bénédict," and "Les Troyens," besides a miscellaneous concert devoted to Berlioz. The *Revue Bleue* of November 18th and other magazines publish articles on this subject. "Les Troyens" has had to wait thirty years for anything like adequate performance, "Béatrice et Bénédict" was first heard at Baden-Baden in 1862, and "Benvenuto Cellini," though well known in Germany, has not been heard in France since 1838.

VERY appropriately the November number of *Music* includes a translation of an article by M. Camille Saint-Saëns on Hector Berlioz. He describes his countryman as a paradox made into a man, and says that if there is one quality we must concede to his works, it is the prodigious colouring of the instrumentation.

THE PARISIAN WOMAN.

Two sketches of "European Women" appear in the *North American Review* for November. Eva Canel depicts "the Spanish woman," the Marquise de San Carlos "the Parisienne." The latter is described as "rarely beautiful," "always more or less fascinating." English or American women are more beautiful, but less artistic in dress and less fascinating in coquetry. Parisian

women of strict principles, who have not become nuns on leaving school, and who have had the courage to withstand the current of youth and passion, lead, after marriage, for the most part, lives of silent domestic martyrdom. Those who have rather loose morals—and they are perchance the greater number—seem to have a pretty good time of it, and spend their golden years "*trompant leurs maris*" with a vengeance, while they bring up their children with the greatest severity, on a system of blindfold ignorance. In fact, the cool way French women have of being immoral without giving up going to church on Sunday is a mystery.

GILDED SEPULCHRES.

The Marquise's account of the most select circles in Parisian society does nothing to remove the traditional English suspicion of the same:—

Society is more absorbing and less fatiguing, more intoxicating though less exciting, in Paris than elsewhere. . . . The masculine element and the undercurrent of rivalry with the *demi-monde* add much of forbidden-fruit-like charm to the enjoyments of society. Men have nothing to do; women naught but their toilettes to think of; there is plenty of time left for pleasures the most subtle. . . .

Strange, mysterious creatures are these Parisiennes, who spend their nights in soft, voluptuous motion, under the light of waxen tapers, gliding over the slippery wooden parquets of French salons to the sound of rapturous music. Graceful sirens, with swanlike necks and drooping shoulders, thin, pale, arms and small, aristocratic heads, are these mothers and wives whose babes cry alone in the stillness of darkened nurseries, while their husbands make love to beautiful women as vulgar, spontaneous, and dangerous as they are refined, old-fashioned, and fascinating.

In these splendid halls, these gorgeous festivals, we find no real freshness, none of that virginal charm and originality that enliven society in other parts. The women we see dreaming through one enervating waltz after another in the arms of Mephistopheles-like men are not innocent maidens: they are the wives and mothers of the French nobility. For this reason one feels in their midst inexpressible sadness. That very knowledge of life which gives them so voluptuous an attraction explains the odium in which dancing is held by the French clergy.

The Marquise prefers for her part an "evening with a new book or an old friend."

ANOTHER VIEW.

In an interview which appears in the *Young Woman*, Mrs. Alexander gives a more hopeful account of French home life. She declared:—

If I were Dictator in Paris for a week, the first thing I would do would be to hang up half a dozen of their leading novelists. They give to foreign readers quite a false impression of French life. French men and women as a rule, I am sure, make excellent husbands and wives. The women especially—they are such splendid mothers, showing as great a devotion to their children as most Englishwomen; indeed, for the sake of their children, they often sacrifice their own health. Yet in the French novels which are read in England we hear nothing of this. Then the husbands are polite to their wives for more than three years after their marriage, which is frequently not the case in England. One of my girls is married to a French officer, and this circumstance has naturally given me a greater knowledge of domestic life in France.

HOW TO REAR YOUNG GALAHADS.

"KNOWLEDGE the Preserver of Purity" is the title of an article, as wise as it is beautiful, which Mrs. Laura E. Scammon contributes to the November *Arena*. She urges that the only way in which American children, with their free and unrestrained life, can be protected from physical disaster and moral contamination is "by arming them with early and thorough instruction in all the physiological facts pertaining to themselves as human beings." "It may be said, perhaps, that for the girl the dangers of ignorance are more physical, for the boy more moral." Girls may pass through maidenhood in infantile ignorance; but "if innocence and ignorance are synonymous, there are no innocent boys." Hence the following eloquent plea to save the boys from "perdition risks":—

Dear young mother, conservator of innocence, promoter of purity, diffuser of sweetness and light, listen to my simple advice. Talk to your little children, the girl and the boy alike, about the great and precious gifts which Nature holds in her choicest treasure-box, his and her own pure, sweet baby body. Begin so soon and so simply that neither they nor you will remember the time. . . . Do not at first enter into long explanations, but teach from

NATURE'S SIMPLE AND PRETTY LESSONS.

Take them among the leguminous plants of the garden; hold in your hand the ripened pod, and point a lesson from its protection and dehiscence. Lead them through orchard paths when the boughs are ablur and the air adrift with the scented snow of falling bloom; show them the bud, the blossom, the formation of the tiny emerald sphere within the folded leaves—leaves that have performed their part and may fly if they like, now that the lusty young fruit no longer needs protection from frost or blast, and can develop without their further aid.

Soon the lessons may proceed from the vegetable to the animal kingdom. Here they will learn the use and not the abuse of the procreative faculties. They will observe the manifestations of instinct unguided by reason, and may be led to recognise in themselves the power of reason to guide and govern instinct. Give them pairs of pets of various kinds—birds, dogs, rabbits, kittens; and let each become the sympathetic *accoucheur* when little, furry, four-footed babies are born, and observe that even the lady crab in her glass globe pales with the pangs of parturition. When questions arise that cannot be answered by observation, reply to each as simply and directly as you answer questions upon other subjects. . . .

"MOTHERS OF THE NEW ERA."

Treat Nature and her laws always with serious, respectful attention. Treat the holy mystery of parenthood reverently, never losing sight of the great law upon which are founded all others—the law of love. Say it and sing it, play it and pray it, into the soul of your child, that *love is lord of all*.

Thus under your guidance will Nature unfold her sweetest, most fondly cherished secrets, and your dear child, your boy as well as your girl of ten or twelve years, will have arrived quite simply and naturally at a full knowledge of all the laws of reproduction. His fancy may linger over the prenatal days; he may picture himself as lying a fledgling with folded wings in his sheltered nest, soft brooded in mother's very bosom, lulled by her loving heartbeats, sung to sleep by the rhythm of her sweet pulses. Is there a stain upon his white soul for the knowledge that sets it to such music? Would you exchange this knowledge for the "innocence" of the boy who has been forced to abandon his belief in flying angels, in saddlebags or storks, and in their stead has accepted the garbled obscenity of the stable or the street? . . . Mothers of the New Era, what shall be our emblem? Not an angel with white wings folded across her eyes, but a Lady with a Lamp!

IS CRIME HEREDITARY?

PHYSIOLOGIST AND PENOLOGIST SAY, No.

THE old savage belief in the divine powers of deceased ancestors has of late received a sort of scientific rehabilitation. Men have talked of heredity as if it were some grim fate which formed and fixed their characters for them. Our forbears, dead and buried though they are, and compounded into dust, have played something of the part which the absolute predestinarian assigned to the Deity. Happily a reaction has set in, in the direction marked by Björnson's pithy saying, "Heredity is a condition, not a destiny." The new trend of opinion is reflected in two September essays by Transatlantic experts. Dr. H. S. Williams, writing in the *North American Review*, from the medical standpoint, restricts the function of heredity to "the retention and transmission of tendencies." His formula is, "that every individual comes into the world with possibilities representing the sum of all the tendencies of all its ancestors." "Heredity accounts for the sameness of our race;" the differences are the work of the environment. "There is a constant effort to equalise the average tendencies and bring back that hereditary balance which environment is for ever tending to disturb." "These two forces are respectively the Radicals and the Conservatives of Nature." Dr. Williams draws "the warning corollary that no mortal can be above the possibility of temptation, and the cheering one that none can be beyond the pale of hope." This is to him the great lesson of heredity.

The fundamental mission of all social reforms that go to the heart of things, must be to so mould the average environment of civilisation, that in a larger and yet larger percentage of cases the good blood rather than the bad in each newest generation shall be made to "tell."

A CONVERT TO FREE WILL.

A yet more hopeful verdict is returned in the *Forum* by Mr. W. F. M. Round, Secretary of the National Prison Association, and a penologist of high official standing in the United States. He sums up the result of his systematic examination of some seven hundred prisoners in the formula, "Criminals not the victims of heredity."

I have seen (he says) repeatedly the most virtuous children of the most vicious parents; and on the other hand I have known the children of the most virtuous parents to turn out the most hardened criminals. The old adage about ministers' sons has come forcibly to my mind.

It is environment and training, not heredity, that give the most favourable condition for the development of the criminal impulse. I wish to put myself on record, after a study of the criminal, and contrary to my previous utterances, as going squarely back to the doctrine of Free Will as laid down by our fathers, and I wish to be understood distinctly and squarely to hold the doctrine of moral responsibility as applying to every sane individual. . . . There is a pretty general and settled conviction among scientific criminologists that moral qualities, purely and simply as moral qualities, either for good or for evil, are not transmitted.

HOW TO TREAT CRIMINALS.

Mr. Round is of opinion that, from a purely economic standpoint, eliminating all Christian feeling and the duty of philanthropic effort for his reclamation, the very best thing that could be done for society would be to kill every ten years all who had placed themselves distinctly in the criminal class. But his theory of the proper treatment of criminals, based on a wider ethical platform, is summed up in the following propositions:—

1. A criminal is like any other man. 2. Too great importance has been attached to the matter of heredity, both in the judgment of criminals and in their treatment. 3. Moral traits are not inherited, except in so far as they are directly traceable

to physical conditions. 4. The ratio of punishment to crime is so small as to give the criminal such a chance of escape as he distinctly counts to his advantage. 5. The criminal is a criminal of his own volition, and feels that he has an adequate motive for being a criminal. . . . 6. We cannot reduce the criminal population until we can remove the motive for crime. 7. The criminal, when he becomes a ward of the State, must be treated with severity, but under an intelligent method making wholly for his reformation. 8. We cannot reform our criminals until we reform our prisons. 9. We cannot reform our prisons until we take them out of politics. 10. We cannot take our prisons out of politics until special Civil Service rules are fully enforced in our prisons, or so long as any prison office may be filled as a reward for political service. 11. In conclusion, to purify our prisons, to save ourselves from criminals, we as Christian citizens must throw our prayerful interest into the matter of purifying our politics and saving ourselves from politicians.

THE LATE W. G. WARD'S CHARACTER:

"A MASS OF CONTRADICTIONS."

MR. WILFRID WARD's life of his father, which occupies a leading place in several reviews, is the theme of a highly eulogistic article in the *Edinburgh*. The writer has little sympathy with the late W. G. Ward's ultramontanist, regarding the recent "exaltation of the Papacy" as the work of religious panic, but renders willing "homage to the lofty purpose and truly Christian single-mindedness of his character." Among the many barbed sayings of Ward quoted by his reviewer, two of the most characteristic may be repeated here. "My great intellect," he used to say, "is no more worthy of admiration or adoration than my great leg." "I should like a new papal bull every morning with my *Times* at breakfast." The latter suggestion is not quite so wild as it seems; for if ever the Papacy wakes up to the tremendous potencies of the newspaper, the leading article of the papal editor will be the virtual satisfaction of Ward's desire. The reviewer thus sums up the personal paradox:—

He was a mass of contradictions. His profound reverence did not hinder him from the profanity of "sending his love to the Blessed Sacrament." While he heaped contempt on the Church of England, he "dearly loved a parson;" though few men possessed so warm a heart, and though he certainly succeeded in winning his children's love, yet he "professed not to take the slightest interest in them when they were small, and he certainly hardly ever saw them." His relations with the elder members of his family was grotesque in its calm contempt of the accepted procedure of domestic propriety. He seems to have inherited an indifference towards the claims of kith and kin.

"This was the only thing in the nature of a family habit or tradition in which he took any pleasure. Generally, the fact that any relation did a thing was a reason for doing the opposite. When reproached with being unsympathetic to his relations, he replied, 'On the contrary. The Wards have always differed on every conceivable subject. Therefore, I best agree with my family by differing from them.'"

He "arranged not to be on speaking terms" with his brothers, and carefully renewed the arrangement when, on meeting accidentally at the Haymarket Theatre, he so far forgot himself and the quarrel as to discuss the play with his brother Henry. He was an intimate friend of Lord Tennyson, but could not prevail on himself to read his poetry. He had a great admiration for nature, but could not tell the difference between an oak and a beech. He bubbled over with high spirits, yet underwent tortures of spiritual despondency that might rival the heart-searchings of a Puritan. His passion for theology went hand in hand with an eager study of French plays. We might greatly extend the list of contradictions. We will only add that which was presented by his fierce intolerance and his genuine humanity.

UPROOTING THE "SPOILS" SYSTEM.

THE November State elections have advertised to the world the strength of the American revolt from the "hammy yoke," but possibly few are aware of the steady and successful campaign which American law has been conducting for many years against the established methods of political corruption. A cheering account of "Ten Years of Civil Service Reform" is contributed to the *North American Review* for November by Mr. Chas. Lyman, President of the U. S. Civil Service Commission. The movement of reform which began at the close of the Civil War resulted in the passing in 1883 of the Civil Service Law, which aimed at producing "nothing short of a revolution":—

What did the civil service law propose? In brief, this: To substitute, within the sphere of its operations, a "merit" system or method of appointment and promotion for the "spoils" system or method, and thereby to increase the efficiency and improve the character of the service; to apportion the appointments in the departments at Washington to the States, Territories, and the District of Columbia according to population; to prevent appointments and dismissals for purely political reasons, and to prohibit the levying of political assessments upon government employees, and the solicitation or collection of political contributions from officers or employees by other officers or employees anywhere, or such solicitation or collection from anybody, whether official or not, by anybody, whether official or not, in any building in which the public business is carried on.

STEADY ADVANCE OF THE MERIT SYSTEM.

The class of offices to which the new system was applicable was partly specified, partly left to the further discretion of the President. "At first the number of places within the classified service and subject to the provisions of the law was not far from fourteen thousand. It is now upwards of forty-five thousand." "The Commission never admits into its files or records any statement or evidence as to the politics or religion of applicants or eligibles." "At some of the local post offices and custom houses" the old habit of expectation has followed every change of parties with a corresponding change in the political complexion of applicants, but a marked improvement has taken place this year. There has also been

a steady although not rapid increase in the strength of the reform sentiment, as is evidenced by the passage of reform laws in two States, Massachusetts and New York, and in several municipalities; in the greater vigilance exercised by the public concerning the character and conduct of public officials, and the closer watch over administrative affairs maintained by the general public.

NEXT STEPS NEEDED.

Mr. Lyman mentions several drawbacks which require to be removed. In his opinion

a serious mistake was made at the outset by excepting chiefs of division, chief clerks, and certain other high-grade officials from examination, thus making them the prey of the spoils-men. . . . For some reason no President has yet been willing to strike these places from the excepted list; but it is to be hoped that the act will not much longer be delayed.

The civil service law contemplates that promotions in the classified service shall be made upon competitive tests; but this branch of the work has not yet been seriously entered upon. . . . That the conditions will be much improved until a well-digested and comprehensive system of competitive examinations is put into operation, is not probable.

To this movement belong the hopes of all true lovers of the nation, the race, and the kind. Its progress is one of the fairest auguries of universal political good.

FEATS AND FOLLIES OF AMERICAN FINANCE.

WITH characteristic plainness of speech, the *Investors' Review* discourses of "evil things and good in the United States." "No country, ancient or modern," it affirms, "ever displayed a greater elasticity of resources" than was shown when the United States paid off in less than thirty years a debt of almost £400,000,000. This feat, and the small amount of local indebtedness, is attributed to the system of fixed dates for redemption. "Such a thing as a permanent irredeemable debt does not exist in the American Union." In this excellent management is traced "the influence of the old conservative ideas of the South."

On the contrary, the Republican régime, which lasted unbroken in the Union down to the time of the first Presidency of Mr. Grover Cleveland, is one of the least satisfactory manifestations of Republican Government which is to be found in modern history. . . . It has been one of the most debased, debasing, and corrupt democratic administrations the world has ever seen on a large scale.

The "pension" system which within the year just closed swallowed up 32 millions sterling, "as much as it costs us, or almost as much as it costs us, to maintain our Army and Navy, and which for the current year is to be about £33,500,000," is described as "the most gigantic system of public corruption which history has anywhere recorded."

WHAT HAS MADE PROTECTION POSSIBLE.

The effect of the false economic principles which the United States have adopted has been largely disguised by "the amount of European, and especially British, German, and Dutch, money poured into the United States since the close of the Civil War," which is said to have exceeded one thousand millions sterling, and has "supplied the means by which the Union has been able to stand up under burdens which would have crushed any community, young or old, if left entirely to itself." Since the Baring crisis there has been "a slackening off in, if not complete withdrawal of, supplies of European moneys." This has made itself felt in the American crisis of the past summer. Continued for a year or two longer, it would compel the States "to fly to any expedient which will knock down the barriers standing between them and an enormous export trade." But—

all the follies and economic blunders, all the social cankers of the American Union, are but trivialities beside the blood tax to which the leading nations of Europe have to submit in times of peace. In Germany, Austria, Italy, and France, and to a smaller extent in every other European State, the devastation of an armed peace becomes every year more agonising. They must be beaten in any industrial competition with the North American Union when it throws off its shackles.

The reviewer holds, therefore, that "the American people will come through their present currency and other afflictions with little scathe," and "that the United States give at the present time, and are likely to continue long to give, the best security available for British capital judiciously invested." But he also urges that "the British public ought to let the American people themselves find the money for new enterprises, no matter how attractively these may be put before them."

In *Merry England* for November the editor introduces "a new poet," Mr. Francis Thompson—whose "Poems" have appeared this month—with the words:—"It is with a full conviction that the poets of the front rank of all times and countries can be counted on the ten fingers that we place indubitably the name of Francis Thompson as one of these."

JUSTICE TO TOM PAINE.

REHABILITATION of the defamed characters of history is quite the order of the day, and it is not surprising to find that the traditional horror with which the author of "The Age of Reason" has been regarded is being seriously impugned. Mr. E. P. Powell contributes to the November *Arena* a "Study of Thomas Paine," which sets the man in quite a heroic light. Mr. Powell begins by quoting Benjamin Franklin's Creed:—

I believe in one God, the Creator of the universe: that he governs it by his providence; that he ought to be worshipped; that the most acceptable service we render him is doing good to his other children; that the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life, respecting its conduct in this. . . . As to Jesus of Nazareth, . . . I think his system of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw or is like to see; but . . . I have some doubts as to his divinity.

PAINE AN ANTI-ATHEIST.

To him "Paine was a destructive by contrast"; yet with substantially the same belief:—

"I believe," wrote Mr. Paine, "in one God, and no more, and hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavouring to make our fellow-beings happy." He closes the first part of his "Age of Reason" as follows:—"The creation we behold is the real and ever-existing word of God, in which we cannot be deceived. It proclaims his power; it demonstrates his wisdom; it manifests his goodness and beneficence. The moral duty of man consists in imitating the moral goodness and beneficence of God, manifested in the creation toward all his creatures.

Viewed in the light of modern Agnosticism and Positivism, this creed is eminently conservative. Paine himself declared that he wrote the "Age of Reason" in hourly expectation of being guillotined, and with the express aim of saving the French from Atheism:—

The people of France were running headlong into Atheism; and I had the work in their own language, to stop them in that career and fix them in the first article of every man's creed, who has any creed at all, "I believe in God."

AN AUTHOR OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Mr. Powell enlarges on Paine's services to American freedom. His "common sense" is said to have hastened the Declaration of Independence six or eight weeks; delayed beyond which, it might have been delayed a century. Cobbett said, "Whoever wrote the Declaration, Paine was its author." His "Crisis" re-inspired "the whole despairing land and army" at one of the darkest moments. His "Rights of Man" was "a masterly work, and created an enthusiasm everywhere." At that date, Paine "was held to be one of the greatest men of the times,"—after Washington and Franklin, "the best loved man in the world." His "Age of Reason" changed all this. Barlow wrote:—

He always frequented the best company in England and France, till he became the object of calumny, till he conceived himself neglected and despised by his former friends. From that moment he gave himself much to drink and companions less worthy of his better days.

Mr. Powell sadly deplors the decree of the nation, which in the centennial year of 1876 excluded from Independence Hall the bust and all memorials of Paine—"the man who was the first to write the proud words, 'The United States of America,'"

A man of unsurpassed courage of convictions, of unwavering faith in the truth, and supremely possessed of that piety which consists in love for God and for his fellow-men.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT IN THE ROMAN CHURCH.

THE "SIX DAYS" OF GENESIS VARIOUSLY RENDERED.

WHY should Christian faith and scientific freedom be declared incompatible, when even "the Catholic, who is usually reputed to be the most enthralled by faith and dogma, enjoys the highest degree of intellectual freedom"? This is the point of a courageous article by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., in the *North American Review* for September. Protestant and unbeliever will be inclined to doubt the existence of such lofty liberty in the Church which condemned Galileo; but they will probably be surprised to find, from the facts cited by the writer, how large the freedom allowed to Catholic thinkers actually is. He reminds us that the Fathers differed in their interpretation of the Mosaic cosmogony, the Noachian deluge, and the chronology of the Bible. The "six days" of Genesis were taken by the School of Origen and Athanasius "in a metaphorical sense," creation being supposed by them to be simultaneous. The Syrian School upheld the literal meaning. St. Augustine took the "days" to be "indeterminate intervals of time." The Hexameron of St. Gregory of Nyssa contains "the germs of the celebrated nebular hypothesis of Laplace."

PAPAL ENCOURAGEMENT OF SCIENCE.

Turning to less ancient history, Father Zahm recalls the words of the Vatican Council:—"The Church does not forbid the human sciences to make use of, each in its own domain, their own principles and methods"—and similar liberal utterances of Leo XIII. Leo XII. gave solid encouragement to Champollion in those explorations among Egyptian hieroglyphics which were supposed to impugn the trustworthiness of the Mosaic annals. De Rossi, in his investigations regarding Quaternary man, which were expected to discredit the Inspired Record, received the help and patronage of Pius IX. The alleged discovery of proofs of Tertiary man, which involved the overthrow of Biblical chronology, was the work of a pious French priest and theologian, who was never molested but rather aided in his researches by fellow Catholics. The theory of pre-Adamites, seemingly so contrary to dogma and Scripture, has been championed with complete impunity by devoted sons of the Church. When the Vatican library was thrown open to the scholars of the world, Leo XIII. wrote, "The first law of history is to dread uttering a falsehood; the next is not to fear stating the truth; lastly, the historian's writings should be open to no suspicion of partiality or animosity."

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

One other saying we must quote, since its author is declared by a fellow associate of the French Institute to possess "the combined genius of Euler, Lagrange, Laplace, Gauss, and Jacobin." This prodigy of mathematical intellect is Baron Cauchy, and he declared—

It is precisely because it is exact and true that the Christian religion is so eminently favourable to the progress of the sciences and to the most noble faculties of our intelligence. . . . It is because it is exact and true that it presides at the sublime meditations of the Augustines, the Descarteses, the Newtons, the Fermats, the Maclaurins, the Pascals, the Linnaeuses, the Eulers, the Copernicuses, the Tycho-Brahes, the Cassinis, of all those great men of all ages, who, in the contemplation of nature and of the admirable laws established by the Creator, found without ceasing new motives to bless and adore the author of so great marvels.

When "the conclusions of science appear to contravene certain articles of faith," "the apparent discord is due entirely to a misapprehension of the teachings of the faith or to a misinterpretation of the facts of nature."

THE COMPOSER OF "THE BETTER LAND."

MR. F. H. COWEN.

FANCY Mr. Cowen having to go all the way to Milan to get his new opera produced! And the English a musical nation! The story of "Signa's" misfortunes has been keeping Mr. Cowen's name well to the fore of late, however, and *Sylvia's Journal* for December seizes the opportunity to present its readers with an interesting sketch of the composer by Flora Klickmann, happily not hidden away under the general heading "Musical Notes."

HIS TEACHERS.

Born in Jamaica, on January 29, 1852, Frederic H. Cowen composed his first "work," "The Minna Waltz," in 1858. Two years later this was followed by "Garibaldi,"



MR. F. H. COWEN.

(From a photograph by Russell and Son.)

an operetta; and as a souvenir of its first performance Mr. Cowen still cherishes a cup presented to him on the occasion by Mr. Henry Russell. At the age of eight he had Julius Benedict to teach him the piano, and John Goss to teach him harmony. Later Mr. Goss taught him the organ, and Mr. Carrodus the violin. In 1865 he entered the Conservatoire at Leipsic, and had as his masters, Moscheles, Hauptmann, and Reinecke. In 1867 he proceeded to Berlin, but the following year returned to London, and henceforth gave himself up to the life of a composer.

WORKS.

Mr. Cowen's first symphony was composed in 1869, and "The Rose Maiden," one of his most popular cantatas, was produced a year later, when he was only eighteen. A universal favourite is "The Language of Flowers," an orchestral suite. In 1888, Mr. Cowen was summoned to Melbourne to conduct the concerts, and undertake the musical arrangements generally, for the Exhibition. He was *fêted* everywhere, and his visit will be long remembered in the Antipodes. After his return to England, he composed the cantata "St. John's Eve," and the opera "Thorgrim." His new works about which we have been hearing so much of late are "The Water Lily," a romantic legend, produced at the Norwich Festival, and "Signa," the opera brought out at the Dal Verme Theatre in Milan.

THE COMPOSER AT HOME.

Alluding to Mr. Cowen as a conductor, Miss Klickmann writes:—

Calm and concise in every movement, nothing but his face reveals the fact that his whole being is on the alert and strung to the highest possible tension. His memory is apparently inexhaustible.

At home (Miss Klickmann continues) he looks many years younger than he does on a platform. Of medium height and slightly built, one can readily credit the many stories that are told of his wild mountaineering exploits. A very firm will, and a fixed determination to have his own way, are among the open secrets written on his face.

In the study, books are on the walls and in every nook and corner. Intellectual, refined, they cover a tremendous range of reading; the humorous element is also well represented. His most engrossing hobby is the pursuit of first editions, and he certainly has a magnificent collection, representing most of our great authors. In many instances he possesses complete sets of their works.

The article is illustrated with portraits of Mr. Cowen at various ages, and a few pictures of his house.

THE LITERATURE OF THE EGER COUNTRY.

EVERY year, Herr Alois John (Bahnhofstr. 25, Eger) publishes a review of the literature, relating to the history and folk-lore of the Germans in Egerland and the Fichtelgebirge in North-West Bohemia. The author, indeed, has become quite famous as an enthusiastic champion of all that is German in connection with his native country, and no wonder, for his idea is a happy one, and it is excellently carried out. From an article in the fourth volume of the series, which has just appeared, we learn that it was no less a personage than Goethe who discovered the peasants of the Eger country. His letters show how charmed he was with their dress, language, history, songs, manners and customs. Grüner published a book on the Egerlanders about 1822, and for some time it was the only book dealing with the subject. About fifty years afterwards, however, several writers seem to have been attracted to the country and its history, and from that time the Egerland has never been without its historian. The site of Eger itself, the native dress of the people, their legends, proverbs, national songs and melodies, nursery rhymes, language and dialect, etc., have all been discussed in essays and more exhaustive works of research.

The contents of the fourth volume of Herr John's "Literary Year-Book" include articles on National Art, by Dr. Heinrich Pudor; Forgotten Egerland Writers; Count Clemens Zedwitz-Liebenstein, by Herr John; The Dialect Literature of the Egerland, also by Herr John; a letter by Goethe, etc. An important feature, of course, is the extensive critical survey of the literature of the year in any way connected with the country—books, magazine and newspaper articles, etc., on such topics as Goethe at Franzensbad, Marienbad, Karlsbad, etc.; Beethoven, Wagner, Liszt, and other musicians at the Bohemian watering-places; Wallenstein literature (for it was in the town house of Eger that Wallenstein was murdered in 1634); the various articles on Franzensbad in connection with the centenary of the "bath"; not to mention more general works on the geology, ethnography, literature, etc., of the country. This bibliography is altogether most carefully compiled; even an article on "A Beauty Bath," which appeared in a recent number of the *World*, is included.

IS EUCLID DETHRONED?

ANY one not initiated into the esoteric mysteries of the higher mathematics, especially as they border on metaphysics, who happens to stumble upon the *Educational Review* for September, will find strange reading in George B. Halsted's article on "The Old and the New Geometry." The average man has been taught to regard Euclid as one of the very few unassailable sacred books of science. Not merely the deductive reasonings, but the fundamental assumptions of the old geometer he had supposed to be impregnable. But what does he find here? That Euclid the Great is fallen—is fallen! After reigning supreme and sole for over two thousand years, he is only allowed a third and somewhat precarious place beside two modern rivals. The compactness of his imperial fabric is not questioned; it is its foundations that are doubted or denied. His "axiom" as to the conditions on which two straight lines, if produced indefinitely, will meet has, it appears, proved to be his Achilles' heel.

The Russian Lobatschewsky, by one of those unexpected strokes of genius which are like the spontaneous variation that starts a new species, substituted for this celebrated axiom its contradictory, that the sum of the interior angles made on the same side of a transversal by two straight lines may be less than two right angles without the lines meeting. A perfectly consistent and elegant geometry then follows, in which the sum of the angles of a triangle is always less than two right angles, and not every triangle has its vertices concyclic. Thus Lobatschewsky, in 1829, was the first man ever to publish a non-Euclidean geometry.

To the ordinary mind this sounds like impugning the eternal certainties of the multiplication-table.

TWO STRAIGHT LINES MAY ENCLOSE A SPACE.

But an if possible more glaring act of revolt has been perpetrated.

Euclid assumes "two straight lines do not enclose a space"; that is, two straight lines having crossed diverge for ever. To open the mind of man for the contradictory of this, another stroke of pure genius was necessary

and has been supplied by Riemann. He suggested as answer to the old question, Is space finite or infinite? that space might be at once unbounded and finite, as in the sphere.

The three possible geometries of uniform space, the geometries of Lobatschewsky-Boylai, of Euclid, and of Riemann, have been co-ordinated through Cayley's projective metrics by Felix Klein, who calls them respectively hyperbolic, parabolic, elliptic. There is not even one eminent mathematician alive who now maintains that the Euclidean, or parabolic, or homaloidal, geometry is the only possible form of space science; or that the space analysed in Euclid's assumptions is the only non-contradictory sort of space. Thus universal space has been pluralised. . . . Charles S. Peirce claims to have established, from astronomical measurements, that our particular space is hyperbolic, is the space first expounded by Lobatschewsky and Boylai.

"TWO PARALLELS CONTINUALLY APPROACH EACH OTHER."

Mr. Halsted proceeds to develop several other esoteric paradoxes, such as—

"The binomial theorem is not always true"; "In general it is not possible to draw a circle through three non-co-straight points"; "In hyperbolic geometry every two parallels continually approach each other"; "That stale stupidity, 'A straight line is the shortest distance between two points,' is equally unavailable for foundation-building."

The shades of innumerable schoolboys whose lives were made miserable because they presciently maintained the "stupidity" of Euclid must be placated at last.

Whether this question in regard to the actual ~~was~~ external reality be ever decided, or however it be decided, the elementary geometry taught in schools will still remain, as has always been, Euclidean.

But even the dullest of non-mathematical boys will derive some comfort from knowing that in the big sphere of science the hoary tyrant has been dethroned.

A Sad Look-out for Bengal.

A VERY lugubrious picture of the state of Bengal is drawn by Mr. F. H. Barrow in the *Calcutta Review*. The Census has, he points out, shown "that all the old parts are in a state of more or less decay, while prosperity and improvement are found only in the rich alluvial Eastern districts, and in the parts of the Western districts where new land is being broken up." His own experience in the last twenty years in and about Bengal villages only too clearly confirms this statement. As a consequence, the population is increasing. "Bengal is raising a paradise for lawyers and a pandemonium for everybody else." He finds the cause in the unfortunate innovation by which the British Government transformed the zemindars—or agents of the Mohammedan rulers appointed to collect for the State a fixed proportion of the produce of the land—into owners with the rights of British landlords. The ownership of village land has hence come to be divided and subdivided, let and sublet, until zemindars, instead of being State officers to promote local welfare, have become mere litigious collectors of rent. To prevent the complete ruin of the province, Mr. Barrow advocates "the restoration of the old system on a scientific basis,"—"fixing rent at a proportion of crops,"—and the forcing back of the landowners of Bengal on the principle of the Hindu joint family, which acts through a head, so that they be allowed to manage their estates through one member "for all estates and tenures the name of only one owner shall be registered."

The moral effect of the present chaos on the proprietors seems to be even more calamitous than the economic.

From the one extreme of State communism, they have been allowed to rush into the anarchy of completely uncontrolled individualism. . . . The present generation of educated Bengalis are in consequence utterly wanting in subordination to authority. Amongst themselves obedience to authority is a virtue little practised, and the faith and reverence which the distinguishing virtues of Hinduism have well nigh disappeared; a result, I think, chiefly due to the utter relaxation of all control over their land affairs by the State.

Indian Salt-tax and Cholera.

THE salt monopoly in India, Mr. J. B. Pennington writing in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, declares to be a greater evil than either opium or alcohol:—

A large quantity of salt is even more necessary to life in India, both for men and cattle, than it is in Europe, and we have very good reason to suspect that the want of an abundant supply of salt may be one of the main predisposing causes of the virulence of cholera and cattle disease. It is, at any rate, a very significant fact that cholera is characterised by a deficiency of salt in the blood, and if it should turn out to be a fact that the want of unlimited salt is really a cause of mortality (as I firmly believe it will), the case for the prosecution is simple enough: we destroy untold millions of the wealth of the people in order to gain an annual revenue of about eight millions X rupees.

For want of salt the blood of the people is impoverished, the cattle suffer, the soil is rendered less fertile. He demands the abolition of the tax, and advocates a poll tax as its substitute.

THE WANDERER'S EVENING SONG.

Velhagen for October has an article on the Community of Gabelbach, by Herr A. Trinius. Though it is vain to search in atlases and State handbooks for any reference to Gabelbach, the spot has a fame which many another community must envy. In innumerable songs and pictures it has been celebrated; in occasional verses its fame has resounded; and its first poet was one of the most popular with the German people—Viktor von Scheffel.

THE GOETHE-HOUSE ON THE KICKELHAHN.

The wooden house in which the community holds its meetings stands in the midst of fine, proud, pine-trees, and we cannot visit it without being touched by the charm of German poetry and the silent thought of him who with his being and his songs has endeared to us every foot of the ground—Goethe. Gabelbach is indeed founded on classic soil, for Ilmenau, Gabelbach, and Kickelhahn are all closely associated with the name of Goethe. He often took refuge here, especially when his feelings and his thoughts were centred in Frau von Stein. He lodged in a tower-like house of wood, two storeys high, on the top of the Kickelhahn. In 1870 this building was burnt down, but four years later a faithful reproduction of it was substituted. It was in this curious house that Goethe wrote many of his poems, and from this high place that he addressed his effusions to his beloved, assuring her of his love, and depicted the beautiful scenery of the neighbourhood.

"UEBER ALLEN GIPFELN."

The retreat on the Kickelhahn has another special interest. It was in this house, on September 7th, 1783, that Goethe wrote the charming little "Wanderer's Evening Song," beginning "Ueber allen Gipfeln." The words were traced in pencil on the wooden wall of his room, and thirty years later, while on another visit to the place, he retraced the writing which had meanwhile grown pale and indistinct, and confirmed what he had done by adding "Ren. 29 Aug. 1813." The eve of his last birthday found him once more in his lofty retreat, and when he was looking out into the evening glow, his eye again fell on the words of his song. Now he was deeply moved, the tears rolled down his cheeks, and his lips whispered softly, "Ja, warte nur, bald ruhest du auch!" ("Yes, wait a little, and you too will be at rest!")

AND THE TRANSLATION.

Just four years ago the question of an English translation of the lyric cropped up, and many were the attempts made to give an adequate rendering of it. The late Mr. J. A. Symonds, *e.g.*, "saw that its unapproachable literary excellence depended on its divine spontaneity in the peculiar, instinctive tact with which Goethe had transmitted a certain felicitous mood of emotion into the simplest language, the most wayward rhythms, the most natural rhymes; all governed by a predominant sense of music, compelling the seeming artless verse to take the inevitable form which belongs to some product of nature—shall I say a frost crystal spread across a window-pane which has been breathed upon—or a film deposited on glass by musical tone acting on a fluid?" Mr. Symonds made three versions, all of which he regarded as failures. Longfellow, Miss Constance Naden, Sir Theodore Martin, Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, and many more, have tried their hands at it; yet the lines still seem untranslatable.

Newbery House has only one article this month. With 1894, the price is to be reduced to sixpence.

GOETHE-WORSHIP IN ENGLAND.

THE English Goethe Society, which was founded on February 26th, 1886, has already had many ups and downs. From the study of Goethe's work and thought, the society, in 1891, extended its scope, so that while Goethe is still kept as the central figure, the attention of the members is also directed to other fields of German literature. The substitution of "the work and thought of Goethe and his literary contemporaries" for "Goethe's work and thought" having been rejected by the Manchester branch, a suggestion that the English Goethe Society be dissolved was discussed and negatived. The scope of the society was then widened, the secession of the Manchester branch notwithstanding, with the result that one hundred and twenty-one new members have joined since the proposal to dissolve was made on May 8th, 1891, and in February, 1893, the members' roll numbered two hundred and sixteen. It should also be noted that, besides branches in north, west, and south-west London, there are other important ones at Cambridge, Glasgow, and Edinburgh.

Those interested in Goethe and Carlyle will remember the publication of Goethe's letters to Carlyle. Goethe, as was his custom, had kept copies of these letters, and fortunately the copies were among the archives of the Goethe family bequeathed seven or eight years ago to the Grand-Duchess of Weimar for preservation in the National Goethe Museum. Permission was given to Mr. Froude to make copies of the newly-discovered documents, and the letters were used to illustrate Carlyle's idea of a "World Literature," which formed the subject of Professor Max Müller's address at the inaugural meeting of the society on May 28th, 1886.

To turn to the Transactions, 1891-2, which are edited by the secretary, Dr. Eugene Oswald, 49, Blomfield Road, Maida Hill, W., we note several excellent papers, as interesting to the student of English as they are to the student of German literature; *e.g.*, Mr. R. G. Alford's "Goethe's Earliest Critics in England" and Mr. R. A. J. Mensch's "Goethe and Wordsworth." A very important and attractive paper is that by Dr. Tille on "The Artistic Treatment of the Faust Legend," occupying some seventy-five pages; and another of similar import is "Recent Contributions to the Study of Faust," by Dr. W. C. Coupland. Others, again, deal with Goethe's Optimism, Goethe's Pessimism, Goethe as Minister of State, Goethe's Sonnets, etc., the contributions including charming translations of Goethe's poems by Mrs. K. Freiligrath Kroeker and Sir Theodore Martin, and one of Chamisso's by Mr. C. M. Aikman.

Finally, the reader should turn to Dr. Oswald's appreciative paper on Chamisso, who was described by his countryman, Jean Jacques Ampère, as "a man with a tall figure and long hair, a man of rare gifts, long pursued by a hostile fate, a French *émigré* and Prussian officer, a nobleman and a Liberal, a poet and a botanist, the author of a fantastic novel, and a circumnavigator, a German, yet by birth a Frenchman; in brief—Chamisso."

In the *Deutsche Rundschau* for November, Dr. Hanslick has begun a new series of musical reminiscences, which promise to be as interesting as those he has already published.

THE *Revue de Famille*, now called *La Vie Contemporaine*, maintains its high position. The number for October 1st was devoted to Marie Antoinette; and that for November 1st includes an interesting article on Gounod and Mozart's "Don Giovanni," by M. Camille Saint-Saëns, the eminent French composer.

A SCANDINAVIAN NOVELIST.

THE November number of *Samtiden* is, from cover to cover, devoted to Jonas Lie, and, besides being a graceful tribute to the genius of the great writer, is a welcome and valuable contribution to the magazine literature of the day, giving as it does a perfect portrait of the man who, with Björnson and Ibsen, forms for all time an Orion's Belt in Norway's literary firmament. The first study of Lie—for there are several—is given by the eminent writer Herman Bang. In character and person he is Ibsen's Dr. Stockmann—as large of heart, as genial of thought, as broad minded, as blind. Whoever knows Stockmann knows Jonas Lie. And, save for its mistress, the house of Lie is as the house of Stockmann, too.

By request of the editor of *Samtiden*, Jonas Lie himself gives in the same number the portrait of his helpmate, and an intensely interesting portrayal of her exquisitely womanly character and intellectual gifts. They are of the same age, were betrothed at nineteen, married at six-and-twenty, and have lived for three-and-thirty years an ideal life of love and sympathy together.

WHAT HE OWES TO HIS WIFE.

Like Stuart Mill, he ascribes all that is best in his writings to his wife:—

With the exception of "Nordfjordhesten," "Slagter-Tobias," and a few Adventures, I do not know the book in which she has not been my trusted guide as regards style and, so to speak, my fellow-worker through every chapter, erasing all extravagance, desiring this or that to be written and, under necessity, even writing it herself. It has passed through her sieve; from an artistic point of view my creative powers were undeveloped, and I depended rather on mere chance than on keen and certain sight. That my sea-novels received solid shape is owing to her more intense and developed artist-feeling and clearer artist-eye. The plot of "The Pilot and his Wife" I had from her . . . She might well have had her name on the title-pages of my books as my collaborateur. It was, however, not the thing for a "Frue" of our times to take her rightful place in publicity—her unswerving taste was to content herself with her own consciousness that she was her husband's spiritual equal. . . . But, now that we are entering on our sixtieth year, it seems to me it is time I told that, in all that it is finest and best I have written, she has her part.

HOW "KVAERN-KALLEN" CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

Among the many vividly interesting articles in this Lie-number is one by Erik Lie, telling how his father came to write "Kvaern-kallen." It was in the month of November. They had just arrived at Rome, and had homed themselves at 52, Via di Capo le Case. Grey, dirty, sleet-weather, cheating and vexations of all sorts, had combined to render the first impression particularly disappointing. "Inside the house," says Lie, "we were plagued by fleas—not such little miserable country fleas as we know here in Norway—no, great, fat, shining beasts of prey that grunted like little pigs when one dragged them by the ears to the washbasin. And not one or two or ten, but regiments . . . But, worse than fleas and beggars and drivers, was an old witch of a servant, named Lovisa Sorentina. She was a genuine Roman hag, with one solitary fang in her gums, and hands like claws. She was lazy beyond all measure, and so slow in everything that we had at last to have our boots cleaned by a street shoeblack." Well, to cut the story short, and forego the temptation to give the whole of it in Erik Lie's own fascinatingly vivid style, this charming old lady, who was a pitiless thief and a confirmed drunkard into the bargain, one lucky day fell

downstairs and disabled herself, and the overjoyed Lie instantly seized the opportunity to get rid of her.

A FURIOUS HAG.

But the old witch got life in her then, and, on hearing that she was discharged, flew up at them like a fury, and hurled a Niagara of round fat curses over their heads. She stormed and thundered, not in ordinary fashion, but in majestic Italian, with eyes agleam and her claws in such swift motion that her fierce gesticulations could only be rivalled by the flood of abuse and menace that gushed and foamed and hissed from her lips. She was magnificent in her rage. Her attitude, her gestures were splendid as those of some glorious tragedy-queen; and, long after the door had been locked upon her, her guttural lashing invective rose from the stairway like some awful decree of damnation. Jonas Lie was deeply and almost morbidly impressed.

It was a night some time later that he was roused from sleep by a strange, horrible song. He rose and looked out of the window. It was two o'clock, and the wineshop over the way had long been closed. But, in the middle of the dark, deserted street stood a solitary being with a turned-down felt hat and a pair of long arms fiercely gesticulating up at the sky. And this being was singing in a rusty giant-voice, raw with wine—was "screaming his heart's-blood into his mouth," wildly and more wildly yet, horribly, terribly, and more and more satanically in the still night. Jonas Lie listened with all his senses, fascinated; there was a gigantic majesty over the man. He was almost on the point of waking his wife, but refrained. The lamps in the street had been extinguished—no soul was about save this creature, whose wild song bellowed forth hate.

THE WITCH'S PROXY.

He had been sent by that old witch of a servant to confirm her curses, and Jonas Lie was to be put to death, pierced, tormented, burnt—hau, hau, hau!—scoured, broken limb from limb; his people cursed to the ten thousandth generation, and evil given for good through all eternity; he was to be flayed alive and, in the biggest kettle of hell-fire, boiled in burning oil—hau! hau! hau!—the kettle boils! the kettle boils! the kettle boils! Jonas Lie paled where he stood. It might be a forewarning of death, this! Ten minutes more of blood-curdling curses, and then the mystic being vanished like a shadow round the corner, and peace reigned once more. The morrow came, and the next, and yet another, and Jonas Lie lived on. The days flew by in merriment—now an evening spent with Arne Garborg, now an evening with the artist Ross, and so on. "Winter-passed as through a sieve, and our nine months' stay in Rome was marked only by stronger and stronger flea-bites!" But on the night before their departure, lo! the peaceful slumber of Jonas Lie was once more broken by the weird song of curses, and there in the deserted street stood that mystical ally of the witch, with colossal scorn and menace in his throat! But this time triumph mingled with the abuse and threat—triumph that the foreigner was leaving, was leaving the place—going far over the mountains to the people whose blood is green, and whose God is Satan! Branded like a slave, he was fleeing from Italy's sunshine, and the Romans would see him no more before their eyes—would see him no more—would see him no more—ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha!

The next morning the Lies left Rome, and travelled homewards, and some two months afterwards there grew out of the witch's curse and other Roman reminiscences the story called "Kvaern-kallen."

THE ITALIANS OF TO-DAY.

AS SKETCHED BY A FRENCH ARTIST.

IN recent numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* M. René Bazin has published three interesting articles on "The Italians of To-day." They are very eloquently written; but so many fine descriptions of Rome and the Campagna exist in literature, that the practical details of architecture and husbandry contained in its pages are best worth specifying.

ROME.

Rome is in reality quite a small town, and during the last twenty years it has been struggling in the grip of an alien civilisation. Its population has nearly doubled since 1870; for it had then 226,000 inhabitants, and now can boast of nearly 400,000. Out of four people walking in a Roman street, barely half are Romans. And to house this surplus of strangers, the old city has been pierced as by dividing knives, an attempt being made to construct new streets on a regular plan, of which the chief example is the long handsome Via Nazionale, which possesses undeniable beauty, but might just as well be a thoroughfare in Turin or Milan. Baron Haussmann was in Rome when the Italians became masters of the city, and the trace of his transforming hands is still plainly to be seen. The fever of speculation which seized upon the Roman nobles, and made them play into the hands of building firms, and the devastating ruin which fell upon the spiders as well as upon the flies, has become matter of history. Old travellers who remember the Rome of their youth wail over the desecration, and say that a unique result of ages has been destroyed for the creation of a handsome town like any other town, that the new houses are blindingly white or unpleasantly yellow, and the pity of it is, that innumerable buildings are left unfinished, the openings walled up with boards, and sometimes literally inhabited by squatters. In some instances fine frescoes adorn the walls of half-built buildings, but the dire fate of commercial failure fell upon the masters and men, and a washerwoman may be seen carrying her pile of linen up the unfinished stairs. M. Bazin tells us that the army of 50,000 workmen, contractors, artisans and speculators put to flight by the crisis are gone, and there is no sign of their return.

THE CAMPAGNA.

Leaving Rome, which must ever possess the Coliseum and the Vatican, the seven Basilicas, the rushing fountains of the past, and whose new streets must be endured with resignation, M. Bazin bids us take our stand with him on the steps of St. John Lateran and look across the Campagna. The Agro, or vast land surrounding Rome on every side, is full of tormenting questions and the subject of most contradictory statements. Enterprising husbandmen of all ranks try their hands on it, but it is full of fever, and in the old Roman literature we find lamentations over the malaria which might have been written yesterday, and amidst the ruins of ancient suburban houses of the larger sort are votive stones to the great goddess Fever. What the Popes did, what the Italian Government has done or tried to do, and the story of the immense emigration of Italians to foreign countries, notably to South America, leaving this great and almost uncultivated desert at their very gates,

is told very powerfully and picturesquely by M. Bazin. While the rural Italians are leaving their native land, the mountaineers of the Abruzzi are being brought down an hordes to work on the great estates. These poor people receive the smallest pay; they are contracted for as if they were all but slaves. M. Bazin's article is full of feelings of picturesque description. Rome enthroned in its Campagna is the most striking and poetical place in the world; but there appears to be a spell upon all attempts to make it a satisfactory home for modern civilisation. Crops there are, and herds of cattle, and men and beasts compose endless unsought pictures; but the genius of the people and place seems to refuse assimilation, and the tide of life beats up against those ancient ramparts and is worsted in the struggle.

NAPLES.

M. René Bazin's concluding article on "The Italians of To-day" deals with the South of Italy, and opens with a piteous picture of Naples. The older portions of the town, those inhabited by the poorest part of the population, were always narrow and squalid, and the piercing of new streets has much worsened their condition. As so often happens, the artificial creation of a workman's quarter has not answered; the new flats are taken by the better class of artisans, and the world of small dealers, sellers of fruit, fish and macaroni, and the hand-to-mouth classes driving small trades, or living on beggary, cannot move into a distant quarter of the city without dislocating their precarious industries. When the cholera seizes on the older streets of Naples it carries off a thousand victims daily, and M. Bazin leaves on the mind of the reader an impression that nothing effectual is being done in the way of remedy.

M. Bazin gives a terrible picture of the condition of the Neapolitan poor, who actually see day by day great palace-like houses erected, not so much in the place of, but absolutely above, the miserable hovels which represent to them home. In many cases whole families are turned out at a moment's warning when the edifice above them is advancing near completion.

THE DESERTED GARDEN OF EUROPE.

The country districts of South Italy are in an even worse plight, and nothing is left for the peasants to do but emigrate to the South American States; more than eighty thousand men went in one twelve months, yet M. Bazin observes that in Calabria he looked out from the train on more than three hundred kilometres of lonely uncultivated districts. As for the country populations, at Reggio, where bergamot scent is distilled, the workmen go to bed at five in the afternoon, rise at ten, and work all the night through, and until three the next afternoon. For these fifteen hours' hard work in the scent factories they are paid the sum of one shilling a day. Their food is naturally innocent of meat or wine; breakfast being composed of pepper-pods dipped in oil and eaten with black bread.

Whether modern Italy can ever be brought successfully into the ways and methods of the nineteenth century remains to be seen. The transition from the mediæval to the modern world has been too sudden, the country has not developed from within, all so-called improvements having been imported from without, and as yet alien to the genius of the Italian people. As is but natural from his point of view, the author of the article looks forward to a day when, discarding the Triple Alliance, Italy will awake to a better tradition, and seek both prosperity and safety by entering into amicable relations with France.

A GRAND OLD MARKSMAN.

SIR HENRY HALFORD, of Wistow Hall, Leicestershire, is styled by Mr. Harry How, in a bright "illustrated interview" in the *Strand*, as "The Grand Old Man of Shooting." Among his twenty-one prizes are "those of the Albert at Wimbledon in 1862 and the same trophy at Bisley in 1893, a record lapse of thirty-one years!" He was eight years old when he had his first gun, and last year, on his sixty-fifth birthday, "he adjourned to the field adjoining the house, which makes a capital range, and rattled off a dozen or two bull's-eyes." He is himself "a practical gunmaker."

THE COLOUR OF "THE BEST SHOOTING EYES."

"Whilst he was handling the tobacco," says the interviewer—

I noticed the difference between the shape of the right hand as compared with the left.

"Ah!" said Sir Henry, in reply to my query, "you can always tell the hand of a man who has shot much. Look at



SIR HENRY HALFORD.

that second finger—it is quite disjointed; indeed, the whole hand is turned. Then many men bear the kiss of the rifle butt on the jawbone. The eyes, too, are a guide in singling out your rifle shot. I always think that blue or grey are the best shooting eyes; that's why the Scots are so successful at the target, for apart from their thoroughness in all they undertake, there are more blue eyes amongst them. An eye with a very small pupil is a great advantage. Brown eyes seldom come in; the marked exception to this, however, is Lamb, who is as good a shot as any man, and his are chestnut brown."

Then I learnt that amongst shooting men the larger proportion of them are non-smokers. The veteran is a persistent smoker, and, practically never shoots without a pipe in his mouth. "Let me put in a plea for the pipe," he said, merrily. "I was once shooting in one of the matches for the Elcho Shield—and shooting very badly. 'Why, where's your pipe?'

somebody standing by asked. 'Light up—you'll do better.' And I did. I hadn't been smoking for some little time, but with the first few puffs my very next shot was a bull's-eye!"

"The primary necessities to make a good shot are nerve, carefulness, a calm temperament, eyesight and power of concentration. I don't think you will find any man who is not a steady liver last long at shooting. Let young volunteers remember that the student of habit and a good shot must run together."

HOW OXYGEN IS LIQUEFIED.

AN instructive "interview with Professor James Dewar," of the Royal Institution, the liquefier of oxygen and the solidifier of nitrogen and air, is contributed by Mr. H. W. J. Dam to *McClure's*, under the title of "Four Hundred Degrees below Zero." "The undiscovered North Pole" of chemistry is said to be -461° F. (-274° C.), which is regarded as "the zero of absolute temperature," and supposed by some to be "the temperature of interstellar space, the normal temperature of the universe." Professor Dewar thus described his explorations in this more than Arctic direction:—

The process of liquefying oxygen, briefly speaking, is this. Into the outer chamber of that double compressor I introduce, through a pipe, liquid nitrous oxide gas, under a pressure of about 1,400 pounds to the square inch. I then allow it to evaporate rapidly, and thus obtain a temperature around the inner chamber of -90° C. (-130° F.). Into this cooled inner chamber I introduce liquid ethylene, which is a gas at ordinary temperatures, under a pressure of 1,800 pounds to the square inch. When the inner chamber is full of ethylene, its rapid evaporation under exhaustion reduces the temperature to -145° C. (-229° F.). Running through this inner chamber is a tube containing oxygen gas under a pressure of 750 pounds to the square inch. The "critical point" of oxygen gas, that is, the point above which no amount of pressure will reduce it to a liquid, is -115° C., but this pressure, at the temperature of -145° C., is amply sufficient to cause it to liquefy rapidly. In drawing off the liquid under this pressure, I lose nine-tenths of it by evaporation.

THE MAGICAL BLUE LIQUID.

Mr. Dam was shown a bottle nearly full of fluid oxygen:—

It was one of those moments which Faraday would doubtless have regarded as solemn. To behold, for the first time, a liquid which your professors of chemistry have assured you was a gas and always would be a gas, is an experience which does not occur many times in a lifetime. After that, a sight of perpetual motion or the square of the circle would leave you calm. To know, furthermore, that this strange gas, which is the prime agent of all life, which is eight-ninths of all water, and three-fourths of the entire earth, has been laid captive by science, reduced to a form which cannot fail to shed a flood of light on any number of abstruse problems in chemistry and mechanics, excites a deeper feeling. The pale blue liquid, which is strangely lustrous, seems truly magical.

Ozone liquefied is "as dark as concentrated indigo."

"THE DEATH OF MATTER."

By evaporating this liquid, the professor is able to solidify air under pressure at -207° C. (-340° F.), and nitrogen (which becomes a white crystalline substance) at -210° C. (-346° F.):—

"As we approach the zero point of absolute temperature," said he, "we seem to be nearing what I can only call the death of matter. Pure metals undergo molecular changes which cannot yet be defined, but which entirely alter their characteristics as we know them. Tensile strength, electrical resistance, in fact, the whole character of the metal as we are acquainted with it, appears to change."

The Professor hazarded the conjecture that "the strange white and shining night clouds which have puzzled the astronomers were composed of carbonic acid gas frozen solid."

IS RHETORIC WRECKING IRELAND?

THE Fortnightly reviewer who signs himself "X," gives us this month his second pessimistic picture of "the Ireland of To-day." He entitles it "The Rhetoricians of Ireland." It is drawn with caustic vigour. "There is (he says) common-sense in Ireland, but it almost never gets a chance." It is mostly checked and choked by that "disastrous speciality—the visitation of oratory."

The rhetoricians of Ireland eat one another up at such a pace that a decade suffices for a generation . . . Each succeeding group rises, talks itself into ascendancy, and culminates either in securing office or in being broken by prison and exile, or on the wheel of public disfavour. Sundry general rules are observable, too, in the alternations. A given series of silver-tongued place-hunters will by reaction produce a crop of violent reformers . . . It is a story of talk, practically nothing but talk.

THE CHANGE UNDER PARNELL.

In this light the chief Irish movements of the last hundred and twenty years are reviewed:—

From Flood to Isaac Butt the controlling idea behind every representative Irish voice had been to produce an effect upon England and the English. Sometimes the design was to cozen or seduce, again to awe and terrify. Now the thought was to curry immediate favour, now to create a dazzling impression of wit and eloquence, now to build up that solid sort of repute which suggests a judgship.

Biggar and Parnell introduced a new era. They imbued their "young bloods" with the "spirit of scorn for English applause and of distrust for English assent." "It is, perhaps, the highest proof of Parnell's power that for six years he was able to keep this big rhetorical force under tolerable control." "The discipline was a rigorous and exacting one."

WHAT UNMUZZLED THE RHETORICIANS.

The result was deeds, not words: the conquest of the English Liberal Alliance, and the restoration of belief in Ireland as a nation. But—

The fatal trouble was that the new "union of hearts" and the old contempt for English opinion could not be brought under the same blanket. . . . This release from the tension of discipline unmuzzled the rhetoricians—and in a very short time the Irish Nationalist party had gravitated to pretty much the level of the other Irish parties that had gone before.

Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien are selected as initiators of this "reversion to type." When Parnell fell, and they were in gaol, "the practical men," the men of the "latent common-sense in the country," "held the national ship off the rocks," and got the Nationalist party into capital fighting trim. With the release of the two prisoners began—

"the triumph of the rhetoricians within the party organisation." "There is no member of this majority who has to his credit a single clause of effective legislation. Collectively they have done nothing but talk and write during their dozen years of public life." "The old taint of self-seeking has reappeared." "There are charges of corruption already in the air, and it will be a matter for surprise if, during the lifetime of the present Parliament, a formal rupture does not take place."

CAMEOS IN EPIGRAM.

Then we are presented with a series of what purport to be photographs in epigram of the Irish leaders. "Exaggeration is said to be an Irish failing; with Mr. O'Brien it is a disease." At first "he impressed his associates as a modest man and a good fellow." Then "he blossomed forth suddenly as the most tremendous egotist of anybody's acquaintance" who is yet sin-

cerely conscious of his own utter unpretentiousness. Mr. Dillon "is a narrow man, self-centred to a remarkable degree, and with an extremely small stock of ideas." Of Michael Davitt we are told—

where other men carry written the lessons gained in human contact, and acquired knowledge of their fellows, he has a blank space. He does not get on smoothly with others; he picks his co-workers badly; he gets jealous of the wrong people, and is perpetually looking for figs among the thistle-spikes.

Mr. Edward Blake, who was imported from Canada, will go back again some time at the spontaneous suggestion of an entire Irish Party . . . It was hardly worth while to go so far at this late day for an inferior imitation of Butt.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor's plans and ambitions "do not bear any appreciable relation to Ireland whatever":—

This self-constituted Directory, having gathered into its hands the reins once held in Parnell's vice-like grasp, discloses no disposition to drive anywhere. Its sole discoverable idea is to stop still and make speeches from the box-seat.

Nevertheless "X," declares "the defeat of the practical men" to be "more apparent than real."

How to Find the Money for Old Age Pensions.

MR. M. Q. HOLYOAKE reinforces in the *Humanitarian* his favourite scheme for "the taxation of pleasure," with a view to providing the funds requisite for Old Age Pensions. He proposes to lay a tax of one penny in the shilling on every ticket for admission to theatres, race meetings, and other places of amusement. He quotes a number of favourable opinions he has received, among others, from the late Lord Iddesleigh, the late Lord Addington, the Earl of Meath, the Bishop of London, Lord Compton, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Mr. Thomas Burt, and Rev. H. Price Hughes. He urges as the advantage of such taxes that they fall on the surplus money of the people; on unproductive labour, and would hardly be felt at all.

Anthropometry and Social Reform.

ANTHROPOMETRY is a science generally connected with a method of criminal detection, but Mr. Charles Roberts, in the *Humanitarian*, applies it to social and economic questions. He points out its value for differentiating the various races of mankind; the rate of growth of children: the influence of different occupations, and of town and country life, etc. He declaims against the unfounded belief that three generations of a family cannot survive London:—

Anthropometric inquiries do indeed show that the physique of town-bred people is not so good as that of the agricultural districts surrounding them, but even to this rule London is an exception. The average stature of Londoners is five feet seven inches, only half an inch short of the average of the whole kingdom, and higher than the rural population of all the home counties, all Wales, and of ten English counties like Wilts, Bucks, and Salop, whose population is almost entirely agricultural.

The measurement of factory children in 1833, and again of the same class of children in 1873, showed that—

there was in the intervening forty years a decided gain in stature, and a whole year's increase in weight in children of corresponding ages—a child of nine years weighing as much in the later (1873), as one of ten years of age in the earlier period (1833).

The children reared in schools, founding hospitals, and similar institutions, are shown by anthropometry to be very much inferior in stature and weight to the boys of their own class, living in their own homes.

MR. FRANK LOCKWOOD.

OF "Lions in their Dens," Mr. Blathwayt chooses for this month's *Idler* Mr. Frank Lockwood, Q.C., Radical M.P. for York, whose genial skill as humourist and comic



MR. LOCKWOOD, Q.C.

artist is well known. The article is enlivened with several amusing sketches by the subject himself. Mr. Blathwayt says:—

Mr. Lockwood is a typical Yorkshireman, and that is synonymous with saying that he is a typical Englishman of the very best kind; to use a popular slang phrase which will exactly express my meaning—he's as good as they make 'em. A great, broad-shouldered fellow, standing at least six feet two in his socks, with a handsome, well-cut, clean-shaven, sunburnt face; a breezy, outspoken, generous-hearted man, full of life and energy and good-humour, and withal a keen, clever, and accomplished man. It was pleasant to note the manner in which he and his wife, who is no whit behind him in popularity, were received by high and low.



A UNIONIST IDEA OF A HOME RULE JUDGE.
(Drawn by Mr. Lockwood.)

SPECIMENS OF FORENSIC FUN.

Here are a few of the stories with which Mr. Lockwood rewarded his interviewer:—

"I was defending a man at York once, who was accused of stealing cattle, 'beasts' they call them up here. I said to a

witness, 'Now, my man, you say you saw so and so, how far can you see a beast to know it?' 'Just as far off as I am from you!' he smartly replied. You may imagine the laugh there was against me."

"A man, some years ago, was had up for stealing a horse. 'Yours is a very serious offence,' said the judge to him very sternly; 'fifty years ago it was a hanging matter.' 'Well,' replied the prisoner, with a certain logical reasonableness, 'fifty years hence it mayn't be a crime at all.' . . . The man was had up for stealing a spade. . . . The magistrate before whom the case was being tried was a stupid, but a well-meaning, conscientious old fellow as ever lived. He carefully looked up 'Archbold's Criminal Law' to find a precedent on which he could convict and punish the man. But he was unable to do so. 'I can't find anything under the word "spade,"' said he, 'although I see that a man was convicted and severely punished for stealing a shovel. You have had a very narrow escape, but you may go this time.'"

THE WORKING-MAN MAGISTRATE.

Mr. Lockwood believes that "as long as you have magistrates appointed as they are now, they ought to be selected from all classes."

As Recorder of Sheffield I have had considerable experience of magistrates, and one of the best I know is a working-man magistrate. As a rule they are the *fine fleur* of the working classes, and they are quite equal, intellectually, to the ordinary county gentlemen who sit with them on the bench."

MADAME PATTI'S PROUDEST MOMENT.

"PATTI at Craig-y-Nos" is rapturously described by Mr. Arthur Warren in the November number of *McClure's Magazine*. Mr. Warren's visit was paid during a sort of family gathering, and he tells how they all joined in singing "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow," and how even

Patti joined us in the refrains of a medley of music-hall airs, beginning with London's latest mania, "Daisy Bell, or a Bicycle Made for Two," and winding up with Chevalier's "Old Kent Road" and the "Coster's Serenade," Coburn's "Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," and the transatlantic "Daddy Wouldn't Buy me a Bow-Wow."

"SUCH A PRETTY SPEECH" FROM THE PRINCE.

With the audacity peculiar to the interviewer, Mr. Warren asked her to specify "what had been the proudest experience in her career."

"For a great and unexpected honour most gracefully tendered," said she, "I have experienced nothing that has touched me deeper than a compliment paid by the Prince of Wales and a distinguished company at a dinner given in honour of the Duke of York and the Princess May a little while before their wedding. The dinner was given by Mr. Alfred Rothschild, one of my oldest and best friends. There were many royalties present, and more dukes and duchesses than I can easily remember. During the ceremonies the Prince of Wales arose, and, to my great astonishment, proposed the health of his 'old and valued friend Madame Patti.' He made *such* a pretty speech, and in the course of it said that he had first seen and heard me in Philadelphia in 1860, when I sang in 'Martha,' and that since then his own attendance at what he was good enough to call my 'victories in the realm of song' had been among his most pleasant recollections. He recalled the fact that . . . his wife had held up little Prince George, in whose honour we were this night assembled, and bade him kiss me, so that in after life he might say that he had 'kissed the famous Madame Patti.' And then, do you know, that whole company of royalty, nobility, and men of genius rose and cheered me and drank my health."

Madame Patti, remarks her visitor, "is as absolutely unspoiled as the freshest *ingénue*."

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.**THE "HOLY INTOXICATION" OF A MODERN PENTECOST.**

"THE Dawn of a New Religious Era" is the title given to Dr. Paul Carus' article in the November *Forum* on the World's Parliament of Religions. After citing a number of characteristic utterances, Dr. Carus concludes that "the Parliament of Religions deserves to rank among the most noteworthy affairs of this decade":—

It is evident that from its date we shall have to begin a new era in the evolution of man's religious life. It is difficult to understand the Pentecost of Christianity which took place after the departure of Christ from His disciples. But this Parliament of Religions was analogous in many respects, and it may give us an idea of what happened at Jerusalem nearly two thousand years ago. A holy intoxication overcame the speakers as well as the audience; and no one can conceive how impressive the whole proceeding was unless he himself saw the eager faces of the people and imbibed the enthusiasm that enraptured the multitudes. The whole movement indicates the extinction of the old narrowness and the beginning of a new era of a broader and higher religious life.

Whether or not the Parliament of Religions be repeated, the fact remains that this congress at Chicago will exert a lasting influence upon the religious intelligence of mankind. It has stirred the spirits, stimulated mental growth, and given direction to man's further evolution. It is by no means an agnostic movement, for it is carried on the wings of a religious faith and positive certainty.

The official record of the Parliament of Religions will be published in this country at THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS office. It will be in two large volumes, price 20s. net.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF CHRISTIAN UNITY.**"FEDERATION OF THE WORLD BEGUN SEPTEMBER 21st."**

MR. THEODORE F. SEWARD, of East Orange, New Jersey, sends me a copy of a manifesto which the Parliament of Religions has evoked from "The Brotherhood of Christian Unity." This declares:—

The Brotherhood of Christian Unity has two aims, and leads to two results:

1. It supplies through its form of enrolment a basis upon which all who desire to follow Christ in serving God and their fellow-men, will constitute a Recognised Brotherhood in any part of the world.

2. The formula is a bond of Union for practical work in any city, town, or community. It is proposed to organise, everywhere, societies under the title of "Christian Citizens Leagues." These leagues will undertake every form of work that requires a co-operation of all the moral and spiritual forces of a community. The Brotherhood does not antagonise churches or any other existing institutions, nor does it seek to do the work already accomplished by them. It helps every good cause by developing a spirit of union and co-operation.

Various representative members of the Parliament of Religions, including Hon. Chas. E. Bonney, President of the World's Congress Auxiliary, Dr. J. H. Barrows, Chairman of the Parliament, Dr. Augusta A. Chapin, "Chairman Women's General Committee World's Parliament of Religions," and other leaders, of many Churches and races, signed the following declaration:—

Feeling it desirable to crystallise, and as far as possible to perpetuate, the remarkable spirit of unity which has characterised the World's Parliament of Religions, we hereby give our approval of the formula of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity as a suitable bond with which to begin the federation of the world upon a Christian basis. The formula is as follows:—"For the purpose of uniting with all who desire to serve God and their fellow-men under the inspiration of the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, I hereby enroll myself as a member of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity."

Mr. Seward observes that, "While the religious papers

made small mention of the event, the secular Press of America very widely announced, often with editorial comment, that the federation of the world was begun at Chicago September 21st, when this declaration was read before the Parliament of Religions."

"THE UNIVERSITIES CAMP."

AN admirable development of the "pious picnic" is the "Universities Camp for public school boys," of which the first "report and souvenir" has come to hand. The promoters recognised the obvious fact that school boys entertain rather poor notions of religion as a claimant for manly respect and reverence. They decided to do something towards rectifying this misconception by forming a camp, collecting as many public school boys as possible under canvas, providing them with their favourite sports, and bringing them throughout under Christian influences. They asked 'Varsity men, military men and others to become officers and to take each a tent under his charge. "Would it not," they reflected, "appeal strongly to the school boy's mind if men who could tell of thrilling battle-scenes spoke to them of Christianity; if a 'Varsity Blue told them of Christ?"

The scheme was successfully carried out at Rustington, near Littlehampton, in Sussex, last August. The party was seventy in number, including twelve officers, among them Major Lieberman as commandant. Canon Taylor Smith was chaplain. Dr. Gunnery reports as visitor:—

"We had every sport; boating, under the control of officers, swimming, fishing, cycling, jumping, and even football. During the whole camp we never saw anyone look discontented or unhappy, and we never heard a grumble about anything. . . . Of course the fellows talked about the services and the men who spoke at them, and I know that a deep effect was made on most, if not all. Everyone was struck by the manliness of the men who were there to tell them of Christ, and there was no attempt to stuff religion down their throats."

The secretary is Mr. Boyd Carpenter, Selwyn College, Cambridge.

THE RAILWAY REFORM ASSOCIATION.

THAT indefatigable Railway Reformer, Mr. J. H. Watson, whose agitation, a quarter of a century ago, for the adoption of uniform railway rates for parcels, is said, by his friends, to have prepared the way for the Parcels Post, has succeeded in incarnating his cause in an association, of which, fitly enough, he is honorary secretary. Here is the Society's programme:—

The Railway Reform Association exists for the public advocacy of—(1) The State purchase of railways in Great Britain and Ireland as the primary object, and in the second place to hasten on railway and postal reforms. (2) A central board of control in London for all the railways in Great Britain, and a central board of control in Dublin for all the railways in Ireland. (3) The construction of a "through central railway station" in London, whereby the whole of the different railways would be united. (4) The abolition of the present railway monopoly; that the "iron roads" should be made as "free" and accessible to the public as possible. (5) An immediate reduction in the present exorbitant charges for the conveyance of goods. (6) The establishment of third-class season tickets at reduced and uniform fares. (7) An entire re-arrangement of railway traffic; to issue Government coupons instead of the present ticket system, available on all railways at any date, and to protect the interests of members of the association. (8) To improve postal facilities by railway, and to secure a reduction in the charges for all inland letters, telegrams, &c.; to reform the tariff by parcels post, as well as by the railway companies.

The Central Office is 9, Palace Chambers, 9, Bridge Street, Westminster.

CAN MUSIC DESCRIBE SCENERY?

"How far music is capable of suggesting scenes which the composer may wish to represent, or of assisting the imagination to realise scenes which may be described by words," is the interesting question discussed by "W. H. T." in *Macmillan's*. The writer is disposed to answer in the negative.

It appears that there is a similarity between the effects of sight and of sound, but it would seem probable that, as the bodily organs of the two senses are distinct, so there are corresponding mental and spiritual faculties appropriated to each which cannot be affected by the other.

He is prepared to grant "that a conventional language could be invented, or might grow up by degrees, by means of which a great variety of ideas might be described by music;" but he is concerned with "the present state of the art." "For my own part," he says,

I do not think that the mind is capable of enjoying to the full simultaneously the beauties of sight and those of sound. . . . In contemplating such a scene as that of the Jungfrau the entire attention is absorbed, and one could not while fully taking in its loveliness, at the same time fully appreciate the finest music; and in the same way, when listening to perfect music, one's faculties are too much occupied to be capable of at the same time fully appreciating such a scene of beauty.

The inquiry ends with advice to the musician to satisfy himself with the limits naturally marked out for his art:—

Surely the most ambitious musician has scope wide enough to exercise the fullest powers of his genius and his imagination. Let him be content to leave to the painter and the poet the description of sunny lands and starlit skies, of placid lake and rugged mountain, of peaceful meadow and stormy ocean. The attempt to depict such scenes by musical sounds must fail in the present state of his art, and can only be successful in the future at the cost of genuine musical expression.

These generalizations of "W. H. T." seem to overlook differences in temperament. There are some men to whom the best music is also the mental vision of nature in its various guises. A nocturne of Chopin's affects them almost precisely as does one of Wordsworth's "Evening Voluntaries."

THE SECRET OF GREEK POETRY.

"THE Permanent Power of Greek Poetry" is traced by Professor Jebb in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* to the fact that it appealed to hearers rather than to readers. Like the preacher and the orator, the early Greek poet was obliged to be in touch with his audience:—

Thus the Greek poetry of the great ago was not merely inspired by life; it was regulated by life; the instinct of the hearers was a restraint operating upon the poet, a safeguard against affectation or unreality. . . . A broad line separates that age, in respect of its poetical work, from every other. In no second instance has the world seen the most perfect art of expression joined to such direct sympathy with the living soul of the people whose mind was thus interpreted.

The true revival of a sense for Greek literature is placed by Professor Jebb at the latter part of last century. The "classic revival" was Latin rather than Greek until then. Then, however, the study of Greek art and the reaction from conventional classicism led men to the freedom and charm of the Greek intellect. "Goethe and Schiller are representatives of the new impulse."

HELLENISM AND HEBRAISM.

Passing to consider the late Matthew Arnold's famous antithesis, Professor Jebb remarks:—

Though there is a profound difference, there is no necessary antagonism, between the ideal, broadly described as Hebraic,

and the permanent, the essential parts of Hellenism. . . . In respect to Hebraism Milton illustrates this. By temperament no less than by creed, Milton was a Puritan of the higher type. . . . Yet no one familiar with the best Greek poetry can read Milton without feeling what its influence has contributed to his genius; it has helped to give him his lofty self-restraint and his serenity.

There is no inherent conflict between true Hellenism and spiritualised Hebraism, such Hebraism as has passed into Christianity. Such a notion could be entertained only where the apprehension of Hellenism itself was superficial or defective. The spirit of the highest Greek poetry, as of the best Greek art, is essentially pure; to conceive it as necessarily entangled with the baser elements of paganism is to confound the accidents with the essence. . . . So far from being adverse to those religious and ethical influences which are beyond the compass of its own gift to modern life, it is, rightly understood, in concord with them, inasmuch as it tends to elevate and to refine the human spirit by the contemplation of beauty in its noblest and purest form.

THE RED MEN'S SNAKE DANCE.

PROFESSOR H. KELLAR communicates to the *North American Review* for November a graphic study of "Magic among the Red Men." He tells of "the strong religious nature of the North American Indian, his marvellous confidence in and reliance upon the Great Spirit, whose worship is almost the same in all the great Indian families and tribes in North America." He is convinced that "few races at any time in the history of the world have been more powerfully moulded by their religious beliefs than the American Indian." The word medicine as used by the Indians means "magic, supernatural knowledge, inspiration, and the use of amulets and charms," and the medicine-man wields extraordinary power over his tribes. Sitting Bull was no war-chief—only high priest or medicine-man. After narrating how the Red men charm and capture the rattlesnake, Mr. Kellar thus vividly describes the snake-dance:—

A gigantic attendant whose face was completely hidden by his handkerchief, and whose body was hideously painted, stood at the snake cage and as each pair of braves marched past him thrust his naked arm into the cage, and jerked from it a writhing serpent which he handed to the buck. The snake dancer, reaching forward his hideously marked visage, seized the snake by its middle in his teeth. The serpent struggled wildly, and his human captor, gesticulating with both hands, joined at once in the solemn rhythmic movement in which after each had been supplied with his own particular rattlesnake the entire hundred and thirty were soon gyrating.

Upon the cliffs around them the entire Moqui nation was seated, dumb with religious awe. No sound came from that grim audience. Nor was there aught to break the horrible stillness of the place except the hissing of the serpents and the rattling of the pebbles in the shells upon the warriors' legs. The snakes themselves, although animated to the utmost with venomous life, neither struck at the men nor rattled their own tails. When once in the course of the dance a rattler sunk his fangs into the cheek of the brave next to the one who held the serpent in his teeth, he was calmly pulled away as if nothing had happened, and the brave who had been bitten continued, with perfect equanimity, his fanatic dance. At the end of some thirty minutes the snakes were thrown in a writhing mass upon the earth and sprinkled with sacred meal. The dancers divided themselves into four squads, and at a given signal each squad rushed upon the mass of serpents, each warrior grasped as many of them as he could in his two hands and bounded away at top speed, one band to the south, one to the north, one to the east, and one to the west, until they had raced a half mile over the prairie. The snakes were then turned loose, and the dancers returned, running their utmost to the butte, and, climbing up its steep sides, disappeared, one after another, in the cavernous depths of the estufa.

CRUMBS FROM THE "AUTOCRAT'S" TABLE.

REV. H. R. HAWES chats very pleasantly in the *Young Man* on his personal acquaintanceship with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. He tells of three-and-a-half hours spent, during his English visit of 1888, in the "Autocrat's" company, along with Bishop Ellicott and Dr. Samuel Smiles:—

The talk wandered freely over all sorts of fields—literary and scientific and social—until it got entangled inevitably in "occultism"—ghosts, double psychic phenomena—on all which questions the Bishop keeps a singularly fair and open mind. Talking of brain-waves, Oliver Wendell Holmes went off in his best style. "I think we are all unconsciously conscious of each other's brain-waves at times; the fact is, words and even signs are a very poor sort of language compared with

calling themselves civilised, that did not know what was meant by a lecture. I have arrived at a schoolroom or hall on the night, and found it empty, and we have had to send out and whip up an audience; and so we went up and down the land, trying to get a hearing for poetry, literature, art, science, tramping on foot too when we could not get a conveyance. Well I remember arriving at a lone, forsaken place after travelling all day, and at last walking across fields in the mud to get there in time, and finding it was the wrong day. Another time the committee waited on me at the close, the attendance having been uncommonly thin, and asked me to lower my fee. Well, those were good days all the same; we were young then; and then, when you did get your fee, the joy and content of sitting in the sanded parlour of the village or town inn with your feet on the mantel-piece, and rattling the dollars in your trouser pockets, so hardly earned!"

EMERSON AT LONGFELLOW'S BIER.

A touching story of Emerson in his latest days was told by Dr. Holmes.

"After Longfellow died, he was laid in the chapel on a bier, his face was exposed, and numbers of his friends went in to take a last look. Emerson was at that time failing—his memory was almost gone—but as he had been so intimate with us for so many years, I thought I would take him into the chapel. As we were both silently contemplating our dead friend, Emerson turned to me and said, 'That is the face of a very amiable gentleman, but I don't know who it is.' This," remarked Holmes, "was very interesting, as well as very touching. It showed that, although his memory was gone, his perceptive and intuitive powers, and a certain instinctive judgment of character, all remained unimpaired to the end."

Walt Whitman, on being told this incident, did not think it sad. He said:—

Emerson's decline always seemed to me quite harmonious. This slowly sinking back into the arms of Mother Nature when one's work is done—and well done—it is like the decay and slow decrease of fruit-bearing capacity of an old apple-tree in a great orchard; at last the old tree crumbles away, and sinks naturally into the soil from whence it sprang.

HOW TO TEACH ETHICS IN SCHOOLS.

THIS very pressing problem, as presented in "high schools," is treated by Mr. John Dewey in the *Educational Review* for November. He strongly protests against the assumption

that if you can only teach a child moral rules and distinctions enough, you have somehow furthered his moral being. . . . The inculcation of moral rules is no more likely to make character than is that of astronomical formulae. . . . Ethics, rightly conceived, is the statement of human relationships in action. In any right study of ethics, then, the pupil is not studying hard and fixed rule for conduct; he is studying the ways in which men are bound together in the complex relations of their interactions.

Of the character and spirit of right ethical teaching he gives an illustration:—

Let the teacher, at the outset, ask the pupils how they would decide, if a case of seeming misery were presented to them, *whether* to relieve it and, if so, *how* to relieve. This should be done without any preliminary dwelling upon the question as a "moral" one; rather, it should be pointed out that the question is simply a practical one, and that ready-made moral considerations are to be put on one side. Above all, however, it should be made clear that the question is not what to do, but *how* to decide *what* to do.

The end of the method, then, is the formation of a *sympathetic imagination for human relations in action*; this is the ideal which is substituted for training in moral rules, or for analysis of one's sentiments and attitude in conduct. . . . Deal . . . so that in and through the special situation chosen the pupil shall have gradually brought home to him some of the *typical features of every human interaction*. These typical features are the content of ethical theory. . . .



DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

the direct telegraphy between souls. The mistake we make is to suppose that the soul is circumscribed and imprisoned by the body. Now the truth is, I believe, I extend a good way outside my body; well, I should say at least three or four feet all round, and so do you, and it is our extensions that meet. Before words pass or we shake hands, our souls have exchanged impressions, and they never lie; not but what looks count for something."

PIONEERS OF CULTURE ON THE STUMP.

Hearing Mr. Hawes lecture at Boston, the old man gave a glimpse of the infancy of the American institution of lecturing, which sheds light on his younger days:—

"You star lecturers," he added, "who come over here now and pocket your hundreds and thousands of dollars, little know what we poor fellows, the pioneers of art and letters in America, had to go through. I assure you, when I began, and Emerson and Theodore Parker, there were places in the States

CAN SPIRITS BE PHOTOGRAPHED?

This is the question which Dr. Dean Clarke answers in the *Californian Illustrated* for November with an emphatic affirmative.

In his extensive travels as a lecturer through thirty-two of the United States, the writer has learned of many cases of spirit forms appearing, sporadically as it were, on the negatives or plates of artists who knew nothing of and believed nothing in spirit photography till such forms unaccountably appeared. In two cases of this sort, where these forms persisted in appearing against every effort to prevent, the artists, who were educated in superstitions, abandoned their business, believing that "the devil was in it," as they said.

TAKING "A SPIRIT COUSIN."

He tells how, in 1871, he visited Mr. Mumler, the famous spirit photographer of Boston:—

I requested him to allow an examination of his instruments and to be permitted to see the entire process. He consented. I had him cut a new sheet of glass for the negative, and I watched with eagle eye every motion from beginning to end. Hoping to get a picture of my mother, if any, I fixed my thought upon her as I took my seat. But just as Mumler uncapped his instrument, the name Angeline was as vividly impressed upon my mind, as though spoken audibly, three successive times. I followed Mumler into his closet and saw him develop the negative, and as soon as washed he held it up to the light and I recognised at first sight my cousin Angeline's likeness, as shown in plate.

A SPIRIT-MOTHER AND AN UNEXPECTED SPOOK.

In the following week, Dr. Clarke and a friend called again on Mr. Mumler.

We then had him cut a new sheet of glass for the negatives, and, as I had done before, we both watched critically the entire process. I sat for my picture first, and while the negative was dripping with water Mumler showed it to us, and I was overjoyed to see on it a clear likeness of my mother, who had been in spirit life about nine years.

Another sitting was taken with the hope of a more distinct picture of Dr. Clarke's mother.

When the negative was developed, much to the surprise and chagrin of the artist, but greatly to my surprise and pleasure, a picture of an Indian instead of my mother was found on it. This was as great a test to me as though my mother had appeared again; for more than a score of clairvoyants in various parts of the country had described such a spirit as one of my guardians, and for seventeen years I had felt his healing magnetism, and often had been psychologically controlled by him to speak his language. . . .

We were both familiar with the various methods by which counterfeits are produced, and took special precautions that Mumler should have no opportunity to use them if so disposed; but it is simply justice to him to say he cheerfully gave us every opportunity to detect any attempt at deception we desired.

Dr. Clarke does not merely recount these experiences; he prints along with his story what he declares to be reproductions of those photographs of himself and spirits. White shadowy forms, said to represent "Angeline," his mother, and his Indian familiar, appear in the portraits above his head. There are given in all over a dozen "photographs of ghosts."

"PHOTOGRAPHS CAN LIE."

"Photography as evidence" is, however, subjected to a vigorous and humorous criticism by Mr. E. A. Jelf in the *Idler*. He starts from Mr. Gladstone's allegation in 1890 concerning men being shadowed by the Irish constabulary. "That stands upon evidence, because it has been made the subject of a photograph." Mr. Jelf straightway proceeds to reduce this argument *ad absurdum* by producing photographs showing Mr. Irving and

Miss Lottie Collins joining in dancing to "Ta-ra-ta-boom-de-ay;" and Mr. Gladstone at the door of a Seven Dials public-house. Nay, the same man appears in double, shooting himself, executing himself, chalking on his own back, etc. These are to prove that "photographic evidence is worthless."

At a first exposure, part of the plate may be covered up, at a second only that part exposed, with all manner of absurd combinations as the result. But one picture shows a man seeing a ghost. In this case,

the diaphanous appearance of the ghost is not much harder to explain; the lady who sits for the ghost retires before the exposure is complete, but the rest of the picture is allowed its full time, and thus comes out in a normal way. Hence the contrast between the ghost and the bodily man.

THE MANUFACTURE OF "ANTIQUITIES."

Much curious information is contained in Sir John Evans' article in *Longman's* on the "Forgery of Antiquities." "Both counterfeits and forgeries," he says, "abound in every department of archaeology." "The fabrication of lapidary inscriptions began some four centuries ago." The number and verisimilitude of the forgeries in the first half of this century were so great as to reduce considerably the value of genuine antique gems. "It is probable that more than half of the 'old' Dresden china now exposed for sale is counterfeit." The forgery of ancient carved ivories has developed "two distinct schools"—one in Southern France, the other near Cologne.

TAKING THEM A DRIVE TO IMPROVE THEIR COMPLEXION.

The German Becker seems to have been the modern prince of antique coiners:—

He engraved dies for upwards of 300 types of coins, principally Roman, and as most of these were struck in gold—a metal that does not change in appearance with time—he realised large sums from unwary collectors. . . . How to take off the appearance of novelty from the freshly-struck coins was a question of difficult solution. He solved it thus—he had a small box constructed, which he partly filled with iron filings, and screwed to the springs of his carriage, and in this box he placed his newly-struck coins, and then, as he expressed it, "took his old gentlemen a drive" on the road between Frankfurt and Offenbach. The coins came out of the box, still fresh, but with the too glaring bloom of youth judiciously toned down.

The most frequent coin forgeries are those cast from genuine originals. "Wherever excavations are carried on . . . when coins are inquired for they are sure to be produced."

THE ART OF "PREHISTORIC" PRODUCTION.

Even "prehistoric antiquities" are manufactured. The making of "palæolithic implements" "takes rank as one of the fine arts" in the valley of the Somme and in the neighbourhood of London. So with neolithic implements. "Modern flint axes and arrow-heads are not so easily distinguishable from the ancient." A certain artificer of this craft, nicknamed "Jack Flint," "when from their abundance his forgeries lost their sale," "earned a somewhat honest penny" by publicly exposing his tricks of trade. Objects of the Bronze period are also obligingly prepared.

The writer concludes with the consoling reflection that "great as may be the forger's skill, not one of his frauds in a thousand escape detection," and that the existence of fraud sharpens and tests archaeological discernment.

IN PRAISE OF FOOTBALL.

MR. HELY HUTCHINSON ALMOND, head master of Loretto, writes with much enthusiasm, in the *Nineteenth Century*, on "Football as a Moral Agent." Commenting on the extraordinary popularity of the game, he remarks that, in the course of a single year, more than £1,000,000 is paid in salaries to associate professional players in England, and more than £5,000,000 spent in gate-money by the public. He deprecates the impression that it is a dangerous sport, declaring that it is less dangerous than hunting, and infinitely less dangerous than absence from open air exercise.

Its mere existence and the practical lessons which it teaches, are worth all the books that have been written on youthful purity. I would not care to face the responsibility of conducting a school were there not rooted in it, as, I hope, an imperishable tradition, an enthusiastic love of football.

It also promotes courage, to which the modern spirit is not favourable, and "the duty of keeping oneself in vigorous health."

He admits, however, that the craze for football requires guidance, and advocates putting a stop to the luxurious dinners which follow big matches. He deprecates the fact that most of the leading northern clubs do not rear their players, but buy them. Amateur players are practically excluded; the money element is far too prominent; professionalism is injurious, and that to the professional as well as to the amateur. He also pleads that the grand old Rugby game be preserved from becoming a mere by-word for money-grubbing tricks and sensational displays.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN ON THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

"A Key to the Social Problem" is offered in the *Humanitarian* by Cardinal Vaughan. He follows his great predecessor in objecting to the term Socialism and Christian Socialism.

In the wide sense (he supposes) the Social Problem means, how to make all classes who compose modern society, happy and content. In the narrow sense it means how to bring contentment and happiness to the working classes—especially to that multitude among them which is badly housed, badly fed, and subjected to trials and privations from which their richer brethren are comparatively exempt.

He deplores the prevalence of what he describes as Socialistic disease, and traces its genesis:—

First, to the bad example and to the false principles which have been deliberately adopted and advocated by many in the responsible classes; and, secondly, to want of thought, want of care, and want of heart for the poor and the wage-earning class; and, lastly, to the inefficiency or neglect of religious teaching among the working classes.

He objects to describe the difficulty as a mere stomachic question. He enumerates the fundamental principles which comprise the legitimate demands of the working classes, and points to the true solution of the problem. (1) The sacramental character of marriage, and the sanctity of home life, including the right and duty of parents to educate their children in their own faith. (2) The two great orders of government, the civil and religious; independent, yet in harmony. (3) The nobility of labour, including the rights and duties of labourer and master. Among the rest, a proper number of feast and rest days; (4) the Christian brotherhood of men, and consequent restraint on unlimited individualism and destructive competition, also harmony between capital and labour; (5) the adoration and imitation of one divine Model, Jesus Christ. The religious key to the problem is, therefore, Love and Truth.

EVOLUTION AND THE CHRISTIAN CREED.

There is something pathetic about the continued effort of the human mind to think its faith in the terms of the latest fashion of speculative thought, an effort not the less remarkable in view of the fact that the faith remains while the fashion disappears. In the *Contemporary Review* another attempt to construe "Man in the Light of Evolution" is made by Madame E. Marie Caillard. She objects to the idea of a two-fold origin, or a special creation of man. It is impossible, she holds, to trace the boundary line between matter and spirit. Matter in all its forms is the expression of spirit—spirit, the informing life of the universe. The soul of man is thus "not an exemplification of a new life, but a different and a higher manifestation of the same life." The spiritual essence of our nature has been developing through our despised animal progenitors; but to man, and man only, is it possible to enter into conscious relations with the Source of his existence.

Madame Caillard explains the Fall as the yielding of the barely evolved and feeble conscious will of man to the stronger and long-settled appetites and animal propensities; but this must have been followed by the complete stoppage of the progress of evolution but for the Redemption. That man might further develop, it was necessary to strengthen the higher faculties, and to procure their co-operation. The goal to his evolution must be revealed to him in the Image of God. Hence these ages of preparation for the manifestation of this perfect Type. It is equally in accord with the principles of evolution that countless ages more should be required for the general realisation of that ideal—the conformation of Christian life to the life of Christ.

The goal of man's evolution, the perfect type of manhood, is Christ. He exists and has always existed potentially in the race and in the individual, equally before as after His visible Incarnation, equally in the millions of those who do not, as in the far fewer millions of those who do, bear His name. In the strictest sense of the words He is the life of man, and that in a far deeper and more intimate sense than He can be said to be the life of the rest of the universe.

How Princess Louise did the Ironing.

In the *Woman at Home* Miss Katharine Lee gives a gossiping sketch of Princess Louise, as daughter and bride, sculptor and painter, as well as Royal personage. She tells an incident of the Princess's sojourn in Canada, for which she is unable to cite the authority, but which she thinks

is worth repeating as an instance of that total absence of "fine ladyism" which is, in its bad sense, so noticeably absent among our Royal ladies. It seems that one day the Princess was walking without any attendants near her, when she came to a cottage. The only person visible was an old woman busily ironing one of her husband's shirts. The Princess was thirsty after her walk, and stopping at the cottage door asked the old woman if she would kindly get her a glass of water. The busy old woman somewhat shortly refused to do so. "The spring was at a little distance," she said, "and she was busy ironing her old man's shirt, for he was going with her to see the Queen's child on the morrow."

The Princess, no doubt with a secret-thrill of amusement said that she would iron the shirt if the old lady would fetch her the water. The compromise was quickly agreed on. The old woman went to the spring and the Princess did the ironing. . . . When the old woman returned, the shirt was handed over to her. Needless to say, it was nicely ironed. . . . exchange for the glass of water the recent laundry woman informed the astonished old woman that she was the "Queen child." The startled old woman took the shirt, declaring that her old man should never wear it, but that she would keep for ever as a memento of the "Queen's child."

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

FIFTEEN articles, for the most part bright, instructive, suggestive, and brief, make the *Nineteenth Century* stand out this month superior to the influences which seem to beset the fag-end of the magazine year. Mr. Michael Davitt leads off by tearing up what he calls "Fabian Fustian." Mr. A. C. Swinburne's "Recollections of Professor Jowett" do not give us the Master again quite as vividly as the work of many a humbler and more Boswellian writer. He describes him on his literary and æsthetic sides. Dr. Jowett was, he tells us, "perhaps the last of the Old Whigs." He greatly admired Dickens, and would have ranked him above Tennyson and Carlyle. Of Carlyle he spoke with distaste and severity, as a preacher of tyranny and apologist of cruelty. Voltaire elicited expressions of dainty distaste. He delighted in Scott. His favourite Shakespearian play was "The Merry Wives of Windsor." He showed his general admiration of Browning's genius along with a comparative depreciation of Browning's works.

The Marchese F. Nobili-Vitelleschi describes the Italian Senate in the first of a series of articles on "Upper Houses in Modern States." In Italy, the appointment of an unlimited number of life-senators is reserved to the king. But the royal prerogative of appointment is limited to twenty-one categories of persons past the age of forty. It is only among these that the king can choose his senators.

The writer suggests that this method of selection from categories should be carried out by electoral colleges in each class.

Dr. H. P. Dunn tells "What London people die of" in an article crammed full of fact and thought. London, he shows, is increasing in healthiness; once, in 1831, its mortality fell below that of England as a whole. The most startling fact he brings out is that the death-rate for diseases of the nervous system in London is almost the lowest among all registration districts. The wear and tear of city life lead one to expect quite the opposite result.

M. Yves Guyot, late French Minister, laments as an Individualist over "Socialism in France," that whereas it was once a movement for liberty, it now might be defined "The intervention of the State in contracts of labour always directed against the employer and to the exclusive profit of the labourer," to result in "the seizure by the State of the whole economic activity of the country and the forcing of every man fit to work into the ranks of State functionaries."

Professor St. George Mivart, who bows to the Papal decree entering in the Index his articles on Hell, explains that he could never think of joining any other communion—certainly not the Anglican; but also points out that works may be put on the Index for any of six specified reasons—which include inopportune or indiscretion—only one being the presence of grave error. Mr. Brett's story of "The Queen and her First Prime Minister" is beautifully told. He feels it difficult to over-estimate the value to the Empire of Lord Melbourne's four years' guidance of the girl-Queen.

Mr. W. B. Steveni recounts the singular diplomatic relations between "Queen Elizabeth and Ivan the Terrible" and their successors. Russia seems to have been specially eager to form an English alliance. The execution of Charles I. so incensed the Tsar that he straightway expelled all English merchants from Russia.

Mr. Theodore Bent traces "the origin of the Mashonaland ruins" to builders well versed in geometry and studiously observant of the heavens, probably of Semitic race and Arabian stock. Rev. Edward Miller, under the ironic heading "Confessions of a Village Tyrant," retails his social service as village parson. Mr. H. D. Traill discusses "the anonymous critic," and decides in favour of keeping him anonymous. Mr. W. Laird Clowes describes the fortifications and accommodation of Toulon and tabulates the strength of the French fleet, to show that in the Mediterranean France is both stronger and readier than we. Mr. W. F. Lord tells the tale of our possession of Tangiers under the title "A Wedding Gift to England in 1662." Head-master Almond glorifies "football as a moral agent," and Rev. J. Diggle replies to Mr. Lyulph Stanley on the policy of the London School Board.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

In common with most of the December magazines the *Fortnightly* falls rather below the average. It contains much interesting matter, but hardly any article of the first rank. Mr. Lilly's curious invective against popular notions of "Self-government," "Nauticus's" instructive essay on "History and Sea Power," Canon Barnett's methods with "the Unemployed," and "X."s satire on "the Rhetoricians" of "the Ireland of to-day," have received notice elsewhere. Mr. A. R. Wallace continues his discussion of the Ice Age and its work, and maintains, against the notion of "earth movements of various kinds," Sir A. Ramsay's theory of the ice-erosion of the valley lakes of highly glaciated regions. A dialogue by the late Francis Adams canvasses the idea of "a hunt for happiness" as the law of life.

LETTERS OF KEATS.

Mr. A. Forbes Sieveking contributes "some unedited letters of Keats," addressed to two sisters named Jeffreys, the son of one of whom made them over to Mr. Robert Archer. Mr. Sieveking thinks that now for the first time the family at Teignmouth, with whom Keats corresponded, and about whose names he was very reticent, can be identified with these Jeffreys. In one letter Keats coins a convenient word, where he says, "Many interesting speeches have been demosthenized." A passage in another letter recalls Browning's "What porridge had John Keats?"

One of the great reasons that the English have produced the finest writers in the world is, that the English world has ill-treated them during their lives and fostered them after their deaths. They have in general been trampled aside into the bye-paths of life and seen the festerings of Society.

MAORI SOCIALISM.

Mr. Fred. J. Moss describes "A South Sea Island and its People":—

In all their islands each Maori has some share in the common possessions, and personal want in the midst of public plenty is unknown. . . . Famine may possibly come, but cannot starve one without starving all. Children bring with them no care, being provided for as soon as born. Work is made a pleasure, and the poorest breathes as pure an air and is nearly as well fed and clothed as the ariki whom he reverently obeys. . . . There is not a lunatic, a gaol, nor a consciously degraded person. The sovereign and the chiefs are in touch with the people, and the people are in touch with one another. The Maori, in short, is a good deal of a Socialist.

Mr. Moss suggests the formation of a Society to inquire into the unseen biological causes of Maori decay.

THE NEW REVIEW.

THE *New Review* contains several timely and attractive articles. Mr. Macdonald's "Problem of the Unemployed" is noticed elsewhere. Lady Knightley, of Fawsley, enumerates, in a most businesslike catalogue, the following "New Employments for Educated Women"—giving lectures and teaching to County Council Classes; carving; as sanitary inspectors—a class which ought to increase and include in their purview workhouses also; horticulture, as learned at Swanley, Kent; as librarians—a calling likely to be overcrowded; as University Extension Lady Lecturers; house decoration; plan tracing; wood engraving; painting on glass; dispensing; as trained nurses in workhouse infirmaries; as lady nurses for children of the upper classes; secretarial work; care of insane patients; and rent collectors or managers under Miss Octavia Hill's scheme. Mr. Frederick Boyle bewails "The Decay of Beauty," and traces it to the artificially secured survival of the unfit, the "swaddling" of almost the entire body in woollens, the disuse of the bath, and other causes. Mdlle. Blaze de Bury gives a most interesting account of Charcot, as physician, professor, in his relations to hypnotism, and as head of the modern neuropathic school. Apparently a sceptic, he believes strongly in the personal faith of the patient in his doctor, adviser, and ultimate cure.

Professor Max Müller contributes a beautifully picturesque sketch of "Constantinople in 1893." He wonders why so many people go to Switzerland and Rome, when a few days more would bring them into an entirely new world, and into a climate in some seasons almost perfect. He has been much impressed with the Turks:—

Whatever may have been said of the "Sick Man," there is many a sign that the Turk has recovered, and that he will prove a tough morsel to whomever wishes to swallow him. The pure Turk is strong and steady, and determined to fight to the bitter end before he surrenders what for over four hundred years he has called his own.

He remarks upon the absence of open vice in the streets.

"The Indictment of Dives" is Mr. W. S. Lilly's epitome of Socialism. Of the thousand volumes written by Socialists—

All bring the same charge, substantially, against Dives—that he is a thief; that is the head and front of his offending; their first count in the indictment against him. "Property is theft." Is this true?

Not of private property in the abstract, he replies "The philosophical justification of private property is that it is necessary for the explication of personality in this work-a-day world." But as to property in the concrete, Mr. Lilly fears the charge is too true.

Mr. Atherley Jones' "Liberalism and Social Reforms: a Warning," puts "this plain, simple question" to the Liberal party, and insists on an answer:

Do they mean to follow in the old lines of *laissez-faire*—*laissez-aller*, or to recognise, and endeavour to carry into effect, that the working classes are henceforth to be the administrators of the wealth they produce?

He finds portentous indications that the Liberal party under its present leaders is not prepared to respond to this half articulate demand of labour. Mr. Arthur Symonds sketches frankly but sympathetically the mixed character of Paul Verlaine. Mr. Marsham Adams, investigating "The Mystery of Ancient Egypt," finds that

The path of illumination which is conveyed by description in the Ritual is described masonically in the Grand Pyramid; and each form illustrates and interpenetrates the other.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE December number rises distinctly above the general high level of this Review. Lord George Hamilton's admirable article, "Is Our Sea Power to be Maintained?" is noticed elsewhere. Mr. Leslie Stephen's study on Matthew Arnold is a feast of fat things. He attributes to Arnold's poetry "the quality, if not of inevitableness, of adhesiveness." The "Scholar Gipsy" is selected as his masterpiece.

The function which he took for himself was to be a thorn in the side of the Philistine: to pierce the animal's thick hide with taunts, delicate but barbed; to invent nicknames which might reveal to the creature his own absurdity: to fasten upon expressions characteristic of the blatant arrogance and complacent ineffable self-conceit of the vulgar John Bull, and repeat them till even Bull might be induced to blush.

Mr. Alfred Austin takes us once more into the "Garden that I Love," and ushers us thence with a poetic farewell.

The O'Connor Don reminds his Unionist readers of "The Unsolved Irish Problem." The Home Rule Bill, whatever may have been its shortcomings, has been read a third time. It has been passed by the Democratic branch of the Legislature of the United Kingdom. It is idle even for the most extreme Unionist to shut his eyes to these facts. The step taken can scarcely be retraced, and some form of what is called self-government for Ireland will haunt whatever Ministry may be in power.

What, then, must be done? Independence is out of the question; Federation must certainly not begin with Ireland. The thing to do is to hold the Imperial Parliament every three years in Dublin, in Edinburgh, and in London. Let there be also a royal residence in Ireland. This rotation of location would meet the needs of the case. Mr. Moreton Frewen treats of "Silver in the 53rd Congress" in an article which deserves fuller notice than can be given to it here. Mr. R. S. Gundry tells the story of "The Lady of Pootoo"—the goddess Kwon-yin—the singular Chinese counterpart to the Holy Virgin.

Rev. Dr. Story approaches the subject of "The Kirk and Presbyterian Union" from the standpoint of one who loves the auld kirk very much, but whose zeal for Union is rather tepid. "In order to unite with the Established Church the Dissenters would have to surrender nothing. The U. P.'s would still retain, in unimpaired vitality, both the theory and the practice of Voluntaryism." The Free Church would simply revert to her vaunted "disruption principles," which include Establishment. The Church, on the other hand, in accepting Disestablishment would make an enormous surrender.

Even were the sentiment of Union predominantly strong in the Established Church, we could hardly expect it to gratify itself at such a sacrifice. But, in point of fact, that sentiment is one which evokes little enthusiasm among Churchmen.

Rev. Canon Hayman, D.D., discusses "The Voluntary Schools Crisis" in language more vigorous than convincing. He begins by describing Mr. Acland as the "modern successor" of Julian the Apostate, "the demagogue-tyrant of a department, [who] is profiting by the august precedent, and destroying religion by destroying religious schools. That universal Board Schools mean the extinction of vital religion from education is as certain as symptoms of tendency can make any statement concerning human society.

He is deeply moved by the "official silence" of Anglican dignitaries at this crisis, and concludes by asking, "Will not the verdict of posterity be that the English Church in the crisis of her destiny counted many excellent bishops, but lacked an episcopate?"

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE December number contains many solid articles, but none perhaps of the most striking kind. "The Government and Labour" by Mr. H. W. Massingham, "The Economy of High Wages" by Mr. J. A. Hobson, the "Strasburg Commemoration," "Man in the Light of Evolution" by Emma Marie Caillard, Mr. Andrew Lang's discrimination between "Superstition and Fact," and Mr. Herbert Spencer's rejoinder to Professor Weismann have been noticed elsewhere. Mrs. Crawford gives an interesting sketch of "MacMahon and his Forbearers." Professor Max Müller has been aroused by "a most alarming bomb shell" thrown by Mr. James Darmesteter, who assigns the Gathas, the oldest portion of the "Zend-Avesta" to the first century A.D., whereas the generally adopted date is from 2000 to 1500 B.C. He admits that from a strictly historical point of view it would be difficult to resist Mr. Darmesteter's criticism, but he brings forward strong philological arguments in support of the traditional date. Mr. Rendel Harris takes occasion from the recently discovered Diatessaron of Tatian to show that Bishop Lightfoot, whose defence of the Johannine authorship created a general revolution of opinion in its favour, has understated, rather than over-stated, his case.

Dr. Anthony Traill treats of the compulsory purchase of land in Ireland. He complains of the way in which the seller is now harassed by costs of proofs of title. He urges more freedom in the creation of perpetuities by the fining down of rents.

LORD COLERIDGE AND THE POET BROWNING.

Lord Coleridge discusses the time-honoured distinction between education and instruction, describing education as the drawing out of the powers of the mind. He urges that technical instruction, however valuable, requires, in order to heighten its value, more general culture. The authors which he would recommend for special study stand in this order—Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Gray, and Wolfe. He omits Tennyson; Browning he also omits, because, though admiring him, he has not always understood him. He tells how the poet used to send his volumes.

Soon after one had thus been given me, he asked me how I liked it. I replied that what I could understand I heartily admired, and that parts of it, I thought, ought to be immortal; but that as to much of it I really could not tell whether I admired it or no, as I could not understand it. "Ah, well," he said, "if a reader of *your* calibre understands ten per cent. of what I write I think *he* ought to be content."

THE DEGRADATION OF THE LITTLE TOE.

The controversy which has been proceeding in the *Contemporary* as to the possibility of the transmission of acquired character, in which Mr. Herbert Spencer has taken the affirmative, and Professor Weismann the negative side, is continued this month in "a rejoinder" by the synthetic philosopher. Much of the article is fully intelligible only to biologists, but it opens with a reference to the curious and much debated degradation of the human little toe. It was in the first instance supposed that the progressive disappearance of this digit was due to the inherited and accumulated effects of boot-pressure. Professor Weismann had pointed out that the same fusion of the phalanges was found among people who go bare-foot, and in Egyptian mummies. Mr. Spencer rejoins by carrying the explanation further back. He points out how the change from arboreal habits to terrestrial habits, have led to the development of the great toe as being nearer the line of direction. The

inner digits have increased by use, while the outer digits have decreased by disuse.

BLACK-COATS ON THE WARPETH.

Mr. John Darfield does not understand why so much noise has been made about the parish charities which are claimed for the disposal of the new parish councils. He shows that "in the country at large £400,000 a year spread over fifty-two counties is all that is touchable by the Bill." "This gives an average of about £77,000 per county." He laments—

the waste of energy that has taken place in the whole army of black-coats going on the warpath for such a twopenny-halfpenny matter as this clause turns out to be. It is the more striking, because, while the 13th clause gave to the Parish Council so very little, the definition of ecclesiastical charity stamped as Church property what had never been the Church's before.

A SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Kringsjaa is a little Norwegian illustrated fortnightly of some pretensions, published at Christiania by Messrs. Huseby and Company, and edited by Herr H. Tambs Lyche. It contains translations of the most notable articles in the English and Continental magazines, and is therefore bound to be of great interest, while its original contributions and its editorials are themselves bright and keen. The illustrations, however, can hardly be said to improve the magazine. A note on the back of the wrapper draws the reader's attention to the fact that *Kringsjaa* was already in possession of such and such articles before the REVIEW OF REVIEWS had managed to "scrape the same together" and appear before its Scandinavian subscribers. As *Kringsjaa* is a fortnightly and has the advantage of us by two weeks, this little note—unless indeed it be a defence against an anticipated accusation of plagiarism—is a trifle unjust.

No. 4 (15) has a well-written, somewhat pessimistic little article entitled "Men," from which we learn that in Europe the reins of political government are in the hands of merely *commonplace men*, Gladstone excepted; and, in the whole history of the world, a nobler figure than the man now striving to repair his mistakes of the past and do Ireland justice has seldom been seen. *Commonplace men* are of no use to the State in times like these; therefore France is in a chaos and its politics are dissolved in personalities. Germany has pensioned off its one great statesman—the only one fit to be the ruler of a great empire through the quicksands of the times—and now it is being governed—"no, it is not being governed at all; it is simply *drifting*." The same chaos is in Italy. In Spain, indeed, the Premier might do good work, but he is not allowed to have his way. And so it is in England alone, says *Kringsjaa*, that we see a statesman daring enough to grapple with one of the questions that have absorbed his country's strength and hindered its development, and resolute in his endeavour to solve the problem and make room for other things. The gist of this article on "Men" is, in fact, simply that, in the whole field of politics, there is only one man, in the highest sense of the word, and that is Gladstone, who would be conspicuous as a man and a leader in any case. And—"Gladstone is *growing*." (C)

Poet Lore.

Poet Lore and *Shakespeareana* are the only magazines devoted to pure literature, but while the latter is devoted to Shakespeare-worship entirely, *Poet Lore* promotes the study of Browning and Shakespeare in particular, and comparative literature and criticism in general.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

THE *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the month of November opens with an historic article from an historic pen: a chapter of the history of the Princes de Condé, by Henri d'Orleans, Duc d'Aumale, their successor at Chantilly. This palace, almost totally destroyed at the Revolution, has been rebuilt in all its splendour, enriched with priceless memorials of the history of the Condés of France, and will fall into the possession of the French Academy on the death of its aged possessor, by virtue of his irrevocable deed of gift. The chapter printed in the *Revue* refers to intricate negotiations between Mazarin, Minister of the young King, Louis XIV., and the Crown of Spain, with which Condé (M. le Prince), cousin and rival of Louis, was involved. The quarrel is matter of common history; not so the intention of King Louis to get hold of Chantilly by confiscation. He went there, found himself *fort bien*—"extremely comfortable"—and said to his courtiers that he should include the palace in the treaty. The Duchess de Châtillon writes to Condé that she "hopes not to lose him as a neighbour." M. le Prince replies angrily that he should take the confiscation as an "awful affront." "It is quite false," says he, "that the King ever had a passion for the place. His Majesty never would halt there to see *him*, and if they made Louis go there it was purposely done to vex him,—Condé." "It is the only spot where I can go while I am out of court favour, and as I see no early chance of being restored to that, the least I can claim is a pleasant place in which to pass the time of waiting." Fortunately Chantilly escaped confiscation; the young King contented himself with St. Germain and Versailles, then a hunting-box of Francis I. How Louis made it into the great palace he who runs can read; but the Sun King and his descendants have vanished, while the Duc d'Aumale still is at Chantilly writing the history of his race and on the best of terms with the French Republic.

Spelling Reform by M. Michel Breat, also of the Institute, touches on a very pretty quarrel in the French press, wherein the arguments *pro* and *con* seem to have been tossed about like shuttlecocks. Neither foreign students of French, brought up upon the older literature, nor the natives of conquered Tonquin, can be appealed to in favour of phonetic spelling. The cultivated student buys and treasures up old editions of the French classics, and enjoys the antique appearance of *roy* and *foy*. "What venerable editions do we not see cherished across our frontiers," remarks M. Michel Breat; and the aged Latin language survives in churches and universities and courts of law, beside her own modern daughters. He opines that, if France wrote phonetically, and with any great modifications of the old spelling, her enemies would take it as a proof that she was crumbling to pieces. The complicated English language, which in orthography is, scientifically speaking, the worst of sinners, has been practically taught on all points of the globe to two hundred millions of men.

The last edition of the dictionary of the French Academy was revised in 1835, since when, "if we consider all the tributary themes which poetry, the drama, politics, science and popular slang have brought into the French language in sixty years, it is obvious that something more than a re-edited reprint is required."

Language is a puny creature; it can hardly be lopped of its natural developments to more advantage than a biped or a quadruped could be lopped of its limbs because they are not perfectly straight.

The account of the maritime laboratories in Italy and France is full of interest. The great building in Naples was erected through the indefatigable efforts of a young German Doctor, Herr Anton Dohon, who twenty-five years ago wrung a reluctant permission from the Italian authorities. France has similar establishments at Roscoff and Banyule-sur-Mer.

Monsieur Beaulieu prefixes to his very serious article on "Co-operators" the title of several works in French and English, placing at the head of his list "Three Phases of Co-operation in the West," by the American writer, Amos G. Warner. Here and there we pick out a fact in the long and rather long-winded pages. For instance, *à propos* of Parisian commerce, intending visitors to the gay city should note that public opinion greatly exaggerates the difference between wholesale and retail prices in wine and sugar, but that in medical drugs and butchers' meat the difference is "colossal." Again, in Belgium the Socialists and the Catholics have each started co-operative movements, while in America, Mr. Warner only finds himself able to cite as really successful those founded by the Mormons, which partake of a religious character. From that to the Army and Navy Stores the way is long. But M. Charles Dide discusses our co-operative stores and also the Rochdale Mills, with knowledge. The more profound co-operative ideas seem to demand for their realisation that touch of religious enthusiasm which cannot be summoned up at will in the service of economic science.

The second number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* boasts of no special feature. M. Schure, under the title of "Eastern Sanctuaries," begins what promises to be a light and amusing account of a Frenchman's travels in the East. Cairo, her bazaars and mosques are well described; as is also his experience in what may be styled a dancing hell, to which he was taken by an aged Rabbi.

M. Edmond Planchet's paper, "On the Shores of the Mekong," is a vigorous pleading for the Colonial Empire of France. It goes without saying that he begins with reprobating the English outcry against the French proceeding in Siam, but the pith of the article is summed up in the last half page. The Mekong is one of six great rivers which pouring down from the spurs of the Himalayas traverse China, Tonkin, Laos, and Burmah. The Mekong is more than 3,000 miles in length, and comes through Cochinchina, and the French occupation of Siam has brought them nearer to the English, who wish to utilise the great stream after it has passed out of China proper. So, at least, declares M. Planchet. He thus concludes a paper of much interest:—"So far as we are concerned, if for the last twenty years there has existed emulation between the French and the English in finding the best road into China by the Western Frontier, we must nevertheless leave off struggling if our capitalists will not help our Government to reconstruct the colonial empire imagined by Duplex in the last century. Perhaps the terrible disaster of the Panama Canal will render it difficult to get much help. Our actual situation in Indian China is however excellent, and we must keep it uninjured until the time comes when our moneyed men shall have forgotten this fear of foreign enterprise, and seek higher interest for their savings than that of the French funds, which no longer meets the increasing expenses of life in France." This seems to open a dangerous vista of Eastern speculations to the thrifty, prudent French peasant, on whose patient earnings the savings of the moneyed men must ultimately depend.

THE REVUE DES REVUES.

How well THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS idea has "caught on" is evidenced by the success of the *Revue des Revues*, which was founded in April, 1890, by Mr. Ernest W. Smith, with a view to doing for the French what its English prototype does for the English-speaking world. In 1891, Mr. Smith was succeeded by M. Jean Finot, and under his able editorship the *Revue* has steadily improved. Several new features have been introduced, noteworthy being a selection of the caricatures of the month and



M. JEAN FINOT.

original articles on a variety of topics. Of the latter the best have been the series in the present year on the Literary Movement in Europe, in which each country has been dealt with by a native writer. Among its contributors the *Revue* thus numbers George Barlow, Herbert Spencer, Björnsterne Björnson, Emilio Castelar, Count Tols'oy, Professor Ferrero, Professor Lombroso, and many other eminent men of letters of different nationalities.

With the New Year the *Revue des Revues* will be doubled in size, that is to say, it will appear twice a month, while the price will be as before. As its sub-title, the *Revue* will have *Revue de l'Europe et d'Amérique* to indicate its extended scope; the old features will be retained; more original articles will be given, and notices of new novels, etc., will be introduced.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

In addition to M. Engerand's interesting account of mediæval watering-places, noticed elsewhere, the first number of the *Nouvelle Revue* makes a feature of old-world men and places. M. Perrens, of the French Institute, describes eloquently the life of a sixteenth century apostle of tolerance. The man thus styled was none other than Sebastian Castellion, the author of the celebrated dialogues which, published in 1542, became one of the literary successes of the century. Castellion, a Swiss by nationality, has been styled by one of his critics "the Protestant Fénelon." When the black death burst out in Geneva, he remained in the town, although the pastors fled from the hospitals, and did his best to help the people. But notwithstanding the many proofs of moral and physical bravery which he gave to both his friends and enemies, M. Perrens' hero was publicly condemned by Calvin. With him it seems he only differed on two trifling points, of which the most important was as to what had been the precise spirit in which Solomon had written the Canticle of Canticles. Renan once declared that Castellion was the first to recognise the true character of these writings. Be that as it may, his quarrel with Calvin practically exiled him from Geneva, and he lived a quiet, retired life at Bâle with his wife and family, translating the Bible into Latin and French, and writing constantly in favour of tolerance and universal charity. But Calvin still continued to actively persecute "that infamous pest," "that dog." At last, worn out by

the incessant struggle, Castellion was just preparing to go to take refuge in Poland when death surprised him on the 29th September, 1563, when he was only forty-eight years of age. Although none of his followers at Bâle had dared to defend him during his lifetime for fear of irritating Calvin, his death put the whole town, and especially the University, into mourning.

In the same number M. de Lassus begins what promises to be a remarkable addition to the social history of France, namely a series of articles on the famous Hôtel de Bourgogne, and the origin of the Comédie Française. The Hôtel de Bourgogne, we are told, went through some curious phases, having been built in the reign of St. Louis by the King's brother, the Comte d'Artois, and some centuries passed before the Hôtel de Bourgogne became in any way associated with the theatre. The first plays acted there were Passion plays, which were acted for the benefit of a troupe who styled themselves Brothers of the Passion; but they soon had to make place for King Louis XIII.'s comedians, and it was there that ultimately the famous Italian company really taught the dramatic art to their French *confrères*.

M. G. W. discusses exhaustively the new military law, voted on the 15th of last July by the Reichstag, and attempts to prove that France should follow closely her traditional enemy in military improvement.

M. Diamanti gives a delightful picture of Russian Turkestan and the Trans-Carpathian Railway, or rather that extension of it which penetrates into Turkestan. This Russian possession, by its geographical position, touches on China, Bokhara, and the north of Afghanistan, and is in itself a land where will soon be established coal, tin, copper, gold, silver and lead mines, and should form an unexpected and much-needed addition to the wealth of Russia as a nation. If all that M. Diamanti says is true, Turkestan should form a valuable outlet for the Russian emigrant, for the land, he declares, could easily be made marvellously fertile by means of a system of canalisation, and even now the cotton-growers of Turkestan are amassing year by year enormous wealth.

The second number of the *Nouvelle Revue* contains an interesting article on Princess Anne, the wife of Henry I. and third daughter of Iaroslav, the mediæval Tzar, who has been styled the Russian Charlemagne. To this lady fell the distinction of being the first and last Russian Queen of France; the marriage is said to have taken place some time between the years 1045 and 1051. No portrait exists of this gentle "Roynne Anne," but it is recorded that when the bride made her entry into Paris, she wore the then national Russian costume, a red cloth gown, with a coat to match, with cloth of gold sleeves, red morocco boots, and a cap of blue fox fur, whilst round her neck was a splendid pearl necklace.

M. Delacroix continues his curious series of articles on "The Witchcraft Trials of the Seventeenth Century," and here deals with love-philtres and potions, among other curious facts recalling that Madame de Montespan constantly received the aid of witches in keeping Louis XIV.'s love; on one occasion she gave a sorcerer fifty louis for a love potion. The most efficacious love powders, we are told, were composed of the ashes of a toad, those gathered at the cremation of a child, added to small pieces of a consecrated host. A certain Chamberlain, a Breton, drove quite a trade in wax figures of Love or Death. M. Delacroix declares that hundreds of children were sacrificed in unholy rites at various times, and that as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VARIETY, rather than eminence of interest, marks the November number of this review. The amount of matter possessing a chiefly Transatlantic value is a little greater than usual. Two Senators discourse of "the struggle in the Senate." Governor Flower, of New York State, asking "How to Improve our Roads," argues against "national roads," "State roads," "town roads," and pronounces in favour of "county roads," laid out at county expense. Mr. Erastus Wiman pleads for the free admission of "eggs, as representing all other articles of food," from Canada into the United States. Mr. Lyman's "Ten Years of Civil Service Reform," Mr. Pinkerton's "Highwaymen of the Railroad," Professor H. Kellar's "Magic Among the Red Men," M. de Ghait's "Revision of the Belgian Constitution," and the Marquise de San Carlos' "Parisienne," are noticed elsewhere.

THE SPANISH WOMAN.

Miss Eva Canel describes the lot of "the Spanish Woman" somewhat optimistically. She recalls that some nobles still place before their titles, when signing their names, the initial letter of their wife's name, and exclaims: "Could higher consideration or greater chivalry be asked?"

In Spain there are banking houses that do business under the name of a woman, as there are women doctors serving in the hospitals of the State, and women writers and women journalists, and women doctors in the sciences, and women bachelors in arts, in philosophy, and in letters; and, above all, we have notable women pedagogues, who have raised very high the standard of instruction in Spanish schools. . . . If this be not sufficient, there are the women composers of music, the women painters, and the women sculptors of Spain—a brilliant constellation. . . . And be it remembered that woman in our country has the liberty to choose a husband and to marry the man whom her heart has chosen even without her parents' consent—to such an extent do the Spanish laws favour women.

HOW TO TRY CRIMINAL LUNATICS.

Treating of the "Social relations of the Insane," Dr. H. S. Williams presses for "a slight modification" in the trial of prisoners for whom the plea of insanity is advanced. The courts, he thinks, err "on the side of undue harshness towards the congenital criminal and the inebriate," and his proposal is one that has cogency on this side of the Atlantic also:—

Nothing more is necessary than to waive the question of the defendant's mental condition during the trial by jury, admitting only evidence as to guilt or innocence of the alleged crime as in ordinary trials. If on this evidence the man is convicted, let the court then appoint a commission to inquire into his sanity. Such a commission, acting with due deliberation after the heat of legal controversy has no further sway, would surely stand a far better chance of deciding justly whether the offender were insane or not than could be done in the mystifying legal atmosphere of the ordinary court room. According to the decision of this commission, the criminal would be sent to the ordinary prison or to the asylum for criminals.

THE WELSH VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. John E. Owens discusses the, to him, surprising fact that the Welsh population of the United States, numbering one and a quarter million, have hitherto voted almost solidly Republican. He attributes this fact to the mistaken idea that the British Liberal party, which advocates Home Rule and low tariff duties, is represented by the American Republican, and not the Democratic party, in spite of the historic devotion of the latter to local autonomy and tariff reform. The last Presidential campaign, however, saw many Welshmen

casting Democratic votes; and since the transfer of the Welsh vote would secure the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin, and New York for the Democrats, Mr. Owens begs party managers to dissipate the ignorance of Welsh electors.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. W. H. Mallock reiterates and reinforces the argument that the manager or inventor is the producer of the additional wealth which his management or invention enables a given number of labourers to turn out, over and above the quantity which the same number would have produced without his aid. Miss Bessie B. Croffut describes under the title of "A Tempting Theory in Practice," the state of the Five Civilised Nations in Indian Territory. She finds a refutation of Mr. Henry George's theory in the fact that "although every adult man is the possessor of from 500 to 1,000 acres of arable land wherever he may choose to select it, yet four out of five of these same men prefer to work by the month for little more than their board and clothes." Mr. John Raymond announces "the Decline of Ecclesiasticism," and remarks, as "one of the most striking and significant signs of the age," "the spectacle of an unbelieving world teaching a believing Church the true principles of her religion." For everywhere reformers of every school are crying out, "Preach the Sermon on the Mount and exemplify it." The Church has gone wrong by preaching to an age of action, only the lessons of hope and patience learned in the ages when she suffered persecution. Mr. Raymond predicts a world-wide revival of religion—"of faith in God and love for man, when the brightest dreams of universal brotherhood shall be realised," but expects it to come "in spite of, rather than through the Church."

THE ARENA.

AFTER having dipped for a few months below the average, the *Arena* for November rises above it. Characteristically more "viewy" than factful, the number contains much that is stimulating and entertaining. Rabbi Schindler's "Thoughts in an Orphan Asylum," Mrs. Scammon's "Knowledge the Preserver of Purity," Mr. Powell's "Study of Thomas Paine," Henry Wood's "Medical Slavery through Legislation," and the articles on "The Bacon-Shakespeare Case," are noticed elsewhere. Dr. Cram insists that the "money power" or capitalistic monopoly should be excluded, as the "slave power," which is but one branch of it, was excluded, by amendment of the Constitution of the United States. A very attractive programme for 1894 is announced.

GERALD MASSEY AS POET AND BORDERLANDER.

The editor, Mr. B. O. Flower, writes with great enthusiasm of Gerald Massey, whom he thus appraises:—

He is one of the most graceful and charming lyric poets England has given the world. He is also a seer and philosopher, a mystic and scientific student, a prophet and reformer, while all his work reflects simplicity and purity of life inspired by his high ethical code and lofty faith. For years he has experienced remarkable psychic phenomena within his own home circle. To him have been given tests and evidences which have convinced him beyond all peradventure of doubt that his loved ones who have passed from view are neither in the ground nor in some far-off Heavenly City of the Christian, nor yet in the state of Devachan of the Buddhist, but are around about him in his daily life. He has had proof palpable and of such a reason-compelling character as to leave no doubt in his mind that his dear ones live, love, and move onward. . . . There is little doubt but that Gerald Massey would have become one of England's most famous lyric poets, had he chosen to confine his gifts to subjects pleasing to wealth and conventionalism.

THE FORUM.

THE November number is an exceptionally rich lode. It is stored with treasures of fact and of the thought that shapes the facts of the future. It deepens the impression that in the *Forum* we have one of the very foremost and most valuable periodicals in the world. The most important articles are specially noticed elsewhere. The discussion on "Southern Sentiment and Mob-Law" is continued by the Hon. L. E. Bleckley, Chief Justice of Georgia, who declares "Negro Outrage no Excuse for Lynching," and by Mr. Walter H. Page, who sees in these lynchings "the last hold of the Southern bully." Mr. Page testifies that chastity among the negroes, almost unknown in the time of slavery, has shown as rapid an improvement since emancipation as any wise moralist could expect. He urges upon leading citizens, newspaper editors, churches and caucuses in the South to build up local sentiment and to brand lynching with public horror. General Adam Badeau contributes an interesting sketch of "Hamilton Fish: the Old School and the New." He insists that the Geneva Arbitration was the work of Secretary Fish more than of any other. He gives a very taking account of the stately aristocratic manners of Mr. and Mrs. Fish, of Mrs. Fish's "never allowing a visit to go unreturned, although she received thousands, and once got out of her carriage to find her democratic caller at the wash-tub," and of her persuading her husband against his will into accepting the Secretaryship.

THE AMERICAN SENATE.

"The Decline of the Senate" is discussed in two articles—one, somewhat belated, by Professor von Holst, thundering for a campaign of public meetings to compel the Senate to act on the Silver Question; the other, less impassioned but more weighty, by a writer unnamed, on "The Senate in the Light of History," which concludes that—

The truth of the matter is that at every period in our history we have had the kind of Senate that we deserved to have. When politics was a more dignified profession, we had the best men in the nation in the Senate. When it was pugnacious, we had great fighters in the Senate. Now that it has become in many parts of the Union an ignoble profession, we have a larger proportion of commonplace men and an element of positively ignoble men—men whom it is a shame to honour. It were idle to blame Senators themselves for the change, since it is the people that are to blame.

We put politics on a lower level than our fathers put it. With them it was easily the noblest of the professions. Now it is neglected. . . . We regard politics as a kind of service that we employ men to do who have an aptitude for inducing us to employ them, or men of another class who can afford to live on small salaries.

THE *Ludgate Mont* for some months now has been giving an excellent series of articles on Boys' Schools, Volunteer Corps, Famous Regiments, etc. For those who want very light literature, the *Butterfly* and the *Bohemian* may be recommended.

Sylvia's Journal, which has been quite transformed under Mrs. Graham R. Tomson's editorship, began a new volume in November. The December part forms a special Christmas number, but it is a mistake to page it separately, so that it cannot take its proper place in the volume, when it has to do duty for the December part. It contains an interesting article on Christmas Carols by Mrs. Conyns Carr, suggestions for Church Decorations, a sketch of Mr. F. H. Cowen, besides stories, etc., the whole number being well got up and excellently illustrated.

SOME ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

Harper's.

STORIES of all sorts and sizes form the bulk of "Harper's Christmas Number." Mr. T. P. O'Connor's account of the House of Commons is noticed elsewhere. Howard Pyle, under the title of "A Soldier of Fortune," tells again the story of the notorious Colonel Blood, whose deeds seem more befitting the pages of a sensational romance than sober history—a peaceful country apothecary by day, a fierce and turbulent Fifth Monarchy man by night; at one time kidnapping the Duke of Ormonde, at another unsuccessfully attempting to steal the Crown Jewels; then King's favourite to the dissolute Charles, speedily followed by loss of Court favour, financial ruin, and a friendless death. This month's fiction is peculiarly American, but all good. "How Love Came" is a sacred poem of considerable merit by Alice Sewell, in style like the older carols:—

The night was darker than ever before
(So dark is sin),
When the Great Love came to the stable door
And entered in,
And laid Himself in the breath of kine
And the warmth of hay,
And whispered to the Star to shine,
And to break, the Day.

The Century.

THE *Century* has a group of finely discriminating articles by a trio of writers on Rembrandt and Jan Steen, illustrated by well-chosen engravings of Rembrandt's paintings, and by Steen's "Eve of St. Nicholas." Wallace Wood links together studies by Gérôme Laurens, Puvion de Chavannes, Leighton, and others. The Memoirs and Letters of Edwin Booth are concluded. A brief biography of Berlioz epitomises the tragedy of the musician's life—the tardy recognition of his divine gift. The late Phillips Brooks' Christmas sermon is full of the large charity of a Christly soul. Another brief posthumous paper is by Russell Lowell, on "The Five Indispensable Authors"—Homer, Dante, Cervantes, Goethe, Shakespeare.

McClure's Magazine.

THE November number opens with a portrait of Mr. Frank R. Stockton, and Miss Thomas, the poetess, "dialogue" with him is very daintily decorated with drawings of his house by Mr. H. L. Brown. The "human documents" for the month are portraits of A. Conan Doyle, R. E. Peary, the Arctic explorer, Camille Flammarion, and F. Hopkinson Smith, engineer, artist, and writer. A good portrait of President Cleveland sets off Mr. E. Jay Edwards' investigation in the President's "personal force," which he finds to consist in "character" whose essence is "the courage of truth." Dr. Wm. Wright tells the story, as he had it at first hand, of what his tutor, Rev. W. McAllister, had seen and gleaned of the Brontës in North Ireland—the strange uncles and aunts of the famous writers. The hypnotic experiments of Dr. Luys and their marvellous results are described by Mr. R. H. Sherard, and illustrated by photographs more realistic than pleasing. "Patti at Craig-y-Nos" and "Four Hundred Degrees below Zero"—an interview with Professor Dewar on liquefied oxygen—both profusely illustrated, are noticed elsewhere, and go to make up a very attractive number.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE Christmas number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* is a generous shillingsworth. Bret Harte tells a ghost story of California, and Mr. Astor succeeds in making a very realistic ghost story on the basis of Thiers' "History of Napoleon's Campaigns." The hero is carried in dreams to the snow-fields of Austerlitz and goes through the famous fight by the side of the Czar, is shot by Cossacks and awakes—to die of aneurism, the doctors say; of Russian bullets, he says. Two coloured pictures are beautifully produced. Rudyard Kipling sings of "Bobs." Would the compliment to Lord Roberts be any the less if the language were not quite so redolent of the Old Kent Road? Here is one verse:—

What 'e does not know o' war,
Gen'ral Bobs,
You can ast the shop next door—
Can't they, Bobs?
Oh, 'e's little, but he's wise;
'E's a terror for 'is size,
An'—'e—does—not—advertise—
Do yer, Bobs?

The English Illustrated.

MR. H. W. MASSINGHAM contributes a peculiarly fresh and delightful "Impression of Venice." The illustrations of the article are very pleasing, but the alternation of sepia and blue in the tinting of most of the pictures in the number is trying to the eyes. Mr. Robert Bair propounds in story form this gruesome query—If a husband is mortally wounded and lies helpless, stricken for death, but yet likely to linger till the time-limit for murder trial in America expires, and if his wife, to ensure the hanging of his assailant, smothers the spark of life against her own bosom,—who then is the murderer? There are some dainty illustrations of Herrick's love-songs, and a liberal supply of good fiction by Barry Pain, Max Pemberton, John Strange Winter, and others.

The Strand.

THE *Strand* is chiefly noticeable this month for the description of the Royal Marriage from an Oriental point of view. The writer is the Moulvie Rafiuddin Ahmad, who, as the Queen's Hindustani teacher, has had special opportunities for observation and comment. He has been permitted to reproduce in facsimile the Queen's letter to the nation after the wedding. The article which is profusely illustrated compares our English Royal Marriage ceremonies with those of Eastern potentates. The chapter on "Ears" is concluded, with again a remarkably eclectic selection of illustrations. The Princess of Wales, Ellen Terry, Antoinette Sterling, Sir Frederick Leighton, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Spurgeon, and several novelists lend their ears to the subject. The interview with Sir Henry Halford is elsewhere noticed.

The Idler.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME will stir the sympathies of most authors and would-be authors with his story of "My First Book." Who that writes does not know too keenly the wide disparity between the creation in his brain and that which sees the light on paper? and few are the writers who have not gone through more or less of the weary hunt for a publisher, with its inevitable disappointment and heart-sickening delays. Pity 'tis that while the disappointment and trial come to the many, to the very few comes such success as Mr. Jerome has attained. A capital sketch of the author and editor

forms the frontispiece. The sketch of Mr. Frank Lockwood, Q.C., and the article on "Photography as Evidence," are elsewhere noted.

The Californian.

PERHAPS the most generally interesting article in a specially good number is that upon the cliff-dwellers of America. Last year a scientific expedition was sent out from New York to survey the district where the States of Arizona, Colorado and Utah, and New Mexico join. The party made many important discoveries, and brought back a large store of "finds" in the shape of pottery, weapons, matting, food, and skeletons. Here and there picture-writings and signs on the rockface were found in great plenty:—

The occurrence of the Swastika cross, however, was regarded as the most important discovery made in that group of pictographs. This cross is a Mexican and Central American symbol, and its presence at this distant point would seem to indicate that the inhabitants of the cliffs were conversant to some extent with the religious rites of the nations in the south.

Father Junipero Serra is the subject of a reverently admiring article. "More than any one else of the eighteenth century, he stamped his impress upon the record of Californian history, and fully deserves an honourable place among the illustrious names of the makers of America." Through toil and dangers innumerable, in spite of mortal sickness and disappointments, his missionary zeal spurred him on to a wonderful career among the Mexicans. Irrigation in California bids fair, according to Mr. William Lawson, to solve the problems of agriculture and fruit-culture in that district. "Spirit Photography" is elsewhere noticed, as also "Football in the West."

The Review of the Churches.

THE robust conception of Reunion which the *Review* maintains leads it to introduce topics of difference between the Churches of a kind so "burning" as quite to startle old-fashioned ideas. The two subjects which promoters of good feeling between Anglican and Nonconformist have generally considered "taboo" are Disestablishment and the "religious difficulty" in educational politics. But Dr. Lunn has had the Disestablishment controversy ventilated in his pages long ago; and this month he boldly opens a Round Table Conference on Religious Teaching in Board Schools, with Mr. Athelstan Riley as first contributor! Mr. Riley makes a singularly strong appeal to non-Unitarian Nonconformists to support him in his contention that the Incarnation is not a "sectarian" doctrine. "Logically," he supposes, "undenominationalism may be defined as the residuum of the Christian religion when everything that anybody can possibly object to has been taken out of it"! Archdeacon Farrar contributes a prose-elegy on the late Master of Balliol, which sums up in somewhat vague generalities Dr. Jowett's theological position. Dr. Lunn introduces this month a new feature in a series of sketches of "Philanthropists at Work." The first three groups selected are those connected with Toynbee Hall, the Society for the Assistance of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances, and the Liberator Relief Fund. Mr. Carlik sketch of Mr. Tom Mann's religious history is noticed elsewhere.

THE *Young Gentlewoman* begins a second volume in December, with some new features and general improvements.

THE WASTED WEALTH OF KING DEMOS.

THE NORTHAMPTON "GOOD SAMARITAN SOCIETY."

THE movement for utilising the police and for securing their co-operation with other philanthropic bodies is steadily making headway. It has now reached Northampton.

On Tuesday evening, Sept. 19th, a meeting was held in the Old Council Chamber of that town, in response to an invitation issued by the Mayor, Mr. Henry Martin, suggesting the desirability of establishing in Northampton "a society similar to that which is doing such excellent work in the city of Edinburgh, for helping the suffering and neglected children of our streets, and cognate objects." The Mayor, who presided, read a letter from Mr. M. P. Manfield, M.P., warmly approving the objects of the meeting. He thought such a society as was proposed would be a great good; and if the police could be looked upon as the children's friends, as they really were, a very great deal of good could be done. There were cases where parents could not clothe their children; the society was intended to help them, give them the power to clothe them, and then, if they failed in their duty as parents, to bring them before the magistrates.

Mr. F. G. Adnitt explained the objects of the proposed society. He had had this kind of work on his mind, he said, for some years; but it was not until quite recently—after reading "The Wasted Wealth of King Demos," in *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS*—that he could see his way to forming a committee to carry out what evidently was needed. He communicated with the able and capable Chief Constable of Northampton, who at once sympathised with the object, and agreed that a society might be started on similar lines in Northampton. They did not intend in any way to pauperise the people; they intended to appeal for left-off clothing, and lend out garments. The clothing would still remain the property of the society; every article would be marked, so that it could not be either sold or pawned. They proposed to work through the police force, and to lend clothing in those cases certified by the police as being necessitous. In every large town there was a stratum of society entirely untouched by either church or chapel, Salvation Army, or School Board. The children could not be sent to the schools, and it was most desirable that they should be saved from being criminals. That was the object of the proposed society, which would work in harmony with the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Other branches of useful work would, he thought, grow out of it, such as a truants' school, or soup kitchen in the winter. Four or five interested in the movement met last week and prepared a draft scheme.

OBJECTS AND METHODS.

They proposed to call the society "The Northampton Good Samaritan Society."

Its objects were:—(1) To assist in relieving the wants of the suffering children of our poorer classes; (2) To collect and arrange for the distribution of cast-off clothing for poor children and impoverished adults, in genuinely necessitous cases; (3) To co-operate with the police in the carrying out of the provisions of the Protection and Prevention of Cruelty to Children Act.

Its methods were:—(1) By securing the co-operation of the Borough police, who will be asked to assist the Society by (a) Inquiries as to necessitous cases; (b) Arranging for the assistance of pawnbrokers and second-hand clothes dealers to prevent the improper disposal of the clothing and otherwise; (c) Maintaining continuous observation so as to ensure that the children for whom clothing is supplied really have the benefit of it; (2) By loaning, instead of giving, the clothing provided, and then only in cases certified by the police, to the necessitous. Each article loaned to be impressed with the stamp of the society; this, with other precautions, acting as a fairly effectual check to the improper disposal of the clothing.

It was proposed to appoint at that meeting a deputation to wait upon the Watch Committee to obtain their sanction and support.

In the course of the discussion Father Stanley said he sympathised most cordially. He was very pleased to see that they were going to work on amicable lines, and religious questions were to be left out so that all could work unanimously with the one idea of helping those who needed helping.—The Chief Constable, Mr. Mardlin, said that he was thoroughly convinced that such an association would very materially strengthen the hands of the police. It was not intended that the police should be relieving officers, but that every inquiry should be made and every care taken before anything was done in the way of relief. He produced a photograph of five children in a house in Northampton with absolutely no furniture; poor miserable beings who would be useful members of society if properly looked after.—Mr. Adnitt said it was proposed to have officers who should have absolute discretionary power in regard to the loan of furniture and the gift of food. Of the society which was created by a unanimous vote, the following officers were appointed:—President, the Mayor of the Borough for the time being; treasurer, Mr. F. G. Adnitt; secretary, the Chief Constable.—Mr. Mardlin said if he had the consent of the Watch Committee he should be glad to do what he could, at any rate for the start.

TESTIMONY OF THE CHIEF CONSTABLE.

The Chief Constable writes to me:—"There is every reason to believe that I shall command the unanimous and hearty co-operation of every member of the force in carrying out this work, which I have undertaken to direct and supervise for twelve months. I have reason to believe from the experience already gained that if such a system were universally adopted juvenile crime and depravity would be reduced to a minimum in all large towns. I consider this the most feasible method to adopt to prevent crime, which is one of the first duties inculcated upon the mind of every member as he joins the service."

LATER DEVELOPMENTS.

On November 27th a meeting was held under the presidency of the Mayor and including representatives of most of the leading religious and public bodies, when progress was reported.

The co-operation of the Police had been approved by the Watch Committee, a storehouse had been secured beside the Police Station, and already the work of the Society was begun.

REPORTS FROM HELPERS.

MANCHESTER.

THE Manchester Social Questions Union sends in a report of their General Purposes Committee. It has considered a draft memorial, proposed by the Conditions of the Home Life Committee to the Parks Committee of the Manchester and Salford Corporation, in reference to the adornment of public places and thoroughfares with shrubs. The encouragement of home gardening was considered, as were also the recommendations of the Ladies' Health Society. Petitions were adopted from the Temperance Committee to the House of Commons in support of the Bill of the hon. member for Leeds, to prohibit the sale of intoxicants by licensed victuallers to habitual drunkards, and praying for the insertion in the next Licensing Bill of a clause providing for the appointment of inspectors solely responsible to the Imperial Government. Local business was also attended to, and resolutions passed of importance to the cause of temperance. The hon. secretaries were instructed to arrange with the Lord Bishop of Manchester, President of the Union, for the holding of the first annual meeting about the middle of November. A resolution also was carried that an important sub-committee be appointed to act in prospect of municipal elections, so as to secure the election of such candidates as would be most likely to support the objects of the Social Questions Union.

RADCLIFF AND DISTRICT.

One of the hon. secretaries of the Social Questions Union (who is also one of my Helpers) reports that they have got most of the leading religious and social workers in the town on one or more of their committees. These are six in number, and deal with Temperance, Gambling, Social Purity, Education and Recreation, Labour, and Conditions of Home Life.

BRADFORD.

A Social Reform Union has recently been formed in Bradford. One of its committees are very wisely going specially to study the question of the employment of children in factories as half-timers, with the view of forming a healthier public opinion on the subject.

SHEFFIELD.

Sheffield has just formed a Social Questions League, the objects of which are to promote temperance, social morality, and other practical work for the general well-being of the people. They have set out a goodly list of temperance and social work with which to start.

ROCHDALE.

The first annual report of the Rochdale Social Questions Union registers much good work done and much more contemplated. The Housing of the Poor Committee have carried out the house-to-house visitation of a section of the town, and called the attention of the municipal authorities to the insanitary and other objectionable conditions in which many poor families lived. "As a result an official inspection has been made of the neighbourhoods indicated; most of the cellar dwellings have been ordered to be closed; and all the Lodging-houses have been more or less renovated and cleaned through. A decided change for the better has taken place in some dwellings." If the Town Council cannot be induced to take action forthwith to erect a Model Lodging-house, the Union declares itself bound to devise some other means to meet the need. The Police Court Mission has been taken over by the Union and made the care of a special committee. About one-

third of the persons brought before the magistrates for drunkenness have been induced to sign the pledge. The Temperance and Recreation Committees combined to form a Temporary Labour Bureau and Meeting Room for the unemployed last winter. The Smoke Nuisance Committee have collected information as to its abatement in other towns, and engaged an expert to take observations of mill chimneys in Rochdale. These observations were published, laid before the municipal authorities, challenged, tested, and confirmed. Observations have now been taken every week for the past month and have been published. They show that a great improvement has taken place. The membership has numbered 109; the subscriptions amount to £40.

How to Punish the Drunkard.

A THOROUGHGOING defence of the moderate use of alcohol, which he extols as a food, is contributed to the *Humanitarian* by Sir Dyce Duckworth, M.D. He urges that little be taken; that it be good of its kind, and that it be taken at meals. To prevent misuse, he would penalise the supply of alcohol to any non-adult, and he urges that drunkenness should be punished by some legally enforced personal stigma; by the infliction of corporal punishment, and by disfranchisement on the second conviction.

What Becomes of Old Governesses?

A FRIEND of mine at Cambridge writes to me to suggest that any of our helpers, or any philanthropic lady or gentleman or members of Boards of Guardians, who are disposed to throw a little light upon one of the most obscure phases of English social life, would be doing good service if they were to undertake a careful inquiry in the workhouse or union, as to how many of the inmates have been engaged, in their earlier days in teaching other people's children, or in doing work more or less connected with teaching. "Heaven only knows," she writes, "what becomes of poor governesses when they reach middle life! If they are not in the workhouses, where are they? Workhouse masters, matrons, or clerks to Boards of Guardians might, without much difficulty, draw up a very valuable return as to the percentage of women in workhouses over fifty years of age who have not only themselves been educated, but have been engaged in educating others." My own impression is that this solution of the mystery will not stand the test of examination. So far as my experience goes—which I admit is not very extensive—the number of old governesses in workhouses is very small. Still, as our correspondent presses the point, I shall be very glad of more definite information on the subject.

MR. EDWARD FLOWER, Secretary of the Recreative Evening School Association, sends his latest pamphlet, "The New Code, and How to Use It"—a perfect *multum in parvo* on the subject.

Atalanta for December appears as a double number. Mr. Edwin Oliver has an article on "Haddon Hall"; Mr. Benjamin Taylor contributes another on rings, under the title of "The Golden Circle"; and Mr. R. Farquharson Sharp continues his short sketches of Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen." Last month he wrote about "Das Rheingold;" this time he has "Die Walküre" for his subject. The articles are all well illustrated.

POETRY IN THE PERIODICALS.

THE death of Mrs. Frances Wynne, according to the pathetic narrative of her sister poetess, Mrs. Hinkson (Katharine Tynan), in *Longman's* for November, took place on August 9, "the night that London was visited by the great thunder-torm," just six days after the birth of her boy. "When her child was born, and she heard it was a son, her cup of happiness was full, for she had desired a boy; she passed away in the full light of that new-found joy, sinking peacefully in an exhaustion that had no pain." Mr. Andrew Lang writes in the same magazine of "the charm of Mrs. Wynne's natural happy melodies, flowing like a well beside the waste," and these verses of hers, which he now publishes, beautifully illustrate his criticism:—

RAIN MAGIC.

Is this the selfsame town that we wakened to this morning,
Where the heavy fog hung low and the lamps burned vague and red;
Or has it vanished quite, and, without a word of warning,
Has some city of our dreams risen silently instead?
For every dingy street is a fair and gleaming river,
And every narrow court is a shining waterway;
And rippled shafts of light glisten everywhere a-quiver,
Here a splash of ruddy gold, there a sudden silver ray.
There are burnished golden bars where were lengths of rusty railing;
There are serried silver slopes where the roofs rose gaunt and high;
And a red and purple cloud down the windy west is sailing,
And a brave moon struggles pale up a wind-swept space of sky.

THE November *Century* publishes a poem of eighty lines, which Emerson wrote—

"TO LOWELL ON HIS FORTIETH BIRTHDAY."

"Strength for the hour," was the fortune the muse

"sung for him." The "man of marrow, man of mark," was—

Too well gifted to have found
Yet his opulence's bound;
Most at home in mounting fun,
Broadest joke, and luckiest pun;
Masking in the mantling tones

Of his rich, laughing voice,
In speeding troops of social joys,
And in volleys of well-nirth,—

but should there come days of stress and sorrow, "a time and tide too exigent, when the old mounds are torn and rent"—

Then the pleasant band will know
To put this frolic mask behind him,
Like an old summer cloak,

And in sky-born mail to bind him,
And single-handed cope with Time,
And parry and deal the thunder-stroke.

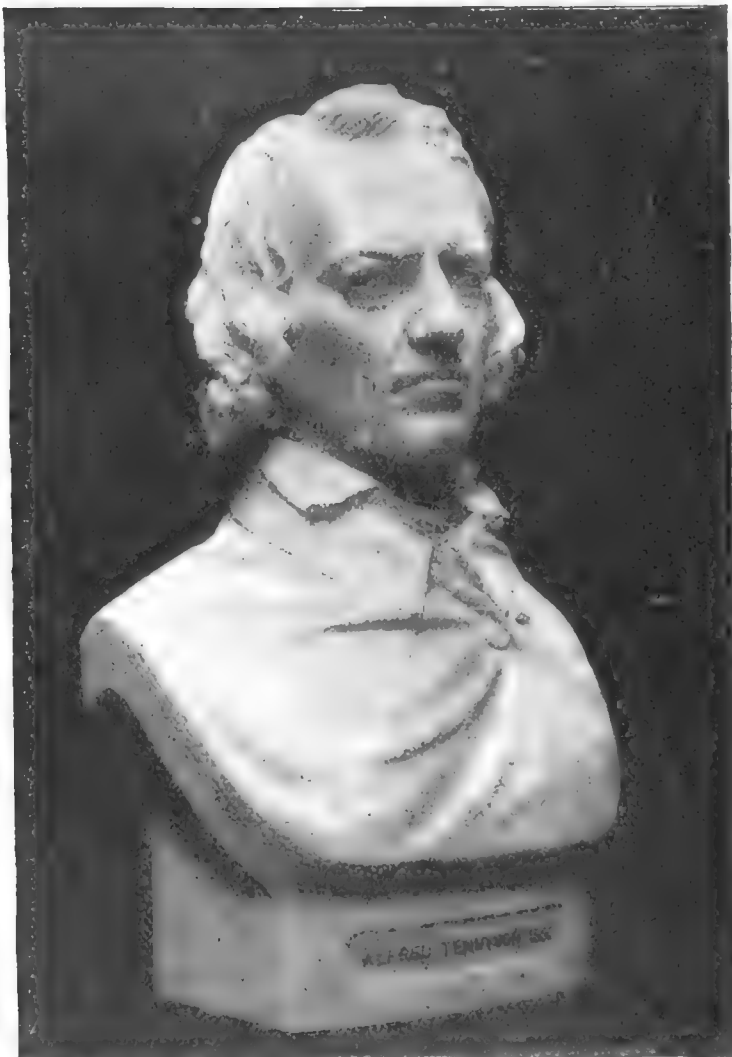
Emerson here showed himself veritably a fore-seer.

A TENNYSON BUST FOR POETS' CORNER.

THE photographic reproduction of a bust of the late Lord Tennyson as he was in 1857, which we give here, is from a piece of work executed by Mr. Thomas Woolner, R.A., for Mr. Charles Jenner, of Edinburgh. Mr. Jenner, whose name was and is almost a household word in Edinburgh, was a very great admirer of the Laureate, whose intimate friendship he possessed for many years.

As a proof of his enthusiastic admiration, he commissioned Mr. Woolner to execute this bust, which just before his death a short while ago he presented to Lady Tennyson, in order that it might be placed by the poet's grave in Westminster Abbey. The bust is now being exhibited at the Edinburgh Industrial Museum, but it will very shortly be removed to London.

THERE is nothing of extraordinary interest in the *Magazine of Art* or the *Art Journal*. In both the illustrations greatly enhance the interest of the letterpress.



From a Photograph by]

[A. Swan Watson, Edinburgh.

BUST OF LORD TENNYSON, BY THOMAS WOOLNER, R.A.

THE BATTERSEA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

A PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY FOR SOUTH-WEST LONDON.

MAKE a map of London—one that shows the principal streets and chief railway lines—and look at the area which lies south of the river. The “silver streaming Thames” runs as softly to-day as it did when Spenser wrote his “Prothalamion”; but how different are its banks to what they were in the “spacious times of great Elizabeth.” Then they were

“... painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meads adorn'd with dainty gems
Fit to deck maidens' bowers,
And crown their paramours.”

In the present year of grace they are marked by wharves, docks, piers, landing-stages, warehouses, railway stations, and all else that is essential to the commerce of the greatest city of the greatest Empire in the world. This is as true of the south bank of the river at, or in the neighbourhood of, Battersea, as of the better known portions near London Bridge, Wapping, Rotherhithe, Ratcliff or Shadwell. And the land lying south of the river at Battersea—how changed the picture which it presents upon the map to-day from that which one may see in (say) Rocque's map of London, published in 1745! In place of the half dozen or more of heaths and commons which then existed, and of fields innumerable, we discern a labyrinthine network of streets, together with railway and tramway systems as perplexing as may be found anywhere upon the habitable globe. For South-west London, as it is called, has almost as crowded a

population as that of the East-end. And this population, it may be observed, is for the most part exclusively English.

It has, we believe, been estimated that the three parishes of Battersea, Clapham, and Wandsworth contain considerably more than a hundred and fifty thousand people within their borders. The heads of families in these parishes are mainly skilled artizans, clerks, or labourers. They constitute, beyond all question, a very important community—one whose powers for good and for evil in this vast metropolis are very considerable. What has been done to educate them? What measures have been taken to train them to use worthily the powers which they possess? What steps have been taken to make them better workmen, worthier citizens, happier men? Practically, no steps have been taken: in truth, nothing has so far been done.

Very different has been the fortune of the East-end of London. Enthusiastic young graduates have from time to time gone thither to lecture to the people concerning Greek tragedy, the philosophy of Plato, the painters of the Renaissance, or the poetry of Dante: a popular novelist has discovered that Whitechapel, Bow, and Stepney have the most romantic associations, and has made their people live for us by the never-failing magic of his sympathetic pen. To that novelist is due an institution which, whatever its success may have been or may be, was boldly conceived, and (at the beginning) rich in promise



BATTERSEA POLYTECHNIC.

for the future. The East-end possesses a People's Palace; but south of the river, in the thickly-populated districts of Battersea, Clapham, and Wandsworth, where there live folks as deserving as any that are to be found east of Aldgate, there is not—or, rather, there has not been up to the present—any institution of the kind in existence.

They are now about to change all that. There was formed some time ago a body termed the South London Polytechnics Committee, which body, under the presidency of Mr. Evan Spicer, set to work to do for South London what Mr. Walter Besant and certain charitable corporations had done for the East-end. Two years ago or more that Committee dissolved, leaving its work to be continued by the governing body of the Battersea Poly-

technic Institute. Similarly, the governing body of the Battersea Polytechnic made up their minds to provide workshops for various trades, as well as physical and chemical laboratories, photographic-rooms, art-rooms, music-rooms, and numerous class-rooms and lecture halls, and to arrange for instruction in Technology (including art applicable to plumbing, carpentry, bricklaying, pattern-making, mechanical and electrical engineering, and chemical trades); in science generally, according to the regulations of the Science and Art Department; in art (including wood-carving and metal chasing); in music, in commercial subjects, and in subjects specially interesting to women. The governing body determined, moreover, to give accommodation for social work, for clubs and



MR. EDWIN TATE.



ALDERMAN EVAN SPICER.

technic Institute, which included in its membership several well-known gentlemen nominated by the Committee of the South London Polytechnic Institutes, by the governing body of the City Parochial Charities Trust, by the London County Council, by the London School Board, and by "co-optation." This governing body at once began to form an Institute which should provide technical and scientific education "with reference to the requirements of the district." Mr. Walter Besant's "school" in the original Palace of Delight, it may be remembered, "consisted of a great number of quite small rooms, fitted with desks, tables, and whatever else might be necessary. Some of these rooms were called music-rooms, and were intended for instruction and practice on different instruments. Others were for painting, drawing, sculpture, modelling, wood-carving, leather-work, brass-work, embroidery, lace-work, and all manner of

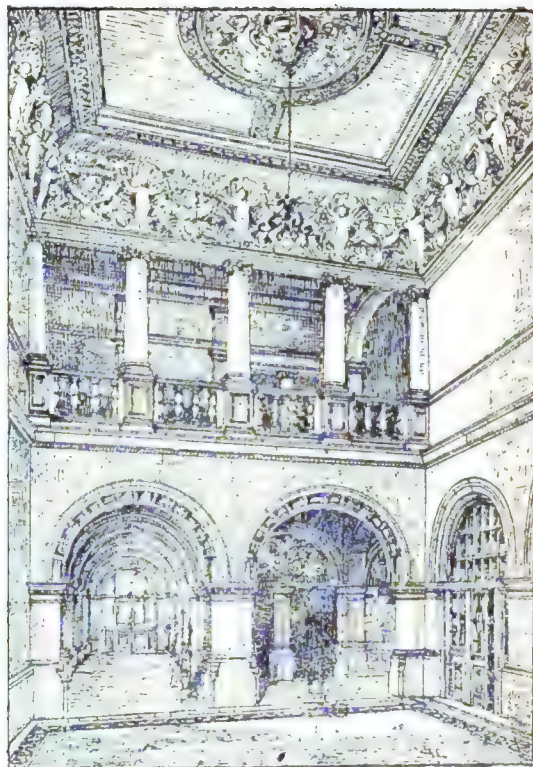
social rooms, to provide two gymnasia, refreshment and reading rooms, and to build a swimming bath and a great hall.

This was a large order—one which obviously necessitated a very respectable credit-balance at the Institute's bankers. Vain would have been the untutored eloquence and the far-reaching influence of a John Burns, vain also the wide experience of a Mr. Henry Cunynghame, without money enough to build and support the Institute that had been planned. An appeal to the public for £60,000 had accordingly to be made; and in response to that appeal more than £50,000 had been obtained before the close of the autumn of 1891. At present some £3000 are required to complete the scheme, and to secure the handsome endowment of £2500 a year which the Charity Commissioners have promised towards the permanent support of the Institute. If that sum of £3000 be not

forthcoming, the annual subsidy from the Commissioners will only amount to £1500. For this reason the governing body earnestly appeal to those who are interested in the social and educational welfare of the people to assist them in carrying out to its "fullest extent" the Scheme which was prepared with so much care, and in erecting an Institute which in its design and construction shall make complete provision for the social and educational wants of the vast population of South and South-west London.

With a view to making this same "complete provision for the social and educational wants," etc., the governing body, some two or three years ago, acquired from Mr. Plunket, then Her Majesty's Commissioner of Works, as a site for the Institute, a piece of land of about two and a quarter acres in extent, formerly the property of the Albert Palace Association, whose luckless and deserted structure stands hard by the new building. Having thus got a site, as well as a cool fifty thousand, the committee looked around for an architect and builder who should between them construct the lordly edifice which they desired to put up. The architect whom they selected was Mr. E. W. Mountford, a Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects; while the builders whose tender turned out to be the lowest were Messrs. Holloway Brothers, a local firm held in high repute in Battersea and in the neighbourhood. As the money in hand was not sufficient to carry out in its entirety the scheme proposed by Mr. Mountford, it was decided by the governing body to defer the erection of certain portions of the building, and thus bring the scheme within the means available. The raising of the Great Hall, and of sundry other structures, was therefore postponed for the time being. The Institute itself was, however, immediately begun, and is to-day on the way of being an accomplished fact.

Those who have had occasion to ride along the Battersea Park Road in a tram-car—cabs are few and far between in that vicinity—cannot fail to have noticed the imposing structure in brick and freestone that has gradually grown up near the Albert Palace. It consists, as far as the ground-floor is concerned, of two blocks of buildings placed parallel to the Battersea Park Road, the front block occupying the whole southern side, and the back the whole of the northern side of the site. Shorter blocks at right angles to these form connecting links with each



THE ENTRANCE HALL

extremity and in the centre, by which connections two spacious quadrangles are formed. Three large corridors suffice for the whole of the ground-floor: the south, which is ten feet wide, runs the whole length (some 300 feet) of the front block; the north does the same for the rear block, while another corridor running north and south connects the two centrally.

Let us suppose for a moment that we are coming into the Institute by way of the chief entrance facing the Battersea Park Road. A spacious hall rising through two floors first attracts attention. The south corridor crosses at the back of this hall, and is here joined by the central staircase rising from the point of junction. To the right of the entrance is to be found the administrative department—the secretary's office, the clerk's office, and the room set apart for the principal. At the left are numerous social rooms—a reading-room, and a common-room in which men who are members will be permitted to play draughts, bagatelle, etc., as well as to continue other pursuits of an equally harmless and edifying character. On this same floor are also gymnasias for both men and women, refreshment-rooms, and lavatories. A swimming bath will be constructed here in due course, and a large hall for meetings, concerts, and the like ere long be built. At the back of the edifice and on the ground floor are the boiler-room, the engine and dynamo room, and the engineers' workshop. For, be it noted, the Battersea



THE GREAT HALL.

Polytechnic intends above all things to consider the claims of those who are desirous of becoming engineers, especially electrical engineers. The authorities, therefore, deemed it advisable that the Institute should be lighted by electricity, and acting upon the suggestion of Professor Garnett, of the Durham College of Science, fitted up compound engines capable of giving 100 h.p., the exhaust steam of which will be utilised for heating the building. The engine-room will moreover be fitted with a smaller engine, and with two dynamos and accumulators capable of supplying current enough to run 700 lights.

The whole of the first floor of the front block will be occupied by class-rooms. Here things many and marvellous will be taught by day and in the evening; here sweet music will from time to time be discoursed (in rooms with double doors and with walls of extra thickness and special impenetrability to sound); here women students and members will have their class, club, and reading-rooms; here also will be drawing and electrical schools. On the second floor will be found a dozen or more of rooms for the use of those who are studying art and the science of chemistry. Laboratories and lecture theatres, studios (lighted from the north) and rooms for modelling, metal-chasing, wood-carving, and photography, occupy for the most part the available space at the top of the building.

With regard to the outside of the edifice, one may without any appreciable shock to one's artistic instincts admit that the architect has striven, not unsuccessfully, to bring some beauty of form and of colour under the daily observation of the persons who from time to time use or pass by it. The style of the building is modern—"nineteenth-century renaissance" Mr. Mountford calls it. The walls are built of red Suffolk brick and Bath stone, while the roofs are covered with red Broseley tiles. The chief ornamental features are ten statues representing Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and Engraving, (these four are in the west gable); Poetry and Music (these fill the two central gables); and Chemistry, Electricity, Mathematics, and Engineering (these adorn the east gable). The central hall is the only ornamented part of the interior of the building. This has an enriched plaster ceiling and a glass mosaic floor made in Battersea.

Such, briefly described, is the structure which the Prince of Wales is to declare open before the beginning of the coming year. What do the quarter of a million of inhabitants who, we are assured, swarm in South-west London propose to do with it? "The experience of

existing institutes shows clearly"—we are quoting from the official report for 1892—"that the people will eagerly avail themselves of the benefits afforded by these Polytechnics." We trust that they may do so in Battersea and the surrounding district. Judged from the point of view of Applied Science and of Technology, the arrangements that are being made leave little to be desired. There will be a Day School, which will be opened on the 8th of next month, at which a boy will have an opportunity of acquiring a thoroughly sound and useful knowledge of applied science, while his general education will not be neglected. He will, for example, be trained in mathematics, and he will be taught French, English,

and drawing. The complete school course for day pupils will extend over the period of three years. The evening classes are intended, of course, to cover a considerably wider range of subjects, and are bound to be popular in a district which contains so many large firms of engineers, founders, chemists, candle and match manufacturers, and builders. There are, moreover, to be special Saturday classes for teachers (men and women), each of which will be devoted to a lecture and to practical work in the laboratories, workrooms, and workshops.

The teaching staff which has been engaged would seem to be a very adequate one. The principal of the Institute (who, by the way, is alone responsible to the Governing Body) is Mr. Sidney H. Wells, a Whitworth Scholar, who was trained at Maudslay's, and who subsequently taught Engineering at Dulwich College and at the Yorkshire College, Leeds. Mr. Wells's assistants are Dr. Sumner, Mr. S. H. Davies, B.Sc., and Mr. W. E. Walker. Mr. W. G. Thomas, formerly Head Master of the St. Thomas Charterhouse School of Art, will be in charge of the Art Department, and Dr. Ralph



MR. SIDNEY H. WELLS (PRINCIPAL).

Dunstan in charge of that devoted to Music.

But what of the Sunday? Is this huge pile of buildings to remain absolutely unutilised for purposes of social enlightenment and edification on the one day in the week when people are freest to profit by them? Possibly the Governors may have plans to prevent such a waste of the wealth of King Demos. A decision out of regard to denominational susceptibilities to make no use of the class-rooms on Sunday would be a poor compliment to religion. There can surely be no objection, on ground of "the religious difficulty," to employing some, at least, of the rooms for educational as distinguished from proselytising work on a Sunday. It is agreed on all hands that one great want of the times is ethical teaching. Working men especially are eager to learn the

ethical obligations belonging to their industrial, civic, and political life. Is there any better day than Sunday for instruction in morals? or is there any reason why Battersea Polytechnic should not aim at becoming for one day in the week, at least, a people's Ethical University? In place of the neutral exclusive policy which sectarian jealousies have enforced in the past, a policy inclusive of the chief types of moral education might be tried with no little hope of success. There is room enough in that magnificent suite of class-rooms for every variety of ethical teaching which has any serious claim to be heard.

There ought certainly to be little difficulty in arranging, by way of tentative commencement, for courses of Sunday afternoon lectures on Christian Sociology, or the Christian laws of social life, dealing in succession with the home, the civic, the national, and the international state, the spheres of industry and exchange, the pursuits of science and of art. Some Anglican body, such as the Christian Social Union, might, perhaps, arrange one such course. Some body occupying an analogous position among Nonconformist churches might give a second, if indeed Nonconformist and Anglican might not co-operate in the comparatively neutral realm of Christian ethics. Subsequent courses might be given by Comtist, Spencerian, and other teachers. Precautions against frivolous or immoral, or obtrusively polemical teaching could easily be taken by the Governors. Lecturers could readily be given to understand that exposition, not controversy, was required, but otherwise they must be left perfectly free. And there can be little doubt that even the least Church-minded among our artisans would be glad to know from competent teachers how social relationships and responsibilities are interpreted by Christian ethics. The cost of the proposed series of lectures need not be great. If the funds at the disposal of the Governors do not yet admit of the outlay, the Christian and other ethical societies referred to might find means to carry out the idea. Were it once successfully realised in Battersea, said to be the largest institution of the kind in London, the Governors would soon have the pleasure of seeing their precedent of a People's Ethical University widely followed.

Is Race-prejudice a Protestant Instinct?

In an earnest exhortation to the readers of the *Catholic World* for November, to ameliorate "The Negro Race: their Condition Present and Future," the Very Rev. J. R. Slattery states that "Protestantism may in part be held responsible for the irreligion and immorality of the negro." He argues that:—

The widely-spread race prejudice, as powerful in the North as in the South, though shared by Catholics as well as by others, is truly a Protestant instinct. . . . From the baptism of Clovis, when the haughty Gaul despised the Goth fully as much as ever our Southern whites despised the blacks, to the crowning of Charlemagne as the common head of an undivided people, only the same period of time elapsed as that between the introduction of slavery into our territory and the present day. Yet it was long enough for the Catholic Church to blend the master and slave into one, and to make the new race the custodian of the ancient and the beginner of modern civilisation. Nor was it different with Goths and Romans in Italy, with Normans and Saxons in Great Britain. Even in our day and in our own hemisphere, whatever misery afflicts Spanish America, the Catholic instinct of human equality has delivered it from race antagonisms. There is no negro problem in Catholic South America.

Reunion Canvass in St. Louis.

DR. MONRO GIBSON, in the sketch of "The World's Sunday-School Convention in St. Louis," which he contributes to the *Sunday at Home*, recounts how one of the speakers told

of the way in which the Sunday-school superintendents and teachers of St. Louis, organised into an Evangelical Christian Union, have planned and executed a canvass of the city, the object of which is to reach every family, and, as far as possible, every individual, for the purpose especially of inviting to some convenient church and Sunday-school all who have drifted away from, or have never enjoyed, Christian fellowship and instruction. The whole city had been moved by it, and the thoroughness with which the work is done may be inferred from the fact that in the second year of the canvass they were able to report the visiting at their homes of as many as three hundred thousand people, and the gathering in of many wanderers to the different churches.

"The only parallel," remarks Dr. Gibson, "I know to this,"

is the house-to-house visitation of the town of Bradford (on the initiation, however, not of the Sunday-school teachers, but of the Nonconformist ministers), which, strange to say, was commenced at the very same time quite independently, as if the Spirit were moving hearts in the east and in the west with the same impulse, and leading them to the same results. I found the St. Louis people quite in ignorance of the work at Bradford, and it is probable that the Bradford workers have known as little of the St. Louis enterprise . . .

The movement in both places is exceedingly hopeful, especially as showing the possibility of Christian union, not only on neutral lines, but in the direct and specific work of the Church.

A Civic Centre in the Far West.

THE *Century* describes what it calls "an interesting experiment in municipal reform," which was carried out a year or more ago in a Western city of about 7000 inhabitants:—

There was a feeling among many of its citizens that the interests of the city would be promoted, and the public welfare enhanced, if the community as a whole could be brought to take a lively interest in the conduct of its affairs. In others words, they set themselves about the task of fostering public spirit and local pride. For this purpose they formed an association consisting of the ministers of such churches as could be induced to join the movement, and a certain number of prominent citizens representing all religious and political creeds. This association adopted as its constitution the following brief declaration of purposes:—

"The object of this association shall be the promotion of municipal affairs in this city. It shall foster and encourage a good moral tone, uphold correct business principles, promote hygiene, and also interest itself in proper methods of education. It shall encourage the execution of the laws, uphold the officials in the performance of their duties, and recommend and urge the passage of such other ordinances, rules, and regulations as may be of public benefit."

Committees were appointed on several branches of municipal administration, with directions to collect and collate accurate information pertaining to the different departments, and to report to the association with such recommendations as they saw fit; all such reports and recommendations to be laid before public meetings, which were to be called from time to time for their consideration. The newspapers of all parties have sustained the movement from the outset, and its career promised to be one of great usefulness.

GIFT LITERATURE.

A GUIDE TO THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS OF 1893.

WHAT shall we give our children, our brothers, our sisters, our friends? Every year this question recurs, and every year if only one is lucky enough to know one's way about the bookshops, the question becomes easier to answer. But then few people are lucky enough or wise enough to have this knowledge, and there is no confusion greater than that to be found in a bookseller's shop a week or so before Christmas. Every one is turning over the same batch of books, and with the babel of tongues and the variety of wares the unhappy purchaser is rent almost asunder. It is then with the intention of assisting as far as possible our readers to make their choice out of the new books of the season that we this year, as in preceding years, give a brief survey of what is best in the gift literature of the moment. There are many, of course, who—and perhaps very wisely—ignore the new books, and simply fall back on the old ones for presents: to such we would suggest that this is pre-eminently an age of new editions, and that the last two or three years have seen the publication of re-issues of the old writers in forms that would make the hands of the old book-lovers itch with envy. There is, for instance, that very sumptuous edition of Sir Walter Scott that Mr. J. C. Nimmo is producing under the editorship of Mr. Andrew Lang. The romances, with one or two exceptions, cover two volumes, the price for the two being but twelve shillings net. Then, for those who do not care for Sir Walter's "Big Bow-Wow strain" there is Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.'s charming little edition of Miss Austen—at half-a-crown a volume—or the similar editions of the Brontës, Miss Edgeworth, Love Peacock, and Miss Burney. Here is a choice for the lovers of what is old! Or, if it is for boys you want a book of the past, you can start them on Alexandre Dumas with "The Three Musketeers" in that new edition which for the first time has made the master of Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan outwardly attractive to English readers. Here again the publishers are Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co., the price for the two volumes being seven shillings.

But, after all, it is children that have our first thought: for there is an embarrassment of riches. Mr. Jacobs' "More English Fairy Tales" we noticed last month, but there still remains a big pile of absolutely important additions to nursery literature—to say nothing of heaps upon heaps of toy-books.

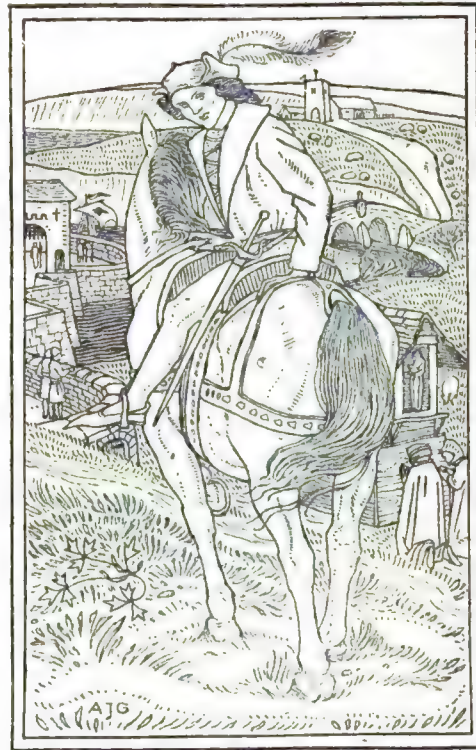
RIVAL HANS ANDERSENS.

Last month we said, incidentally, that if any nursery writer showed signs of being elbowed out by modern competitors it was Hans Andersen. And before our words had appeared we received two new editions, each so charming that the only difficulty is to praise one without appearing to cast a slight upon the other. Luckily the volumes make their appeal to children of somewhat different ages. There is no girl, or boy either for the matter of that, of twelve and over who will not welcome with delight the edition which has been newly translated by Dr. Oskar Sommer.* It is in two volumes, which are sold separately; and each volume contains a plenitude of pictures by a new illustrator, Mr. Arthur J. Gaskin, who is very successful in a somewhat mannered. One of the smallest we reproduce here. Technically, both outwardly and inwardly the books are a delight: excellent rough paper, good clear print, and a cover attractive, sober, and serviceable make these volumes the books of the season for those nurseries which have not already a trustworthy Hans Andersen. Fancy, eight hundred pages of as good fairy tales as were ever written—"Little Claus and Big Claus," "The Snow Queen," "The Ice Maiden," "The Tinder Box," "The Goloshes of Fortune," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier"—why, one reads them all again with a lump (of delight) in one's throat! The other edition† is suitable for children of less years. The translation—a new one, too, by Mr. R. Nisbet Bain, who also contributes a short introduction—is quite as excellent, and the type is larger, while the sixty-five illustrations, by Mr. J. R. Weguelin, are perfectly charming: we are only

debarred from reproducing one or two by their size. The cover of the edition is a thing of joy; indeed, the book is a sumptuous one altogether, and the little children who get it will be happy for weeks. Andersen has never before been adequately translated, and now we have two editions admirable in every way.

FROM "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS."

This book is designed *virginibus puerisque*, says Miss Dixon of her excellent collection of "Fairy Tales from



"I SHALL RIDE FORTH INTO THE WORLD," SAID THE ELDEST BROTHER.

(From "Stories and Fairy Tales.")

* "Stories and Fairy Tales." By Hans Christian Andersen. George Allen and Unwin, 6s. each.

† "The Little Mermaid and other Stories." By Hans Christian Andersen. Lawrence and Bullen. 12s. 6d.

the Arabian Nights,"* and we gather from the words "First Series" on the bastard title the welcome news that there is "more to follow." The stories in their new



THEY SAW AN OFFICER AND TWO SOLDIERS.

(From "The True Story Book.")

form—they are but slightly abridged, as a matter of fact, from Galland's text of 1821—read very well, and their dress (with the exception of singularly tasteless end-papers) is particularly appropriate and attractive. An interesting fact, too, is disclosed by this book: Mr. J. D. Batten, whose illustrations to Mr. Jacobs' fairy series have won him fame in every English-speaking nursery, is even more successful in large designs reproduced by some process which gives the appearance of etching, and which allows of light and shade, than in his less ambitious black and white sketches. The frontispiece of the Sultan's Daughter contending with the Genie, for instance, is a masterpiece of decorative and illustrative design, while the picture of Sindbad's Ship pursued by the Roc is full of terror, and of the right sort of imagination. Here certainly is one of the best children's books of the year.

MR. ANDREW LANG'S ANNUAL.

Mr. Andrew Lang must take care or his name will be better known in the nursery than it is in the study. Every year now we look forward to a new book issued under his ægis, and never are we disappointed in its quality. This year, however, he has deserted fairyland for the moment, and has taken his children-readers into the realms of truth—if there can be greater truth than there is to be found in Grimm and Andersen. But his "True Story Book"† is such good reading, so interesting, and so exciting, that children will soon forget the disappointment with which he pictures the receiving "a volume full of adventures, which actually happened to real people!" Mr. Lang is delightfully catholic in his choice of subjects. Adventures among Red

Indians, Casanova's escape, Prince Charlie's escape, the Spartan Three Hundred at Thermopylæ, Kaspar Hauser, the two great University Cricket Matches of 1870 and 1875, Cæsar Borgia's escape, the tale of Isandhlwana and Rorke's Drift—the last stirringly told by Mr. Rider Haggard—and the Conquest of Montezuma's Empire are among the subjects. And for fear that a child "may fear that he is being taught under a specious pretence of diversion," the stories have been well mixed up, "so that no clear and consecutive view of history can possibly be obtained from them." To the story of the conquest of Mexico, Mr. Lang, believing it to be "the best true story in the world, the most unlikely, and the most romantic," has wisely given nearly a third of the whole book. And a rattling, stirring, exciting book of adventures it makes—as good a book of its sort as we ever expect to see. It is profusely and very well illustrated, too, as our readers can see from the pictures we reproduce. No children, we make bold to say, but will forgive Mr. Lang, when once they see the "True Story Book," for not giving them more fairy tales; but they will be joyfully expectant of the fulfilment of the promise made in the last verse of the dedication:—

For Fairyland's the land of joy,
And this the land of pain,
So back to Fairyland, my boy,
We'll journey once again!

MR. LANG'S OWN FAIRY STORY.

But, after all, we find that Mr. Lang has not deserted fairyland. He has made a fairy tale of his own, and at this he is certainly no novice. "Princess Nobody," the tale which he spun round "Dick" Doyle's



THE ZULU MARKSMANSHIP WAS POOR.

(From "The True Story Book.")

illustrations, seems as spontaneous and to the manner born as any of the old legends, while "Prince Prigio" had merits not a few. It is to "Prince Prigio" that he

* "Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights." Edited by E. Dixon. J. M. Dent and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

† "The True Story Book." Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans. 6s.

has now essayed to produce a sequel in "Prince Ricardo of Pantouflia";* and a very delightful story it is. Prince Ricardo is a young man who would never mind his books, but was always after a giant, or a dragon, or a magician, whom, as he was equipped with a magic carpet, seven-leagued boots, a sword of sharpness, and a cap of darkness, he never failed to conquer. Then there is a charming princess whom Prince Ricardo rescued, and who could "turn herself into anything—a mouse, a fly, a lion, a wheelbarrow, a church!"—at a moment's notice. These certainly are materials enough for a good fairy tale, and when Mr. Lang makes his hero go through all sorts of wonderful adventures, including an attempt to set Prince Charlie on the throne of England, his children readers, we find, become quite enthusiastic. Ricardo's father objects to his constant use of these magic powers, and to teach him self-reliance deprives him of them. Consequently Ricardo gets into a scrape, to liberate him from which, King Prigio has to make a journey to the Moon on a flying horse, and another journey to Manoa in Peru, Sir Walter Raleigh's City of the Sun. Mr. Lang is nothing if not modern and allusive: he brings in the game of golf and crystal-gazing, and one of his characters emulates Buckingham's behaviour when D'Artagnan came after the queen's necklace in "The Three Musketeers." Mr. Gordon Browne's many illustrations are very much in keeping with the story.

TWO MORE FAIRY BOOKS.

If those children who have been born in the last ten years are only half lucky, they will have got together quite a little library of books of fairy tales. We wonder whether they will give Sir George Douglas's "Scottish Fairy and Folk Tales"† a place. Scotch children are serious, we suppose, and they may take kindly to Sir George's scientific preface (an address delivered at the Royal Institution), and his very numerous footnotes and references; but in English nurseries, although Mr. James Torrance's twelve illustrations will find lots of favour, the Scotch dialect will prove an insuperable difficulty. Somehow the book seems a mistake; it is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. Certainly it wears no scientific aspect, but the language, even when Sir George writes in English, is far too involved and complicated for children to follow it with ease. Here is the making of a good book; next

Christmas it had better be produced. Another fairy book, and this time a good one, is "The Winged Wolf and Other Fairy Tales"‡ collected by a gentleman who calls himself Ha Sheen Kaf. The illustrations, which, if only fair, are very numerous, are by Mr. Arthur Layard, and the print is very large. The stories come from various sources—five are from Russia, one is Abyssinian, three seem English, and one is Eastern; all, however, are interesting—which is the chief thing to be considered. If you have Hans Andersen and Grimm, and have exhausted Mr. Lang and Mr. Jacobs, you might do worse than get "The Winged Wolf" for your children: it is sure of appreciation.

"FOR VERY LITTLE CHILDREN."

"A nursery story for very little children," Mrs. Molesworth calls her new book; but her circle of readers, we hope, will not be confined to the nursery. Certainly it is to children five, six, or seven years old that "Mary" will most of all appeal, but it is impossible for even the most hardened reader of sensation novels to read the story without being attracted and delighted by the exquisite air of artlessness, of spontaneous sympathy with children, which pervades its every page. Mary is one of the sweetest figures in child fiction; she is worthy to take place beside the same author's "Her Baby"—which is high praise indeed, and to occupy the same nursery as Mr. Carroll's Alice. Her naive, delighted remarks upon her

new sister; her solicitude for her mother's health; her baby-dignity: all these are characteristics which one feels that Mrs. Molesworth has studied from the life. It is a picture of English home-life drawn with real sympathy and knowledge, and will but confirm the general opinion that Mrs. Molesworth has, in her own sphere of writing, no rival. In its terra-cotta cover the book has a very pleasing appearance; but Mr. L. Leslie Brooke has not made the most of his opportunities in his illustrations. Another new book by Mrs. Molesworth is "The Thirteen Little Black Pigs and Other Stories" (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.), which is very pleasingly illustrated in black and white and in colours by Mr. W. J. Morgan. Another capital book for children, and one which is cheaper than Mrs. Molesworth's, is Leslie Laing's "Queen of the Daffodils: a Story of High School Life,"‡ from which the illustration on this page is taken. It is a good story, for Leslie Laing seems to have



MOLLIE SHOWS DIANA HER DOLLS.

(Reduced illustration from "The Queen of the Daffodils.")

* "Prince Ricardo of Pantouflia, being the Adventures of Prince Prigio's Son." By Andrew Lang. J. W. Arrow-mith, Bristol. 3s. 6d.

† "Scottish Fairy and Folk Tales." Edited by Sir George Douglas, Bart. Walter Scott.

* "The Winged Wolf and Other Fairy Tales." Collected by Ha Sheen Kaf. Stanford. 6s.

† "Mary: a Nursery Story for Very Little Children." By Mrs. Molesworth. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

‡ "Queen of the Daffodils: a Story of High School Life." By Leslie Laing. Blackie. 2s.

got at the hearts of children, and her little characters live and are not mere puppets. The incident illustrated, for instance, is told with real skill: the little child with her dolls is natural, and how seldom can this be said? Although cheap, "Queen of the Daffodils" has a really charming cover, and its illustrations are fully up to the average. Another book that may be mentioned in the same connection is the Hon. Eva Knatchbull-Hugessen's "A Hit and a Miss,"* the latest volume of that pretty series, the Dainty Books (of which another volume is Miss Mabel Wotton's "Mannerless Monkey"). There is no cant about the book, which is honest and healthy, and makes the reader almost wish to have participated in the very reprehensible episode of the jackdaw's eggs therein narrated. The book contains two stories: the second explains why neither Meg nor the "Passé Défini" girl won M. Heron's French prize; both being illustrated by Mr. Leslie Brooke.

MR. STANLEY'S GLEANINGS FOR CHILDREN.

It became the nightly custom when Mr. Stanley was ploughing his way through the heart of Africa in 1875, to gather round the camp-fire and entertain one another with stories. Black narrators were by no means scarce—they were suitably rewarded according to their merit—and sometimes when "a real aborigine of the interior" undertook to tell a tale of the old days the result was both new and startling. For seventeen years Mr. Stanley collected the choicest and most curious of these stories, and the result is now before us in a book† of very singular interest—especially to children, who will find these wonder tales of Africa something different from what they have been accustomed. It is probable that "My Dark Companions and Their Strange Stories" has a considerable ethnographical and folk-lore value beyond their interest as children's stories; but it is as the latter we must here consider them. Every tale in the book is very readable, and all are profusely and well illustrated by Mr. Walter Buckley.

OTHER GOOD CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The exigencies of space compel us to pass over the following books which we had selected for special praise in a somewhat more perfunctory way than we had intended. It can be said, however, that each one of them is really good, and can be bought for any nursery and for any reasonable child with a certainty of its finding the utmost appreciation. To begin with, Mr. P. S. Newell's "Topsy and Turrys" (Unwin, 5s.) is as excellent a specimen of the coloured picture-book as has appeared this year. Produced in a particularly tasteful manner, its peculiarity is that each of its quaint and curious pictures is so drawn that it tells a story, whether it is looked at upside down or not. There is nothing elaborate about the pictures; they have the artlessness of Mr. Lear's little plates, and the nonsense rhymes that accompany them resemble Mr. Lear's not a little. There is hearty laughter in the book. Another picture-book of a similar class but of different type is "Select Fables from La Fontaine" (S.P.C.K., 6s.), illustrated very delightfully by M. B. de Mouvel. The rhymed renderings of the Fables are very successful. "A Book of Pictured Carols" (George Allen, 5s.) is produced under the direction of Mr. Arthur J. Gaskin, one of whose illustrations to Hans Andersen is on page 662. All the best known carols are here, delightfully printed with clever decorative designs by members of the Birmingham Art

School. It is a thoroughly artistic book. "The Princess Heliotrope; or, Peter Stummel and the Magic Cherries" (Unwin, 3s. 6d.), is a fairy story of some length, with thirty-four attractive illustrations. "Nursery Lyrics" (Bliss, Sands, and Foster, 3s. 6d.) is a collection of verses for children by Mrs. Richard Strachy, illustrated by Mr. G. P. Jacomb Hood. A novel point about this book is that spaces are left on the cover for the insertion of the initials of the owner, Mr. Hood having designed a set for the purpose, which can be cut off and affixed. But he has not allowed for the two initials being similar! Miss Dolly Radford's "Songs for Somebody" (Nutt, 3s. 6d.), with its design by Miss Gertrude Bradley, is a very charming book. Miss Radford has the true gift of children's poetry, and her book is so cheap that it ought to sell largely. It is a book for very little children. On the eve of our going to press Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's new book, "The One I Knew Best of All" (Warne, 6s.), was sent us. It is uniform with her "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is illustrated by Mr. R. Birch, and is, we gather, founded on Mrs. Burnett's reminiscences of her own childhood. Dr. Gordon Stables' "Sable and White: the Autobiography of a Show Dog" (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.), will interest children who are fond of animals. We must protest, however, against some very harrowing vivisection pages, which cannot do children any good. Mr. Harrison Weir's illustrations are excellent. A very cheap book, with coloured illustrations, is Miss Helen M. Burnside's fanciful "A Day with the Sea Urchins" (Warne, 1s. 6d.). It contains, with other letterpress, a number of songs set to music. Mr. Alfred H. Miles's "Fifty-two Stories for Children" (Hutchinson, 5s.) belongs to a series deservedly well known; and, finally, a good story for Irish children, or for children who know nothing about Ireland, is Miss Ethel Penrose's "Clear as the Noonday" (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.). It is an Irish story, very well illustrated.

SOME GOOD TOY-BOOKS.

Toy-books are so very numerous and so very cheap that they are always difficult to notice. However, you will do well to ask to see Messrs. Dean and Son's publications. They issue "Struwelpeter, Junior," and "The Modern Struwelpeter," "Clown Land," and "Railway A B C," and a bigger book entitled "Fun and Frolic for Children." Any of these you will be safe in ordering. Or you might do worse than send five shillings to Messrs. Jarrold and Sons for a selection of their new toy-books; in which case ask them to include "A Child's Dream of a Visit to London" and "The Brave Tin Soldier." Messrs. Farquharson, Roberts and Phillips can boast that their coloured books are produced entirely in England. They are very successful, especially "Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp," "From Pole to Pole," and "Dorothy's Dream." It is good to see books of this class without the legend, "Printed in Germany."

A STORY OF WONDER.

The success of the year, where boys' books are concerned, has fallen neither to Mr. Henty, to Mr. Fenn, to Mr. Leighton, nor to Dr. Stables, but to a writer whose name we do not remember to have seen before. With such gifts as are possessed by the authors we have mentioned it is comparatively easy to spin a stirring and satisfactory story out of the old materials; but Mr. Pemberton, in his "Iron Pirate,"** has done far more than this: his imagination has been at work, and he has discovered a plot, a motive, which, for sheer wonder and ingenuity, is

* "A Hit and a Miss." By the Hon. Eva Knatchbull-Hugessen. A. D. Innes. 2s. 6s.

† "My Dark Companions and their Strange Stories." By Henry M. Stanley, D.C.L. Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.

** "The Iron Pirate." By Max Pemberton. Cassell. 6s.

would be difficult to excel. In some ways he is reminiscent of M. Jules Verne. Does not Captain Black, the pirate himself, remind the reader of the captain in that other romance of abnormal maritime adventure, "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea"? The iron pirate of the title is a war-ship of the present day, fitted with a magnificent armoury, and with new inventions which enable it to make thirty knots an hour and to dispense almost entirely with the necessity for coaling.

Says Captain Black, the intellect whose untiring energy and great wealth enabled this dream of a moment to become a reality: "They said at home that piracy was played out, but I asked myself, 'How's that? Give me a ship big enough, and under certain conditions I'll sweep the Atlantic!'" And sweep the Atlantic he did, retiring, when the hue and cry became too great, to a hidden harbour in Greenland, whence after a time he would swoop down again upon the steamship routes and attack Cunarder and White Star Liner, removing all their wealth of specie and precious stones and sinking them with all their passengers and crew. The enormous speed of the ship enabled her to elude pursuit; but there could be but one end to such audacity, and the oil upon which he depended for his engines having given out, the iron pirate is at last surrounded by the war-ships which the terrified European powers have sent to rid the sea of so dangerous a scourge. Two cruisers are disabled and sunk before at last Captain Black has to blow up his own ship.

The idea, it can be seen from this brief, inadequate account, is capable of infinite interest, and, on the whole, Mr. Pemberton has well availed himself of its possibilities; but his characterisation is of the weakest, and there is more than one point in the story where the critical reader would wish that he had been a little more careful in the grouping and arrangement of his incidents. It was necessary, perhaps, in the interests of morality, that the hero of the story should not have been himself one of the pirates; but the whole idea of the hunting down is but little successful, and only tentatively

dramatic. However, we have to thank Mr. Pemberton for an exciting story, and to hope that his next essay will be no less happy and a great deal more careful, for his powers both of description and of invention suffer much from the impression of carelessness. Mr. Gordon Brown's illustrations to the story are spirited and careful. Mr. F. T. Janes' picture of the iron pirate itself we reproduce.

STORIES OF GREEK HEROISM.

Professor Church is always interesting when he goes

back to classic times for his material, and in his new volume, "Pictures from Greek Life and Story,"* he has his foot on somewhat foreign ground of history than in its companion volume, the "Pictures from Roman Life and Story." But his chapters lose nothing of interest from owing less to imagination. Some of the famous tales from Herodotus; the ever fresh story of how the Greeks defeated, single-handed, the greatest monarchy of the age; striking scenes from the greatness and the fall of Athens; a view of the splendour of holy Delos, as it has been revealed to us by the spade; the impressive scene of Socrates' death: these things make up an entrancing volume of stories, and in the telling of them Mr. Church's hand has forgotten none of its cunning. The illustrations are not good enough for their company.

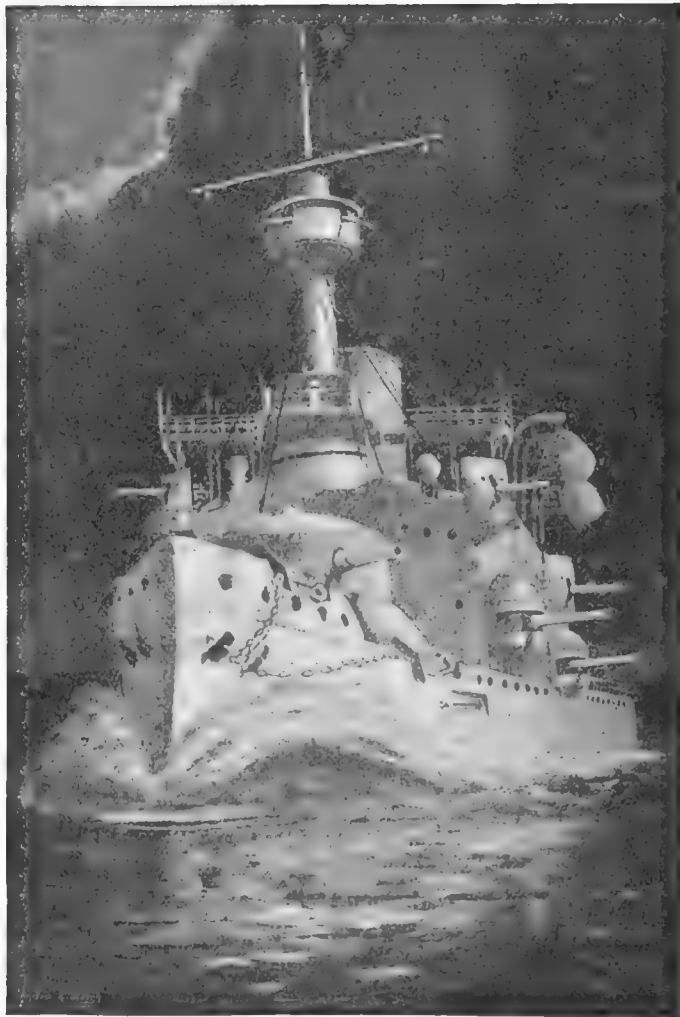
BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN A CANADIAN CANOE."

The success of Mr. Barry Pain has been almost phenomenal; not thirty months ago his name was quite unknown, and now

he has a reputation almost as great as any young writer of his generation. His latest book is almost a new departure for him. He had written short stories of school-life before, but this is his first serious attempt at a boys' story—his first attempt at a long story, too. Certainly "Graeme and Cyril"† deserves all the commendation that has been showered upon it. A more healthy and a more natural story of school we cannot

* "Pictures from Greek Life and Story." By the Rev. A. J. Church. Hutchinson. 5s.

† "Graeme and Cyril." By Barry Pain. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.



(From the "Iron Pirate.")

remember having seen since "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and this is high praise indeed. Mr. Pain seems to know his boys; his characters live, and he tells his story, which is full of very lively interest, in a brisk, unaffected way that boys will be much pleased with. Mr. Gordon Browne illustrates the book.

TWO STORIES BY MR. HENTY.

Last month we noticed what we thought the best of the three stories Mr. Henty has put forth this autumn. The two that remain, however, are very good, and show a deservedly popular author almost at his finest. "Through the Sikh War" is a tale of the conquest of the Punjab, and deals with the prolonged struggle which the British had to carry on before they could make sure of maintaining their ascendancy in India. Of course Mr. Henty's hero—he has the good luck to have an uncle the Governor, under a native Prince, of a State in the Punjab—goes through the thick of all the fighting and covers himself with honours, and equally of course Mr. Henty succeeds in imparting in an exceedingly unobtrusive and inoffensive way a deal of historical information in the course of his narrative. "Through the Sikh War" has twelve illustrations by Mr. Hal Hurst, and an excellent map of the country with which it deals. Mr. Henty's other book—a shilling cheaper, as usual—is "A Jacobite Exile,"† and narrates the adventures of a young English lad, whose father, denounced as a Royalist and a plotter against the Elector, has to flee England, taking his son with him. They make their way to Sweden; there the son enters the foreign legion under Charles XII. of Sweden, and sees a deal of fighting against the Russians and Poles.

THE NEW JULES VERNE.

To consider the new boys' books of the season without noticing M. Jules Verne's annual story seems almost sacrilege. However, we only received "The Castle of the Carpathians"‡ on the eve of going to press, so we are unable to say more than that the illustrations, as numerous as ever, point to no loosing of power in M. Verne's invention. Indeed, some of the weirdest pictures suggest that he has gone even further into the wonderful than is his wont, and has essayed the frankly supernatural. Or what else does the picture of the man shrinking back affrighted from the horrid shapes of huge air dragons, who are circling round the peaked castle, portend? In the same way we have been unable to do more than glance at Mr. Pierre Maël's "Under the Sea to the North Pole" (Sampson Low, 6s.). Certainly the illustrations are very enticing. Other boys' books, which are certainly good, and which, if space allowed, we should be glad to notice at greater length, are Mr. Hume Nisbet's "Valdmer the Viking: a Romance of the Eleventh Century by Sea and Land" (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.);

Mr. J. Hain Friswell's illustrated essays in popular biography, "Footsteps to Fame: a Book to Open Other Books" (John Hogg, 3s. 6d.); "The Story of Napoleon Bonaparte" (Chambers, 1s.), and Mr. Robert Chambers's "Story of the Life of Sir Walter Scott" (Chambers, 1s.)—both admirably written biographies. The majority of Messrs. W. and R. Chambers's books, however, reached us too late for notice. A book of adventure above the average in ability and excitement—it tells the story of a search for buried treasure—is Mr. John Blount-delle-Burton's "The Desert Ship" (Hutchinson, 5s.); while Dr. Gordon Stables' "Westward with Columbus" (Blackie, 5s.), which has Columbus himself for hero, and "Just like Jack" (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.), are to be commended, although it may be questioned whether Dr. Stables does not write too much. Mr. Robert Leighton's two books, "In the Grip of the Algerine" (Sunday School Union, 3s. 6d.), and "The Wreck of the *Golden Fleece*" (Blackie, 5s.), are well conceived and written. Messrs.



MR. G. A. HENTY.

(From a photograph by the Stereoscopic Company.)

Blackie also publish a new edition of Mr. Manville Fenn's story of Cornish nets and mines, "Menhardoc," at 3s.; and Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. publish a new story by him, "Steve Young; or, The Voyage of the *Hvalros* to Icy Seas," at 5s. And finally, we can commend Mr. H. C. Adams' "In the Fifteens: a Tale of the First Jacobite Insurrection" (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.); Mr. J. Fitzgerald Oxley's "Fergus Mac-tavish" (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.), which would make an admirable Sunday-school prize, would Mr. Oxley only correct his notion of humour (p. 65); Mr. F. M. Holmes's "Raff's Rancho: a Story of Adventure among Cow-boys and Indians" (Blackie, 2s.); and the new edition of Mr. R. M. Ballantyne's "Eagle Cliff" (S. W. Partridge and Co., 2s. 6d.). All these books are very well illustrated—which reminds us that Messrs. Blackie have just reissued their excellent editions of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels" at three shillings each. Each of these books contains over a hundred illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne.

TWO GOOD GIRLS' BOOKS.

Among girls' books the success of the year has fallen, we think, to Mr. George Norway, whose "True Cornish Maid" is really an admirable piece of work. With its scene laid at Crantock, within two miles of Newquay, on the north coast of Cornwall, the book is full of vivid and accurate local colour; it contains, too, some very clever character studies. Mr. Norway seems to know the Cornish folk thoroughly, and his picture of the moral struggle between brother and sister gains much in interest from being laid in so picturesque a country. The period of the story is about a century ago, and naturally smuggling plays no unimportant part. The illustrations to the volume are by Mr. J. Finnemor. Also very good, in its way—a totally different way—is Miss Fanny E. Newberry's "Impress of a Gentlewoman," which is sufficiently clever to dispense with the addition of

* "Through the Sikh War." By G. A. Henty. Blackie. 6s.

† "A Jacobite Exile." By G. A. Henty. Blackie. 5s.

‡ "The Castle of the Carpathians." By Jules Verne. Sampson Low. 6s.

* "A True Cornish Maid." By George Norway. Blackie. 3s. 6d.

† "The Impress of a Gentlewoman." By Fanny E. Newberry. Hutchinson.



THE FIRST PRIMROSE.
(From "Our Village.")

interest gained by the fact that to it fell the prize offered for competition by an American publisher, and that, having met with a great success there, it is now, by arrangement, reproduced from American plates. It is a story more of character than of incident, for it all turns upon the influence which one womanly woman has upon the rough inhabitants of a township in the Far West. The book is well illustrated. Another girls' story that we can recommend is Miss Maggie Maclean's "Romance of Skye" (Oliphant, 5s.).

ANNUAL VOLUMES.

To us it has always seemed that the way to get the most value for your money in the way of a Christmas gift book, was to get one of the annual volumes of the magazines. Thus, for instance, the volume of the *Magazine of Art* (Cassell, 18s.), with its splendid engravings of well-known pictures, and interesting letterpress—this year it includes twelve "Carols of the Year," by Mr. Swinburne—makes quite a magnificent present. Rather cheaper are those admirable miscellanies of good healthy reading, the *Sunday Magazine* and *Good Words* (Isbister, 7s. 6d. each), while the volume of *Cassell's Family Magazine* (Cassell, 9s.) contains enough reading to last most people for a year, and has almost a picture to every page. The *Leisure Hour* and the *Sunday at Home* (R. T. S., 7s. 6d. each) should also find many purchasers: each volume contains about a dozen times as much as an ordinary six shilling story. The volumes of two girls' magazines both make excellent and imposing gift-books: *Atalanta* (5A Paternoster Row, 8s.) contains, for instance, the whole of Mr. Stevenson's last story "Catriona;" while *Sylvia's Journal*, which takes the name of "Sylvia's Annual" (Ward and Lock, 7s. 6d.), contains more interesting matter of actual, up-to-date kind than any other journal of its kind. Miss May Kendall's story, "White Poppies," is here, and Mr. Anning Bell's clever illustrations. Then there is a good series of "Chats with Celebrities," instruction in needlework, "Toilet Talks," a series of "Peeps into a French Kitchen," and a collection of critical papers by Miss Katharine Tynan on "Tennyson's Heroines." Certainly, under the editorship of Mrs. Graham R. Tomson, *Sylvia's Journal* appeals to a very wide class. The "Girl's Own Annual" and the "Boy's Own Annual" (R. T. S., 7s. 6d. each) come last, but they are far from being the least interesting. Both contain many admirable serials and illustrations, and shorter stories and articles galore. M. Jules Verne's new story, for instance, is all in the "Boys' Own Annual."

GIFT BOOKS FOR GROWN-UPS.

We have left ourselves so little space that it will be necessary to confine our selection of books suitable for presents for grown-up people to the very best. Certainly each of the following may be ordered with a certainty of it being admirably suited to

its purpose; the production of tasteful books of this class has become an art, and the books we mention are the best specimens of it. First and foremost, of course, comes Miss Mitford's "Our Village,"* in the Cranford Series, uniform with the editions of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "Cranford" of the last two years. It is a beautiful volume, Mr. Hugh Thomson's illustrations—two of the smaller of which we reproduce—being as delicate and clever as ever, and Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie's (Miss Thackeray) introduction being a very interesting and careful piece of writing. Miss Mitford is too little read nowadays: it is to be hoped that this delightful reprint will bring back her popularity. Another volume of the same series is Thomas Hood's "Humorous Poems," also published by Messrs. Macmillan. Here the illustrations are by Mr. Charles E. Brock, whose work will even bear comparison with Mr. Thomson's. The different characters are admirably represented. The critical preface is by Canon Ainger, who is sensibly brief and very interesting.

BY MR. AUSTIN DOBSON.

Delightful is also the word to apply to the new edition of Mr. Dobson's "Proverbs in Porcelain,"† illustrated with singular success by Mr. J. Bernard Partridge. "I confess that I felt some misgiving whether these miniature studies, so frail in structure, would lend themselves readily to pictorial embodiment," says Mr. Dobson.



PEACEFUL EVENING.
(From "Our Village.")

For this certainly there was no necessity: Mr. Partridge's illustrations are thoroughly in keeping with the atmosphere of Mr. Dobson's verse. Together they make a book that cannot be excelled for sheer delight among the books of the season.

* "Our Village." By Mary Russell Mitford. Macmillan. 6s.
† "Proverbs in Porcelain." By Austin Dobson. Kegan Paul.

OTHER NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

MICHEL, ÉMILE. *Rembrandt: His Life, His Work, and His Time.* (Heinemann.) Two volumes. Folio. Cloth. Pp. xxiv. 320, 294. £2 2s. net.

Here surely is the finest art book that has appeared for many a year—certainly it is the noblest and most sumptuous work, from the technical point of view, that the present twelve months has seen; and for those who can afford the price asked (a very small one, all things considered) it will doubtless be the gift-book of the year. Every one who knows anything at all about art knows that M. Michel is the great authority upon Rembrandt, "that pictorial artist," as Mr. Frederick Wedmore says in his brief editorial preface, "whom all schools of criticism unite to honour"; and it should be matter for general artistic congratulation that a publisher has been found to produce upon a scale so worthy and so magnificent a translation of his great work on the subject he has made his own. Sixty-seven full-page plates of Rembrandt's most important pictures, reproduced by a special and very successful process, and printed on plate paper, are distributed through the two volumes, together with two hundred and fifty smaller, but not less careful, illustrations in the text. Certainly the plates are the finest examples of mechanical reproduction that we have ever seen. One is glad to see that M. Michel's co-operation with Mr. Heinemann and Mr. Wedmore in the production of this very important work enabled a large number of corrections to be made which were not in the French edition, which is, we are told by the way, not a little inferior to the English edition in illustrations. Miss Florence Simmonds is the very capable translator, and she, Mr. Heinemann, and Mr. Wedmore deserve the heartiest congratulations upon the issue of their task. It is a book which no large library should be without.

MAXWELL, SIR HERBERT, BART., M.P. *Life and Times of the Right Honourable William Henry Smith, M.P.* (Blackwood.) Two volumes. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 360, 374. 25s.

The political reader who comes to these handsome volumes in the hope that they will shed new light upon the political history of the last few years will be disappointed. Here we have but the commonplaces of political knowledge: Sir Herbert Maxwell has no new thing to tell his readers that they could not have known before; but for all this lack of the sensational elements that so often make exciting a political biography, the book is one of intense interest. Smith's was a career not particularly eventful; it had no violent experiences; but it was a life thoroughly English and typical—a life given over to business and to duty. He was born in 1825, in the house in the Strand which was the forerunner of the huge undertaking that now bears his name. Early taken into partnership by his father, he had to work harder than most people work nowadays, and then, no doubt, he laid the habits of concentration and attention which served him in such good stead in the extraordinarily heavy duties of the last few years of his life. "For several years it was Smith's practice to rise each week-day at four in the morning, swallow a cup of coffee, and drive to the Strand office, by five a.m. People still in the business (1854) can remember how he was then the central figure in the paper-sorting office, with coat off, shirt sleeves rolled back, and hands and arms deeply dyed with printers' ink off the wet sheets." The whole story of the rise and gradual development of the firm of W. H. Smith and Son is told in a very picturesque and interesting manner.

O'BRIEN, R. BARRY. *The Autobiography of Theobald Wolfe Tone, 1763—1798.* (T. Fisher Unwin.) Two volumes. 4to. Cloth. Pp. xxxi. 321, 431. 32s.

A reprint of Wolfe Tone's *Journal* from the edition which his son published in Washington in 1826, and which has long been very difficult to procure, has always been a great desideratum in Irish political biography. In spite of the Duke of Wellington's saying that "he was an extraordinary man, and his history was the most curious history of those times," it cannot be denied that the name and fame of this great and formidable Irish rebel have fallen upon evil days. The story of a man who might have had so profound an influence upon the history of the Empire cannot but be interesting to all classes of readers, and these two portly volumes should secure a wide public. "Was there hope of success?" asks Mr. O'Brien, in his admirable and unduly short introduction, of Tone's attempt to sever Ireland from England. And he answers his question: "There can be no doubt of the fact. Mr. Froude and Mr. Goldwin Smith answer it in the affirmative. Had Grouchy (the French general) been equal to the situation; had he yielded to the importunities of Tone and landed at Bantry Bay in December, 1796, Ireland would have then been lost to Britain." But apart from its historical value, these journals for exciting and absorbing interest would be difficult to excel. Tone was a constant adventurer, and no chapter of his life but is more sensational than the average novel. The volumes contain many fine portraits, and a facsimile of one of Wolfe Tone's letters written to his father in 1798.

GALE, NORMAN. *Orchard Songs.* (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 112. 5s. net.

"No more," said Mr. Norman Gale over a year ago in the last lines of the first series of his "Country Muse," "will I, made musical, salute the Spring," and he proceeded in the same poem to proclaim his intention of daring—

— the steep that bounds the plain;
Teaching my soul its duty, stern and tender,
Singing the truth that only comes through pain."

One looked, therefore, with some interest for more ambitious poems from his pen. The second series of "A Country Muse" had the qualities of the first, and now comes "Orchard Songs," and still we find Mr. Gale singing of "living fluff," of "sweetheart captures of the waist," of "Mary's white," and all the other beauties of country-side and country maid he knows so well to translate into verse. But, although it were churlish to take Mr. Gale too much at his word, and to quarrel at the sameness of his subjects, yet it cannot be denied that "Orchard Songs" shows no improvement upon "A Country Muse." There seems a tendency to crystallisation of style and epithet which detracts not a little from the pleasing spontaneity of his earlier lyrics. However, to readers who have not founded too great hopes upon the promise of Mr. Gale's first books, the volume will be a pleasing one: here and there, as in "Dawn and Dark," "The Nightingale," and "Cicely Bathing," we have him at his most melodious; in other poems he has essayed metres somewhat sharp and less musical. His "Hannibal, Sagunto Capto, Loquitur," is his most ambitious effort, and, on the whole, it is successful; "A Defence (Written on being Charged with Undue Frankness)" also deserves notice.

BIOGRAPHY.

ESPINASSE, FRANCIS. Literary Recollections and Sketches. (Hodder and Stoughton.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 426. 12s.

This book is based upon a series of articles, signed *E*, which have been appearing in the *Bookman* since its commencement in 1891; but the matter has been revised and very considerably added to, while two new articles, "Literary Journalism" (in which Mr. Espinasse contributes largely to what is known of the history of various great publishing houses of the present day), and "Later Edinburgh Memories" (which includes reminiscences of Alexander Smith, John Stuart Mill, the Blackwoods, George Elliot, and Thackeray) now appear for the first time. The other chapters are entitled: "Some Early Reminiscences" (two of Burns' heroines, Sir Walter Scott, Campbell, Lord Jeffrey, and Wordsworth figure here), "The British Museum Library Fifty Years Ago, and After," "Concerning the Organization of Literature," "The Carlyles and a Segment of the Circle: Recollections and Reflections," "George Henry Lewis and George Eliot," "James Haunay and His Friends," "Leigh Hunt and His Second Journal," "Manchester Memories: Edwin Waugh," "Lord Beaconsfield and His Minor Biographers." To find a more interesting or a more valuable volume of literary recollections, one would have to go back not months but years. But it reflects discredit upon author or publisher that the book should have been allowed to go forth to the public without an index.

LE FANU, W. R. Seventy Years of Irish Life, being Anecdotes and Reminiscences. (Edward Arnold.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 306. 16s.

A very entertaining and amusing book, whose value will be much enhanced to many readers by the fact that Mr. Le Fanu includes many reminiscences and anecdotes of his brother, Sheridan Le Fanu, the novelist, of whose life no account has hitherto appeared. Among the eminent men with whom the author was acquainted, and of whom he tells stories and anecdotes, were Thackeray, O'Connell, Sir William Maxwell, and Anthony Trollope. "In politics," he says, "I have never taken any part—I have tried, I hope successfully, to keep clear of them in what I have written." The book contains portraits of the author and of his brother, but no index!

Recollections of Life and Work, being the Autobiography of Louisa Twining. (Edward Arnold.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 291. 15s.

An exceedingly entertaining volume of recollections extending over a period of fifty years. Born in 1820, Miss Twining spent her life in the service of her sex and of the race, taking part in most of the great social movements of the time, of the growth and origin of which she has recorded many valuable and interesting facts. She lived, in fact, in the great world, and her pages bristle with great names—the names of actors, singers, divines, statesmen, and schoolmasters.

ESSAYS, CRITICISMS AND BELES-LETTRES.

KNIGHT, JOSEPH. Theatrical Notes. (Lawrence and Bullen.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 321. 6s.

In England, where dramatic criticism has never assumed the literary importance which it has had in Paris, there is but little modern dramatic literature of value. It is possible, however, that the improvement in the literary tone of our stage may make it more and more the fashion to reprint that portion of current dramatic criticism which will be of permanent historical value. Mr. Walkley has done so with the best effect in his delightful "Playhouse Impressions," now Mr. Joseph Knight, always one of the most learned and reliable of our critics, has reprinted from the *Athenæum* his contributions upon the stage between the years 1874 and 1879, and Mr. William Archer is said to be contemplating the reprinting of his *World* articles. Mr. Knight's volume "does not aim at supplying a full chronicle of the London stage during the period which it covers, notices of very many pieces of ephemeral nature or interest having been excised." In a short introduction, Mr. Knight traces some of the more general influences which were at work in the years of which his book treats. The volume contains an admirable portrait of Mr. Knight, and a good index; and it should be added that if success crowns the present volume, a second will appear linking "the dramas of Byron, Willis and Albery with Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. Grundy."

LYNCH, E. M. The Boy-God, Troublesome and Vengeful. (T. Fisher Unwin.) Crown 8vo. Half parchment. Pp. 176. 5s. Illustrated.

The scene of this book is Camelot College, a seminary for young women. One of the mistresses and four of her pupils get up a discussion, a sort of debate, on Love; the general opinion being that it is a futile waste of time, and that the "philandering instinct" must be discountenanced and gradually eradicated. This discussion takes up the whole book, and makes in parts exceedingly witty and entertaining reading, the characters of the different girls being very cleverly brought out. The term ends, and the girls leave school, vowing never to give way to the effeminate passion they have so strongly condemned. And, of course, the boy-god, Cupid, immediately takes revenge for the slight that they have put upon him, for the two girls who most strenuously denied his claims to forbearance both become engaged within twelve months of the debate at which they had spoken with such determination. It is a clever fantasy, cleverly worked out, sparkling and original.

WALLACE, WILLIAM. Scotland Yesterday: Some Old Friends. (Hodder and Stoughton.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 240. 6s.

An attempt, by a series of sketches founded on papers which Mr. Wallace contributed some time ago to the *Glasgow Herald*, "to reproduce life behind the scenes—life as it was lived yesterday, in the first instance, in a typical village in the east of Scotland; in the second, in a typical county town in the

west." The dominating note of the village was character, and here Mr. Wallace has chosen such subjects as "The Poacher," "The Fisherman," "The Village-Hampton," "The Prize Pupil"; good-natured worldliness was the note of the town, and here Mr. Wallace has selected for treatment "The Knowing Politician," "The Clergyman of all Work," "The Old Lady of Quality," "The Popular Target," "The Bibulous Satirist," and similar typical figures.

FICTION.

ALLEN, GRANT. An Army Doctor's Romance. (Raphael Tuck and Sons.) Paper Covers. 1s. Illustrated.

A tale of love, of cross-purposes, and of an incident in the Matibele war, which, according to Mr. Grant Allen, breaks out again in the spring of next year. It is an unimportant piece of work, which Mr. Grant Allen's admirers will do well to ignore.

ARNOLD, ETHEL M. Platonics: A Study. (Osgood.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 128.

There is a deal of cleverness in this little book, but not of the cleverness which appeals to the general public. Miss Arnold has not only told a story, but she has made an artistic attempt, and very fair success has crowned her efforts. The characters, perhaps, are a little choked with analysis, but they are honestly wrought, and the whole book suggests, if it does not carry, conviction. In its title, "Platonics" is unhappy and incorrect, but it is a book to be read by all who are watching the latest tentative developments of English fiction.

BARRETT, FRANK. The Woman of the Iron Bracelets. (Chaffo and Windus.) Three volumes. 31s. 6d.

Mr. Barrett produces book after book with such surprising celerity that it is not to be wondered at that he has at last missed fire. In truth, his new novel makes but poor reading: its plot would make a good short story, but spun out to three-volume length it becomes quite uninteresting—and it seems to show signs that Mr. Barrett found it somewhat uninteresting writing. The woman with the iron bracelets is wrongfully accused of murder, is arrested, but escapes in a railway accident, the three volumes being mainly taken up with the hopes and the fears of the somewhat fatuous old gentleman who writes the book (this habit of Mr. Barrett's of telling his story through the personality of some tedious character is becoming very tiresome) for her safety. And when the last chapter is reached, we find that after all she had been acquitted of the murder a day or two after the railway accident, in which the police had thought she had perished! The villain of the book, by the way, works all his evils by the aid of animal magnetism and hypnotism.

BATSON, MRS. STEPHEN. Such a Lord is Love: a Woman's Heart Tragedy. (A. D. Innes.) Two volumes. 21s.

Mrs. Batson, who now stands confessed as the author of that very promising novel "Dark: a Tale of the Down County," has not improved upon her first essay in fiction. Here is a very commonplace story, told without redeeming qualities to make it interesting. The book commences with a marriage, and ends with a reconciliation between an injured husband and a penitent wife, the "tragedy" of the title being in the fact that, despite the reconciliation, the wife can never thoroughly forgive or trust her husband. As a picture of country life the story has a certain interest, but it is rambling, and the characters have little to commend them.

BLACKMORE, R. D. Clara Vaughan and Alice Lorraine. (Sampson Low.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 2s. 6d. each.

The latest volumes of the cheap re-issue of Mr. Blackmore's novels which Messrs. Sampson Low are publishing at monthly intervals. In the same series, following other works by the same authors, they have also published Mr. William Black's "Strange Adventures of a House Boat," Mr. W. Clark Russell's "Ocean Freeland," and Dr. George MacDonald's "Vicar's Daughter," this last, being the first of its author's books to appear in the series, contains as frontispiece an excellent colotype portrait of Dr. MacDonald. There is no cheaper or better looking library of modern fiction.

CHERBULIEZ, VICTOR. The Tutor's Secret. (Edward Arnold.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 343. 6s.

A translation by Mr. Paul Derechhoff of Cherbuliez' "Le Secret du Précepteur."

CHESNEY, GENERAL SIR GEORGE, K.C.B., M.P. The Lesters; or, A Capitalist's Labour. (Smith and Elder.) Three volumes. 31s. 6d.

Sir George Chesney has been well known as a thoughtful and forcible writer ever since the appearance of his little pamphlet, "The Battle of Dorking," and "The Lesters" will add to his reputation. As a novel, it is interesting and sometimes exciting; but it would be even more so if it were pruned of a few at least of the digressions which Sir George allows himself, and which interfere not a little with the progress of the story.

DUMAS, ALEXANDRE. The Three Musketeers. (J. M. Dent and Co.) Two volumes. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 428, 418. 7s. 6d.

Very curiously, despite the great popularity which the romances of Dumas have always had in this country, there has never been an adequate or trustworthy English edition. He has been enthusiastically praised by Thackeray, by Mr. Andrew Lang, by Mr. W. E. Henley, by Mr. Saintsbury, and yet we have had to wait for a good translation until America has seen fit to send us one. The fact, however, that the present re-issue of Dumas' novels is printed (and admirably printed by the way) in America, should in no way interfere with its sale in England: its cover is English and has that great tastefulness

which one associates with Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.'s publications, and the reproduction of historical portraits as illustrations leaves nothing to be desired, although similar praise cannot be given to the imaginative pictures. Previous editions of this and other romances by Dumas which have appeared in England have been somewhat abridged: in the present edition, which is to be in forty-eight volumes, and is to contain five stories never before translated, all this matter has been restored, the translation scrupulously following the author's own text. Indeed, the story now reads admirably, and bears no mark of its American origin. Here, in fact, is the edition of Dumas—the definitive one, unless some English writer of eminence essays the huge task of translation. Successing stories will appear at monthly intervals.

EGERTON, GEORGE. *Keynotes*. (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 184. 3s. 6d. net.

Some woman has put her soul into this book. That it is not the work of a man, every page clearly shows; not one of its six stories but proclaims the feminine observer, a woman's experience. Sometimes, indeed, "George Egerton" flashes a light so penetrating, so pitiless, upon her women characters, that the reader has almost a sensation of participation in a betrayal of her sex, a disloyal, an unfair unweaving of their minds. It is an admirably written book, too, and a daring, for it has hardly a situation but has those peculiarities from which it has been said this English writer of fiction shrinks abashed. And yet it is delicate, and very literary work; the very ravings of *delirium tremens* become artful under "George Egerton's" treatment. The first story is not the best. In fact, with its repellence, and its insistence on the irrelevant, it is not easily comprehensible; but every line of the book gives the impression that here some woman has crystallised her life's drama, has written down her soul upon the page.

FAWCETT, E. DOUGLAS. *Hartmann the Anarchist; or, The Doom of the Great City*. (Edward Arnold.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 214. 3s. 6d.

A reprint, with the original illustrations by Mr. Fred. T. Jane, of the sensational story of modern London which has recently been running through the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and which from time to time has been noticed in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

HARLAND, HENRY. *Mademoiselle Miss*. (Heinemann.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 192. 3s. 6d.

Murger's "*La Vie de Bohème*" is a book almost forgotten, so that Mr. Harland's two incursions into the same life of Paris to-day will come as a novel experience to most of his readers. It is not effifying, this glimpse into a world which, luckily for everyone concerned, is fast falling away; but Mr. Harland has treated his subjects with real feeling and delicacy, and none but the very young and inexperienced are likely to be attracted by the life which he depicts. Two only out of the five stories deal with Parisian student-life. "The Prodigal Father" is a distinctly amusing study of modern society, and "A Light Sovereign" has something both in subject and treatment of the brightness which one associates with Mr. Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights." In "A Sleeveless Errand," Mr. Harland has a more commonplace and serious theme, and here he is most commonplace; but on the whole it may be said that "*Mademoiselle Miss*" is a distinctly entertaining volume, well written, with a distinct literary flavour, and that it is the best work that its author has yet produced.

HOCKING, SILAS K. *One in Charity*. (Warne.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 470. 3s. 6d. Illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne.

KERNAHAN, COULSON. *A Book of Strange Sins*. (Ward and Lock.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 195.

Readers of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's powerful "Dead Man's Diary" will turn to his second book with keenly-whetted anticipation, nor will they be disappointed. "A Book of Strange Sins" has many faults; (its apparently catch-penny title is one of them), but it is a strong book, a book which one reads with a sense of the writer's sincerity and moral purpose. Two of its stories, "The Lonely God" and "The Garden of God," fantasies rather in the manner of Miss Schreiner's "Dreams," are out of place, and are not particularly successful, for with these two exceptions each story is "a study of some form of crime or sin." Anticipating the accusation of sensationalism, Mr. Kernahan denies that he has dwelt unduly upon the details of any crime or sin. "It is not," he says, "the sordid particulars of crime and sin which I have tried to lay bare in these pages, but the influence of these crimes; and also upon the men and women who commit them. It is the secrets of souls and not of sins into which I have attempted to look." One of the stories, "A Literary Gent," is as realistic and terrible a study of dipsomania and its mental and physical effects as we have read; here, perhaps, Mr. Kernahan is at his best. In the matter of style he is uneven; sometimes he is forcible and picturesque, at others he sinks to the merest commonplaces of pedestrianism.

LYON, GILBERTA, M. F. *For Good or Evil*. (Gay and Bird.) Two volumes. 21s.

MCCARTHY, JUSTIN, M.P. *Red Diamonds*. (Chatto and Windus.) Three volumes. 31s. 6d.

This is a book full of adventure, excitement, and variety. Mr. M. McCarthy's well-known versatility has enabled him to see life in many aspects, and he has epitomised much of his experience in the Voyagers' Club in St. James's Street, where the much-travelled and adventurous characters of this book chiefly congregate. The diamonds carry on the tradition of literature of this order, and become the occasion of many dark deeds. Ratt Gunny, one of the participants in the wealth of diamonds, the traveller *roué*, the aristocrat, the man with a past and with a future, is a character of real interest. The mysterious French fencing-master, also, with his double personality is well

conceived and well-drawn. The scene on the rotten wharf on the river, with the deadly struggle between the two men, is only one among the many stirring features of this exciting book. Especially does Mr. McCarthy know how to conjure up for us London, the cosmopolitan centre of Empire, and his descriptions of Chelsea and the river are well done. Definitely a book to read.

MOLLOY, FITZGERALD. *An Excellent Kuava*. (Hutchinson.) Three volumes. 31s. 6d.

This is a really interesting detective story, not slovenly, as so often is work of its class, but carefully worked out and readable right through its three volumes. When the Paris mail comes into the station at Victoria, an otherwise empty carriage is found to have a newspaper spread between the seats, one corner carefully tucked under the cushions. "Hi! Jack, call a policeman," shouted the porter. "What's the matter?" "Matter! why, murder's the matter, or I'm much mistaken." The interest of the plot centres round a famous detective and a lady artist—who takes her coffee out of an Eastern service of amber and gold!

MOORE, FRANK FRANKFORT. *Daireen*. (Hutchinson.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 372. 6s.

This new edition of a work originally published in two volumes by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. acquires a national interest from the fact that Mr. Moore has gained for himself, since its first appearance, by the very great merit of his "*I Forbid the Banus*," a foremost place among the rising novelists of the day.

MURRAY, DAVID CHRISTIE. *A Wasted Crime*. (Chatto and Windus.) Two volumes. 21s.

There is no line of padding in this book, no incident, no reflection, which does not lead up to its tragic end. It is a tale of a useless murder—a murder committed by a woman in order to secure for herself the title and fortune which, if her husband's father lived, would, she feared, be willed elsewhere. The chapter in which both Robert Autley and his father both lie at death's door—and it is a question which shall die first—is one of the most powerful that Mr. Christie Murray has ever written. She succumbs to a moment's temptation, administers an over-draught to her father-in-law, only to learn directly he is dead that her husband's life is safe, and that, had she lingered but a few minutes, the temptation and necessity for her crime would have vanished. Only the doctor could know what she had done, and he chose to consign her rather to a life of remorse than to the felon's dock. Her final act of suicide was the only fit ending to a very strong and readable novel.

PICKERING, PERCIVAL. *A Life Awry*. (Bliss, Sands, and Foster.) Three volumes. 31s. 6d.

Browning's line, "What need to strive with a life awry?" is the source of Mr. Pickering's title, and it well suggests the contents of his book. A man returning after a long absence to the girl whom he loves, hoping to win her as his wife, finds that a neglected accident has transformed her from a straight beautiful girl into a cripple and an invalid! His love changes almost to dislike, and the story turns upon this little cripple's hopeless, helpless affection, which at last drives her to despair and suicide.

ROWAN, HAMILTON. *The Story of Sylvia*. (Ward and Lock.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 350. 3s. 6d. With frontispiece by Mr. W. S. Stacey.

SPILLMANN, JOSEPH. *Die Wunderblume von Woxindon*. (Herder, Freiburg im Breisgau.) Two volumes. Paper Covers. Pp. 332 and 304. 5 Marks.

An historical novel (in German) founded on the last year of Mary Stuart's life, and the story of the wonderful shrub at Woxindon, which is related in Mr. J. Morris's "Troubles of Our Catholic Forefathers."

SWAN, ANNIE S. *A Bitter Debt: A Tale of the Black Country*. (Hutchinson.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 381. 5s. Illustrated by Mr. D. Murray Smith.

HISTORY.

ASHTON, JOHN. *A History of English Lotteries now for the First Time Written*. (Leadenhall Press.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 359. 12s. 6d.

This book is illustrated with a large number of curious old engravings and facsimiles of lottery handbills. Mr. Ashton has traced the history of the lottery in England from 1563 to the present time.

GREEN, J. R., M.A. *A Short History of the English People*. Volume III. (Macmillan.) 4to. Cloth. Pp. 1409. 12s. net.

Under the editorship of Mr. J. R. Green and of Miss Kate Norgate, this magnificent edition of Green's "Short History" is making excellent progress. The very numerous illustrations, both in colour and in the text, are as successful as in the previous volumes, the present volume having as frontispiece a large plate of the first genuine picture of Old London Bridge, dated about 1600. This is a book that no public or school library should be without; its illustrations will be of incalculable educational value. It should be added that this edition is also appearing in monthly parts at a shilling each, net, the last part being number twenty-seven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cataloguing Rules. (Simpkin.) Paper Covers. Pp. 28. 6d.

A reprint of the Cataloguing Rules of the British Museum, of the Bodleian Library, and of the Library Association.

DAVIES, MRS. RUSSELL. *The Clairvoyance of Bessie Williams.* (Bliss, Sands, and Foster.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 270. 6s. With portrait.

In many respects this volume may be considered the sequel to Miss Florence Marryat's "There is No Death," in which the experiences of Bessie Fitzgerald—whose maiden name was Bessie Williams—figure so prominently. The charm of the book lies in the simple language in which the various stories are told, and the calm belief of the writer who merely stating what she conceives to be facts, leaves deductions to her readers. Mrs. Davies finally lays great stress upon the danger of dabbling in Spiritualism, and placing oneself, so to speak, at the service of spirits of a low order.

GOUIN, FRANÇOIS. *A First Lesson in French.* (George Philip and Sons.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 83. 2s. 6d. net.

Readers of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS have been kept well informed of the progress of the particular method of teaching languages which M. Gouin invented, and which Mr. Howard Swan and M. Victor Bétis have done so much to make popular in England. This little book is the first of a series of practical handbooks to the method, and, with its aid, both teacher and pupil will have no difficulty in thoroughly mastering both the theory and practice of the system. The translation is by Mr. Swan and M. Bétis.

HARDY, MR. W. J., F.S.A. *The Handwriting of the Kings and Queens of England.* (Religious Tract Society.) Imp. 8vo. Pp. 176. Price 10s. 6d.

Apart altogether from the curious interest which attaches to the specimens of royal calligraphy here collected and arranged, there is much of historical interest and importance which will amply reward the reader; and the sumptuous way in which the photogravures and reproductions have been executed make it a very suitable gift-book for the season. Some of the articles originally appeared in the *Leisure Hour*, but since then many interesting examples of royal penmanship have been discovered by the Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records. No royal handwriting is given in the book earlier than that of Edward the Black Prince in 1370; some of the most interesting specimens of handwriting are those of Henry VIII. and his wives, and those of Queen Elizabeth.

PHILIPS, MELVILLE (Editor). *The Making of a Newspaper.* (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) 16mo. Pp. 322. 5s.

Probably no single institution of our stirring modern life has in it more elements of a wide popular interest than journalism. "The Making of a Newspaper" consists of a series of articles, many of which appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, by representative American journalists, written with the vigorous freshness and directness characteristic of the craft. Nowhere else can the outside world find a more entertaining and comprehensive view of the chief phases of the wonderful newspaper work which goes on unceasingly, and is for the most part hidden from the vulgar eye. The experiences of reporter, travelling correspondent, literary editor, managing editor, and others given here are delightfully personal and full of local colour, but that rather enhances than otherwise their informational, educational value. American journalism, of course, differs largely in many respects from that with which we are familiar in this country; but our own newspapers might with advantage adopt many of the points set forth in these sprightly pages.

WALE, BURLINGTON B. *The Day of Preparation.* (Elliot Stock.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 358. 5s.

POETRY, MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

BELL, MACKENZIE. *Spring's Immortality and other Poems.* (Ward and Lock.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 138. 3s. 6d.

What Mr. Mackenzie Bell, in his lines to Sir Walter Scott, calls "the unclouded sun of common sense," shines over every poem in this graceful little volume. Its author is not ambitious: here are no complicated measures, no exotic subjects, but the old themes of love and duty, of the beauty of nature, and of patriotism. Indeed, one or two of the poems in the "Pictures of Travel" section are, owing to the very great success with which the details of natural beauty are treated, really notable; while the religious poems breathe an atmosphere of sincerity and of devotion not a little refreshing. It is minor poetry, but it is good minor poetry.

BRETT, THE HON. MRS. *Echoes: a Musical Birthday Book.* (The Leadenhall Press.) Large quarto. Price 12s. 6d.

To have produced something new in the way of a Birthday Book is an achievement; and Mrs. Brett may be congratulated on the three hundred and sixty-five musical gems which she has selected and arranged in this large and handsome volume. Every left-hand page is a blank for two dates; every right-hand page has two pieces of instrumental music printed from clearly engraved plates. The music assigned to one's birthday may be a Largo from Haydn's Sonatas or an old English melody; it may be a Mendelssohn March or a Prelude by Chopin; a chorus from Sullivan's operas or a Lullaby by Barby. The idea is a pretty one, and the only pity seems to be the absence of an index to the whole work.

GOUNOD, CHARLES. *Requiem (Mors et Vita).* (Novello.) Paper Covers. Pp. 110. 2s. 6d.

TAYLOR, FRANKLIN (Editor). *Progressive Studies.* Books XLI. and XLIII. (Novello.) Paper Covers. Pp. 36 and 24. 1s. each.

Two additional volumes to the series of Progressive Studies for the Piano forte. Book XLI. gives studies in repetition and the tremolo, and Book XLIII. studies in part-playing.

WILDE, OSCAR. *Lady Windermere's Fan: a Play about a Good Woman.* (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.) Cloth. Pp. 132. 7s. 6d. net.

The cry for a printed, a literary drama, seems to be bearing good fruit; we have had Mr. Pinero's plays and Mr. H. A. Jones's, and now Mr. Mathews and John Lane announce Mr. Oscar Wilde's dramatic work, which the play now under notice forms the first volume. "Lady Windermere's Fan" was produced at the St. James's Theatre on February 2, 1892, and was the first spoken of more highly for its literary than for its dramatic qualities. Mr. Wilde's books have always appeared in beautiful forms, and this book is certainly no exception: it is delicately bound with beautiful ornament, and within the covers every page is a delight. Indeed, it is a work of art, even apart from its contents. "Lady Windermere's Fan" is now dedicated "to the dear memory of Robert Earl of Lytton, in affectionate admiration."

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

CARPENTER, W. BOYD, D.D., D.C.L. *The Burning Bush and Other Sermons.* (Sampson Low.) Crown 8vo. Pp. 183. 3s. 6d.

The Bishop of Ripon's contribution to the Preachers of the Age. The volume has for frontispiece an excellent colotype portrait.

EXELL, REV. JOSEPH S., M.A. *The Biblical Illustrator: James.* (Nisbet.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 514. 7s. 6d.

EXELL, REV. JOSEPH S., M.A. *The Biblical Illustrator: Acts.* Volume III. (Nisbet.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 78. 6d.

HALCOMBE, REV. J. J., M.A. *What Think Ye of the Gospels? A Handbook of Gospel Study.* (T. and T. Clark Edinburgh.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 128. 3s. 6d.

The Oxford Bible for Teachers. (Clarendon Press, Oxford.)

Several new editions of the Oxford Teachers' Bible have appeared in the past month. The most elegant is that in red limp Turkey morocco. Set in nonpareil instead of minion type, it is a smaller volume than recently issued from the same press. The number of pages is about the same as before, but though the type is smaller it is equally clear and readable. That it should be possible to print a book of a thousand pages, and another four hundred and forty-eight pages of "Helps," in so compact a compass, is a triumph of the printer's art. The "Helps" to the study of the Bible in their revised form constitute in themselves a whole of scholarship, research, and discovery. The sixty-four facsimiles of inscriptions, bas-reliefs, etc., which formed so distinctive a feature of the edition, have now been better classified and increased in number to seventy. We may add that there is another copy in paste grain limp, printed on 16mo, on India paper, at 10s.; and another and still smaller edition in pocket type, containing exactly the same matter. At the same time a new edition of the "Helps to the Study of the Bible" is issued from the same press, and never was a cheaper shilling's worth offered, containing as it does a set of maps, with all the latest discoveries, a very complete concordance, index of proper names, articles on the plants and animals of the Jewish lands, and parties, a harmony of the Gospels, a summary of events in the Bible, facsimiles of manuscripts, pictures from various ancient coins, statues, and the results of the ripest scholarship.

TRAVEL, GEOGRAPHY AND TOPOGRAPHY.

BLENNERHASSET, ROSE, AND LUCY SLEEMAN. *Adventures in Mashonaland by Two Hospital Nurses.* (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 340. 8s. 6d. net. With Map.

A thoroughly entertaining work, as readable as any recent book of its sort. At the present moment, too, it has a particular interest, for the authors spent some time in the country about Fort Salisbury and Great Zimbabwe. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. Selous, and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore are all figured more or less prominently in these pages.

HARRIS, WALTER B., F.R.G.S. *A Journey Through Yemen, and Some General Remarks upon that Country.* (Blackwood.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 385. 16s.

An exceedingly interesting volume of travel dealing with a country comparatively new to English readers. Starting from Aden, in order to escape the surveillance of the Turkish authorities, Mr. Harris made his way to Sanaa, and thence to the coast of the Red Sea at Hodaladah. The record of his journey and of his adventures, which a country so unsettled could not but be exciting, makes very interesting reading, particularly to those who are in any way concerned with the state of the power and influence in Asia, valuable reading; and that the book is so admirably illustrated adds greatly to its value. We should add that Mr. Harris supplements his own experiences with a useful epitome of what is known about ancient Nabataea, and that portions of the book have already appeared in the *Illustrated London News* and *Blackwood's Magazine*, and that it contains a very clear map.

NOTICE.—For the convenience of such of our readers as live at a distance from a bookseller, any Book they may have mentioned in the previous List, will be forwarded post free by any part of the United Kingdom, from the Publishing Office of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, 125, Fleet Street, on receipt of the Order for the published price of the Book ordered.

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS, CHRISTMAS CARDS AND DIARIES.

NOT unnaturally the English edition of the Christmas number of the *Figaro Illustré* (8s. 6d.) is the best to appear this year. Its cover, by M. Flameng, is a triumphant example of what Frenchmen can do in the way of attractive design, while the illustrations by MM. Myrbach, Moreau, and Dubufé, to the stories of MM. Jules Verne, Augustin Filon, and Jules Claretie, have all that delicacy of colouring and cleverness of drawing which we always expect to find in the *Figaro*. We have heard so much of late about M. Jules Claretie in England that to many readers the chief attraction will be the ballet-pantomime, by MM. Armand Silvestre and Francis Thoiné, which he has illustrated with his delightful fancy and suggestive blending of colours. The three plates given with this number are very successful. Of English numbers the *Graphic* (1s.) has the most attractive cover. Designed by Phil May, it depicts a very typical Father Christmas sleighing down a hill watched by the admiring nations. The stories here are contributed by Mr. Baring Gould, Mr. Edwin Lester Arnold, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mr. Paul Cushing, and Mr. Bret Harte. The three plates presented with the *Graphic* are good—especially Mr. W. H. Trood's study of dogs. As usual, many of the illustrations here are in colours. Mr. Phil May appears again with some wonderfully effective, humorous drawings, which will rank among the best efforts of the cleverest artist of his school that England has yet produced. Mr. Reginald Cleaver, too, deserves more than passing commendation, while Mr. W. Hatherell, Mr. A. S. Boyd, and Mr. W. Ralston all do good work in their own way. Three pages of Mr. Cleaver's parliamentary sketches are reprinted from the *Daily Graphic* as a supplement: they show an excellent draughtsman at his best. The *Illustrated London News* (1s.) has a seasonable holly-covered wrapper, and its three plates—one a study of an old shepherd and a little child—are effective. As usual, Mr. Shorter has collected a very strong staff of writers. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has an Indian story, forcibly illustrated by Mr. Caton Woodville; Miss Marie Corelli's "Nehemiah P. Hoskins, Artist: A Faithful Study of Fame," looks interesting; Mr. Barry Pain's very short children's story is admirably illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne, who also provides pictures for Mr. W. E. Norris's "Additional Guest"; Canon Atkinson's fairy story and Mr. George Gissing's "Fleet Footed Hester" both look absorbing. From the literary point of view, this is the strongest of the English Christmas numbers. "Holly Leaves" (1s.), the Christmas number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, has the usual wrapper and the usual genial, seasonable batch of good stories and illustrations. *Black and White* (1s.) has holly leaves upon its wrapper, too, and naked children who must feel very cold in the snow. Many of its illustrations are coloured, and its plate—a child subject—will prove attractive. Its stories are by Mr. J. Maclaren Cobham, Miss Nesbit, Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mrs. Annie Thomas, Miss Somerville, and Mr. F. C. Phillips, and all look exciting. Here, too, Mr. H. G. Hibbert describes "The Evolutions of a Ballet." The *Sketch* (1s.) has its strong points, but unless one is a very strong admirer of Mr. Dudley Hardy's most mannered work, its pages become rather tedious. However, Mr. Phil May's sketches are so humorous and so artistic that they alone make the number worth getting. Mr. Max Pemberton and Miss Clare Savile-Clarke both contribute good stories. The *Sketch's* wrapper is not attractive, but its contents (including a coloured plate and many coloured pictures) are—very. The *Lady's Pictorial* (1s.) has a plate of average merit, but the long story by Miss Braddon is one of the best pieces of work that she has done. It is called "The Christmas Hirelings," and is illustrated by Mr. F. H. Townsend. Speaking from the strictly artistic point of view the illustrations to the *Lady's Pictorial* are always more interesting than any other pictures of the sort, and we can be sure that in Mr. Townsend's capable hands the tradition is maintained. The *Queen* (1s.) is an enlargement of its number for December 2, in order to save postage. Its chief plate

is fairly successful; the smaller one, photographed from life, is disagreeable. Excellent stories are by "John Strange Winter," Mr. Francis Gribble, and there are the usual number of illustrations, among which we notice with very great pleasure some fantastic decorative designs by Miss R. N. N. Pitman. The Japanese wrapper of the *Queen* is by Mr. Dudley Hardy. The *Gentlewoman* (1s.) is not particularly attractive. Its habit of printing its plate upon silk was but a trick after all, and ill bears constant repetition, and the subject selected this year is vulgar in tone. A long story, illustrated by Mr. Everard Hopkins, "is avowedly written in imitation of the work of one of the most popular writers of the day," and a sum of twenty-one guineas is offered as a prize to the first five who guess correctly the author imitated. Other stories are by Mr. Clement Scott and Mr. Warham St. Leger. The *World* (1s.) is very like to its past numbers; illustrated as usual by Mr. Alfred Bryan, it contains a play and stories by Miss Clo. Graves and others. Its large tinted plate is "A Royal Reverie; or, A Reign Reviewed," and displays the Queen's glance back upon the past. *Vanity Fair* (1s.) has a double weekly number with a large plate by "Spy" of the Terrace of the House of Commons, and contains stories by Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson and others. One of the best Christmas numbers is always *Phil May's Illustrated Winter Annual* (1s.). Here one sees Mr. Phil May at his best—which means that here one has the best and most artistic black and white drawings that London can produce. With Mr. May's prolific pencil covering half the pages, the interest of the letterpress becomes quite subsidiary. Still Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Clark Russell, Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mr. Hume Nisbet, and Mr. Richard Le Gallienne will help to pass an hour or two very pleasantly. The *Antipodean* (1s.), which Messrs. Chatto and Windus publish for an Australian house, is chiefly remarkable for a beautiful new poem by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson: "To My Old Familiars," and for a frontispiece which reproduces Mr. Stevenson's latest photograph. The *Detroit Free Press* (6d.) is always welcome: this year it contains short stories by Mr. E. W. Horning and Mr. A. A. Abbott—both admirably illustrated. *Woman* (6d.) deserves to be bought if only for its three admirable stories, by Miss Clare Savile-Clarke, Mrs. Steel, and Miss Blanche Oram (Roma White).

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons send us a very varied and very interesting collection of Christmas cards. Ask for "The Minuet Tablean," the "As Months go by Calendar," and "The Century Calendar," by M. Jacques Inaudi, which will tell you any date from the year 1791 to the year 1920. You should see the "Sacred Series" too. Messrs. C. W. Faulkner and Co., of 41, Jewin Street, publish an excellent and very tasteful selection of cards. Perhaps they are the most artistic now upon the market, and it would be a good idea to send five shillings for a selection. Ask them to include their new race game "Upidee" (1s.). Messrs. Mowbray and Co., of Oxford, publish an Oxford series, which is entirely religious in character. It is worth seeing, for the cards are never garish or vulgar.

As usual Messrs. De La Rue, of Bunhill Row, send a varied batch of almanacs, pocket-books, and diaries. An excellent standing leather case for engagements, a little velvet-covered engagement diary only an inch square, and a very sumptuous and fine-smelling leather pocket-book and diary combined (No. 3544), and two rather daintier pocket-books for lad (4027 and 2602½) are among the most pleasing specialities. Messrs. John Walker and Co., of Farringdon House, Warwi Lane, send their usual batch of "loop-back" diaries and pocket-books combined, to which we are inclined to give the pal for general convenience and handiness. Either No. 197 (8s. 193 (8s.), or 184 (8s.) would make an admirable present for man—the first being long in shape, the next two square. A smaller book for the waistcoat pocket is No. 181 (3s. 6d.).

THE INTERNATIONAL BUREAU OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

ITS ORIGIN, OFFICERS, AND AIMS.

THE International Bureau of Photography is one of the practical results of the World's Congress on Photography, held in Chicago in August last. The Chairman is one of my Helpers, Mr. H. Snowden Ward, who attended the Congress and is enthusiastic as to the possibilities of the Bureau. The British office, which will be the headquarters of the Bureau, is in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., where the following information was supplied.

The Bureau was the direct outcome of a paper by Mr. W. Jerome Harrison, of Birmingham, advocating the formation of a body to secure the preservation, multiplication, and exchange of valuable photographs for the public benefit; but several other papers, urging the importance of various works that will fall within the scope of the Bureau, were read. Amongst these may be mentioned, "A Plea for the State Recognition of Photography," by Dr. John Nicol, editor of the *Photo-Beacon*, part of a paper by M. Léon Vidal, of Paris, and "Photography as an Aid to Education," by Professor Chas. F. Himes.

A COSMOPOLITAN COMMITTEE.

The committee of the Bureau was appointed by the President of the Congress, the Hon. Jas. B. Bradwell, and is fairly cosmopolitan, as will be seen from the following list of the members:—

W. Jerome Harrison, F.G.S., 52, Claremont Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, England.

John Carbutt, Wayne Junction, Philadelphia, U.S.A.

Shapoor N. Bhedwar, Swiss Lodge, Cumballa Hill, Bombay, India.

Leon Vidal, Paris, France.

Professor W. K. Burton, Imperial University, Tokio, Japan.

Mrs. Elizabeth Flint Wade, Buffalo, U.S.A.

Dr. John Nicol, Editor of the *Photo-Beacon*, Tioga Centre, N.Y., U.S.A.

Vice-Chairman:—Gayton A. Douglass, Chicago, U.S.A.

Chairman:—H. Snowden Ward, Memorial Hall, London, E.C.

All these gentlemen are well known in connection with photography, and it is proposed to invite several others to accept seats on the committee. The proposed new members will include one each for Austria, Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, and an additional one for the United States.

Unwieldy? Yes, if it were proposed that the committee should work as one body; but in reality each member will be a little executive in himself, taking charge of the work in his own country, and collecting around him those who are prepared to carry out the actual details.

OBJECTS OF THE BUREAU.

Here are the outline objects of the Bureau:—

To carry out the recommendations of a paper submitted to the World's Congress by W. Jerome Harrison, F.G.S., viz., to secure as far as possible—

- The official recognition of photography by the governments (local, as well as central) of civilised nations.
- The establishment of national depositories for the reception and care of photographs, and especially negatives, possessing literary, historic, or scientific value.
- The establishment of an International Bureau for the exchange of prints and other reproductions of negatives

in the national depositories; and to enable colleges, museums, and students to obtain photographic records from every land.

- The appointment of national and local committees and sub-committees for the attainment of the above-mentioned objects.

The first and most practical work of the Bureau must be to arouse people to the necessity of securing indisputable records of those objects of historical interest that are daily passing away. In Britain we shall first make an effort to enlist the photographic societies, nearly three hundred strong, and to induce them to: 1st, undertake a photographic survey of their district; and 2nd, to place themselves at the service of the local antiquarian, historical, literary, and other similar societies, when they wish a photographic record made.

Our next work will be to appeal to the local authorities and to the societies as before named, and many others, to assist the work in various ways. The local free libraries will be asked to provide room for lodgment and display of the prints supplied by the local photographers. In some places this has been done already, as in Birmingham, where several thousands of Warwickshire prints are deposited in the Reference Library, all titled and catalogued, and available for reference under certain restrictions. In Rotherham, the Photographic Society has been asked by the Town Council to occupy one room in the new Free Museum building for a permanent exhibition room, in which to preserve and display the results of a local photographic survey just started.

COMMUNICATIONS ASKED FOR.

The antiquarian, historical, and other societies will be asked to give expert advice to the photographers engaged in the executive work of the survey, for we recognise the fact that if there is not this co-operation the photographers will be liable to record things that are worthless to the specialist, and to miss entirely things that are of the greatest possible value. In architectural work, for instance, there are many cases where the photographer would take a general view, while to the architect, or the antiquary only some special detail, perhaps missing from the general view, would be of any value.

In a leaflet about to be issued we ask for communications from individuals or societies who are willing to co-operate by—

- Supplying prints or negatives from collections at present in their possession.
- Obtaining and supplying negatives or prints of objects in their own neighbourhood that are suggested by the Bureau.
- Supplying lists of objects of interest in their neighbourhood (especially of such as are likely to soon disappear), of which it is desirable that pictorial records should be preserved.
- Accompanying and assisting the actual photographers with advice as to best view-points, details of special interest, etc., in antiquarian, architectural, and other special subjects.
- Providing or working for the provision of suitable print depositories in local Free Libraries, Art Museums, Mechanics' Institutes, etc., or, failing these, depositories for sections of the work in charge of antiquarian, architectural, literary, natural history, and similar societies.
- Subscribing towards the necessary working expenses.

A TOPOGRAPHIC SURVEY.

The Photographic Survey, which is the most immediately practicable part of the work in hand, can be understood from a brief review of what was done by the Birmingham Photographic Society, the first to undertake an extensive survey. A special section of the society was formed of those interested in the survey work, with a small special subscription for the necessary expenses. The six-inch Ordnance Survey map was taken as a basis, and as the district to be covered by the society included thirty of the "quarter sections" of the map, these were hung in the club-room, and members were asked to select the section in which they would work. An eminent local architect and archaeologist drew up notes upon the principal buildings and other objects of which it was advisable to preserve a record, and on this basis the members worked. In this case the negatives remain in the possession of the photographers, and one print from each is contributed to the collection of the Survey. The prints may be of any size, though whole-plate (8½ by 6½) is recommended, but all must be by a permanent process, and all must be mounted on uniform mounts, the smaller sizes being mounted two or four on one mount. The work of the surveyors was not confined to buildings, for it is desired to make the survey fully record the life of the time, and a portrait of a genuine country labourer in his smock-frock, or a group of local magnates "on Change," is acceptable as a record. It will be seen that this is work that can be undertaken by individuals as well as by societies, and it is probable that the work of the Bureau will often be to prevent two or more people working over identical ground.

WORK IN GEOLOGY, METEOROLOGY, ETC.

There is plenty of national and general work that can be undertaken offhand by any single worker, without waiting for any complete organisation, though we suggest that as far as possible it be done in connection with some such society as the British Association, or one of the many scientific and other societies that have the organisation ready to hand. The British Association has already undertaken the work in at least two of its sections. In the Geological section, a committee was appointed in 1889 to collect, preserve, and register photographs of geological interest, and has now several hundreds of photographs in the hands of the sectional secretary, Mr. O. W. Jeffis, 12, Queen's Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire. In 1890, a Meteorological Committee was formed to collect photographs of clouds, and other meteorological phenomena. More cloud studies have been received than can be used; but rare forms will still be welcome, and photographs of lightning, hoar-frost, rainbows, and some other phenomena are wanted. The secretary is Mr. Arthur W. Clayden, Warleigh, Tulse Hill Park, London, S.W.

But these two small departments do not exhaust the useful applications of photography to the subjects considered by the British Association. In almost every branch of science photographic collections would be of value; and if the scientists and photographers in different parts of the country only organise their efforts, a great deal can be done without a large amount of work falling on any one person. And there are many societies, other than those which are usually called scientific, that might be greatly helped in their work by co-operating with a good photographer. How useful it would be if every agricultural society had a complete set of photographs of the winning cattle, etc.

RECORDING PAGEANTS, FIRES, FLOODS, ETC.

Besides this depicting of what are relatively permanent objects, there is much to be done in the recording of

national pageants, rejoicings, etc., as well as fires, floods, and disasters generally. This branch of work has been largely and successfully taken up by the Brooklyn Academy of Photography, Brooklyn, N.Y. In that society the forces are carefully organised, so that when any great procession or similar event of general interest takes place, posts are assigned to the different workers, and each one is responsible for a certain section. The photographers are all amateurs, and it is a notable fact that at a recent important pageant, of which the New York City authorities published a photographic memento, the Academy's men were so much more successful than the professionals who had been employed to do the work, that many of their negatives were used in the production of the memento. The card of the Brooklyn Academy confers many special privileges that have been granted from time to time by the police and other authorities who recognise the importance of the work. It gives the right to photograph in the public parks and other places where cameras are not usually allowed to be used, and passes its bearer inside the police lines at fires, accidents, etc.

Non-photographic societies can help, for they can make lists of the things that ought to be photographed, and can offer their rooms for storing the collections, and their services in arranging and indexing the prints. They ought not to aim merely at collecting photographs that are in existence, but should specify what are wanted, when it will be the duty of the photographers connected with the Bureau to supply the want.

AN ADJUNCT TO MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES.

All these sectional and local efforts are to be but parts of a great universal scheme, and if I place the details first, it is only because they are the immediately possible parts of the scheme. When this work is fairly under way it will be time to look for official recognition and the establishment of great national depositories and exchanges for the prints and negatives. Suppose the geological collection of the British Association were fairly complete, and consisted of negatives of all the most interesting geological objects in Great Britain, we might well ask that room should be provided for it at the British Museum or South Kensington. We should ask for safe storage for the negatives, for a place where the prints might be kept and referred to, and for some arrangement whereby sets or smaller numbers of prints might be made from the negatives and supplied at a reasonable rate to free libraries, museums, colleges, etc., throughout the country. When similar collections of photographs dealing with other subjects accumulated, a properly equipped photographic studio and workrooms would naturally become necessary to supply prints and lantern-slides to those who cared to pay for them; and there is no reason why the revenue from the sale of such publications to private persons should not enable extensive free grants to be made to public museums and libraries. Similar efforts in other countries, resulting in similar collections, would enable us to enrich our national depository by means of exchange, until it would be a complete storehouse of every class of physical fact, arranged in the most convenient and accessible form, and recorded by the most easily understood means. Indeed, Monsieur Léon Vidal, who is the French member of the Bureau, has already made great progress in the direction of attaining its objects. He has called a meeting of the whole of the Photographic, Scientific, and Artistic Societies of Paris, from which has been formed a central committee to carry on the work of the Bureau.

CONTENTS OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

Altruistic Review.—21, Quincy Street, Chicago. Nov. 15. 20 cents.
Charles Kingsley. Arthur B. Chaffee.
Relation of Nationalism to Internationalism. George D. Boardman.

Amateur Work.—Ward, Lock, Salisbury Square. December. 6s.
Model Yacht Designing and Building. Illustrated. A. C. Hile
Glass Painting and Decorative Glazing. Illustrated. L. L. Stokes.

American Catholic Quarterly Review.—555, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. October. 5 dols. per annum.

The Limits of Papal Infallibility. Rev. James Conway.
Indian Bibliographies: American Indians. Richard R. Elliott.
The Age of the Human Race According to Modern Science and Biblical Chronology. Rev. John A. Zahm.
The Church in Her History. Right Rev. Robert Seton.
Harnack's Dogmat: History. Very Rev. Augustine F. Hewitt.
The Idea of Evolution. Rev. John Ming.
The Newest Ritualism in England. Amy M. Grange.
The Clunian and his Song. Rev. Hugh T. Henry.
Re-union or Submission. Arthur F. Marshall.
University Colleges: Their Origin and Their Methods. Brother Azarias.
Scientific Chronicle: Ciphers. Rev. Thomas J. A. Freeman.

Anglo-Continental.—16, Tokenhouse Yard, Ladbury. November 15. 6s.
Lake Lemna and Chamounix in 1855. Jessie Young.
The American Language. C. Pemberton.

Annals of the American Academy.—(Bi-Monthly). 5, King Street, Westminster. Nov. 1 dol.

Interest and Profits. Arthur T. Hadley.
Austrian Theory of Value. S. M. Macvane.
Subjective and Objective View of Distribution. John Hobson.
Congress and the Cabinet. II. Gamaliel Bradford.
Total Utility Standard of Deferred Payments. Edward A. Ross.

Antiquary.—Elliot Stock. December. 1s.

The Real Sir Harry Lee, of Ditchley. Viscount Dillon.
European Coins. Illustrated.
Notes on Archaeology in Denstone College Museum. A. Archibald Armstrong.
Holy Wells of Scotland: Their Legends and Superstitions. R. C. Hope.

Arena.—153, Fleet Street. November. 2s. 6d.

Thoughts in an Orphan Asylum. Rabbi S. Schindler.
Shakespeare's Plays. Richard A. Proctor.
Medical Slavery through Legislation. Henry Wood.
The Slave Power and the Money Power. C. W. Cuam.
Knowledge the Preserver of Purity. Laura E. Scammon.
Is Liquor Selling a Sin? Helen M. Gougar.
Study of Thomas Paine. E. P. Powell.
The Bacon-Shakespeare Case. Verilist No. 4. Hon. Wm. E. Russell and Others.
Gerald Massey: The Man and the Poet. B. O. Flower.

Argosy.—Bentley, 8, New Burlington Street. Dec. 6d.

Mrs. Henry Wood and Worcestershire.
Jusqu'au Revolt: Egypt. Charles W. Wood.

Atlanta.—54, Paternoster Row. December. 1s.
The Stately Homes of England: Haddon Hall. Illustrated. Edwin Oliver.
The Golden Chivlet: Rings. Illustrated. Benjamin Taylor.
Wonderland: Yellowstone Park. Illustrated. Percival T. Rivers.

Atlantic Monthly.—Ward, Lock. December. 1s.
Thoreau and His English Friend, Thomas Chalmers. F. B. Sanborn.
Of the Eternal Feminine. Laf'lo Hearn.
In the Flat-Woods. Bradford Torrey.
Western Landscapes. Hamlin Garland.
Ideal Transit.
Democracy in America. F. N. Thorpe.
"Mere Literature." W. Wilson.
Chaucer's Pardoner. G. L. Kittredge.

Bankers' Magazine.—85, London Wall. December. 1s. 6d.

The Year 1893: A Retrospect. R. H. Inglis-Palgrave.
Trust and Finance Companies: Their Losses. Arthur Ellis.
The Future of Silver. J. W. Ma Jellan.
Mr. Frank May and the Bank of England.
A Knotty Point in Employers' Liability.

Biblical World.—46, Great Russell Street. December. 9s. per annum.
The Apostle Paul's Mysticism. Prof. Edward T. Hincks.
The Historical Character of the Narratives of the Patriarchs. Lewis B. Paton.
The Self-Consciousness of Jesus. II. T. H. Root.

Blackwood's Magazine.—37, Paternoster Row. December. 2s. 6d.
Armel Europe: How Coming Events Cast their Shadows Before. Gen. Sir A. Alison.
Ben Jonson in Edinburgh. Prof. Masson.
Man's Place in the Cosmos: Professor Huxley on Nature and Man. Prof. Andrew Seth.
Successful Fish-Culture in the Highlands. John Blakerlyke.
Pope Alexander VI. and Caesar Borgia: Were They Poisoned? W. W. Story.

How Tommy Atkins is Fed.
The Rise of our East African Empire.
Stealing a Session.

Board of Trade Journal.—Eyre and Spottiswoode. November 15. 6d.
Meeting of the International Statistical Institute at Chicago.
The Comparability of Trade Statistics.
The Russian Cotton Manufacturing Industry.
Weights and Measures in Use in Turkey.
Coal Production in Western Europe.

Bookman.—27, Paternoster Row. December. 6d.

In Memory of Sir Andrew Clark.
The Poetry of Christina Rossetti. With Portrait. Katharine Tynan.
Mr. Esplanade's Recollections. William Wallace.

Boy's Own Paper.—56, Paternoster Row. December. 6d.
Homing Pigeons for Boys. Illustrated. H. Clement Howden.
How to Take Photographs of Microscopic Objects. Illus. R. A. R. Bennett.
The Army Medical Service. Surgeon Lieut.-Col. G. T. H. Evatt.

Cabinet Portrait Gallery.—Cassell. December. 1s.

Portraits and Biographies of The King and Queen of Denmark, Princess of Wales, Duchess of Fife and Lady Alexander Duff; Sir Henry Norman, and Mr. Charles Santley.

Californian Illustrated Magazine.—Brentano. November. 1s. 6d.
Village Life in Mexico. Illustrated. Arthur Inkersley.
California at the World's Fair. Illustrated. Charles E. Markham.
The Early Americans. Illustrated. Prof. G. N. Richardson.
Football in the West. Illustrated. C. L. Clemans.
Parks and Reservations. With Maps. Maurice Newman.
Among the Brahmins. J. H. Gilmore.
Irrigation in California. Illustrated. William A. Lawson.
Chinese Fisheries in California. Illustrated. R. F. Walsh.
Spirit Photography. Illustrated. Dr. Dean Clarke.

Canadian Magazine.—Ontario Publishing Co. Nov. 15. 6d.

State Education and "Isms." W. D. Le Sueur.
Plebiscite in Canada. Edward Meek.
The Battle of the Eclipse: Zulu War. Illustrated. E. B. Biggar.
The Old Bastille of Paris. Illustrated. H. S. Howell.
Down the Yukon. With Map. Wm. Ogilvie.
Beowulf, the English Homer. Prof. L. E. Horning.

Cassell's Family Magazine.—Cassell. December. 7d.

Is Marriage a Lottery? Rev. E. J. Hardy and George B. Burgin.
A Talk with Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. Illustrated. Raymond Blathwayt.
With the Devonshire Lace-Makers. Illustrated.
New Serial Stories: "The Sleeve of Care," by C. E. C. Weigall; and "Margaret's Way," by Annie E. Wickham.

Cassell's Saturday Journal.—Cassell. December. 6d.

London Costers of To-day. A Chat with Mr. W. J. Orsman.
A Celebrated Pantomimist on His Profession. A Chat with Mr. Paul Martinelli.
Are Our Girls Degenerating? A Chat with Mrs. Alexander.

Cassier's Magazine.—5, Chandos Street. Strand. November. 1s.
Pump Dredging in Holland. Illustrated. W. H. Booth.
The Life and Inventions of Edison. XIII. Illustrated. A. and W. K. L. Dickson.

Gold Stamp-Milling. T. A. Rickard.
From Mine to Furnace. V. Illustrated. John Birkinbine.

Catholic World.—Burns and Oates. November. 3s. 6d.

The Fossil Continent of Australia. William Seton.
Catholic Education at the World's Fair. Illustrated. John J. O'Shea.
The Negro Race: Their Condition, Present and Future. Very Rev. J. B. Slattery.
Mobile, Summerville, Spring Hill. Illustrated. M. E. Henry-Ruffin.
The Experiences of a Missionary. Rev. Walter Elliott.

Celtic Monthly.—Sinclair, Glasgow. December. 3d.

The Latest MacDonald of Isla. Illustrated. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh.
Expulsion of the Norsemen from Sutherland—Strathnaver the Scene. Illustrated. John Mackay.

Century Magazine.—Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. Dec. 1s. 6d.

A Christmas Sermon. Phillips Brooks.
The Five Indispensable Authors: Homer, Dante, Cervantes, Goethe, Shakespeare. James Russell Lowell.
Memories and Letters of Edwin Booth. With Portrait. William Bispham.
By the Waters of Chesapeake. Illustrated. John W. Palmer.
New Serial Story: "Pudd'nhead Wilson," by Mark Twain. With Portrait.

Chambers's Journal.—47, Paternoster Row. December. 7d.

The Foreign Office.
Modern Sailing Ships.
The Ethics of Hotel Life. Mrs. Lynn Linton.
The Aborigines of Australia.

Chautauquan.—Kegan Paul. November. 2 dollars per annum.

A Town in Sweden: Norrköping. Bishop J. H. Vincent.
Social Problems and the Church. President M. E. Gates.
Half-Century of Italian History. II. Prof. Alex. Ohlring.
The Metropolitan Newspaper Reporter. Albert F. Matthews.
What makes a Jew? Prof. Abram S. Isaacs.
Immigration and the Sweating System. George E. Walsh.

Chums.—Casell. December. 61.

Boy Writers of To-day: Mr. G. A. Henty. With Portrait.
Russian Boys and Their Games. Interview with Stepniak. With Portrait.
Football Players of To-day: Mr. R. F. C. De Winton. With Portrait.

Church Missionary Intelligencer.—18, Salisbury Square. Dec. 61.

The Autobiography of a Missionary. Rev. C. F. Childs.
The History of the Church Missionary Society. Rev. C. Hole.
The Model Parish, from a Missionary Point of View. Rev. T. C. Chapman.
Collections of a Bengali Missionary. Rev. A. P. Neele.

Classical Review.—270, Strand. November. 1s. 61.

folklore in the Works and Days of Hesiod. E. E. Sikes.
Remarks on the Poetics of Aristotle. C. M. Mulvany.
Notes on Juvenal. S. G. Owen.

Clergyman's Magazine.—Hodder and Stoughton. December. 61.
Sale and Money; Taxation; Documents, and Seals in Bible Lands. H. B. Tristram.

Contemporary Review.—Isbister. December. 2s. 61.

The Government and Labour. H. W. Massingham.
Irish Councils and Parish Charities. John Darfield.
Mahon and His Forbearers. Emily Crawford.
Italian and the Fourth Gospel. J. Rendel Harris.
The Economy of High Wages. J. A. Hobson.
Education and Instruction. Lord Coleridge.
The Strasburg Commemoration.
Compulsory Purchase of Land in Ireland. Anthony Traill.
Socialism in the South-Eastern Counties. Richard Heath.
The Date of the "Zend-Avesta." Professor F. Max Müller.
Man in the Light of Evolution. Emma Marie Caillard.
Perdition and Fact. Andrew Lang.
A rejoinder to Professor Weismann. Herbert Spencer.

Cornhill Magazine.—Smith, Elder, and Co. December. 6d.

Stories of the Master of Balliol.
Wintery Days in Ceylon. Conclusion.
The Modest Scorpion.

Metropolitan.—International News Company, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane. November. 12½ cents.

My Days of an Idler in Mexico. Illustrated. Ellen M. Slayden.
Picking Time in California. Illustrated. Ninetta Eames.
The English Forms of Invitation. Illustrated. Gen. A. Balcarras.
Marian Notes: The Land of Romance. Illustrated. Walter Besant.
Squares of Lawn. Illustrated. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor.
A Doll-Home. by Ibsen. H. H. Boyesen.
The Writing Material of Antiquity. Illustrated. Georg Ebers.

Dial.—24, Adam's Street, Chicago. 10 cents.
November 1.

onymity in Literary Criticism.

November 16.

Documents of Culture in Chicago.

Educational Review.—(American). F. Norgate and Co. November. 1s. 81.
Rising Ethics in the High School. John Dewey.
Mental Defect and Disorder from the Teacher's Point of View. II. Josiah Royce.

Teaching of Mathematics. II. Simon Newcomb.
Department Instruction in Grammar Schools. Francis W. Parker.
New Method of Teaching Languages. Wilhelm Victor.
Study of Education at Stanford University. Earl Barnes.
Recent Summer School at Jena. J. J. Findlay.

Educational Review.—(London). 2, Creech Lane. December. 61.

University Extension: a New Aspect. R. D. Roberts.
Paul's School: a Rejoinder. Colonel Clementi.
Voluntary Schools and Local Control. E. J. Marshall.
Charity Commissioners and the Examination of Endowed Schools. R. W. Hinton.

Educational Times.—Clarendon Press Warehouse, Amen Corner.
December. 6d.

Training of Teachers in Secondary Schools.

Engineering Magazine.—Salisbury Court, Fleet Street. Nov. 25 cents.

Value and Our New Tariff. Erastus Winman.
Value and Use of Labour Statistics. Carroll D. Wright.
Whitening Use of Compressed Air. W. P. Pressinger.
Lake Superior Iron-Ore Region. Illustrated. Richard A. Parker.
History of Strikes in America. Arthur A. Freeman.
United States Navy of 1893. Illustrated. W. H. Jacques.
Digging the Hudson at New York. With Map. Gustav Lindenthal.
Inventor of Gas-Lighting. William Fletcher.
A List of Successful Advertising. Ernest H. Heinrichs.

English Illustrated Magazine.—198, Strand. December. 1s.
Impression of Venice. Illustrated. H. W. Massingham.
Great Earthworks at Dorchester. Illustrated. Thomas Hardy.

Expositor.—27, Paternoster Row. December. 1s.

The Galatia of the Acts: A Criticism of Prof. Ramsay's Theory. Rev. F. H.

Chase.

Prof. Marshall's Aramaic Gospel. Prof. S. R. Driver.
St. Paul's Conception of Christianity. Continued. Prof. A. B. Bruce.

Expository Times.—Simpkin, Marshall. December. 61.

Benjamin Jowett. Rev. W. Berkley.
Christ in Islam. Prof. D. S. Margliouth.
Keswick at Home. Rev. George Wilson.
The Kingdom of God in the Teaching of Jesus. Prof. H. H. Waufl.

Fireside Magazine.—7, Paternoster Square. December. 6d.

John Ruskin. Illustrated. Rev. John Telford.
The Polar Bear. Illustrated.
Hour Glasses and Half-Hour Glasses. Illustrated.

Fortnightly Review.—Chapman and Hall. December. 2s. 61.

The Ireland of To-Day. II. The Rhetoricians. X.
Some Unedited Letters of Keats. A. Forbes Stevenson.
The Unemployed. Canon Barnett.
The Ice Age and its Work. II. A. R. Wallace.
A South Sea Island and its People—The Maoris. Frederick J. Moss.
Self-Government. W. S. Lilly.
A Hunt for Happiness. Francis Adams.
Clothing as a Protection against Cold. Dr. Robson Roose.
History and Sea-Power.
England's Right to the Suez Shares. Cope Whitehouse.

Forum.—37, Bedford Street, Strand. November. 2s. 6d.

Shall the Senate Rule the Republic? Prof. H. von Holst.
The Senate in the Light of History.
The New Moral Drift in French Literature. Paul Bourget.
Hamilton Fisk: The Old School and the New. Gen. Adam Balcarras.
Negro Outrage No Excuse for Lynching. Hon. L. E. Bickley.
The Last Hold of the Southern Bully. Walter H. Page.
America's Battle for Commercial Supremacy. John R. Procter.
Canadian Hostility to Annexation. J. Castell Hopkins.
The United States for French Canadians. Louis Frechette.
Municipal Sanitation in New York and Brooklyn. Dr. J. S. Billings.
What a Daily Newspaper Might be Made. Wm. Morton Payne.
The Alienation of Church and People. Dr. C. A. Briggs.
Modern Scepticism and Ethical Culture. Prof. Felix Adler.
The Dawn of a New Religious Era: The Parliament of Religions. Dr. Paul Carus.

Franco-English Review.—22, Rue de la Banque, Paris. Nov. 15.
7 frs. 50 c. per annum.

Thomas Hardy.

Round London with a Miner's Wife.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.—110, Fifth Avenue, New York.
December. 25 cents.

Customs of Christmastide. Illustrated. Mary Titcomb.
The Balearic Islands. Illustrated. Charles Edwards.
In Fairest Florida. Illustrated.
Fencers and the Art of Fencing. Illustrated. Richard B. Malchion.
A 'Cadian Rice Flat in Louisiana. Illustrated. Phebe S. Lovell.

Gentleman's Magazine.—Chatto and Windus. December. 1s.

Littus Veneris. Dr. Alan Walters.
The Cradle of the Lake Poets. William Connor Sydney.
A Prophet and His Prophecy: Lord Brougham and Scarlett. S. H. Boulton.
A Visit to Rameswaram. E. O. Walker.
"The Golden Ass." J. F. Rowbotham.
The Cat-and-Man Church at Barnborough. Dr. John Stokes.

Geographical Journal.—1, Savile Row. November. 2s.

Journeys in the Pamirs and Central Asia. With Map. Earl of Dunmore.
Routes and Districts in Southern Nyassaland. With Map. Lieut. B. L. Schlatter.
The Determination of Geographical Longitudes by Photography. Henry G. Schlichter.

A Voyage Toward the Antarctic Sea.
Journey through Central Manchuria. Rev. J. A. Wylie.
Hansa Pilgrimages from the Western Sudan. Rev. C. H. Robinson.

Geological Magazine.—Kegan Paul. November. 1s. 61.

Restoration of *Coryphodon*. Illustrated. Prof. O. C. Marsh.
Recent Geological History of the Arctic Lands. Sir H. H. Howorth.
The Geological Development, etc., of the Mammalia. Prof. Karl A. von Zittel.

Girl's Own Paper.—36, Paternoster Row. December. 61.

Women Soldiers. Laura Alexandrine Smith.
The Progress of Women's Work. Sophia F. A. Caulfield.
Girls Who Work in the Fields. Illustrated.
Precious Stones: Diamonds. Emma Brewer.

Good Words.—Isbister. December. 6d.

The Saxon Monastery of Peterborough. Bishop Perowse.
On the Slopes of Cader Idris. Illustrated. Rev. Wray W. Hunt.
The Deptford Medical Mission. Illustrated. William C. Preston.
The Progress of Women. Illustrated. C. A. Channer.
A Naturalist's Notes of Mull. "Nether Lochaber."

Great Thoughts.—28, Hutton Street, Fleet Street. December. 61.

Interviews with Mr. R. S. Smyth and Rev. Prof. Charteris. With Portraits.
Raymond Blathwayt.
Frederic James Shields. With Portrait. J. Hyslop Bell.
Sarah Grand. With Portrait. Frances E. Ashwell.

Harper's Magazine.—45, Albemarle Street. December. 1s.
The House of Commons: Its Structure, Rules, and Habits. T. P. O'Connor.
"Two Gentlemen of Verona." Illustrated. Andrew Lang.

Homiletic Review.—44, Fleet Street. November. 1s.
New Testament Teaching of Hell. William W. McLane.
Modern Biblical Criticism. Prof. George H. Scholes.
Tennyson's Poetry: Its Value to the Minister. Prof. Arthur S. Hoyt.
Lessons from the Life of Spurgeon. Prof. T. W. Hunt.
The Problem of the Unemployed. Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.
The Kind of Church Jesus Christ would have on the Earth To-day. Joel S. Ives.
Henry Ward Beecher. Lyman Abbott.

Humanitarian.—Swan Sonnenschein. December. 6d.
A Key to the Social Problem. Cardinal Vaughan.
Alcohol: Its Use and Misuse. Sir Dyce Duckworth.
Anthropometry as applied to Social and Economic Questions. Charles Roberts.
The Duty of the Employer. Sir William Hombrowth.
The Taxation of Pleasure. Malhus Questell Holyoake.
The Pulpit and the Press. Alfred Wileox.

Idler.—Chatto and Windus. December. 6d.
My First Book: "On the Stage and Off." Illustrated. Jerome K. Jerome.
Mr. Frank Lockwood, Q.C., M.P. Illustrated. Raymond Blathwayt.
Photography as Evidence. Illustrated. E. A. Jelf.
Games (Of all Sorts). G. R. Sims and Others.

Illustrated Carpenter and Builder.—313, Strand. December. 6d.
Constructive Tracery. Owen B. Maginnis.
The Inventor of Gas Lighting: William Murdoch. William Fletcher.

Indian Journal of Education.—V. K. Iyer, Madras. October.
Teaching Universities for India.
The Relation of Theory and Practice in Education.

International Journal of Ethics.—(Quarterly.) Fisher Unwin. October. 2s. 6d.

My Station and its Duties. Henry Sligwick.
What Justifies Private Property? W. L. Shelton.
The Effects of His Occupation upon the Physician. John S. Billings.
The Knowledge of Good and Evil. Josiah Royce.
A Phase of Modern Epicureanism. C. M. Williams.
On the Meaning of the Term "Motive," and on the Ethical Significance of Motives. D. G. Ritchie.
On Human Marriage: A Reply to C. N. Starbke. Edward Westermarck.

Investors' Review.—(Quarterly.) Longmans. November. 5s.
The Bantam "States" of Australasia, and a Summing Up.
Professional Directors.
Railway Passenger Fares, chiefly Southern.
Evil Things and Good in the United States.
The Story of the "Maple Leaf": the Chicago, St. Paul, and Kansas City Railroad.
The Latest Argentine Railway Reports.
American Farm Mortgages.
Transvaal Railways.
Pennsylvania Railroad System as a Trust.
Sir George Elliot's Cure for Coal Strikes.
The Indian Currency Mess.

Jewish Quarterly.—270, Strand. October. 3s.
The Reading of the Law and Prophecy in a Triennial Cycle. II. Prof. A. Bichler.
Jewish Religious Education. E. Harris and Rev. L. M. Simmons.
The Jews in the Works of the Church Fathers. II. Dr. S. Krauss.
Mr. Smith: A Possibility: the Jews and Proselytism. C. G. Montefiore.
Miss Smith: An Argument. I. Abrahams.
Jewish Arabic Liturgies. Dr. H. Hirschfeld.
Notes on Hebrew MSS. in the University Library at Cambridge. VI. S. Schechter.

Journal of Education.—36, Fleet Street. December. 6d.
The Study and Teaching of French.
Girls' Education in Italy.
On Certain Defects in English Public Schools.
On Spelling Reform. H. Sogeman.

Journal of Geology.—46, Great Russell Street. Sept.-Oct. 50 cents.
Theory of the Origin of Mountain Ranges. Joseph Le Conte.
On the Migration of Material During the Metamorphism of Rock Masses. Alfred Harker.
Sketch of the Present State of Knowledge concerning the Basic Massive Rocks of the Lake Superior Region. W. S. Bayley.
A Study in Consanguinity of Eruptive Rocks. Orville A. Derby.

Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society.—Cork. November. 6d.
The Lough of Cork. C. G. Doran.
Two Thousand Years Ago. With Map.

Kindergarten Magazine.—Woman's Temple, Chicago. Nov. 25 cents.
How Shall the Primary School be Modified? B. Pickman Mann.

King's Own.—44, Paternoster Row. December. 6d.
Rev. Thomas Spurgeon. Rev. H. O. Mackey.
Antwerp in the Olden Time. Rev. W. J. A. Iams.

Knowledge.—326, High Holborn. December. 6d.
Antarctic Seals. William S. Bruce.
Shooting Stars and their Trails. A. C. Ranyard.
The Solar Faculae. Mons. H. Deslandres.

Ladies' Home Journal.—Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia. December. 10 cents.

How Faultierly Really Occurred. Illustrated. Frances Holman Burnett.
My Literary Passions. William Dean Howells.
New Serial Stories:—"Pomona's Travels," by Frank R. Stockton; and "A Beautiful Alien," by Julia Magruder.

Ladies' Treasury.—23, Old Bailey. December. 7d.
Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia.
St. David's Cathedral. Illustrated.

Leisure Hour.—56, Paternoster Row. December. 6d.
Khama, the Bechwana Christian Chief. With Portrait. George Cosens.
Flowers of the Market: Foliage Plants. Illustrated. W. J. Gordon.
Political Refugees in London. Linda Villari.
How They Live in Matabeland. With Map and Illustrations. Rev. D. Carnegie.

Library Journal.—Kegan Paul. November. 50 cents.
How to Popularise a Free Library. Peter Cowell.
The International Mutual Relations of Libraries. K. Dzatzke.

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine.—Ward, Lock. December. 1s.
A Newspaper Sensation. Louis N. Megargee.
The Australian Rabbit Plague. J. N. Ingram.
Literary Popularity. Edgar Fawcett.

Longman's Magazine.—39, Paternoster Row. December. 6d.
The Forgery of Antiquities. Sir John Evans.
Why Men don't Marry: an Eighteenth Century Answer. Mrs. Alice Pollard.
Water Bacteriology and Cholera. Mrs. Percy Frankland.

Lucifer.—7, Duke Street, Adelphi. November 15. 1s. 6d.
Conviction and Dogmatism. Annie Besant.
Theosophy Historically Considered as Underlying all Religions and Sacred Scriptures. Dr. J. D. Buck.
Ibsen's Works in the Light of Theosophy. Hon. Otway Cuffe.
Ancient Egypt. H. L. P.
Intuition. G. R. S. Mead.
The Battle of Salamis. Hume Nisbet.

Ludgate Monthly.—53, Fleet Street. December. 6d.
Cheltenham College. Illustrated. W. C. Sargent.
A Trip to Chicago and its World's Fair. Illustrated.
Pens and Pencils of the Press. Illustrated. Joseph Hatton.
Western Magic: a Chat with Mr. Maskelyne and Mr. Chas. Bertram. Illustrated. H. Fitzgerald.

McClure's Magazine.—33, Bedford Street. Nov. 15 cents.
A Dialogue between Frank R. Stockton and Edith M. Thomas. Illustrated.
Four Hundred Degrees below Zero: An Interview with Prof. Dewar. Illustrated. H. J. W. Darn.
The Personal Force of Cleveland. With Portrait. E. Jay Edwards.
The Great Bronx Battle: The Bronx and the Ghosts. Dr. William Wright.
The Hypnotic Experiments of Dr. Luys. Illustrated. R. H. Sherard.

Macmillan's Magazine.—29, Bedford Street. December. 1s.
Three Humourists: Hook, Barham, Maginn. George Saintsbury.
The New Athens.
A Discourse on the Homilies.

Manchester Quarterly. 2, Amen Corner. October. 1s.
Shakespeare's Classical Plays. James T. Foard.
James Smetham. Samuel C. Marshall.

Medical Magazine.—4, King Street, Cheapside. November. 2s. 6d.
Hereditary Disease.
Chronic Indigestion. H. B. Donkin.
Some Recollections of Charcot's Teaching. F. Parkes Weber.
Obstetrics in the Sixteenth Century. Dr. Alfred Harvey.
Berlin Sanitation. T. M. Legge.
A Doctor's Life in the Army. IV.
The Masses and the Innocents. XI.
Medical Defence. Major Greenwood.

Merry England.—43, Essex Street. November. 1s.
A New Poet: Francis Thompson. T. F. O'Connor.
On the Nature of Electricity. Rev. J. A. Dewe.
The Conductor-Bishop of Shrewsbury: Right Rev. John Carroll. With Portrait.

Missionary Review.—44, Fleet Street. December. 1s.
Work Among the Women of Egypt. Miss A. Y. Thompson.
Missions in Palestine. Arthur W. Tayne.
Evangelical Missions in Syria. Rev. George A. Ford.
The Y. M. C. A. in the Universities of India. L. D. Wishard.
Student Volunteers at Keswick. D. L. Pierson.
Present Attitude of the Jews in Relation to Christianity. Rev. David Shaw.

Modern Review.—4, Bouverie Street. November 15. 6d.
The Newest Thing in Science: Keely's Researches. Edward Legg.
Dulamara in the Press: Quack Advertisements. Outlaw II.
The Hangman's Prey: Capital Punishment. Mrs. Geo. Corbett.
Play-Acting in the Moven-Age. R. B. Holt.

Month.—Burns and Oates. December. 2s.
 Recollections of Father John Morris. Father J. Pollen and Others.
 English Guilds in the Middle Ages. Rev. W. D. Strappin.
 The Life of a Siberian Priest: Father Gromadski. Lady Herbert of Lea.
 Dr. Pusey. C. Kegan Paul.
 Christ in Modern Theology. III. Rev. John Rickaby.

Monthly Packet.—A. D. Innes, Bedford Street. December. 1s.
 The Cat in the Zoo. Phil Robinson.
 St. Martin's League of Postmen. L. Hereward.
 The Peace of Paris and of Hubertsburg: 1763—1764. C. M. Yonge.

National Review.—W. H. Allen. December. 2s. 6d.
 Is our Sea Power to be Maintained? Lord George Hamilton.
 Matthew Arnold. Leslie Stephen.
 The Voluntary Schools Crisis. Rev. Canon Hayman.
 Our Lady of Pootoo. R. S. Gundry.
 The Kirk and Presbyterian Union. Rev. Dr. H. Story.
 The Garden that I Love. Alfred Austin.
 The Unsolved Irish Problem. The O'Connor Don.
 Silver. Moreton Frewen.
 Golf: Something more than a First-class Game. Horace G. Hutchinson.

Natural Science.—Macmillan. December. 1s.
 High Level Sands and Gravels. T. Mellard Read.
 The Sedgwick Museum. H. Woods.
 Archæol. and Insect Development. G. H. Carpenter.
 Some Facts of Teleology. Frank Finn.
 The Scales of Fishes. A. Smith Woodward.
 Maltese and Sicilian Caverns.

Nautical Magazine.—28, Little Queen Street. November. 1s.
 The Manchester Ship Canal.
 British and American Yachts. Capt. Ed. Bond.
 Oceanography: The Pacific Bed. Richard Beynon.
 War Routes to India.
 Maritime Exhibits at the World's Columbian Exposition.

New Peterson Magazine.—Philadelphia. Nov. 10 cents.
 The Heart of the West Indies: Barbados. Illustrated. Dr. Wm. F. Hutchinson.
 Women of the Salon. Illustrated. Helen E. Drew.

New Review.—Longmans. December. 1s.
 The Problem of the Unemployed. J. A. Murray Macdonald.
 New Employments for Educated Women. Lady Knightley of Fawley.
 Jean Martin Charcot: His Life and Work. Mdlle. Blaise de Bury.
 Constantinople in 1893. Prof. F. Max Müller.
 The Indictment of Dives. W. S. Lilly.
 Paul Verlaine. Arthur Symonds.
 The Mystery of Ancient Egypt. W. Marsham Adam.
 Liberalism and Social Reform: A Warning. L. Atherley Jones.
 The Decay of Beauty. Frederick Boyle.
 The Armenian Agitation: A Rejoinder to Sadik Effendi. F. S. Stevenson.
 Winter Sport. Hon. Gerald Lascelles.

Newbery House Magazine.—Griffith, Farran. December. 1s.
 Women; their Needs and Helpers. III. Lady Laura Ridding.

Nineteenth Century.—Sampson Low. December. 2s. 6d.
 Fabian Fustian. Michael Davitt.
 Socialism in France. Yvée Guyot.
 What London People Die of. Hugh Percy Dunn.
 Football as a Moral Agent. Hely Hutchinson Almond.
 Recollections of Professor Jowett. Algernon Charles Swinburne.
 Upper Houses in Modern States. I. The Italian Senate. Marchese F. Nobili-Vitellacci.
 The Anonymous Critic. H. D. Traill.
 Queen Elizabeth and Ivan the Terrible. W. Barnes Steven.
 Confessions of a Village Tyrant. Rev. Edward Miller.
 The Queen and Her First Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne. Hon. Reginald B. Brett.
 The Index and My Articles on Hell. Prof. St. George Mivart.
 On the Origin of the Mashonaland Ruins. J. Theodore Bent.
 The London School Board: a Reply to Mr. Lyulph Stanley. Joseph R. Diggie.
 A Wedding Gift to England in 1662. Walter Frewen Lord.
 Toulon and the French Navy. Wm. Laird Clowes.

North American Review.—Wm. Heinemann. November. 2s. 6d.
 Misrepresentation of the Senate. Wm. M. Stewart.
 Obstruction in the Senate. Henry Cabot Lodge.
 Highwaymen of the Railroad. William A. Pinkerton.
 The Wealth of New York. III. Mayor T. F. Gilroy.
 The Revision of the Belgian Constitution. Alfred Le Ghaet.
 A Parisienne. Marquise de San Carlos.
 The Spanish Woman. Eva Canel.
 Ten Years of Civil Service Reform. Hon. Charles Lyman.
 The Productivity of the Individual. W. H. Mallock.
 Magic Among the Red Men. Prof. H. Keller.
 Pool Rooms and Pool Selling. Anthony Comstock.
 Social Relations of the Insane. Dr. Henry Smith Williams.
 How to Improve Our Roads. Governor Flower.
 Eggs, etc., in Congress: Reciprocity with Canada. Erastus Wiman.

Outing.—170, Strand. December. 6d.
 The National Guard of Pennsylvania and Its Antecedents. Illustrated.
 The Victory of the *Vigilant*. Illustrated. Capt. A. J. Kenealy.

Overland Monthly.—Pacific Mutual Life Building, San Francisco. November. 25 cents.

The California Midwinter International Exposition. Illustrated. Phil Weaver, Jr.
 Tobogganing in Middle Georgia. Illustrated. Caroline Le Conte.
 Sun Dials. Illustrated. Eliz. S. Bates.

Pall Mall Magazine.—Routledge. December. 1s.
 New Serial: "Lord Ormont and His Aminta." George Meredith.
 Christmas in New Zealand. Illustrated. Edward John Mart.
 The Friend of a Queen: Marie Antoinette and M. de Ferceux. Illustrated. Schutz Wilson.
 Unknown Paris. Illustrated. M. Griffith and Jean d'Oriol.
 Confessions of an Interviewer. Illustrated. John B. Lane.
 "Is the Theatre growing less Popular?" W. Archer and J. Comyns Carr.

Poet-Lore.—5, Chandos Street, Strand. November. 25 cents.
 The First English Essayist: Walter Map. Arthur W. Colton.
 Jean Paul Richter. J. F. Wallis.
 The Supernatural in Shakespeare: II. "The Tempest." Annie R. Wall.
 An Objection to Browning's Caliban Considered. Maude Wilkinson.
 Gentle Will, Our Fellow. Frederick Gard Fleay.
 How to Study Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Helen A. Clarke.

Provincial Medical Journal.—11, Adam Street, Strand. Nov. 6d.
 Psycho-Physics and Practical Medicine. J. Barker Smith.
 Obesity Successfully Treated by Scientific Dieting, with Results. N. E. Yorke-Davies.
 Biology and Ethics. Sir James Crickton-Browne.
 Health Resorts of the World: Schlangenbad and Wilbad. T. M. Madgen.

Quiver.—Casell. December. 6d.
 Some Old Illuminations. Illustrated.
 Some Famous Churchyards. Illustrated.
 With a Doctor of Charity: Dr. Barnardo. Illustrated. R. Blathwayt.

Religious Review of Reviews.—4, Catherine St., Strand. Nov. 15. 6d.
 The Fight for Christianity on the School Board: Interviews with Rev. C. J. Riggway and Mr. Athelstan Riley. With Portraits.
 The late Archbishop Knox. With Portrait. Canon Crozier.
 Nonconformist Endowments. G. H. F. Nye.

Review of the Churches.—Haddon, Salisbury Square. 6d. November.
 Religious Teaching in Board Schools. With Portrait. Mr. Athelstan Riley.
 Benjamin Jowett, D.D. Illustrated. Archdeacon Farrar.
 Tom Mann. With Portrait. J. C. Carille.

St. Nicholas.—Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. December. 1s.

General Sherman's Bear. Illustrated. Edward S. Wilson.

New Orleans. II. Illustrated. George W. Cable.

Helen Keller's Visit to the World's Fair.

Science and Art.—Chapman and Hall. December. 6d.
 The Royal College of Science, South Kensington. III. Chemical Section. Illustrated.
 The First Technical College: Anderson's University, 1828—1877. IV. Illustrated. Professor Sexton.

Scottish Geographical Magazine.—Stanford, Cockspur Street. November. 1s. 6d.

The Discovery of America by Columbus. With Maps. John Murray.
 On the New Map of Persia. Hon. George Curzon.
 Series of Maps of the World according to Early Geographers, in Six Plates.

Scribner's Magazine.—Sampson Low. December. 1s.
 Constantinople. Illustrated. F. Marion Crawford.
 "Private Letters of King James's Reign," by Sir Walter Scott; and Introduction by Andrew Lang.

Shakespeariana.—(Quarterly.) Stevens, 4, Trafalgar Square. Oct. 2s.
 How the "Love's Labour's Lost" was Newly Augmented. A. Morgan.
 Shakespeare's Years. Chapters I. II. C. L. Cooley.
 A Man that's Married. A Story of Shakespearian Times. C. Falkner, Jr.
 "The Tale of Gamelyn" and "As You Like It." E. MacDavis.

Strand Magazine.—Southampton Street. November. 6d.
 The Royal Wedding: From an Oriental Point of View. Illustrated. M. R. Ahmad.
 From Behind the Speaker's Chair. X. Illustrated. H. W. Lucy.
 Great London Fires. Illustrated. Sidney Greenwood.
 Portraits of Sir Henry Hallford, Rev. A. Stopford Broke, Miss Clara Jecks, Joseph Hollman, and Hon. Sir William Grantham.
 A Chapter on Ears. II. Illustrated.
 Sir Henry Hallford. Illustrated. Harry How.

Sunday at Home.—56, Paternoster Row. December. 6d.
 At the World's Sunday-School Convention in St. Louis. Rev. D. Monroe Gibson.
 Bemerton and George Herbert. Illustrated. Mrs. Mayo.
 Trial and Acquittal of Stundists. Rev. Dr. L. B. White.
 Among the Matabeles. Rev. D. Carnegie.

Sunday Magazine.—Isbister. December. 6d.
 Alexandria. Illustrated. Canon MacColl.
 The Men who died at Lokoi. Illustrated. Rev. A. R. Buckland.
 Types of Stundists. III.
 The True Story of Evangelism. Rev. Dr. T. Bowman Stephenson.
 The South Arans. Illustrated. L'Aigle Cole.

Sylvia's Journal.—Ward, Lock. December. 6s.
Christmas Carols. Mrs. Comyns Carr.
A Chat with Mrs. Alfred Hunt. Illustrated.

Temple Bar.—Bentley, New Burlington Street. December. 1s.
Professor Jowett.
Five Weeks in Greece. J. C. Bailey.
Count Taaffe.
Théophile Gautier.

Theosophist.—Adyar, Madras. Nov. 2s.
Old Diary Leaves—XX. H. S. Olcott.
The Esoteri: Significance of the Ten Avatāra.—K. Narayanaswamy Tyer.

United Service (American).—Stevens, 4, Trafalgar Square. November. 3s. cents.

A True History of the Army at Fort Fisher. Brevet-Col. H. C. Lockwood.
Reorganisation of the Artillery. Alvin H. Sydenham.

United Service Magazine.—15, York Street, Covent Garden. December. 2s.
The Matabele and Their War Dance. With Map. Captain W. Sitwell.
Names of British Men-of-War. Captain H. Mist.
Forgotten Volunteers. Owen E. Wheeler.
Battalion Organisation.
MaoMahon and Von Kameke. Captain Markham Rose.
Miss Daniell's Soldiers' Homes. Miss E. L. De Butts.
The Fire of Artillery. Major J. J. Henriquez.
Cavalry in the Berkshire Manœuvres. A Foreign Officer.
Suppression of Rebellion in the North-West Territories of Canada, 1885.
With Map. General Sir F. Middleton.
The Training of Blue-Jackets.
The Royal Marine Light Infantry. Captain J. F. Daniell.

University Correspondent.—13, Bookseller's Row, Strand. November 25th. 1d.
The Faculty of Cramming; its Psychological Analysis and Practical Value.

University Extension.—Fifteenth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia. November. 1s. cents.

University Extension in the South. Prof. W. P. Trent.
The Extension Class and Paper Work. Ellis Edwards.

University Extension Journal.—2, Paternoster Square. November. 2d.
The Extension Movement and County Councils. M. E. Sadler, and A. J. Grant.
University Extension World.—46, Great Russell Street. Nov. 10 cents.
Earliest University Extension in the United States. E. W. Bemis.
Fundamental Principles of University Extension. IV. Jessie D. Montgomery.
The Fourth Summer Meeting at Cambridge. W. H. Mare.
University Extension in Iowa. J. A. Rohbach.

Argosy.—December.
At Evensong. Sarah Doudney.
An English Garden. E. Nesbit.
The Journey's End. Christian Burke.

Atlanta.—December.
A Song of Silence. Beatrice Cregan.
The Schoolmistress. C. Bain.
Atlantic Monthly.—December.
The Blazing Heart. Alice W. Brotherton.

Bookman.—December.
Wisdom and Dreams. W. B. Yeats.

Californian Illustrated Magazine.—November.
Music. Illustrated. Clifford Howard.

Century Magazine.—December.
The Poets. Thomas Bailey Aldrich.
To a Pilgrim. Henry Van Dyke.
While Mary Slept. Alice Archer Sewell.
City Sonnets. John H. Boker.

Cornhill Magazine.—December.
Twilight.

Cosmopolitan.—November.
Hagar. Illustrated. Eliza P. Nicholson.
The Mocking Bird. J. B. Tabb.
Among the Pines. Virginia W. Cloud.

English Illustrated Magazine.—December.
The Curling Tongs. J. M. Bulloch.
The Ballad of the White Lady. E. Nesbit.

Girl's Own Paper.—December.
Frost Flowers. Helen Marion Burnside.
My Lady. M. Helderwick Browne.

Harper's Magazine.—December.
Hera Christi. Alice Brown.
How Love Came. Alice Archer Sewell.
After Watteau. Austin Dobson.
A Winter Night. O. C. Stevens.

Leisure Hour.—December.
Christmas. E. Nesbit.
Esau and the Angels. Frederick Langbridge.

Westminster Review.—December.

The Holy Office and Liberal Catholicism. W. R. Sullivan.
Marriage Customs. England Howlett, F.S.A.
Zola and His Work. W. H. Gladell.
Hard Labour in the Hospitals. Gertrude Dix.
The Scotsman as a Householder. George Farquhar.
The Origin and Evolution of Property in Land. Hugh H. L. Bellot.
The Novels of Ossip Schubin.

Wilson's Photographic Magazine.—853, Broadway, New York. November. 30 cents.
Architectural Photography. Illustrated. John A. Tennant.
Hand-Camera Practice. IV. C. Ashleigh Snow.
Present and Future Possibilities of Photography. Leon Vital.

Woman at Home.—27, Paternoster Row. December. 6s.
The Princess Louise. Illustrated. Katherine Lee.
Illustrated Interview with Lady Cook. Raymond Blathwayt.
A Page of Confessions. Lady Charles Beresford.
Sir Edwin Arnold at Home. Illustrated.

Work.—Cassell. December. 6s.
The London and North Western Railway Company's Workshop at Crewe.
A Printing Press: How to make and how to use it. A. M. Browne.

Yale Review.—New Haven, Conn. November. 75 cents.
Results of Recent Investigations on Prices in the United States. F. W. Taussig.
State Sovereignty before 1789. Daniel H. Chamberlain.
The Scope of Political Economy. Simon N. Patten.
The Financier of the Confederate States: C. G. Memminger. J. C. Schwab.
The Genesis of Capital. J. B. Clark.

Young Gentlewoman.—Arundel Street, Strand. December. 6s.
New Serial Stories:—"My Strange Adventures," by Commander Lovell Cameron; and "Cécile de Troye," by Marguerite Poradowska.
Alone through India. Illustrated. Miss Billington.

Young Man.—9, Paternoster Row. December. 3s.
Novels and Novel-Writing: Interview with Silas K. Hocking. Illustrated.
How to Make a Living.—As a Doctor.
Oliver Wendell Holmes. Illustrated. Rev. H. R. Hawes.
John Ruskin: The Man and His Message. W. J. Dawson.

Young Woman.—9, Paternoster Row. December. 3s.
The Life of a Hospital Nurse. Illustrated. Honnor Morten.
Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. Illustrated.
The Story of My Life.—I. Pupil and Pedagogue. Miss Willari.
A Popular Novelist at Home: Mrs. Alexander. With Portrait. Frederick Dolman.

POETRY.

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine.—December.
The Spring in the Desert. Mercy Hart.
A Dream in the Morning. Alice Brown.

Longman's Magazine.—December.
The Ballad of Little Liza. Gascolgne Mackie.

Manchester Quarterly.—October.
The Sands of Weeping. Illustrated. W. E. A. Axon.
A Song of Dawn. John Walker.

Merry England.—November.
Veni Creator. Alice Meynell.
Eleanoraunt Flumina. Francis Thompson.

Pall Mall Magazine.—December.
"Bobs." With Portrait of Lord Roberts. Rudyard Kipling.
After Long Years. Illustrated. Clara Grant Duff.
Disillusion. Illustrated. Mary Evered.
A Passing Glimpse. Illustrated. Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

St. Nicholas.—December.
Cousin Lucrece. Illustrated. Edmund Clarence Stelman.
The House on the Rath. Illustrated. Bliss Carman.

Scribner's Magazine.—December.
Winter Song. Duncan Campbell Scott.
Voices and Visions. Thomas Bailey Aldrich.
Vale. Graham R. Tomson.

Sunday Magazine.—December.
Bird Songs of Dawn and Dusk. Arthur L. Salmon.
"Children of the Highest." Benjamin Waugh.
The Children. Clara Thwaites.

Sylvia's Journal.—December.
The Annunciation: a Miracle Play. Katherine Tynan.
A Painted Fan. Louise Chandler Moulton.

Temple Bar.—December.
In Memoriam: Benjamin Jowett. May Sinclair.
Necessity. 2s.

Woman at Home.—December.
A Christmas Carol. Katherine Tynan.

MUSIC.

American Art Journal.—23, Union Square, New York. 10 cents.
November 11.
Death of Tschalkowsky, the Great Russian Composer.
Atalanta.—December.
"Der Ring des Nibelungen." Illustrated. R. Farquharson Sharp.
Song: "Beloved Amidst the Earnest Woes." W. Augustus Barrett.
Cassell's Saturday Journal.—December.
What Music Teachers can Earn: A Chat with Sir Joseph Barnby.
Century Magazine.—December.
Hector Berlioz. With Portrait. Ernest Reyer.
Chambers's Journal.—December.
The First Oratorio. J. F. Rowbotham.
Church Musician.—Novello. November 15. 2s.
Christmas and Christmas Carols. Arthur H. Brown.
Music: "Four Hymn Tunes: Kyrie and Sanctus," by W. H. Maxfield.
Étude.—1708, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. November. 15 cents.
On the Moonlight Sonata. A. Kulak.
Piano Solos:—"Evening," by F. L. Eyer; "Solitude," by C. Mercier; etc.
Fortnightly Review.—December.
Gounod. Mlle. de Bovet and M. Widor.
Gentleman's Magazine.—December.
Gounod. J. C. Hadden.
Girl's Own Paper.—December.
Beethoven. J. F. Rowbotham.
Kindergarten Magazine.—November.
A History of the Tonic Sol-fa System. Emma A. Lord.
Leisure Hour.—December.
Song:—"When I think of the Happy Days." Myles B. Foster.
Lyra Ecclesiastica.—40, Dawson Street, Dublin. November. 6d.
Gregorian Chant and Modern Music. Continued. Dom L. Janssens.
Catholic Choir Music:—"O Sacrum Convivium." G. Groce.
McClure's Magazine.—November.
Patti at Craig-y-Nos. Illustrated. Arthur Warren.
Macmillan's Magazine.—December.
Descriptive Music.
Music.—240, Wabash Avenue, Chicago. November. 30 cents.
Pianists and Pianism. Alfred Veit.
The Influence of Blindness upon Musicianship. J. S. Van Cleave.
Musical Composition and Psychology. J. De Zelninski.
The Zuni Music and its Proper Representation. J. C. Fillmore.
The Use of Art in Education. Edith C. Eastman.
Mr. Steinert and the Clavichord.
Hector Berlioz. Camille Saint-Saëns.
Music Review.—174, Wabash Avenue, Chicago. November. 20 cents.
Verdi's Home and Homestead. Illustrated. W. Kadin.
John Sullivan Dwight. With Portrait. L. C. Elson.
American College of Musicians.
Introduction to Interpretation of Beethoven's Pianoforte Works. A. B. Marx.
Music World.—3033, Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo. October 31.
10 cents.
Robert Schumann's Biography. Continued.
Piano Solo: "Ockerthal," by H. Litloff.
Musical Opinion.—150, Holborn. December. 2d.
The Coming Musician. W. Bernhard.
Mendelssohn's Use of the Chorus. J. W. G. Hathaway.
The Making of Sound in the Organ and in the Orchestra. Illustrated.
H. Smith.
The Simplification of Musical Notation. J. Varge.
Musical Herald.—8, Warwick Lane. December. 2d.
Mr. D. Batchellor. With Portrait.
Mendelssohn in Wales. F. G. Edwards.
Musical Messenger.—141, West Sixth Street, Cincinnati. November.
15 cents.
Piano Solo: "At Sunset," by F. Marcus.

Musical News.—130, Fleet Street. 1d.
November 4.
Questionable Orchestral Associations. T. L. Southgate.
November 18.
French Music. T. L. Southgate.
Musical Record.—Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. November. 10 cents.
Johann Sebastian Bach. Ernst Perabo.
Piano Solo:—"Golden Rain," by Cloy.
Musical Standard.—185, Fleet Street. 3s.
November 4.
Secular Music on Sunday. November 11.
Mr. Ebenezer Prout. With Portrait.
The late Dr. Tschalkowsky. With Portrait.
November 18.
Gounod and Beethoven.
The Art of Music.
Musical Times.—Novello. December. 4d.
Gounod: the Man and the Master. Joseph Bennett.
Four-Part Song:—"In a Dread-Nighted December," by G. A. Macfarren.
Musical Visitor.—John Church Company, Cincinnati. Nov. 15 cents.
Thanksgiving Music: "Praise Ye the Lord," by W. A. Hastie; and three others.
Piano Solo: "Grand March," by Leybach.
Musical World.—145, Wabash Avenue, Chicago. November. 15 cents.
Piano Solos: "Echoes from the White City," by E. Holst; "Espiegleries," by J. Eggard.
New Quarterly Musical Review.—8, New Burlington Street.
November. 1s.
Richard Wagner's Version of "Tristan and Isolde." Dr. A. Seidl.
Old Musical Catches. S. J. A. Fitz-Gerald.
Tschalkowsky's "Eugene Onegin."
Form in Art. H. O. Anderson.
Organ.—149A, Tremont Street, Boston. November. 25 cents.
Organ Music: "Canon," by E. E. Truette; "Andantino in F," by G. Merkel.
Organist and Choirmaster.—139, Oxford Street. November 15. 2d.
On Chanting the Te Deum. Rev. A. F. Torry.
Christmas Carols, by Dr. E. J. Hopkins, Dr. C. W. Pearce, and Dr. C. Vincent.
People's Friend.—186, Fleet Street. December. 6d.
Great Masters of Music: Gounod. J. C. Hadden.
Piano, Organ, and Music Trades Journal.—14, Bartholomew Close.
November. 6d.
The Steinway Pianofortes: A History of their Progress in England.
School Music Review.—Novello. December. 1d.
Two-Part Carol:—"Hark! How Sweetly the Bells," by G. Fox.
Song:—"Rose among the Heather," by F. Schubert.
Strad.—186, Fleet Street. December. 2d.
Recollections of Paganini. With Portrait.
Herr Louis Ries. With Portrait.
Sylvia's Journal.—December.
Interview with Mr. Frederic Cowen. Illustrated. Flora Klickmann.
Violin Times.—38, Warwick Road, Earl's Court. November 15. 2d.
The Guild Book of the Master Violin-Makers of Markneukirchen. E. H. Allen.
Hints and Helps to Violin Players. W. Sutcliffe.
Vocalist.—97, Fifth Avenue, New York. November. 20 cents.
Children in Music. Julia L. Caruthers.
Science and Art of Breathing. F. H. Tubbs.
Singing. J. D. Mehan.
Werner's Magazine.—108, East 16th Street, New York. November.
25 cents.
Take Care of Your Voice. II. Leo Koffer.
The Art of Training Choir-Boys. I. G. C. Martin.

ART.

Anglo-Continental.—November 15.
The Mountain Home of the Great Titian.
Art Amateur.—39, Charing Cross Road. November. 1s. 6d.
American Sculpture. Illustrated.
French Painting. Illustrated. Alfred Paris
The National Gallery. Illustrated. Theodore Child.
Landscape-Painting in Oil. Illustrated. M. B. O. Fowler.
Flower-Painting. Illustrated. Patty Thum.

Art Journal.—Virtue, Ivy Lane. December. 1s. 6d.
"A Daughter of the Knickerbockers." Frontispiece, after G. H. Boughton.
A Painter's Pilgrimage—II. Illustrated. Herbert Schmalz.
On the Arun. II. Illustrated. Cosmo Monkhouse.
Ancient and Modern Altar Cloths. Illustrated. B. C. Seward.
A Painter of Winter: Louis Apol. Illustrated. A. C. Van der Kop.
Hints for Buyers of Gifts: Personal Jewellery. Illustrated. A. Vailancey.
Elections at the Royal Academy. Illustrated.
Glass and Ceramics at the Chicago Exhibition. Illustrated.

Century Magazine.—December.

Old Dutch Masters: Rembrandt. Illustrated. Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer.
Rembrandt and "The Night Watch." Illustrated. Timothy Cole.
Jan Steen. Illustrated. Timothy Cole.
Chats with Famous Painters. Illustrated. Wallace Wood.

Cosmopolitan.—November.

Autobiographical Notes. Illustrated. Franz von Lenbach.
Magazine of Art.—Cassell. December. 1s. 4d.
 "A Pastoral." Photogravure after R. C. W. Bunney.
 "Love Among the Ruins." Engraving after E. Burne-Jones.
The Ruston Collection: the Modern Pictures. Illustrated. Claude Phillips.
Art in the Theatre: the Question of Reform. Illustrated. W. Tebbin.
Some Recent Illustrated Volumes. Illustrated.
Adolf Hildebrand. Illustrated. Helen Zimmern.
Myths of the Dawn of Greek Vase-Paintings. Illustrated. Jane E. Harrison.
An Memoriam: Cecil Gordon Lawson. Illustrated. H. Owen.

Manchester Quarterly.—October.

William Gilpin: Artist and Author. Illustrated. C. T. Tallent Batesman.

Scribner's Magazine.—December.

A Search for Della Robbia Monuments in Italy. Illustrated. Allan Marquand.
An Artist Among Animals. Illustrated. F. S. Church.

Studio.—16, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. Nov. 61.

Etchings. Illustrated. Col. Goff and C. T. Watson.
An American Critic (R. Cortisano) on English Art.
The Art of Book-binding: An Interview with Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. Illustrated.
The Arts and Crafts Exhibition, 1893. II.
Egypt as a Sketching Ground. Wilfred Ball.

Temple Bar.—8, New Burlington Street. December. 1s.

George Cruikshank: A Defence. George S. Layard.

THE GERMAN MAGAZINES.**Alte und Neue Welt.**—Benziger, Einsiedeln. 50 Pf. Heft 2.

The Symbolism of Dreams. Prof. A. Nagele.
How Worlds are Made and Destroyed. Illustrated. Georg Griens.
Opium Smokers. Illustrated. Max Stein.
 Heft 3.

The World's Fair. Illustrated.
Theophrastus Paracelsus. With Portraits. Adolf Kessler.
Marshal MacMahon. With Portraits.

Chorgesang.—Hans Licht, Leipzig. 2 Mks. per quarter. Nov. 12.

Carl Rorich. With Portrait.
Two Hungarian Folk-songs. Music by F. T. Cursch-Bühren.

Daheim.—9, Poststrasse, Leipzig. 2 Mks. per quarter.

General von Versen. With Portrait. Hanns von Zobelitz.
 November 11.

Lauscha, a Thuringian Glass Village. Illustrated. H. von Spielberg.
Louise von François. With Portrait. Paul von Szczepanski.
 November 18.

Napoleon's Mother. With Portrait. T. H. Pantenius.
The Evangelical Social Congress. Illustrated. Paul Gühre.
 November 25.

The Learning of Foreign Languages. Dr. E. von Sallwürk.
A Cruise with the Emperor on the Meteor. Illustrated. Hans Bohrdt.

Deutscher Hausschatz.—Fr. Pustet, Regensburg. 40 Pf. Heft 2.

Private Detectives in London. Dr. A. Heine.
The Coronation of the Emperor Charles VI.

Deutsche Revue.—Tannenstr., 50, Breslau. 6 Mks. per quarter.

The Franco-Siam Treaty. M. von Brandt.
Lothar Bucher. VII. Heinrich von Poehlinger.
England, France, and Russia, in Asia. Heinrich Geffken.
The Development of Modern Gynecology. Hans Leyden.
The Human Will Not Free. Freiherr E. von Stockmar.
Experiences of an American Statesman (Gouverneur Morris) at the German Court. H. von Wilke.
The Russian Fleet.

Deutsche Rundschau.—Lützowstr., 7, Berlin. 6 Mks. per quarter.

From My Life. I. Eduard Hanslick.
Inscriptions as Sources of Greek History. G. Busolt.
Leopold von Plessen. II. Ludwig von Hirschfeld.
Ilmenau. Bernhard Suphan.
The Century of Velasquez. E. Hübner.
Political Correspondence:—The Illness of Prince Bismarck, the Russo-German Customs Tariff, France and Russia, Siam, Italy, etc.

Deutsche Worte.—VIII. Langeasse, 15, Vienna. 50 kr. November.
Methods of German Unemployed Statistics. Karl Thies.
Ernst Busch. Dr. A. Müllerberg.

Freie Bühne.—Königsstr., 44, Berlin. 1 Mk. 50 Pf. Nov.

The Woman Question: Questions for Men. Irma von Troll-Borostyán.
The Economic Battle. Dr. L. Gumplowicz.
Life and Death in Art. Wilhelm von Polenz.
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Theodor Mommson. With Portrait.
The World's Fair. Illustrated.
Nordisk Tidskrift.—Letterstelt Society, Stockholm. 10 kr. per annum. (No. 6.)
Power-transference. D. Isaachsen.
The Rose in Olden Times and the Middle Ages. Johan Vising.
The Free High Schools. P. E. Fahlbeck.
Nyt Tidskrift.—De Tusen Hjem's Forlag, Christiania. 8 kr. per annum. No. 10.
The Mai Times. Hans Aanrud.
Asmund Vinje. J. E. Sars.

A Noteworthy Political Document. Sigurd Ibsen.
The Religious Congress in Chicago. W. Coucheron-Aamot.
Ord och Bild.—Wahlströmoch Widstrand, Stockholm. 10 kr. per annum. No. 10.
Socrates and Aristofanes. Johannes Paulson.
Zachris Topellius. With Portrait.
Theatricals and Theatre-Life in the West. With Portrait. Gustaf Gullberg.
Samtiden.—Gorhard Gran, Bergen. 5 kr. per annum. November.
Jonas Lie. With Portrait. Herman Bang.
My Wife. With Portrait. Jonas Lie.
From the Youth of Jonas Lie. With Portrait. N. K.
Episodes from Jonas Lie's First Sojourn in Italy. Johann Bøgh.
No. 10, Rue du Bac. Kitty L. Kjeland.
No. 7, Avenue de la Grand Armée. Christian Skredsvig.
How "Kvaernkallen" came to be Written. Erik Lie.
Holskogen. Irgens Hansen.
Letters from Jonas Lie.
Tilskueren.—M. Galschløt, Copenhagen. 12 kr. per annum. October.
The Book of Job. II. Georg Brandes.
A New Literature. IV. Johannes Jørgensen.
Teosofisk Tidskrift.—The Scandinavian Theosophical Society, Stockholm. 60 öre. November.
Personality and Individuality.
The Great Religious Congress in Chicago.
Vor Tid.—Olaf Norli, Christiania. 1 kr 60 öre per half-year. No. 8. [The Relations between Religion and Morality. Olaf Holm.

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Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index.

A. C. Q.	American Catholic Quarterly Review.	F. L.	Folk-Lore.	N. Sc.	Natural Science.
A. J. P.	American Journal of Politics.	F. R.	Fortnightly Review.	N. N.	Nature Notes.
A. R.	Andover Review.	F.	Forum.	Nant. M.	Nautical Magazine.
A. A. P. S.	Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.	Fr. L.	Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.	N. E. M.	New England Magazine.
Ant.	Antiquary.	G. M.	Gentleman's Magazine.	New R.	New Review.
Arch. R.	Architectural Record.	G. J.	Geographical Journal.	New W.	New World.
A.	Arena.	G. O. P.	Girl's Own Paper.	N. H.	Newbury House Magazine.
Arg.	Argosy.	G. W.	Good Words.	N. C.	Nineteenth Century.
As.	Asclepiad.	G. T.	Great Thoughts.	N. A. R.	North American Review.
A. Q.	Asiatic Quarterly.	Harp.	Harper's Magazine.	O. C.	Our Celebrities.
Ata.	Atlanta.	Hom. R.	Homiletic Review.	O. D.	Our Day.
A. M.	Atlantic Monthly.	I.	Idler.	O.	Outing.
Bank.	Bankers' Magazine.	I. L.	Index Library.	P. E. F.	Palestine Exploration Fund.
Bel. M.	Belford's Monthly.	I. J. E.	International Journal of Ethics.	P. M. M.	Pail Mall Magazine.
Black.	Blackwood's Magazine.	I. R.	Investors' Review.	Phil. R.	Philosophical Review.
B. T. J.	Board of Trade Journal.	Ir. E. R.	Irish Ecclesiastical Record.	P. L.	Post-Lore.
Bkman.	Bookman.	Ir. M.	Irish Monthly.	P. R. R.	Presbyterian and Reformed Review.
C. P. G.	Cabinet Portrait Gallery.	Jew. Q.	Jewish Quarterly.	P. M. Q.	Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review.
Cal. R.	Calcutta Review.	J. Ed.	Journal of Education.	Pay. R.	Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research.
C. I. M.	Californian Illustrated Magazine.	J. Micro.	Journal of Microscopy.	Q. J. Econ.	Quarterly Journal of Economics.
C. F. M.	Cassell's Family Magazine.	J. R. A. S.	Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.	Q. R.	Quarterly Review.
C. S. J.	Cassell's Saturday Journal.	J. R. C. I.	Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute.	Q.	Quiver.
C. W.	Catholic World.	Jur. R.	Juridical Review.	R. R. R.	Religious Review of Reviews.
C. M.	Century Magazine.	K. O.	King's Own.	Rel.	Reliquary.
O. J.	Chambers's Journal.	K.	Knowledge.	R. C.	Review of the Churches.
Char. R.	Charities Review.	L. H.	Leisure Hour.	St. N.	St. Nicholas.
Chaut.	Chautauquan.	Libr.	Library.	Sc. A.	Science and Art.
Ch. M. I.	Church Missionary Intelligencer.	Lipp.	Lippincott's Monthly.	Scots.	Scots Magazine.
Ch. Q.	Church Quarterly.	L. Q.	London Quarterly.	Scot. G. M.	Scottish Geographical Magazine.
C. R.	Contemporary Review.	Long.	Longman's Magazine.	Scot. R.	Scottish Review.
C.	Cornhill.	Luc.	Lucifer.	Scrib.	Scribner's Magazine.
Cos.	Cosmopolitan.	Lud. M.	Ludgate Monthly.	Shake.	Shakespeareana.
Crit. R.	Critical Review.	Ly.	Lyceum.	Str.	Strand.
D. R.	Dublin Review.	Mac.	Macmillan's Magazine.	Sun. H.	Sunday at Home.
Econ. J.	Economic Journal.	Med. M.	Medical Magazine.	Sun. M.	Sunday Magazine.
Econ. R.	Economic Review.	M. W. D.	Men and Women of the Day.	T. B.	Temple Bar.
E. R.	Edinburgh Review.	M. E.	Merry England.	Th.	Theatre.
Ed. R. A.	Educational Review, America.	Mind.	Mind.	Think.	Thinker.
Ed. R. L.	Educational Review, London.	Mts. R.	Missionary Review of the World.	U. S. M.	United Service Magazine.
Eng. M.	Engineering Magazine.	Mod. R.	Modern Review.	W. R.	Westminster Review.
E. H.	English Historical Review.	Mon.	Monist.	Y. R.	Yale Review.
E. I.	English Illustrated Magazine.	M.	Month.	Y. M.	Young Man.
Ex.	Expositor.	M. P.	Monthly Packet.	Y. W.	Young Woman.
Ex. T.	Expository Times.	Nat. R.	National Review.		

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THE DEVIL-FISH OF TO-DAY.

TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR.



BY
Thomas.
WILLIAM T. STEAD.
=

BEING THE
REVIEW OF REVIEWS ANNUAL,
1893

DON JUAN: Je crois que deux et deux sont quatre, et que quatre et quatre sont huit.

SGANARELLE: La belle croyance et les beaux articles de foi que voilà votre religion, à ce que je vois est donc l'arithmétique !

Molière's Festin de Pierre, Act iii., Sc. 1.

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1893

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STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

PROLOGUE.

VICTOR HUGO affronted the incredulous intelligence of his generation by his description of the Devil Fish. No one who has ever read "The Toilers of the Sea," that marvellous prose epic which tells the story of the heroic combat waged unceasingly by man against the brute forces of nature, can ever forget the shudder of horror with which he followed the fortunes of the fight between Gilliatt, the hardy sailor, and the Devil Fish, that nightmare of romance.

"It is impossible," cried the critics. "This spectral phantasm of the deep never existed, could not exist. The Devil Fish, with its eight huge arms, with its four hundred pustules that cut and suck like a cupping glass, this loathly horror of vampire-death lurking in ocean caves to seize the limb and drain the life of the unwary fisherman, is but a monster such as 'the dreamer sees confusedly through the loophole of the night.' It has no other actual existence."

The critics were wrong—as usual. Genius was vindicated by facts, and science verified the monstrosity of romance. The octopus has even been exhibited in museums, and living specimens have been shown in aquariums. But that is only what might have been expected. What was unexpected was the sudden revelation that Victor Hugo's Devil Fish was a prophetic foreshadowing of a hideous monstrosity of our own day, so monstrous and so hideous that even the octopus which seized Gilliatt seems but an innocent plaything. The school of Biblical Commentators, which expended the labour of a lifetime in demonstrating how the strange creatures seen by John in Apocalyptic vision prefigured modern monarchies, empires, and churches, is almost extinct. The prophet Baxter is, I believe, its only surviving representative. But one-hundredth part of the misplaced ingenuity with which that worthy man proves conclusively to his own satisfaction that the Napoleonic dynasty may be discerned as in a glass darkly in the mystic beast of the Revelation would enable us to prove that Victor Hugo when describing the Devil Fish was prophesying the advent of the Liberator Permanent Benefit Building Society.

The famous chapter, "A Monster," in "The Toilers of the Sea," reads, indeed, like a poetic version of the report of the Official Receiver. The Devil Fish, with its eight tentacles extending round a face with two dull glassy eyes, clearly corresponds to the Liberator and its eight affiliated companies. Many an unfortunate shareholder and depositor will recognise the accuracy of this prophetic description:—

It winds round its victim, covering him and enveloping him in its slimy folds. . . . It is a spider in its shape, a chameleon in its rapid changes of hue. When angry it becomes purple. Its most disgusting characteristic is its impalpability. Its slimy folds strangle; its very touch paralyses. It looks like a mass of scorbutic gangrened flesh; it is a hideous picture of loathsome disease. Once fixed you cannot tear it away. It clings closely to its prey. How does it do so? By creating a vacuum. . . . It is a pneumatic machine that attacks you. You are struggling with a void which possesses eight antennæ. No scratches, no bites, but an indescribable suffocation. The terrible wretch grins upon you by a thousand foul mouths. The hydra incorporates itself with the man, and the man with the hydra. You become one and the same. The hideous dream is in your bosom. The Devil Fish draws you into its system. He drags you to him and into him; bound helplessly, glued where you stand, utterly powerless, you are gradually emptied into a loathsome receptacle, which is the monster itself.

How true to life is all this, there is no need to declare. But if further confirmation were wanted we have it in Victor Hugo's remarkable phrase—

"The Devil Fish is a hypocrite."

Hypocrisy was the dominant note of Liberator finance. As the Devil Fish wound one of its tentacles around a rock while it cast the other seven around its victim, so the Liberator anchored itself upon the Nonconformist chapel; and devoured its victims to the slow music of the Doxology.

The Devil Fish attacked one man who escaped, and the romance-reading world shudders at the horrid strife.

The Liberator attacked thousands upon thousands who did not escape, and the great public passes by on the other side, caring but little for the devastation that has been wrought in a thousand homes.

Gilliatt, in Victor Hugo's story, by a rapid flourish of his trusty knife tore off his assailant's head as a man draws a tooth. In England to-day the Liberator is dead, but the evil principle which gave life to it and all its companies lives and thrives and flourishes amongst us.

That principle will have to be tracked to its lair and slain, before the thrifty investor can recover confidence. The extent to which that confidence has been shaken, only those understand who have looked below the surface. Trust between man and man has been scorched up, and no one knows but that in any promising investment there lurks the long death-dealing arm of a new Liberator.

Confidence must be restored if business is to revive and thrift to regain its charm. It is atheism to say that nothing can be done, and that swindling is business and that all business is swindling. A generation that has stamped out bribery and corruption at elections by a single Act of Parliament is not going to sit down helplessly before the *non possumus* of the Stock Exchange.

In the hope that it may incite many to co-operate in a manful attempt to cope with this great malady, I have written out my ideas in this Christmas story of "Two and Two Make Four." Whatever may be their defects, they are the best that I can offer, and if each brings his best the worst will soon be mended.

It is a story, and it does not profess to be a history—although, as is sufficiently evident to the most casual observer, I have built my fiction upon palpably obvious foundations of fact.

Of the *Daily Paper* and the somewhat fantastic vision of what might be in 1900 A.D., that also is romance. Much of it, however, might be converted into realised fact if 100,000 of my readers first ordered the *Daily Paper* into existence, and then paid the cost of a cigarette a day into the Fund of the Fellowship.

A penny a day could save millions a year. But I leave the question of the realisation of this dream with the public.

W. T. STEAD.

HÔTEL DE L'EUROPE, LUCERNE, September 3, 1893.



TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR.

PART I.—THE CRASH OF THE EMANCIPATOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE UNDERGRADUATE.

DECEMBER frost lay lightly on the leafless trees, and the westering sun was sinking slowly through a cloudless sky, when Dick Grant, looking out of the first-class window of the express, saw the first of the villa outposts which London has thrown out in every direction round her crowded heart. The great city was still twenty miles away, nor could his eye catch even a distant glimpse in the horizon of her domes and towers. But the suburban villa, trim and snug, with its gravelled walks and well-kept grounds, seemed almost as significant of the nearness of the metropolis, as the sentry pacing his round is of the camp which lies hidden in the valley.

Dick's face slightly flushed as he leant back in the cushioned seat and gave himself up to a delicious reverie. He was young—not more than twenty-two at the outside—enthusiastic, with the dreamy fervour of the student and of the idealist. He was the son of a Nonconformist minister, and was in his last year at Oxford. Next year he hoped he would take a first-class—at least, he was assured by those who knew, such an honour was not beyond his grasp; and after he had passed, all life lay before him, not as the barren wilderness of sin, but as the leafy glades of Paradise. The only question with him was, which of the many vistas should he take in order to gain his goal? His only perplexity was a choice between the embarrassment of rival attractions. He was to do something great—something to make the world better than he found it; but what it was exactly he did not know. He contemplated the future with the complacency of one who has always found things go well after exertion, and the very haze with which its distinctness was blurred added to its charm. For him, as for all other youths whose experience has been like his, the unknown, instead of being terrible, was full of a delightful fascination. Why should he be uneasy?

"What does the future hold in it?" he asked himself. "Something good, I know," he would reply, with a smile, and revert to building again his castles in the air: those charming *châteaux* in which the eager idealist finds so necessary a refuge from the grim realities and squalid miseries of actual life.

Dick Grant was more than usually pleased with himself that day. He had just left an admiring circle of friends and fellow students at Oxford, every one of whom believed in him, and was confident that next year he would pull off the double event. He was on his way to Strawberry Hall, where he was to spend Christmas with Mr. J. W. Dodds—Dodds the great builder, whose genius was transforming the squalid village of London into a city of palaces—Dodds, the friend and colleague of Mr. Spencer, M.P., through whose influence Dick fondly dreamed that he would some day enter the House of Commons—that goal of youthful ambition. This Christmas at Croydon, to which he had looked forward so long, was to be the crisis of his destiny. After he had met Mr. Spencer, he would see more clearly which of the many tempting roads that stretched before him

would lead him most surely to the goal of his somewhat indefinite ambition—to do some good in the world, to be somebody, to make mankind a little happier than he found it.

Ah, what was that? Dick paused, and drew a long breath. The train had just swept round a curve, and there far away against the sky-line he saw the towers of Westminster. It was but for a moment; the train hurried on, and he saw no more. But that moment was enough.

The Clock Tower, and the flagless pile of masonry that overtopped it, and looked down in imperious pride even upon the famous Abbey at its base, gave a voice to his ambitions. "It is the centre of the world," he said to himself; "why not of my world?" The question woke up so many pleasing fancies that he hardly noticed the deepening gloom of the wintry night which brooded over Clapham Junction, where he had to change for Streatham.

Even Clapham Junction, that shanty stretched out on a gridiron of rails, failed to dim his exultation, the severest test surely to which young enthusiasm could be subjected. Train after train thundered past with screeching whistle and rattle of wheels, bells rang, heavy-laden porters rushed hither and thither, and in the midst of all the confusion Dick Grant stood on the platform absorbed, feeling an elation as of another world.



DICK GRANT.

"A thousand trains a day," he said to himself, "pass and repass this spot. What a triumph of ordered industry, of centralised administration! And yet it is worked in perfect safety amid snow and fog and the midnight gloom by as common-place a set of mortals as the world holds." For Dick, with his university culture, was apt to look down upon common folk innocent of Latin, Greek, and mathematics, as but the homespun of humanity. He loved them in the abstract, and no doubt would gladly help them. But all the same he looked down upon them from the superior altitude of his university career.

"Portsmouth train!" yelled a porter, ringing his bell, "all for Portsmouth!" as the South-Western train, her lamps glowing bright through the frosty mirk, drew up at the platform. Dick started. For Portsmouth was to him one of the magic words which, like Solomon's carpet, need only to be uttered to transport one far over sea and land. "Portsmouth! all here for Portsmouth," cried the porter. "Are you for Portsmouth, sir?" addressing Grant. But he got no answer, for Grant was already in Portsmouth, the great sea gate of England, watching the mail-clad warships sail forth deep laden with the thunderbolts of the modern Jove, to keep watch and ward for Britain on all the seas of all the world.

The whistle sounded, the train started, when suddenly he was startled from his reverie by a shrill cry of terror. A young girl, of about fourteen, unaware

that the door of the carriage had been left unfastened, leaned against it to catch a last glance of the station. The door swung open, and she clinging to it, screaming, was dragged along the platform. Grant heard the scream; the train was every second increasing its speed. Almost automatically, as the carriage swept past him, he sprang on to the footboard, and grasping the bar with his right hand, caught the terror-stricken girl round the waist with his left arm, and swung her into the carriage. He had only time to see her sink into the arms of a lady, apparently her mother, and to close the door, when the train, now going at nearly full speed, left the platform behind it. He was standing on the footboard. He could hear faintly the shouting of the porters, and saw before him the dark outline of a bridge. He jumped clear of the train, and fell in a maze of signal wires. The ground seemed to leap up at him as he touched it; he rebounded like a ball, and plunged forward as a ricochet. His foot caught in a wire. An agonising pang shot through his ankle. He shrieked, and dropped fainting.

Porters ran up with lanterns, half expecting to see him dead. They found him mixed up in the signal wires, apparently whole, and certainly breathing. His foot had been

badly wrenched, but otherwise there was no trace of injury. The pain of extricating his foot brought him back to consciousness. "Don't! oh, don't, I can't bear it!" he shrieked as the rough fellows were getting him out. "Then wot for did you go and do it, you bloomin' fool?" said one of the men. "Shut up, Jim," said the other, "don't you see the gerrman's hurt?"

Dick was carried to the platform amid the little crowd that always gathers hungry for a sensation. A doctor was sent for, and he pronounced it nothing more than a sprained ankle. He bandaged it and prescribed rest for a week. "Get home as soon as possible," said he, "and lie up till the New Year." Poor Dick! he could not go home. Home was in South Wales. His nearest friend was Mr. Dodds, at Strawberry Hall. But how could he go there, crippled and helpless? And yet it was the best thing he could do. The pain was not so acute now, but he had lost the train he was expected by. A telegram would explain everything, and the carriage would meet the next train.

He sent off the telegram, and lay waiting. He was a bit bewildered. Why had this happened? What was that

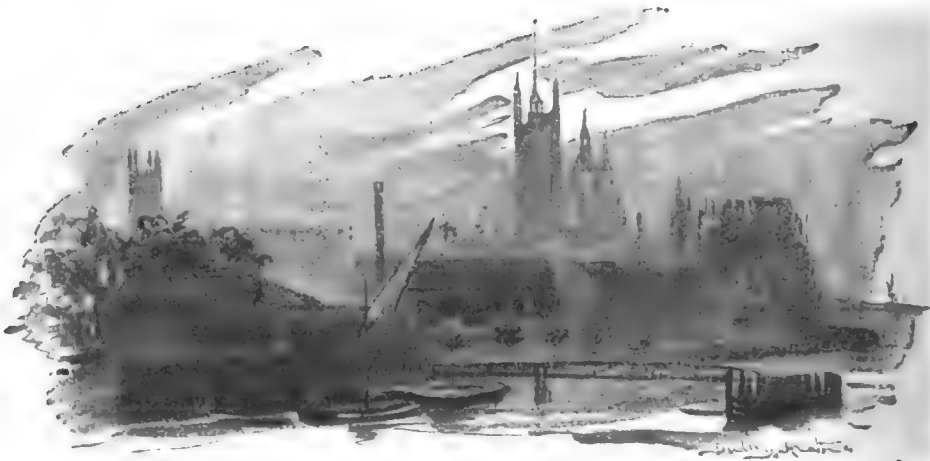
girl to him, that he should have risked his life to save her? That was the porter's business, not his! What thanks had he got to salve the excruciating pain of his ankle? He would have been at Streatham by now, if he only had done as the others had done, and let her take the

consequences of her own carelessness. And now, what a sudden transformation! His Christmas dream had vanished, and he lay a helpless cripple, a heavy imposition upon the good nature of his host. These were only the natural grumblings of Dick's sprained ankle. He would have considered himself a brute if he had not made that spring. "And then what a face that mother had! She was Juno herself. It was something to have saved that woman's child."

"Clapham Junction! Clapham Junction!" cried the porter, as a heavily crowded train lumbered up into the station. The words gave a turn to his thoughts. "Clapham! Clapham! What does that remind me of? Ah, yes! Wilberforce and Macaulay—heroes who made history. They did not grudge a sprained ankle when they saw their duty. Neither would Dodds nor Spencer, who seem to be the heirs of the piety and philanthropy of the Clapham sect."

And the young man nerved himself up by thinking of the famous Evangelicals, past, present, and to come, so that when the train came for Streatham he was able to take his seat without much difficulty.

As he leaned against the window, trying to catch glimpses of the wilderness of streets, and crescents, and mazy roads,



THE TOWERS OF WESTMINSTER.



DICK SPRANG ON TO THE FOOTBOARD, AND CAUGHT THE TERROR-STRICKEN GIRL BOUND THE WAIST.

villa-lined and gas-lit, he fell a-musing how odd it was that different suburbs of London acquired special sanctity at different times. "Clapham," he mused, "Clapham at the beginning of the century was the Mecca of evangelical philanthropy. But to-day the glory as of the Shekinah has passed to Croydon. Clapham assailed the slave trade—that open sore of the world. Croydon, as befits the more practical philanthropy of our day, seeks to heal the great cancerous malady of slumdom that preys upon the very vitals of society. Wilberforce and Macaulay sought to liberate the slave in distant colonies. Spencer and Dodds and Corns are engaged in the nobler task of redeeming humanity at home. To regenerate our own people by the heroic virtues of temperance and economy, and to enable them to build their own homes in which they can rear the citizens of the future—that is a task even nobler than the liberating of Quashee and Uncle Tom. Croydon has not yet produced its Lord Macaulay. I wonder," and the pale face flushed once more, "if I——"

"Streatham, sir!" said the guard. In another minute he was limping across the platform to the carriage from Strawberry Hall.



CHAPTER II.

STRAWBERRY HALL.

STRAWBERRY HALL, Streatham, with many acres of pleasure ground attached thereto, was given to Mr. J. W. Dodds, at one time Mayor of Croydon, by the great firm of which he was head, as part of the consideration for the business and its liabilities. It is a lordly pleasure-house, the amenities of which must often have been remembered ruefully by its former owner as he picked his daily quantum of oakum or did his daily round of treadmill in Her Majesty's prison at Holloway, from which he has now been transferred to one of the establishments reserved for long term convicts. But although the grim shadow of the gaol was never absent from the mind of Dodds, no suspicion of any such horrid eventuality ever darkened the mind of Dick Grant as he was being driven rapidly in Mr. Dodds's carriage to Mr. Dodds's mansion.

It was Christmas Eve, 1891, and the revelations of the next two years were hidden from every eye—even from those of the watchful auditors, and the vigilant Dr. Lawson Corns. When the carriage with the crippled undergraduate drove up the gravelled drive to the entrance of Strawberry Hall, Dick felt a certain soothing, complacent sense of security that stole upon him and comforted him.

There is an invincible presumption in the minds of most unsophisticated people that every man outside gaol is no thief, and the spectacle of affluence carries with it an informal certificate, not merely of virtue, but of superior virtue. Honest men who are comfortable themselves, to whom the social system has done well, not unnaturally conclude that those to whom it has done even better must be not only as honest, but even more deserving than themselves.

The windows of Strawberry Hall were bright with a blaze of lights, and there was a rush of warm air from the hall when the door swung open, which was very grateful to the chilled traveller. Still more grateful was the hearty welcome that awaited him from the genial burly host, who, with his wife, came to the door to greet him.

"Bless the boy," said Mr. Dodds, "what have you been after?—spraining your ankle just at Christmas time, worse luck? But never mind, never mind, there is room enough

"BLESS THE BOY," SAID MR. DODDS, "WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN AFTER?—SPRAINING YOUR ANKLE JUST AT CHRISTMAS TIME?"

in Strawberry Hall for invalids as well as for merry-makers. Dolly, my dear, this is Mr. Richard Grant, the son of the gifted and saintly pastor of Larniff."

Mrs. Dodds smiled kindly, and helped her guest to a settee in the hall. "Better rest there a moment, and I will get you a glass of wine—or beef-tea," she added kindly, not knowing how Mr. Grant's son might regard the proffer of intoxicants.

"Thank you," said he faintly. "I think the beef-tea would do me most good, if it would be no trouble."

"Trouble! Nonsense, Dick!" said Mr. Dodds. "You shall have it in a moment, and meantime, Dolly dear, tell James to see to the fire in Mr. Grant's room. We shall have the doctor at once, and let him see to your foot."

As the good-natured pair bustled about, Dick, in the midst of his gratitude, felt somewhat sad. Mr. Dodds had aged considerably since he had seen him, and the wrinkles in his usually cheery face seemed to be engraved more deeply than he expected.

"Are you well, sir?" he asked somewhat nervously.

Mr. Dodds started slightly. "Well, sir!" he said sharply. "Well! I never was better in my life. Don't I look well?"

"Oh, certainly," said Dick, "quite well. I was only afraid—afraid I was troubling you," he blurted out at last, and subsided into silence.

After Dick had had his beef-tea he was supported up the stairs by two footmen, whose steps were inaudible upon the thick piled carpets. He was lodged in a chamber furnished from floor to ceiling regardless of expense. A ruddy glow from the fireplace filled the room with a cheery sense of warmth. A luxurious couch—at the head of which stood a lamp whose opal shade diffused a mellow light by which he could, if he were minded, read with ease and comfort—invited him to rest. He glanced round at the choice pictures on the walls; at the well-filled bookcase, and at the table, on which stood a lovely basin of hothouse flowers among the

papers and magazines. From the room a door led to a bedroom with bathroom attached.

Dick lay down on the couch as soon as the servants left him. The pain in his ankle was increasing, otherwise he would have slept. A delightfully restful feeling pervaded the atmosphere. All was quiet save the occasional sputter of the yule log on the hearth, and in a distant recess the slow ticking of an antique clock.

Then he bethought him that he had better send word home. He would telegraph after the doctor had seen his ankle. Meantime he would write his mother a brief note. Ink and pens and all things needful stood close to his hand. Raising himself with some difficulty he wrote:—

STRAWBERRY HALL,
Christmas Eve.

My Dearest Mother,—A very happy Christmas to you and to all the dear ones at home! It is my one regret that I am here alone, instead of having all of you enjoying this pleasant place. Mr. Dodds was kindness itself, and introduced me to his wife as the son of the gifted and saintly pastor of Larniff. Don't forget to tell father that he is known and esteemed in the great city. Mr. Dodds is like a prince in Israel, and he dwells in princely style. I forwarded you a few Christmas presents before I left Oxford, and I am eagerly expecting your letters to-morrow. How glad I was when Mr. Dodds welcomed me to his beautiful house that I had such a father and that our denomination can boast such a pillar of strength as this great and good man. I have as yet heard nothing about the Emancipator. But the evidence of wealth on every hand is so great, I am sure Aunt Sarah could not do better than deposit her £500 with this most philanthropic enterprise. I will however write more fully after I have had a talk with Mr. Dodds.

With dearest love and best Christmas wishes to all,
Believe me, dearest Mother,

Your affectionate Son,—DICK.

P.S.—I almost forgot to tell you that in helping a girl out of danger at Clapham Junction I tripped over a signal wire and slightly sprained my ankle. It is a mere nothing, and did not interrupt my journey. They insist I shall stay here till the New Year.

He read the letter over before fastening it up, and then feeling tired, fell into a doze which lasted until the arrival of the doctor. His verdict was reassuring. The ankle was going on all right; nothing but rest was needed. He had better not go downstairs that night. But he might venture down on Christmas Day.

He dined alone, but after dinner Mr. Dodds came upstairs to see how his young friend was. As he opened the door the sound of jocund voices came in from downstairs. There was the bird-like laughter as of young things and the merry sound of Christmas glee. "Young folks," said his host, "will be young folks. We have several of my daughter's friends from our church to-night, and they are having an old-fashioned Christmas romp. What a pity you cannot be there!"

"I fear I should only be a spoil-sport with this ankle," said he, somewhat lugubriously. "But don't let me keep you here. That would be too bad."

"Not at all," said Mr. Dodds genially. "I would like a quiet chat. I am getting up in years, and the youngsters are sometimes too noisy for me."

Dick, who had dined more heartily than was altogether wise considering the risk of inflammation, was delighted. His host inquired minutely about the accident, and by a series of searching questions succeeded in ascertaining exactly what happened.

"You are quite a hero, Dick," he said at last. "Just fancy your saving a young lady from a horrible death at risk of your own life, and never to think anything of it. Have you no idea who it was?"

"Not the least. They were in a first-class carriage—mother, daughter, and, I think, a gentleman; but I could not see distinctly. It was all over in a moment. What struck me most was the wonderful beauty of the mother."

"Wonderfully beautiful, was she? Where was the train going?" asked Dodds, somewhat sharply.

"To Portsmouth," said Dick, with some surprise.

"Had the lady dark hair or light?"

"Dark, I think," said Dick. "Why do you ask?"

"How old was the girl?" continued Dodds, not heeding Dick's question.

"About fourteen, with long fair hair."

Mr. Dodds remained silent for a time. Then he went to the book-shelves and produced "Debrett." He turned over its pages to some name he seemed in search of. When he had found it he looked up. "I think I know who they are. We shall see—we shall see. But do not ask me till I am quite sure. If I am right, you are in luck, my boy, you are indeed."

Dick said nothing, but wondered what Mr. Dodds meant. Presently Dodds looked up and said pleasantly, "And you, Dick; what are you going to make of yourself after you leave Oxford?"

Dick sighed. "I was hoping to get light upon that subject this Christmas, Mr. Dodds, but at present—"

"Tut! tut! nonsense, boy—who knows but this accident may have been providential. If not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge, do you think you could fall without a reason? The accident may be the making of your fortune. Remember that dear old hymn we sing so often—

‘God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.’

"The fact is," said Mr. Dodds, with a little jerk, "I was discussing the question about your future with Mr. Spencer only this very day."

"Really," said Dick, flushing with pride; "I did not imagine Mr. Spencer even knew I existed!"

"Mr. Spencer knows everything," said Mr. Dodds impressively. "There is not a single smart young man who is now coming out at the Universities upon whom he has not his eye. He spotted you long ago. You will find your way already laid out for you by that marvellous man. He is coming to-morrow, by-the-bye, expressly in order to see you."

"You know Mr. Spencer well I think?" said Dick.

"Know him! I should think I do!" said Dodds enthusiastically. "He is the man of the situation. Talk about your Napoleons. Jabez Spencer is the Nonconformist Napoleon of Philanthropy and Finance. Lucky for you, my boy, if you can put your fortunes under his care. You are a made man if you do. A made man."

"They say," said Dick half to himself, "that he is to be a member of the next Ministry!"

"I should think so," said Mr. Dodds emphatically, "and a Cabinet Minister. Mark that. I should not wonder if he were Prime Minister before he dies. With his genius and the solid support of the Nonconformist middle classes, there is no saying where he may not arrive. By the way, I hope the wind may be in the right quarter, because if it is you may be able to hear the Christmas chimes played on the bells which Mr. Spencer gave to the Croydon Congregational Church. Fine bells—splendid bells! Some day I hope to give a similar peal to our Baptist Church when it can build a belfry. Seven bells—seven fine bells. One bell for each letter in Spencer's name. How they ring the good people to worship God morning and evening! S P E N C E R, S P E N C E R! What



THE CROYDON CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

music there is in their chime! And all made out of the Emancipator profits. Wonderful man, wonderful man, Jabez Spencer! Now good-night, good-night!"

And Dick Grant was alone with his thoughts; alone to dream over the coming realisation of his ideals. Mr. Spencer then knew of him; had his eye on him; was coming to see him. Mr. Spencer, who was going to be Cabinet Minister; perhaps Prime Minister some day. In his brightest dreams he had not ventured to hope for so much good fortune.

He thought he would sit up till Christmas Eve died into Christmas morn. He wanted to hear Mr. Spencer's bells. But it was not yet eleven o'clock, and he felt faint and drowsy. He struggled against it for a time, but at last gave in. "Perhaps the wind is the wrong way, and I cannot hear them. Better sleep and be well to see him to-morrow."

And Dick turned in and slept; and all night through he heard the bells mingling with the angels' song. "Peace and goodwill to men," sang the waits outside. "Peace and goodwill, peace and goodwill," pealed Mr. Spencer's bells, until at last he sank into so deep a sleep that even the echoes of his waking thoughts died away in the stillness and were at rest.

CHAPTER III.

SCOUNDRELS THREE.

WHEN Mr. Dodds left Dick to dream vain dreams of gratified ambition, he bade his guests good-night, and betook himself to his own private room.

A telegram unopened was lying on the table. He eyed it for a time as the mouse glances furtively at the snake, and hesitated to open it. "Pshaw," he exclaimed at last, "this is cowardly!" and taking the telegram he tore it open.

But as he did so, his fingers faltered. Telegrams to him had evidently for many a long day been the heralds of evil tidings.

And the present was no exception to the rule. As he read it, his brow contracted and his features assumed the painful expression, the traces of which had attracted Dick Grant's attention when Dodds met him at the door of Strawberry Hall.

Then he sat down, rested his feet upon the fender, and gazed into the embers a long time in silence. Apparently the pictures in the fire afforded him little consolation, for after a while he got up and began walking about the room.

"Merry Christmas, indeed! Merry Christmas! And yet I am not altogether sorry the game is up at last. The suspense was worse than the catastrophe. And yet I am sorry for the wife"—and a big lump came into his throat—"and the children. If only I could save them. But there is no way; no, not even suicide. All would come out—everything, everything! That which is done in the closet, proclaimed upon the housetops; and what is worse than the housetops, in the daily papers. And this, instead of being postponed to the Day of Judgment, to come in the New Year! It is too bad, too bad."

Something apparently turned his thoughts in a new direction. "What a lucky chance it was that sent Dick Grant here to-night! I shall at least have something to tell Spencer to-morrow. If only we could use this to get both of Mr. Nestor. It might at least tide us over another year, and in that year who knows what might turn up? I might die, for instance."

And the wretched man, obliged to disguise his wretchedness even from his wife, a young girl he had recently married, went off to bed. To bed, but not to sleep. For he could not escape from the memory of that telegram, innocent apparently in its wording, which told him only too distinctly in its cypher that even Spencer, the Napoleon of Philanthropy and Finance, was at his wits' end, and that by no possibility could the crash be postponed for another twelve months.

Next morning at breakfast his wife noticed the haggard face, which even his resolute will failed to conceal. "It's nothing," he said, in reply to her inquiries—"nothing. Only the carol-singers disturbed me. Really they might have mercy upon an overdriven man of business. I don't think I got a wink of sleep. I shall be all right if I take a turn or two in this nipping frost. But first I must go and see how our invalid is getting on. Quite a hero he is, my dear. Saved the daughter of Lady Sidney Nestor from death at Clapham Junction—that is how he met his accident, and never a word would he say about it till I wormed it out of him. Good fellow too; make his mark some day, I am sure."

Mr. Dodds found Dick in capital spirits. He had slept well, and was impatient to come downstairs. "Not till after lunch," said Dodds. "You must rest all the morning. We shall drive over to service in the church—our church, you know," he added. "You know the old joke that a carriage and pair will never find their way for many years to a Dissenting chapel. My horses have not yet forgotten the old road, and I don't forget the pit from which I was digged. Baptist I was born, and Baptist will I die, a humble and unworthy member of the denomination which has given to the world such bright and shining lights as Carey and Spurgeon." So saying, he slipped away, and presently sent upstairs to Dick a bundle of letters from home. With these we have no concern with the exception of one extract from his mother: It ran thus:—

"Aunt Sarah has been rather anxious to hear from you. You know that most of our people have deposited their savings in the Emancipator, Mr. Jeremy, the agent here,

being a very zealous and godly man, and diligent in his business. Your aunt, however, is somewhat suspicious of building societies. She has withdrawn her little fortune, a sum of about £500, from the local societies, and is now very uneasy, fearing she may be robbed, and yet not knowing where to invest it safely. She asked father, and he told her that he knew nothing about finance, but that he believed the Emancipator was as sound as the Bank of England, having had assurances to that effect direct from Mr. Dodds himself. But as you were staying with Mr. Dodds this Christmas, he would ask you to make special inquiries and report, so that aunt might not be misled in the investment of the money upon which she is relying for maintenance in her old age. As soon as we get your report, she will hand the money over to the Emancipator."

Dick hardly noticed the subject. "Oh, my letter will answer that. The Emancipator is all right," he said to himself. "You cannot be in this house and doubt it. But I will speak to Mr. Dodds about it when I get a chance."

And then he fell into a pleasing reverie of the millennial kind. The Emancipator gradually grew and grew in his imagination, until it became as the mustard-tree in the parable, whose branches covered the whole earth. Under its shelter Slumdom disappeared, and a myriad homes owned by thrifty and industrious artisans covered the land. Mr. Spencer became first Postmaster-General, and then Prime Minister, while Dick modestly pictured to himself as serving at first as private secretary, and afterwards as—Who knows but that where the chief rose the secretary might follow?

"I have at least as good a start in life as Spencer had. I have a better education, I have more influential friends. The only thing against me is my name—Jabez was a good name. Jabez Bunting, Jabez Burns, Jabez Spencer—there is something that inspires confidence in the very sound. However, I must e'en do the best I can as plain Dick Grant."

The doctor came shortly after eleven and forbade his removal downstairs till dinner-time, at which Dick greatly chafed. But Mr. Dodds, who had his own reasons for keeping Dick upstairs, was peremptory—the doctor's orders must be obeyed.

Mr. Dodds went to church as was his wont: it was necessary, he said, to set a good example, even although it might be personally inconvenient. So his body sat in church for the edification of his neighbours and the maintenance of its owner's reputation for sanctity, while his mind wandered to and fro between one and another of the various firms of the Spencer group—seeking rest and finding none, but finding only cumulative evidence of impending ruin.

Luncheon passed off grimly enough. "Father had a headache," and there was silence and gloom, where those who knew nothing might have expected to find jollity and mirth. After dinner Mr. Spencer was to arrive, and Mr. Speight.

"It is too bad," said Mrs. Dodds, "for your business men to thrust even Christmas on one side with your business. I am sure the shareholders of the Emancipator get a good enough dividend without your spoiling Christmas to try to increase it."

Dodds kissed her and said that she did not understand; he would get rid of them as soon as possible, but he must see them. "Business is business, you know," he said, and the wife, as most wives do, bowed submissively before that oracular dictum.

When Mr. Spencer came he found Dodds in a state of no



"WE ARE IN QUEER STREET IF THERE SHOULD BE A RUN."

small nervous trepidation. As for Spencer himself, he was as cool as a cucumber; so also, when he arrived, was Mr. Speight, head of the firm of Speight, Bonne, and Co., the solicitor to all the Emancipator companies.

"Cheer up, man!" said Spencer to the disconsolate Dodds.

"I never saw such a chicken as you."

"Play the game to the end," said Mr. Speight, cheerily, "and make the most of it while it lasts. We cannot throw up our cards merely because we are once more in a tight place."

"Tight place," groaned Dodds. "But this is no ordinary tight place. It's all up."

"Possibly," said Spencer, coolly; "but it is no more 'all up' with us than it has been with you over and over again during the last seven years. You would have been bankrupt in 1885 if we had not made you into a company. Don't forget that, Dodds."

"Well," said Dodds desperately; "but it gets worse as it gets on. We get deeper and deeper into the mud, and how we are ever going to get out I cannot see."

"It would beat a cleverer man than you to see that," sneered Speight. "We can never get out. It is only a question of how long we can keep struggling along. We are used to it now. You have been virtually bankrupt since 1885. That has not prevented you making a very pretty thing out of it up till the present, and why should you think it is going to stop now?"

"But the working expenses of the Emancipator are £30,000 a year, and we have nearly £150,000 to pay next year for interest, let alone the heavy withdrawals. And where is the money to come from?" asked Dodds.

"Where all the rest has come from—from the dear credulous British public," replied Spencer. "How much do you think they trusted us with last year? No less than £653,000. There's more to be got where that came from."

"There is only one thing to fear," said Speight, "and that is a run of heavy withdrawals. There is a feeling in the air that building societies are not so safe as they were. The Portsea failure did us harm. But if we bluff hard enough and cant loud enough we shall rope them all in."

"I think," said Dodds deprecatingly, "you might spare our feelings a little, and that reference to canting—"

"Oh, no offence, no offence," said Speight pleasantly;

"didn't mean you, of course. Oh no, I only meant that it was a mistake to discontinue the pious exercises with which we used to serve up our directors' meetings. We really must look up Lawson Corns again."

"Come, come," said Spencer, "such jesting is not seemly. The question is, what is to be done? We are in Queer Street if there should be a run, and a run there will undoubtedly be unless we can check it by a bold move. My notion is that we should issue a more than usually prosperous balance-sheet and raise the interest on fully paid up shares from 4 to 5 per cent."

Dodds gasped. "Raise the interest!" he said. "Why, we had to borrow money to pay last year's dividend."

"Yes," said Speight, "so we had, and beastly dear it was. Cost us as much as 22 per cent. for some of it. But we got it, and never speak ill of a bridge that carries you over, that is my motto."

"But," objected Dodds, "how do the figures stand—the real figures, I mean?"

"Better not ask," said Spencer with a laugh; "they would spoil your digestion for your Christmas dinner. Why can't you rest satisfied with the assurances which sufficed to bring £650,000 out of the pockets of the hard-headed, cautious, practical British investor?"

"Yes," chimed in Speight. "What can you want more than our duly audited accounts, and the noble array of our president and directors? With a real live viscount as president, and Mr. Henry Broadhurst as arbitrator, what more can you desire? The Emancipator, believe me, is as safe as the bank—the Omnibus Bank, I mean."

"Oh, by the bye," said Dodds, brightening up—"talking of viscounts, I think we may at last be able to do something with Lady Sidney Nestor. You know how often we have tried to get hold of Nestor—Nestor, the millionaire—to help us in the development of our Bembridge estate! They have their seat in the New Forest, and if they could but be got to——"

"Idiot," said Spencer, losing patience. "Have we not known all that years and years?"

"Wait a little," said Dodds, "and you will see I am not such an idiot as you think. A young fellow—Oxford undergrad—clever, they say, son of Baptist preacher in South Wales, saved Lady Sidney's daughter from death last night at Clapham Junction. He is now in this house. Innocent as a baby, never dreams of making any use of his adventure. Now is our chance. Do you twig?" Dodds was speaking rapidly, expectorating his sentences by jerks, in a manner unusual to him.

"No," said Spencer, drily, "I don't twig anything, except——"

"Listen, then," said Dodds, proud of a brilliant idea. "What is there to hinder us from exploiting this incident, in which," he said solemnly, "I really see the finger of Providence?"

"Hum," said Speight, with a wicked smile.

"Well, well," said Dodds, "we will let Providence alone just now. But if you, Mr. Spencer, could make this young fellow your private secretary, who knows but that we might rope in Mr. Nestor through his wife, you see? He could hardly refuse the man who saved his only daughter's life; and the office would be honorary, purely honorary, you know—Patron or Hon. President—cost him nothing, either in time or money, and—and—why, it would be worth a cool million to us."

"Pon my word, Dodds," said Spencer, "you are improving. There may be something in that. Where is the young fellow? By the way, what is it you call him?"

"Richard Grant," replied Dodds, "but mind, he is an innocent."

"Trust me to deal with him," said Spencer. "Does he know Lady Sidney?"

"He has not even heard her name," said Dodds, "and on no account must it be mentioned to him. Indeed, I am not altogether certain that it was Lady Sidney——"

"Then how the devil——" interrupted Spencer.

"Mr. Spencer," said Dodds severely, "such profanity is much to be deprecated. Forgive me," he added, sheepishly, "but I cannot bear to hear such words. Old associations are still strong with me."

"But, seriously, what do you mean to do if you are not certain it was Lady Sidney? And if it is she, and this Grant is not to know, how can anything be done?"

Here Speight intervened. "I think I see daylight. It is not always necessary a man should sign his own name—eh, Dodds?"

"Certainly not," said Dodds, "especially when there is no intent to deceive."

"Oh, I see," said Spencer. "I do not like that business. For myself I draw the line at forgery."

"We are less particular," said Speight, "especially when there is no intent to defraud. In this case we defraud nobody, and only seek to benefit the shareholders and depositors in the greatest Permanent Benefit Building Society of all time."

"All right then," said Spencer, "I will go upstairs to see him presently. Meanwhile, Bluff is the word all round. Nothing could save us if once it got wind we were shaky."

After a little more conversation of too technical a nature to be interesting to the reader, Speight departed, and Spencer and Dodds went upstairs to see Dick, who was impatiently awaiting their coming.

CHAPTER IV.

JABEZ THE WIZARD.

JABEZ SPENCER is one of the most unpleasant but most prominent products of the end of the nineteenth century. To look at his broad fleshy face you would never dream that such a mask hid so vulpine an instinct. For Jabez the Wizard of Philanthropic Finance, was a genius in his way. He was as pitiless as the wolf in the pursuit of his victim. Men of his class are not uncommon. They are the parasites of an industrial age. Often they are Jews; but in this case he was a Gentile. The difference of nationality and creed does not matter; the evil thing itself is the same. The company promoter, the astute financier, often differs more in name than in essence from the three-card man or the proprietor of the thimble and the peach of the country fair. The widow and the orphan form his peculiar province. He battens on the silly lambs and weaklings of the community. Every now and then he is found out, and then the pistol announces his exit. In the Emancipator crash some men have gone mad, others have gone to gaol, and one, the leader of them, has gone abroad, leaving behind him no address; but none have committed suicide. The fate of Barker and of Hume Webster is too recent to be forgotten. To play the great game of highwaymen of finance these men need imperturbable nerves, hearts of iron, and no conscience. As stony-hearted as the gamester, they let in their nearest and dearest friends and relatives.

But of all the specimens of this evil genus, Jabez Spencer occupies a position of bad pre-eminence. At the speculators who gamble in high finance we shrug our shoulders, as we shrug them when men mention the professional sharper who haunts the gaming hell. They play with their mates; it is a case of diamond cutting diamond. But with Spencer the case was different. He conspired

to rob the poor. He laid his plans to despoil the widow and the orphan. With odious professions of piety in his mouth he plundered the weak, the distressed, and those who had no helper and no counsellor. The pirate who erased "Thou shalt not steal" from the Decalogue before he hung the Ten Commandments up in his cabin, was a fool compared with Jabez. For if Jabez had been in his place he would have painted "Thou shalt not steal" in capital letters all round the outside of his ship, to disarm the suspicion of those whom he meant to rob.

Jabez was a thief, and an impenitent thief, whose proper place was the treadmill. But Jabez being a clever man, with a magnetic personality and a genius for mystification, stole millions of pounds, whereas the ordinary thief is often sorely put to it to steal a few shillings. The very magnitude of his thefts dazzled the eyes of the plundered; and so the thief of millions escapes scot free, where the thief of pence goes to gaol. Yet even those who most suffered by his rogueries could hardly repress a feeling of admiration for the amazing dexterity with which the robbery was accomplished.

Think of it for a moment. Here is a man comparatively unknown, without education, without influence, with nothing but his shrewd, predatory genius to help him, let loose upon society. Now society, whatever tricks it may play with the honour of men and the virtue of women, is nevertheless exceedingly vigilant over its savings. Nevertheless, by the gift of his own native wicked wit, this man in the course of about a dozen years succeeded in persuading hard-headed, practical, business-like Englishmen to part with seven millions of their hard-earned gold, without any security whatever beyond his own worthless word. Seven millions sterling advanced to a rogue on his promise to pay only four or five per cent. Of that seven millions, nearly five are hopelessly muddled away.

Had one-tenth part of the fuss idly raised about the Salvation Army been employed in overhauling the position of the Emancipator, what millions might have been saved! But puzzleheaded John Bull is always hunting the wrong fox, with the inevitable results.

In this story I do not wish for a moment to suggest that anything actually happened exactly as I have set it down here. The tale is purely imaginary, and is told solely for the purpose of explaining the kind of work that went on constantly in the last twelve years of the Emancipator's life. Of one thing only our readers may be confident. I have exaggerated nothing. The report of the Official Receiver and the proceedings in Court are sufficient warrant to prove up to the hilt every statement made in these pages as to the methods of Spencerian finance. If the real facts could but be set out in the same form, they would throw my poor story far into the shade. But unfortunately it is impossible to publish the real facts with the real names. Two of the leading actors are in gaol. Their chief is in exile. Others who might speak prefer to keep silence. So we are left to describe the dealings of Jabez the Wizard with his victims from imagination, hoping that the time may come when the whole truth may be set forth with fulness of dramatic detail.*

Jabez, accompanied by Dodds, lost no time in making his way upstairs to see Dick Grant. Dick could with difficulty be prevented from rising to greet Mr. Spencer.

"Won't hear of it!" said that great man, genially. "What an idea! Lie still and get better, and the sooner the better. I am delighted to see you. Have heard of you so often, you know. Quite proud to think that you will reflect honour upon Nonconformity."

* Here let me express my indebtedness to the admirable *Westminster Extra*, "Philanthropic Finance," compiled with a care and industry deserving of all praise.

Dick was elated at the compliments, and his flattered vanity hushed the protests of his instinct which recoiled before the vulgar fleshiness of the Spencerian physiognomy. This was a satyr in place of Hyperion, no doubt. "But after all," he said to himself, "appearances are deceitful. Is not this the great Jabez Spencer of the Emancipator?" and soon his nimble mind, searching in the chambers of memory, found ample precedent to excuse the disappointing contour of his hero's face. The soul of Socrates was concealed as by the mask of a satyr. Darwin's face suggested the origin of species, and as for Roman Emperors, many of the men who have ruled the world had worse faces than Jabez Spencer's.

"I have been talking to Dodds," Spencer went on, "about you, and he agrees with me that you are the very man I want for a private secretary—the very man."

Dick's eyes glistened. "I should like it of all things," he said; "but I have not yet left Oxford, and I must take my degree before I leave."

"Of course you must," replied Spencer. "Why not? What has that got to do with it?"

"Oh, I feared that you might want me at once," said Dick.

"And so I do want you at once," said Spencer, gaily. "I appoint you this very minute. But," he added, seeing how the youth's face fell, "don't be alarmed. You are appointed now, but you will not begin your duty until you have taken your degree."

Dick was so confused by this unexpected offer that he could hardly murmur his thanks. What a delightful vista of assured prosperity this suddenly opened up before him! He had hardly ventured to dream of it, and lo! here was the real Mr. Spencer actually appointing him his real private secretary this very blessed Christmas Day. How delighted they would be at home! what a radiant joy the good news would bring to the Manse at Larniff! His heart warmed within him at the thought, and he could almost have fallen on his knees and thanked God and Mr. Spencer.

Seeing his embarrassment, and not quite divining its cause, Spencer began talking to him about the Emancipator.

"Do you know," he said artlessly, "I am very proud of the Emancipator. It is the greatest triumph of my life to have created that gigantic Permanent Benefit Building Society. There is nothing like it in the history of philanthropic finance. It is a masterpiece of constructive ingenuity—as sound as Eddystone Lighthouse."

"To what, sir," said Dick diffidently, "do you attribute its phenomenal success?"

Spencer paused. Then he said impressively, "To the blessing of God. Your good father, I am sure, must have taught you that except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it. Ah, my young friend, the blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow therewith."

Dick felt chilled by this implied rebuké, and made no reply.

Then Spencer went on. "After the blessing of God, I attribute our success to the care we have always taken to have the management vested in the hands of good men—men of God. Look over the list of our officers, and you will see that they are all men of good life and the highest character. Here is our friend, Mr. Dodds, for instance, a leader among the Baptists."

Dodds made a deprecatory interruption, which Spencer silenced. "I myself am a Congregationalist. Then there is the Rev. Dr. Lawson Corns. I need not tell you who he is; his very name is sufficient guarantee for the whole temperance world. Mr. Dibley is another good man; and so is Mr. Broadhurst, who is one of our arbitrators. You could not have a better Methodist unless you got Price

Hughes, and I don't know but we may get Price Hughes himself some day."

"All good men and true," said Dick, feeling honoured by being selected to join so noble a band; "and character is a great thing, no doubt. But your principles of administration: do they differ from those of other companies?"

"Oh, dear, yes; I should just think they do!" said Spencer. "One great vice of other building societies is that they put too many eggs in one basket; they invest all their money in one class of property in one district. Depression comes, trade transfers itself to another district, and your building society is mortally injured. We on the Emancipator proceed on the opposite principle. We scatter our investments over the whole community, so that we grow with the growth and increase with the strength of the whole nation."

"Do you make advances to the builders?" modestly asked Dick, having vaguely heard the accusation.

Dodds looked out of the window, Spencer smiled contemptuously, and then began:—"My dear sir, no building society of such magnitude as ours has so little to do with the speculative builder. That is strictly and absolutely true. I am delighted to see how keen an eye you have for the weak places of building society finance. 'Pon my word, Dodds, I have reason to thank you for finding me such a smart private secretary."

Dick's face burned. "I am sure you are very kind," he said; "I am so glad to learn these things at first hand. Because," he added, somewhat suddenly, "one of my aunts who has saved a sum of £500 is waiting my report before she deposits in the Emancipator."

Spencer laughed. "Tell your aunt," he said, "that if she wants a safer investment anywhere in the three kingdoms she will have to put into Consols, and be content with two and a half per cent. interest. For my part I would not exchange my shares for Consols, though I received £100 for each £50 I had in the Emancipator. But I forgot to mention the distinctive glory of the Emancipator; and that is its affiliated companies. Do you know that round the great central trunk of the Emancipator there have grown up no fewer than eight gigantic allied concerns, with a capital far exceeding that of the original company? Wonderful, is it not? It reminds me of the British Empire, or," he added piously, "the rapid spread of the Early Church. Even when St. Paul went on circuit, the Christian Church did not advance with such rapid strides as the Emancipator has done. But, dear me, how late it is getting!" he exclaimed, looking at his watch. "I have to take the chair at a charitable meeting at six, and then I shall just have time to hurry home for dinner. I must not wait another minute.

Shall see you again heaps of times. *Au revoir!* So glad to have met you."

So saying, Spencer, followed by Dodds, left the room and made his way downstairs.

"Nice fellow that," said Dodds.

"Yes," said Spencer; "but oh, how green! How is it, Dodds, it is always so easy to gull a very clever university man?"

"I suppose," said Dodds, "their cleverness is all invested in classics and mathematics, and they have none left for business."

"Maybe so, maybe you're right. By the way, how much money have you advanced you altogether? A rough guess I mean; it would be too much to ask for particulars."

"About a couple of millions I think," said Dodds, ruefully; "but why remind me of that?"

"Only to congratulate you upon doing so well upon a minus capital; but cheer up, and we shall not go under for many a long day yet. Don't forget to work the oracle if it turns out to be Lady Sidney."

So saying, Spencer jumped into his carriage and drove off.

While the sound of the wheels was still fresh in the ear, Dick was writing to his mother a hurried note:—

My Darling Mother,—I can hardly write to you for joy. Imagine what has happened. I have this moment parted from Mr. Spencer, who has appointed me his private secretary, although he will wait till I take my degree before setting me to work! Isn't it grand—almost too glorious to be true? I lose no time in telling you about it. He was delightfully frank and cordial. I had a long talk with him about the Emancipator. You can tell Aunt Sarah from me that she may safely invest every penny she has in the world with the Emancipator. Mr. Spencer says he would not exchange his shares for twice their value in Consols. So it is quite safe. With dearest love to you all,

I am, your affectionate son,—DICK.

P.S.—Who says miracles don't happen now?

CHAPTER V.

THE WIDOW'S STORE.

GREAT was the rejoicing in the Baptist Manse at Larniff when the letter arrived telling of the wonderful good fortune that had befallen Dick. He was the eldest son, and the hope of the family. His mother had a little property of her own, which had been heavily drawn upon to pay for a university course for her first-born; a college education being a luxury lying far beyond the means of the ordinary Baptist minister of the Principality.

But it would be a mistake to call the Rev. Richard Grant an ordinary minister. Whatever he was—ordinary he was

not. If he had been an Anglican he would have been a bishop, and a bishop of whom the Church would have been proud. As he was only a Nonconformist he never found a wider field for usefulness than the congregation that worshipped at Ebenezer Baptist Church near the Docks at Larniff. He did not fret at the obscurity of his lot. He rejoiced, indeed, too much over the privilege of being allowed



OXFORD, FROM MAGDALEN TOWER.

to minister to the poor and the suffering to care about status or rank or the emoluments of his calling. Meek and patient and learned, he laboured zealously in the service of his Master, living among the poor and sharing their burdens so far as was possible for a man unequally yoked with a wife who chafed like an imprisoned eagle at the bars of her cage. Isabel Grant was a pious and devoted Christian, but she had so keen a sense of justice and of the fitness of things that it cut her to the heart to see her husband spending his life in unrecognised and unrequited toil; while men not possessing a tithe of his solid worth were swaggering in the high places of the denomination. "If you want to get on in this world," she used to say despairingly to her children, "you must push your way. If you do not, you get left. Ah! your poor dear father was born without any push in him."

After a time Mrs. Grant ceased pushing her husband from behind. It was wasted labour; but she concentrated herself with all the more ardour upon making the fortune of her eldest son.

Dick, who was by no means without an inheritance of natural ambition, responded readily enough to the promptings of his mother; and great was the delight of mother and son when Dick won a scholarship that, supplemented by his mother's slender capital, rendered it possible for him to go to Oxford. His father smiled somewhat sadly at his son's delight, and bade him remember that it was dangerous work seeking a place in which to do good instead of doing with might the work that lies ready to hand. "Tut! tut! father," said Dick, "why, you yourself went to college, and why should not I?"

His father was silent, though a reply rose ready to his lips. He had been selected by the Church, set apart to the ministry, and sent to be trained at the cost of the Church. He saw no such call in the case of his son Dick. But it was useless to talk, and the minister knew when to be silent.

When his boy won honour after honour at Oxford the father rejoiced, though with trembling.

"Think not of yourself more highly than you ought to think," he wrote to Dick, who had written home rejoicing over a great triumph in an examination, "and never forget to walk humbly before God and man."

Now when the great news arrived that Mr. Spencer had appointed Dick his private secretary, he was by no means carried away with enthusiasm. "It is a great place, no doubt," he wrote to his son, "in which to do good. Take heed that it be not a place in which to do harm." For the old minister had never altogether got over the prejudice which one of Mr. Spencer's earliest moves had excited in him. About the time Dick was born, a pressing circular came from the head office offering him, as minister of Ebenezer, tempting terms of commission and agency for all deposits which he could bring to the coffers of the Emancipator. "Thy money perish with thee!" he wrote indignantly to the sender of the circular. "Is Thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing? Have I been ordained to the ministry by the laying on of hands, and of the Holy Ghost, in order that I should act as canvassing agent for some London Building Society?"

And for years afterwards no one could so much as mention the Emancipator in his hearing without reviving his indignation. It was not indeed until Mr. J. W. Dodds himself came down to Larniff to lay the foundation-stone of a new Baptist Church, that he suffered himself to be persuaded to listen to the entreaties of the Emancipator agent, Mr. Jeremy, so far as to permit the holding of a meeting in his schoolroom in furtherance of Thrift, which, being interpreted, meant the collecting of deposits for the Emancipator.

The minister met Mr. Dodds at dinner on the day on which the foundation-stone was laid, and was attracted by his genial, unassuming ways. When he ventured gravely to state the reason why he had been prejudiced against the Emancipator, Dodds grasped his hand and heartily congratulated him. "My dear sir," he exclaimed, "do you know that your letter led to a change in the policy of the board. Of seven hundred agents, we have now not one in seven in the ministry, and we heartily wish we could get rid of these."

After this Mr. Jeremy had the free run of Ebenezer, and he flourished exceedingly. The deacons, thrifty and thriving men, put in their piles; the schoolmistress invested her little savings. The Emancipator came to be regarded as the natural savings-bank of the congregation. Mr. Grant himself put no money into the Emancipator, because he had none to invest, there or elsewhere; but, had he been in funds, he would probably have followed his flock in trusting it to the Emancipator. For the Nonconformist, with his ingrained reverence for the pledged word of a godly man, esteeming it a security far more valuable than any legal documents, fell naturally into the trap which Spencer baited. The triumph of the rogue was great in proportion to the trusting honesty of his victims. Confidence in the pledged word of a Nonconformist, built up by two centuries of stubborn rectitude, was the capital on which Spencer traded; and no greater tribute can be paid to the value of such confidence than the fact that even he has not been able to destroy it.

Yet, notwithstanding the years that had passed since Mr. Grant first received the Emancipator circular, and notwithstanding the fact that he had made his peace with its directors, the startling news of his son's appointment did not altogether please him. It revived old memories, and he sighed as he thought that Dick, his firstborn, should be embarked upon a worldly career. Not that he ever dreamed of seeing Dick in the ministry. He knew too well his son's opinions upon that question. But the old man felt instinctively that the private secretary of Jabez Spencer was in the very heart and vortex of a world where Mammon has the precedence of the Nazarene. "Dick will take up his abode in the temple of Rimmon; and, pray God, he may only be a sojourner in its precincts," he observed to his wife, who, good soul, was too much elated at her son's fortune to see anything but its advantages.

But there was another member of the family who was by no means disposed to rejoice in Dick's promotion. Aunt Sarah, the minister's sister, was a woman of strong views, but of a narrow mind. She had been born in poverty, had married a poor man, and was now left a widow of sixty, with the youngest of her family—a consumptive girl of twenty—dependent on the makings of a small sweetstuff shop and a mangle. During her husband's lifetime he had, by much arduous toil and continuous and relentless thrift, accumulated as much as £500, which had been stored in the local Building Society, where it had lain since his death, yielding a much-needed ten shillings a week for the support of his widow and daughter. Sarah Nivens, however, was an uneasy suspicious woman, and the thought that her money might not be safe so haunted her, that one day, hearing of the failure of the Portsea Building Society, nothing would satisfy her but to withdraw her deposits. In vain her brother remonstrated. She persisted, and withdrew her money, only to add a new terror to her existence.

The custody of £500 in gold—for she would have it in sovereigns, no paper money for her!—was a terrible addition to the responsibility of the keeper of a small shop. She had no safe, and the money was heavy to carry about. To leave it in the closet was to tempt fate. The thought of the



RAISING A PLANK IN THE MANGLE, THEY EXCAVATED A HOLE IN THE GRAVEL.

God for having given her a brother to find a way of escape for her out of her trouble.

For a time all went well. She loved to think of the golden hoard that lay hidden in the mangle. "There's never a mangle but mine in all Larniff," she used to say to herself, "that is weighted with gold." She regained her sleep at nights, and during the day worked more vigorously than ever. But after a little time, when the charm of the unwonted security had worn off, she began to miss the interest which she had drawn from the building society. Ten shillings a week meant at least thirty per cent. of her total income. The money in the mangle might be safe, but it earned no interest.

Just at this time, too, scenting the psychological moment, Mr. Jeremy, the Emancipator agent, having heard all about the withdrawal of the £500, came nosing round to see if

gold, which she kept in a bag under her pillow at night, brought on a series of nightmares. Every passing footstep sounded to her ear as the stealthy tread of a burglar. If the door rattled in the wind, a cold shiver passed down her spine, and she clutched her money, preparing to struggle to the death. As an extra defence, she spent ten shillings in purchasing a surly dog; but the beast scared all the children from the shop, and he had to be sent away.

"Never before," said Aunt Sarah, wringing her hands in her apron as she confided her trouble to her brother, "never before did I understand what a wealth of peace and joy there is in that blessed text which says that in Heaven the thieves do not break through nor steal. If only my £500 were there!" The idea of Heaven as a Safe Deposit Company's strong room caused a smile to flit over the grave features of her brother. But he checked it, and said, "Sarah, why don't you put the money in the mangle? No one would think of looking for it there, and it would be with you all day when you were at work."

Sarah, in her distress, jumped at the suggestion. That night, when all was dark and no listening neighbours need be feared, Sarah and her brother, the minister, carefully wrapped up the precious hoard in two old worsted stockings—so that the gold would lie quiet and would not jingle—and then tied the bursting stockings in brown paper, carefully sealing the knots so that nothing could be abstracted surreptitiously. Raising a plank from the mangle, they excavated a hole in the gravel with which the body of the mangle was filled, and buried the money, hardly daring to speak to each other during the operation. When it was over the plank was put back, and all trace of what they had been doing was removed.

Then the minister said softly, "Let us pray!"

They kneeled down in the little room, dimly lit by a single candle, and the minister prayed earnestly that the God of the widow and the fatherless would bless the means they had taken to safeguard the widow's store. Fervently Sarah added "Amen," lifting up her heart in gratitude to

he could not pick it up for the Emancipator.

Sarah Nivens, as befitted a stalwart Baptist, hated the State Church and all the appurtenances thereof. She also believed very fervently in the literal interpretation of certain texts in Holy Writ, which convinced her that the end of the world was near at hand, and that even in her lifetime she might expect to see the coming of the King in His glory, when the elect would be caught up to heaven to reign with Him over a regenerated world.

Now Mr. Jeremy being an astute man, and one who moreover was well versed in the wiles with which to allay the alarms of lone women, whether spinsters or widows, did not hurry matters with Mrs. Nivens. But one day he dropped in "in a friendly way," just to ask if Mrs. Nivens was not going to the great disestablishment meeting that was to be held next night.

"No," said she, rather sadly. "I never missed one when my good man was alive. I have never attended one since he was taken."

"But," suggested Mr. Jeremy, "why should the good cause lose two supporters because it has pleased the Lord to take one away? Is it not the more needful that the survivor should do double duty instead of deserting the pass?"

"Perhaps you are right, Mr. Jeremy; but I have no one to take care of me in the crush, and widows and lone women are best at home," and Mrs. Nivens addressed herself to her mangling more vigorously than ever.

"Come, come, Mrs. Nivens," said Jeremy, "if that is all, my wife will be only too glad if you would join our party: and let us all go together. Mr. Carvell Williams is going to speak, and there is to be a great muster. It will be the last Liberationist meeting before the election."

So it was arranged that Aunt Sarah should go to the demonstration against the State Church; and it was touching to see how much the enthusiasm of the crowd, and the eloquence of the speakers, and, perhaps more than anything else, the reminiscences of bygone times, told upon the old

lady. On the way home, walking between Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy, half-dreaming over again the thunderous cheers of the excited meeting, she caught hazily the words.

"Emancipator!" she said. "Emancipator! Is there any connection between the Emancipator and the Liberation Society?"

Mrs. Jeremy was about to say "No," but her husband stopped her almost angrily. "My dear Mrs. Nivens," said he, "there is no official connection, of course, but they are first cousins I am sure. From Mr. Spencer downwards, our people are dead against Establishments."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Aunt Sarah—"very glad. How any good men can be in favour of such an anti-Christian abomination I cannot imagine."

The good work thus begun was followed up by a long conversation, in which Mr. Jeremy dilated with much eloquence, and a conviction intensified by a sense of the coming commission that he would earn on the widow's deposit, upon the advantages of the Emancipator as an investment. She was shaken but not convinced. When, however, Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy called one Sunday afternoon to take her to hear the favourite preacher of the Second Adventists, she felt as if her prejudices against a building society represented by so good a man, and one so sound in the faith, must have been contrary to Christian charity. She did not know that Jeremy was a man hunting for his brother with the remorseless cunning of a Red Indian. The Redskin on the war trail does not hunger for scalps more than the agent for commissions. But though in the toils, she was not yet wholly captive.

She waited for Dick's report, but when Dick's letter was read to her she sniffed. "Master Dick is a Varsity lad, and very clever no doubt; but he is no expert; and besides he has his own fish to fry now. Who knows but that Spencer promised him the secretaryship just to get hold of my £500?" Like many other people, Aunt Sarah imagined that what was of heroic size to her must loom equally large in the eyes of other people. Hence she smelt a rat, and determined to seek other counsel.

One day the rate collector called. He was an old acquaintance. "What would you do," she asked, "if you were not quite sure of the safety of your savings?"

"I don't know," said he. "But I think I would write to the papers."

Mrs. Nivens cherished the hint, and shortly afterwards her favourite editor received a polite letter, asking whether he would oblige a Constant Reader with an impartial judgment as to the security offered by the Emancipator Permanent Benefit Society for investments of sums amounting to £500.

When the editor read it, he wondered at the faith of Constant Reader in the editorial judgment. "Bless me," he said to himself, "excepting for paragraphs appearing now and then in the London papers, I should not even have known there was such a society in existence. Let me see! let me see!"



MR. JEREMY.

So saying, he rummaged among his book-shelves and found Burdett. He looked up the entry "Emancipator," and was astonished to find how large the society was. "It seems all right," he said. "I see Spencer is in it, and he is smart. And Lawson Corns, too; he would not be mixed up in anything shady. But stay—I think there was a paragraph in the paper the other day." He blew down the tube for his assistant. A wiry, closely-shaven, small man with a goatee beard made his appearance.

"Jones," said the chief, "when did we publish the last paragraph about the Emancipator? I want to see it at once."

"No libel, I hope?" said the sub anxiously.

"Dear me, no. What makes you think of that?" asked his chief sharply.

"Oh, nothing!" said Mr. Jones. "I'll bring the cutting," he added, as he slipped through the doorway. He reappeared a few minutes later with a paragraph which Mr. Spencer had sent round the press a day or two before announcing the increase of dividend, and boasting of the unprecedented popularity of the society.

"That looks all right," said the editor.

"May I ask what is the matter, sir?" said Jones.

For reply the editor passed him the letter from Constant Reader. As he read it he shrugged his shoulders. "Better see the chief reporter, sir; he knows something about it. He is just outside. I'll fetch him in."

"Williams," said his chief, when the reporter appeared, "what do you know about the Emancipator Building Society?"

"Nothing, sir; I mean nothing definitely. But a friend of mine who knows one of the clerks in the Omnibus Bank——"

"What bank is that?"

"Mr. Spencer's bank; a branch of the Emancipator—gave me a tip that I had better get out in time; so I drew my deposit last week."

"Thanks," said the editor; "now you can go, or we shall be late with the edition."

After they left the editor turned to his unfinished leading article. It was in praise of the press. He was in the midst of a sentence eulogising the journalist as the friend of the friendless and the hope of the oppressed. Amid the decay of institutions and the wreck of dynasties, here in the Press was emerging a new and improved tribunal power, before which the mighty trembled and under whose shadow the poor grew strong.

"Hum," said he, "it reads fairly. But all the same I wish I could tell Constant Reader what to do to secure her savings. Let me see, I'll polish off my leader and before I go home I will write to our M.P. He ought to know."

So the answer to Aunt Sarah's letter stood adjourned.

CHAPTER VI.

A NAME TO CONJURE WITH.

WHEN the Hon. Mr. Terrapin was running through the letters that arrived by the midday delivery in London, he caught sight of the familiar envelope of his local paper.

"Confound the fellow," he muttered, "what is he worrying about now? Constituents are bad enough, but if there were many editors like mine, a member's life would not be worth living."

As he read the editorial epistle, his features relaxed. "Oh, that's all, is it? Wants to know if the Emancipator is sound. How am I to find out, I wonder? Just like his impudence. Imagines that Members of Parliament were created to save editors the expense of a London correspondent."

After a little he subsided. "Well, well!" he said, picking the letter out of the waste-paper basket, into which he had flung it, "after all he is not a bad sort of a chap. And where I should be without him I really don't know, so I'll just ask one or two fellows at the Club who are in 'the know.' It will cost me nothing, and with my editor it will be like bread cast upon the waters. Nor shall I have many days to wait before I find it again."

Now it so happened that the first man whom Mr. Terrapin met on the steps of the National Liberal Club that afternoon was Mr. Jackson, the well-known City Editor. "Oh, Jackson," said he, "spare me a minute, will you! What is your opinion about the Emancipator?"

"You know my opinion," said Jackson, "about all these securities—they are not securities. The Emancipator is not a building society—it is a huge building speculation. It will come down some day, mark my words. It is topheavy, and will fall with a crash."

"But, Jackson, you are always pessimist. You say the same thing about the British Empire. Even Consols are hardly up to your mark, you know. But about the Emancipator—what are the balance-sheets like? Have you any reason for your predictions? And why don't you warn the public that is depositing over half-a-million a year in the Emancipator?"

"I have not time to answer your questions just now," said Jackson, "my editor is waiting for me in the City. But, briefly, I may say that the balance-sheet is a jungle in which you are hopelessly lost; that the society is too much mixed up with Dodds, the speculative builder, and that if I wrote what I say we should be threatened with a libel action, which if we won it would cost us a thousand, and if we lost it, ten thousand."

As Mr. Terrapin walked into the cloak-room to leave his hat and coat, whom should he meet but Mr. Dodds.

"Hullo, Terrapin," said the builder gaily, "in a brown study? What's the matter?"

"Oh, that's you, Dodds! You're the very man I wanted to see," said Mr. Terrapin. "Come along and have a cigar on the Terrace. But put your coat on; it's cold."

"Delighted," said Dodds, and leading the way through that sumptuous palace dedicated to the great gods Gladstone and Bacchus, the two were soon comfortably seated on the Terrace looking out over the Embankment. It was a sunny January afternoon, and they had the Terrace to themselves.

"Getting up splendidly," said Dodds, pointing in the direction of the building on the Salisbury Estate, whose huge pile loomed large on the other side of the railway bridge. "In time we shall rebuild London. A young Oxford friend of mine said the other day that we are inaugurating the Augustan—or was

Company found London a squalid collection of tumbledown shanties, and will leave it a city of palaces."

"Really, Dodds," said Terrapin, "you are getting quite eloquent—been having some champagne?"

"Better than that," said Mr. Dodds gleefully, "better than that. Have you seen the *Times* to-day—the agony column, I mean?"

"No," said Terrapin; "has some one advertised for you as next-of-kin and going to leave you millions?"

"Better than that," said Dodds mysteriously, "better than that."

And then he carefully produced from the inside coat pocket a marked copy of the *Times*. Terrapin turned to the advertisement doubly underscored in blue pencil. It ran thus:—

Mr. Nestor and Lady Sidney Nestor having failed to discover the identity of the young man who so gallantly saved their daughter's life at Clapham Junction on Christmas Eve, insert this advertisement in the hope that it may meet his eye, and so enable them to express their gratitude in person.—Dunstan Lodge, New Forest, January 1.

Mr. Terrapin read it over twice; then handing it back to Dodds, remarked carelessly, "Lucky for the young fellow, I should say! But what has that to do with you?"

"Do with me?" said Dodds; "why it has everything to do with me. Do you know where that young man is? Why, sir, he is in my house—in a fair way, I hope, to marry one of my daughters. And do you know who he is? Why, sir, he is Spencer's private secretary. Just like him—just like him. And do you know what that means? Why, sir, it means that what we have long hoped for will come to pass, and we shall have Mr. Nestor as President of the Great Bemridge Estate, which is to create another Ryde at the other end of the Isle of Wight."

Mr. Terrapin's eye fired. He knew the Bemridge site. He knew also—as who did not?—the name and the fame of Mr. Nestor. If Mr. Nestor were president of the Bemridge Estate Company the shares would go up hand over hand. Here was a chance for a quiet deal—not to be lost sight of.

"Dodds," said Terrapin, trying to speak indifferently, "a while ago you offered me some of these Bemridge shares, didn't you?"

"I did; but you would not touch them. To-day they are at a premium. To-morrow, when the accession of Mr. Nestor is announced, they will not be procurable for love or money."

"But I say, Dodds, could you not help me to a few? I have been a good friend to you in days gone by; and in the future— Come now, what do you say to putting a thousand or two my way? I would gladly join the board with Mr. Nestor. What do you say?"

"I will do my best, Terrapin," he said, "but it will be difficult. But if you will write out a formal application I will lay it before the board, and of course it will look much better if it is made out before Mr. Nestor's accession is announced."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Terrapin; "let us go into the club and write it at once. What luck you Emancipator people have to be sure—wonderful luck! By the way, what is the name of Spencer's secretary?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," said Dodds. "His name is Grant; he is a son of a constituent of yours. He has made his fortune, never fear."

When Mr. Terrapin had written out his formal application for £2,000 of shares in the Bemridge Estate Company, he gave it to Mr. Dodds, saying, "There! Now remember I am to be a director under Mr. Nestor." Mr. Dodds departed. Mr. Terrapin sat down in the library and wrote to his editor as follows:—



DODDS PRODUCED A COPY OF THE "TIMES."

it Augustinian?—age. Augustus—that was the name—found Rome brick and left it marble. So Dodds and

(Private and Confidential).

My Dear Editor.—The Emancipator is as sound as the Bank. The only people who have anything to say against it are confirmed pessimists whose only investment is the old stocking, and who would pick holes in the Bank of England itself. I have made exhaustive inquiries and I find that you need not fear to recommend the Society. I hear (but this must not be mentioned yet) that Mr. Nestor, out of gratitude for the heroism of Mr. Spencer's private secretary, who saved his daughter's life the other day at Clapham Junction, is going to employ some of his millions in developing the Bemridge Estate, which will double the value of that invaluable asset. As a proof of my faith in the concern I have consented to join the board, and have just made an application for £2,000 of its stock. *Verbum sap.*—Yours truly, J. E. TERRAPIN.

P.S.—Capital leader that was of yours to-day in the Press. It made me feel that if I were not an M.P., there is nothing in the world I would like better than to be a newspaper editor.

When that letter arrived the editor shrugged his shoulders. "I guess that will settle Constant Reader," he said. "Terrapin's no fool. If Terrapin put £2,000 into it—where on earth did he get the money, I wonder?—he is pretty certain to see his way to turn a pretty penny over it. And Nestor! Well, well, in for a penny, in for a pound. 'Tis gold that makes the world go round."

So musing, he sat down and indited the following "Notice to Correspondents," which duly appeared in the paper next day:—

A CONSTANT READER is informed that, after careful and exhaustive inquiries in the most influential quarters, we have no hesitation in saying that she could not do better than invest her savings in the Emancipator.

The next day Jeremy was carefully counting over the five hundred golden sovereigns which had been exhumed from the bed of the mangle. They were all safe; not one missing. He carried them away in triumph, leaving behind a deposit receipt entitling the widow, Sarah Nivens, to five per cent. interest on £500.

That night after leaving Mr. Terrapin, Dodds hastened home to break the good news to Dick Grant, whose ankle was now almost well, and who was somewhat impatiently waiting the doctor's permission to return home. Dodds was in high spirits, and under the influence of his gaiety every one felt more joyous than they had been all that Christmas-time. "The New Year opens well," he said to Dick when the ladies had left the room. "Opens capitally. Why, this very afternoon I had an application from Mr. Terrapin, your member, for a seat on the board."

Dick opened his eyes. "Which you rejected, of course?" he replied. "So notorious a guinea-pig could do you no good."

"Why, Dick, man," said Dodds, somewhat ruefully, "I thought Terrapin being your member, you—"

"Would know him, which is just what we do, and knowing him we would not trust him with a sixpenny piece. But what does he propose you should pay him?"

"Pay him? Nonsense! He wishes to invest two thousand pounds in the Bemridge Estate."

Dick gave a long whistle. "Excuse me," he said, "your news is startling. Why, Terrapin has never paid his election expenses to this day, and the excuse always was that he had not two sixpences to rub together."

"Nonsense!" said Dodds. "Read that," he added, handing Terrapin's note of hand to Dick.

Dick read it, then looking up he asked, "Got the money?"

"No," said Dodds, "shares not allotted yet."

"Well," said Dick emphatically, "don't part till you see his cash, otherwise you will regret it, that's all."

Dodds lit a cigar and puffed away silently for a time.

His opening had not been propitious. But that would soon be retrieved. After a while he produced the *Times* and handed Dick the marked copy. Dick's eyes gleamed as he read it. Then that beautiful woman in the carriage was Lady Sidney Nestor. And they were grateful. He was satisfied. He laid the paper down with some pardonable pride, but said nothing.

After a while Dodds broke in. "Well, my young friend, you're in luck. Now's your chance. It is not every day you get an opportunity of making friends for life with one of the richest families in England."

Dick did not answer. He was looking into the fire fixedly. His thoughts were far away.

"Come, boy," said Dodds, nervously, "what are you going to do?"

"Do? I? What have I to do? I don't understand what you mean," said Dick, dreamily, as if the suggestion of personal action on his part jarred upon him. "I have done what I had to do. What else remains?"

"Why, you simpleton," cried Dodds, wrathfully, "do you mean to say you are not going to push your advantage with the Nestors? Come, come, this is too silky! Here has Providence opened a door into untold wealth, and you ask what you have to do!"

"Well, but what have I to do, Mr. Dodds?" said Dick.

"Make hay while the sun shines," said his host, decisively. "Push your chance with Lady Sidney. That girl is an only child, heiress to all their wealth. Now you have got a foothold, there is no saying what—"

"Mr. Dodds," said Dick, in a tone which startled the individual addressed, from its imperious and offended pride, "you surely do not know what you are saying. No gentleman could push such an advantage. I must beg you not to allude to the subject again."

Mr. Dodds cast down his eyes and bit his lip. When he looked up he was alone.

"The young fool," he growled. "It will have to be done without his help, that's evident."

Meanwhile, Dick, bursting with rage, had rushed upstairs, with difficulty restraining his wrath.

"The cad!" he said, "the insufferable cad! To imagine that because I was lucky enough to save that girl's life, I should exploit the advantage in order to put money in my pocket. Ugh! The memory of it makes me sick."

He hobbled to and fro, disregarding the pain of his ankle, nay, rather rejoicing in the effort which it cost him to bear the physical pain. After a time he cooled down somewhat, composed himself in the easy-chair, and endeavoured to master the intricacies of the Emancipator finance. It was not his first attempt, nor was it more successful than previous efforts.

"Dear me; how stupid I am!" he said, after trying in vain to find his way in the labyrinth of figures. "I would rather construe the most crabbed piece of Greek than explain what all this means. I suppose I shall learn some day, and meantime I had better go to bed."

He was soon in bed and asleep, dreaming strange dreams of labyrinthine mazes of figures. Debits became credits, and credits debits, deficits became surpluses, losses profits, and the whole array of columns upon columns of figures seemed to be marching headlong to an abyss. And over all, as a kind of mirage in the sky, he caught glimpses of the stately beauty of Lady Sidney.

Meanwhile, as Dick was tossing restlessly in his dreamful slumber, his host was engaged on a very delicate and difficult enterprise in his private room. His first impulse was to forge, or rather to get Speight and his brother-in-law to forge, Dick's signature to a letter to Mr. Nestor. He had already

begun to draft the letter to which poor Dick's name was to be attached, when a happy thought struck him. He had no objection to forgery; he and Speight had forged too many bills to scruple about that. But of what use was unnecessary crime? It would do just as well if he, J. W. Dodds, were to write direct to Mr. Nestor.

No sooner said than done. Selecting the most elaborate specimen of Emancipator-headed notepaper, he carefully indited the following epistle:—

The Hon. V. Nestor.

Dear Sir,—My attention has been arrested by your advertisement in the *Times* of this date. It is my painful duty to inform you that the young man to whom you express your gratitude had the narrowest of escapes from death. After saving your daughter he leaped from the train and was hurled violently to the ground, dislocating an ankle and suffering such severe cerebral contusion that he has not yet altogether regained his reason. Thinking that he had recovered sufficiently to hear the expression of your gratitude, I ventured to read him the extract from the *Times*. Alas! it brought on a violent attack of the old paroxysm, coupled with a strange determination on no account to place himself in communication with you.

Regarding him, therefore, as *non compos mentis*, I, as his host and temporary guardian, have taken upon myself to let you know that he is still hardly in a condition to be accountable for his actions, otherwise he would have written you himself.

In conclusion, I may state that the young man in question is private secretary to Mr. Jabez Spencer, M.P., whose multifarious business in connection with the Emancipator Permanent Benefit Building Society (capital, £2,500,000; deposits last year, £650,000) are seriously impeded by the painful condition to which this accident has reduced his most valued assistant.—I have the honour to be

Your obedient and respectful servant,

J. W. Dodds.

When that letter arrived at Dunstan Lodge, Mr. Nestor read it aloud to Lady Sidney.

After it was finished Lady Sidney said, "What did he say was the name of the young man?"

"Really," said her husband, looking hurriedly through the letter, "this fellow—Dodds, is it?—does not mention the name; only that he is private secretary to Mr. Spencer."

"Are you sure?" said Lady Sidney. "Please pass me the letter."

He passed it, and she read it from beginning to end.

"It is very odd," she said, and laid the letter down.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE TOILS.

IF the spectacle of brave men struggling with adversity affords satisfaction to the gods, mortals may be pardoned for looking with interest upon the struggles of bad men in the toils of their fate.

The first half of 1892 afforded to the financial experts who were near enough to see how things were going, somewhat of the excitement with which spectators watch the last desperate charges of the bull in the arena before the keen-sworded matador arrives to give the tormented victim the *coup de grâce*. To Dodds, as he looks back upon it from the seclusion of his prison cell, even hard labour in convict's dress is paradesical compared with the harass and misery of that terrible year that witnessed the death flurry of the Emancipator.

From the beginning of the year, after the transient gleam caused by the hope of netting Mr. Nestor, everything grew dark. For some days, and even weeks, Mr. Dodds calculated confidently upon securing the great millionaire. By merely boasting about it in certain quarters he had

reinforced the Society with two more guinea-pigs, and had checked here and there the deadly flow of withdrawals. But when Mr. Nestor merely replied, politely expressing his regret for the young man's accident, and requesting to be furnished with his name and address in order that they might call upon him when they came to town, Dodds was furious. He had built up a house of cards upon the gratitude of Mr. Nestor—a gratitude which he had quite naturally conveyed from Dick to the Emancipator. It seemed to him something monstrous, something almost against nature, that so wealthy a man, whose only daughter had been saved from a horrible death by Dick Grant, should not show his gratitude by placing his millions, or at least his credit, at the disposal of Dick's patron.

"Such ingratitude will meet its reward," he said; and he seemed to find peculiar consolation in the psalm in which uncomfortable things are said about the wicked who spread themselves like a green bay tree.

His own state, however, was too serious to admit of much attention either to psalmists or millionaires. Dick had long ago gone back to Oxford, a little disillusioned as to his host Dodds, but as full of illusions as ever concerning his patron Jabez Spencer. Before he returned to the university, Mr. Dodds drove him round the stately edifices, in which the deposits of the Emancipator investors were lavished on a speculative building worthy the Napoleonic ideas of the great Jabez. Dick admired the bold and picturesque outlines which Whitehall Court made against the evening sky; but he could not bring himself to admire the huge overgrown hulk on the Embankment that hoists its ugly shoulders into the heavens.

"Seven hundred thousand pounds have been put into this building," said Dodds, in awe-struck tones, "and it will cost another £300,000 to complete it. A million pounds—the cost of a first-class ironclad."

Dick said nothing. He was gazing at Cleopatra's Needle: and the contrast between the granite monolith standing silent among its sphynxes, and the monstrous mushroom that looked down upon him from across the Embankment Gardens, was too glaring. It reminded him somewhat unpleasantly of the contrast between the Oxford ideal of life and conduct and the vulgar money-making swagger and push of the smart financier.

They drove to the Carlisle Mansions in Victoria Street, and then on to the Albert Chambers in Hyde Park Court, Knightsbridge.

Mr. Dodds gazed with unaffected admiration at his own handiwork. "There!" said he, as they moved from the last colossus, "no one can say that I have not left my mark upon my time. Ministries will come and ministries will go, thrones will rise and thrones will fall, but through all these changes successive generations of men will live in comfort under roofs of my building."

When Dick bade his host good-bye at the railway station, he settled himself down into the corner of a carriage and gave himself up to a flood of reflections—bitter sweet—but tending to become ever more and more bitter. How wide the gulf that yawned between his arrival and his departure! He had in one sense succeeded beyond his utmost expectations; and yet he had caught his butterfly only to find that the grasp of appropriation had spoiled the delicate pencilling of the fluttering wings. How he loathed that building on the Embankment!

"Cost as much as an ironclad, did it?" he muttered to himself. "If it only had been an ironclad, it might have capsized and gone out of sight. As it is, it will remain an eyesore to generation after generation. What a desecration of the finest site in London!" He looked out of the window. The train was rushing through one of the

loveliest parts of southern England. The snow lay upon the hilltops; the air was still with the sense of coming frost, and the ruddy glow of the setting sun, reflected from the panes of a farmer's house, gave a brilliant eye to the expressive features of the rural landscape. Dick, who was very susceptible to natural beauty, allowed his gaze to wander lazily over the wintry scene, when suddenly there came upon his view one of those hideous enormities in staring yellow by which advertising malefactors have been allowed to deface some of the fairest scenes in English landscape. He pulled up the window and turned away. "Liver pills," he said. "Curse them! Why should men who have neither soul, nor heart, nor brain, torment us about our livers?"

As the day darkened and the outside world became more and more indistinct, he seemed to see himself and Dodds and Jabez Spencer busily engaged in erecting hideous yellow signs of liver pills in front of Westminster Abbey and across the entrance to Westminster Hall.

The worthy Dodds, however, was much more practically engaged. He was dodging bankruptcy. His devices, ably seconded as they were by the indomitable Jabez and the unscrupulous Speight, hardly secured them more than a moment's breathing time. The schemes and the trickeries of these three worthies would afford material for an epic poem. They had eight different concerns to keep going. For years they had financed each of them by the simple expedient of passing cheques round; and, by inserting particulars of imaginary profits and fictitious commissions, they had adjusted balance-sheets; but this could not be kept going for ever. Be the thimblerrigger never so adroit, in time the dullest of countrymen can spot the thimble under which the pealies hidden. In a country fair the reader may sometimes have seen the peripatetic juggler spinning half-a-dozen dinner plates on a table. And very deftly he does it. His hand with hardly perceptible motion keeps the whole number of plates constantly rotating; never touching each other, never dropping, until at last by some false move one plate falls, and all the rest of the whirling crockery is shivered into ruin. So long as the faith of the depositors in the Emancipator kept up, so long Jabez the Wizard and his confederates were able to keep the allied companies spinning gaily. But when the depositor began to weary, the catastrophe became inevitable.

If a vessel has sprung a leak in a stormy sea, and the water pours in beyond the power of all the pumps to keep it under, no deft seamanship, no brilliant manœuvring, no genius-inspired use of sails or engine can save the water-logged ship. If the leak be not stopped the ship must go down. The heavy and continuous withdrawal of deposits from the Emancipator revealed the leak, which no amount of bluff could stop. There was no actual run upon the concern, but money was taken out of it at the rate of more than £2,500 per day. In the eight months before it finally collapsed, £500,000 was paid across the counter to suspicious depositors who had got wind that things were not all right.

In June the Barkers smashed. The Barkers were also Dick Turpins of finance. Beginning with a single public-house in 1879, they plundered the public to the tune of £639,000 by 1892. They asked the public to lend them money at seven per cent., without security, and the public accepted their invitation so freely, that the only embarrassment of the partners seemed to be to get rid of it. Among other things they published three papers, one bearing the promising title of the *Daily Oracle*, over which they threw away £40,000.

They, too, had their affiliated concerns, which they kept going as Dodds was kept going as long as deposits flowed in freely. When they began to flow out, the firm stopped

payment, and one of its members silenced inquiry by the simple process of blowing out his brains.

All this was bad for the Emancipator, increasing the tendency to panic, and rendering it more than ever hopeless to keep the ship afloat. From the first the Omnibus Bank was the chief source of danger. Although Jabez told every one that all that was wanted to make it a prosperous concern was more business and better support from the shareholders, he himself judiciously transferred 750 out of 1,013 of his shares to other hands.

Gradually the toils closed round them, despite their efforts to escape. Forging names to accommodation bills, a favourite device in times past, was no longer available. Falsifying wages bills might bring in petty cash, but it would not stop the leak. To suspend payment of deposits would be to throw up the sponge. They borrowed where they could, paying as much in some cases as twenty-eight per cent.; but that in the nature of things could only be a temporary expedient. Besides, they had mortgaged and double mortgaged all they had.

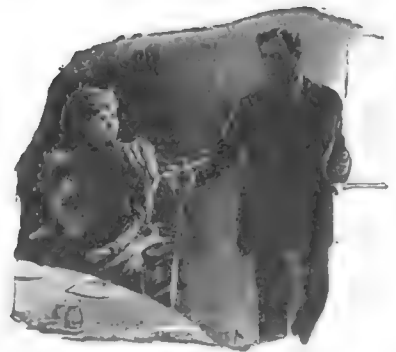
In this extremity the mind of Dodds turned once more to Mr. Nestor. Surely if the case were properly put before him, the commonest gratitude would lead him to see his duty to the society! It was, indeed, affronting Providence to refuse the use of his name to save the Emancipator, after the secretary of its director had saved the life of his daughter. So without saying anything to any one, Mr. Dodds despatched an eloquent epistle to Mr. Nestor, which, as he said to himself, ought to move the heart of a stone.

He reminded him of the gracious providence which, using an official of the Emancipator as an instrument, had rescued his only child from a violent death. He dwelt upon the immense services which the company had rendered to humanity, and he set forth in general terms the magnificent estate.

"But," the letter continued, "just as the life of your beloved daughter hung in the balance when our secretary at risk of his life and limb snatched her from the threatened doom, so is the existence of this splendid, I may say this national, institution threatened by an altogether unfounded suspicion, promoted by unscrupulous enemies, which is making a run on our coffers that, if unchecked, must bring everything to the ground. I do not ask you to risk anything to avert this frightful disaster. Only allow us to announce that you have accepted the Presidency of the Society, and the plague will be stayed. You will have rescued hundreds of thousands of the most deserving and industrious of the poor from starvation, and a grateful nation will heap blessings on your name."

"Pish!" said Mr. Nestor, as he finished reading this remarkable epistle, throwing it on the table.

Lady Sidney picked it up and read it carefully through. "The fellow does not even now tell us the name of Nedelca's deliverer. One would think that her rescue was part of the official duties of the secretary of a building society."



"PISH!" SAID MR. NESTOR.

Next day Dodds turned eagerly to his letters. There was the usual quantum of disagreeable missives, menacing intimations of the coming storm. But there was nothing from Mr. Nestor. "Strange," he said. "But perhaps he is away from home. The letter will be forwarded."

Next day he read in the *Times* that Lady Sidney Nestor had been present at the Drawing-room.

Mr. Dodds walked about his room irresolutely, and then wrote a letter to Mr. Nestor asking if he had received his previous epistle, and begging the favour of an immediate reply.

He had not long to wait. From the Emancipator office next day came a letter, opened and apparently read by the clerks, which ran thus :—

Mr. Nestor presents his compliments to Mr. Dodds, and in reply to his letters of the 4th and the 7th June begs to say that he cannot accede to his request. Mr. Nestor fails to understand on what ground Mr. Dodds infers that gratitude to a youth who was of service to Miss Nestor should oblige Mr. Nestor to save the life of a worthless swindle with which, so far as he knows, that young man has nothing to do.

Mr. Dodds read this letter at first in amazement, then in fierce indignation. After pacing up and down the room in wrath, he sat down again and read it a third time before putting it away among his private papers.

"I don't mind," he said, sighing heavily, "that the game is up. I am tired of it. But it saddens me to think of the shameless ingratitude of man."



"THE GAME IS UP."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAST EFFORT.

PARLIAMENT had been dissolved. The land was in the throes of a contested election. Like other members, Jabez Spencer had to fight for his seat. He could ill spare the time or the money. But he could not flinch. Cost what it might, he must go through with it to the last.

He summoned Mr. Speight and Mr. Dodds to his office before leaving town. "Telegraph me," he said, "if anything desperate occurs. Meantime, get ready the new issue of Trust Stock that constitutes our last card. If that fails it is a case of *saure qui peut*. But if luck holds, and we come back triumphant from the country, we may pull through yet."

Mr. Speight shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't mean for ever, of course," said Jabez. "Situations as we are now, a year's grace seems an eternity."

"It is quite as far off," said Speight. "The great public is a great fool, I allow; but with Barkers' failure still fresh in its mind it is not going to stump up £50,000 just to keep us going."

"I don't wish to dishearten any one," said Dodds, "but however the election goes, the Emancipator will suspend payment in September, as soon as ever the Bank closes its doors. We might, perhaps, hang on till October, but not a day longer."

Jabez listened impatiently. "That is all very well for you croakers, but as for me, I am going to bluff it through. Whatever it may be in London, the Emancipator is a great card in Fernley."

Before leaving the office, he telegraphed to Dick Grant, asking him if he could accompany him through the election. Dick assented gladly enough. It was a new experience. Some day, he thought, he would be a candidate himself. He could not begin too early. He was considered a promising speaker at the Union, and he rejoiced to think that he might have an opportunity of proving his usefulness in an arena in which he felt at home. Taking the night train, he reached Fernley early next day, and made his way at once to the Liberal headquarters. Jabez had arrived before him, and the preliminary canvass was well under way.

Fernley is a town in the north-east of Lancashire, famous for its cotton spinning and its Radicalism. Most of the mills lie down in the hollow of the valley, from which a long street runs uphill towards Lord Hartington's old constituency. When work is busy the smoke from the chimney forest is dense and blackening. The air is humid with an excess of moisture which makes the fortune of its cotton spinners; but the north-east winds that sweep over the moors are bitingly cold. The Mechanics' Institute, with its classes, forms the chief glory of the town—and of it Fernley is deservedly proud. A hard-working, somewhat grimy community, with more chapels than churches, and more chimney pots than flower pots; such was the constituency in which Dick was to gain his first experience of electioneering in England.

He soon found that Jabez did not count upon him for speech-making. He had more to do with correspondence than with canvassing. He had to see a good many deputations, and he asked Jabez how to deal with them. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Deal with them so as to get their votes, but remember that I am on the high moral line. You cannot pitch it in too strong. Go it on the Grand Old Man, the Emancipator, and the Nonconformists. And whenever you run short, pitch into the Irish landlords; these rascals have no friends."

Dick disliked the cynicism of his tone, but as he was a Nonconformist who idolised Mr. Gladstone and identified his own future with the fortunes of the Emancipator, he found little difficulty in carrying out his instructions in all sincerity.

Once or twice he found time to attend the Liberal meetings, and was astonished to see the amount of semi-religious fervour Jabez threw into his speeches. The contrast between the cynic of the committee-room and the enthusiast of the platform revolted him; but he remembered that he had heard that Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain were quite as bad, and yet were thought none the less of by their respective admirers. "After all," he reasoned with himself, "these men may be mere maskers. No one can say that of Jabez Spencer. There is the evidence of sterling sincerity in his life-work. Who has a better right to denounce the Irish landlords than the man who has raised millions to make the working man his own landlord? After all, the Emancipator covers a multitude of sins."

From all these day-dreams he was rudely awakened one day by a letter from Mr. Dodds. It was his duty to open all the chief's letters, excepting those marked private, and to note their contents. Usually Dodds's letters to Spencer were sealed and marked "Confidential." There was nothing on the outside of this to show that it was from Mr. Dodds, or that its contents were intended for Jabez alone. Dick opened it and read it with the rest. As he did so a haze passed over his eyes. The words danced before him like motes in the sunshine. He could not make them stand still. He



AS THE HORSE WENT DOWN IT JERKED MR. NESTOR OFF HIS SADDLE, AND FALLING HEAVILY,
HE BROKE HIS NECK AND DIED INST. NTLY.

laid the letter down, pressed his hand over his eyes, and then with an effort took up the paper and read to the end. It ran thus:—

My Dear Jabez,—Though the wicked triumph for a time, yet shall their foot slide in due season. Read the enclosed cutting, and rejoice at the avenging power of the Almighty. This man, the ingrate, the monster who refused to stretch out a hand to save the Emancipator when one word from him would have done everything—although our secretary had just saved his daughter from a horrible death—see how he has gone down quick into the pit.

“Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth.”

Yours sincerely, J. W. DODDS.

The newspaper cutting was as follows:—

SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. NESTOR.

A profound sensation was occasioned in London yesterday by the sudden death of Mr. Nestor, the well-known American millionaire. Mr. Nestor, with Lady Sidney and their daughter, were riding along the Embankment, when, just opposite Cleopatra's Needle, they were startled by a runaway hansom. The driver had been thrown from his seat, and the horse, wild with fear, was galloping madly along. A lady inside the hansom was screaming loudly. Mr. Nestor, seeing that the lady would in all probability be killed, turned his horse's head, and, trotting forward, prepared to snatch at the reins of the runaway as it passed. He succeeded in catching the reins, but when he tried to pull the horse up it plunged and kicked so violently that it overturned the hansom and fell with it. As it went down it jerked Mr. Nestor off his saddle, and falling heavily, he broke his neck and died instantly. The lady was extricated unhurt. Mr. Nestor was taken to Charing Cross Hospital, where the doctors pronounced him dead. Great sympathy is expressed with Lady Sidney and her daughter, who witnessed the fatal accident. We cannot speak too highly in praise of the deceased, who literally gave his life to save a woman from death.

The line “opposite Cleopatra's Needle” was underscored, and underneath was written, in Mr. Dodds's handwriting, “and also opposite our Salisbury Estate Building. Is it not like the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite?”

Dick's whole soul rose in revolt against the cold-blooded malevolence of the pharisaic Dodds; but mingled with his disgust was a more personal feeling. What was the meaning of this reference to Mr. Nestor's ingratitude? Had they dared? . . . Dick refused for a moment to admit the possibility of such an infamy. But on reading the letter again it seemed too clear. In some way, he could not imagine how, these men—for there was no doubt that Jabez was privy to the plot—had endeavoured to make capital for the Society out of his act. The thing stabbed him in the most delicate place. He had hugged the thought that he had saved Miss Nestor, but he had hugged much more proudly the other thought that he had scorned to blot that record by revealing his name. And now there seemed no doubt these creatures had been trying to exploit the gratitude of the Nestors in order to bring grist to their own mill. They had failed, and now they gloated like vultures over the corpse of the brave man whose death was so heroic.

In a towering rage he paced backwards and forwards, resolved to confront Jabez Spencer with this letter, and to demand an explanation. He had not long to wait. Just at this moment the Liberal candidate entered the room. He was not in a very good humour. He had supped too heavily the previous night, and had slept badly. His head



JABEZ, MAD WITH RAGE, FLUNG DICK OUTSIDE.

was aching, and there was a dour look about his eyes which Dick did not remember to have seen there before.

“Mr. Spencer,” said Dick, with an effort repressing his passion, “what does that mean?”

“A letter from Dodds, I suppose,” he said carelessly. “I can attend to that later on. I want to see the letters about to-night's meeting. That is the most important thing. Holloa! why the devil have you not opened the letters?” he asked abruptly, seeing that more than half lay unopened before him.

“Because,” said Dick, almost losing control of himself, “because I want an answer to my question. What is the meaning of that letter?”

Spencer looked at his secretary in blank astonishment not unminged with anger. “You damned young puppy! What do you mean by speaking to me like that?”

“I mean,” said Dick, “that I must have an answer to my question. If what seems the plain inference from Mr. Dodds's letter is correct, a most unwarrantable liberty has been taken which gravely concerns my honour. I insist upon an explanation.”

“You insist, do you? Insolent boy! Who are you to dictate to me? Another word, and I show you the door!” He rose as he spoke, and approached Dick in menacing fashion.

Dick stood his ground. “I have a right to insist,” he began, but before he finished the sentence, Jabez, mad with

rage, had thrown himself upon him, and thrusting open the door with his foot, flung Dick outside. The door opened immediately on the staircase. Dick made a snatch at the banisters, missed them, and fell heavily down the long flight.

The Liberal candidate, returning to his room, rang the bell violently. The servant answering it was horrified to come upon the senseless body of Dick lying half-way down the stairs. He had fallen on his head and shoulder. His body was huddled up, and a little blood was flowing from a contused wound on the temple. The man at once ran down to the hall and summoned a fellow-servant.

"Been an accident on the stairs," he said hurriedly. "It's poor Mr. Grant. He's all bleedin' and senseless."

Jabez rang again. "Answer that bell, Jim!" said the first servant, "while we carry Mr. Grant to a bedroom."

Jim, however, instead of stepping over Dick's body, brought up the rear; watching with the keen interest natural to a boy the process of raising the senseless form. "Is he dead?" he asked under his breath.

The men made no answer, but silently and gently carried Dick upstairs. Again Jabez rang his bell, and as the answer was not instantaneous, he burst open his door, intending to shout angrily for a waiter.

But just as he opened the door the little procession was passing it. The first bearer, walking backwards, was carrying Dick's head and shoulders. The other was holding the body at the knees; the page boy was bringing up the rear.

Jabez saw the pallid face, the blood oozing from the ugly wound on the temple, and a horrid fear suddenly clutched his heart, compressing it with such a grip that he reeled with pain. His face became livid, and he gasped for breath.

"It's Mr. Grant, sir," said the bearer carrying the shoulders. "We found him doubled up on the stairs. Shall we bring him into your room?"

"No! no!" stammered Jabez. "I have all my letters about. Take him to his own room."

The men passed on with their helpless burden.

Jabez returned to his room. The page followed him unperceived.

Jabez sat down by the table and buried his face in his hands. The boy stood, not daring to speak, waiting till the gentleman should look up. He was a tall boy for a page, in dark uniform and bright brass buttons.

The man he was looking at shook and groaned. At last the boy spoke. There was no answer. Jabez was immersed in his own thoughts, not apparently of the pleasantest description, from the shuddering which every now and then seemed to

convulse his stalwart frame. At last the page, feeling that he must do something, went up to Jabez and laid his hand on his arm, saying, "Sir!"

Jabez started back in his chair, and seeing vaguely a dark uniform with buttons, he exclaimed with a groan, "Good God! Have you to take me already? But I did not mean to kill him; it was his own fault."

"I don't know what you mean, sir," said the boy. "You rang the bell, and I've come for your orders."

Jabez discovered his mistake with immense relief, and not without disgust at himself for being off his guard.

"Oh, yes, so I did. But this accident has put everything out of my head. You may go; I don't want you now."

The page went off. On his way down he met the waiters returning from the room where they had left Dick.

"Is he dead?" said the boy, repeating the question.

"Seems like a murderer, he do," he added, indicating Jabez by a jerk of his thumb.

"Hold your tongue," said the waiter; "Mr. Grant's only in a faint. Run for Dr. Hunt; he is just round the corner."

When Dick opened his eyes he was in a darkened room. There was a dull throbbing in his head.

"Where am I?" he asked faintly.

"In the hospital," said a pleasant voice near his pillow. "But you must not talk."

By degrees he could see his surroundings, and could recall the fracas with Jabez.

"How long have I been here?"

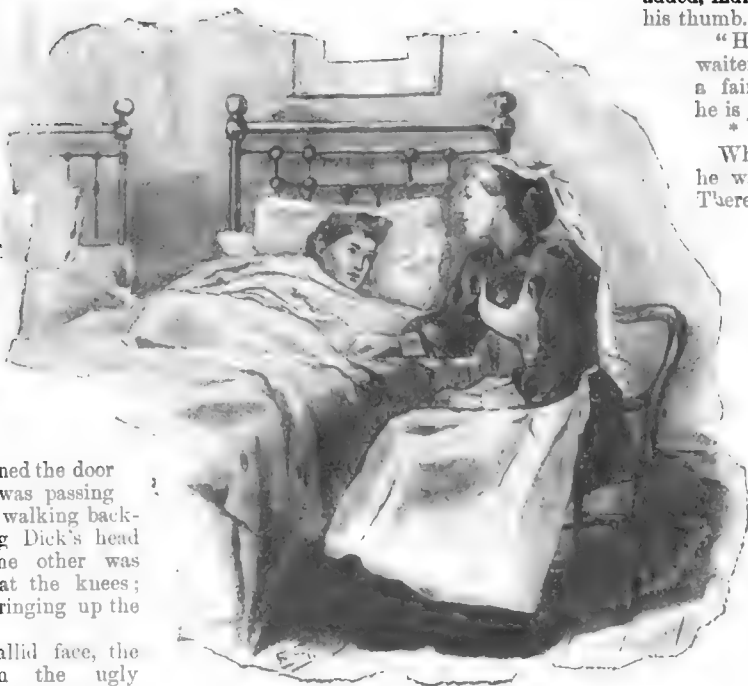
"Only since yesterday," said the nurse. "But if you talk I must leave you. You will soon be all right if you keep quite still. Excitement is the only danger. Now, drink this and go to sleep."

He took the medicine mechanically, and very soon dozed off into unconsciousness. When he woke again he felt better. It was late at night. But outside there were sounds of tumultuous cheering, again and again renewed.

"What is that noise?" he said.

The nurse smiled. "You're better now, aren't you?" "Nothing does a patient so much good as good news," she said to herself. Then she added, "You will be glad to hear that Mr. Spencer has been re-elected by a large majority. That is why they are cheering. He is very popular in Fernley—a real good man, they say."

Dick shut his eyes and drew a long breath. Everything was going as he had wished it. And yet, somehow, everything had gone wrong. And as the cheering crowd that was escorting Jabez back to the hotel passed the windows of the hospital, Dick felt sadly that in some way, he did not exactly know how or why, he had made a false start.



"EXCITEMENT IS THE ONLY DANGER," SAID THE NURSE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CRASH.

WHEN Jabez returned to town, fresh from the bracing influence of a hotly contested election victoriously fought, the flush of success he had felt when he listened to the ringing cheers amid which he had left Fernley, gradually died away. He had won the seat; but that had never been much in doubt. He was M.P. again. He had triumphantly demonstrated his possession of the unshaken confidence of his constituents. But that would go only a small way in staving off his creditors. And the nearer he came to London that glorious July day the more his spirits sank. The Emancipator was in its death flurry. Already in imagination he could see the huge monster spouting blood and churning the water in its last agony. In a few weeks all would be over—and then?

When he arrived at Hercot Lodge the pleasant green of the shrubbery and lawn, the musical lapping of the river upon its margin, and the enthusiastic welcome of his family for a moment chased the gloom from his brow. But after he had received their congratulations and had retired to his room the transient gleam faded. On the table lay a telegram from Speight the lawyer:—

Consultation to-morrow at 10. Attendance indispensable. Drain continues.

He shrugged his shoulders; then, taking down Kirchner's bulky volume on "The Law of Extradition," he eagerly pored over its pages. Presently he shut the book up, and put it back on the shelves.

"It must be the Argentine. Spain won't do; it is too near." Then he looked for his private bank-book and scrutinised the figures. They apparently gave him little satisfaction. Unlocking his safe, he took out his available securities. His eye brightened as he saw that they amounted to a considerable sum.

"Enough to start with," he said, "in a new world when the time comes to cut and run. I am all right."

The thought consoled him; and he strolled out on the lawn to smoke a cigar before dinner.

It was a beautiful summer evening. The heat of the day had died away, a slight breeze had sprung up, and there was a delightful sense of freshness in the air. Jabez stood and watched the wreaths of smoke from his cigar slowly curling up towards the large leaves of the plane tree under which he was standing. The swallows were busily hawking for insects across the river, on which a solitary swan was floating motionless as if half asleep, while its shadow reflected in the waters recalled the familiar lines:—

The swan on still St. Mary's loch,
Floats double, swan and shadow.

Across the river from a distant field, where the aftermath was showing clear and green, he heard the occasional low of cattle. Everything was quiet, peaceful as an idyll, and the contrast between externals and the anxiety within irritated him. He turned on his heel and began a somewhat feverish tour round the grounds.

The garden was in all the luxuriance of midsummer beauty. The lawn on which he had spent many a happy hour at tennis was rolled as smooth as a billiard table. The net was still standing as if inviting to a game. Jabez hardly noticed it. The geraniums in the flower-stands shone clearly in contrast to the emerald green of the lawn. But turning from them he walked to his favourite hobby, the famous tennis court, on which he had spent over £2,000. Here, for a moment, he swelled with pride. It was the best tennis court, he used to boast, in the whole county. It had been built regardless of expense, and the amount of thought which had been given to the building of this play-



JABEZ STOOD AND WATCHED THE WREATHS OF SMOKE
FROM HIS CIGAR.

thing was almost as much as that required for the launching of a new company. Jabez cast a lingering look over the familiar place; then, as the thought burst upon him that in a few weeks, it might be in a few days, he would see it no more for ever, he muttered passionately, "It is a damned shame!"

It may seem strange, but so inscrutable are the mysteries of self-deception, that Jabez actually felt that he had good reason to murmur at the ways of the universe which doomed him to leave his lordly pleasure-house almost before he had entered into possession of it. He recalled how he had planned this nook and that corner, and how money had been poured out like water to make the place perfect, a retreat for a prince or a millionaire; and now to be cast out of it all! And why?

These luxuries had been paid for by the earnings of the poor; but that never entered his mind. He thought as little of it as the monarch thinks of the savings of the small taxpayer whose contributions make up his princely revenues. It was to him only the natural order of things that the many should toil and that he should have the fingering of their money. That they should lose it after all was hard, no doubt, but what was it compared with the hardship which awaited him? His depositors would lose their £100 or £500, and many of them would have to exchange a more or less squalid independence in their own cottage for the grey monotony of the workhouse ward. But that was a small thing compared with the plunge which he would make when cast out of Hercot Lodge, expelled from the House of Commons, and driven out like another Cain to wander in an alien world. Jabez was angry, and felt that

he did well to be angry. In his rage and disgust he felt an almost malignant joy at the thought of the immensity of the crash which would shortly startle the public.

Brooding over such subjects he made but a poor show at the dinner table. It might be the last meal he would eat in the Lodge, and that thought did not stimulate his appetite. After dinner his spirits somewhat revived, and he reflected that the issue of the Trust Bonds was still to be made. If they went, it might enable him once more to disappoint envious fate and to triumph for a little while longer. It could only be for a little while, but "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," said Jabez piously, as he went to bed; "and let to-morrow bring what it will, I am prepared for the worst."

Next morning, when Jabez went up to town, he took with him all his securities in a small portmanteau, in order to make ready for flight the moment the game was up. He would cross that night from Harwich to Antwerp, so that any one watching him might be thrown off the scent, and then would quietly make his way to Lisbon, where he would take passage for the Argentine under an assumed name. Once there he would be out of reach, and the baffled minions of the law might stretch their hands after him in vain. It was therefore with some sense of relief that on driving to the office he found that affairs were not so bad as they had at first appeared. He received the congratulations of his subordinates on his re-election with an easy grace. He was soon closeted with Speight and Dodds. They told him the real state of the case—that the drain on the Emancipator, instead of decreasing, was increasing. Some one must have passed the word that they had better get out while there was time, and the depositors were withdrawing with quite unprecedented alacrity. At the rate at which they were going it would be impossible to keep the doors open another month. Meanwhile the thing to be done was to issue the Trust Stock, and this was the urgent and pressing business for which he had been summoned to the office.

The necessary formalities were soon gone through, and next morning, the 31st of July, the British householder received at his breakfast table a circular inviting him to take up 20,000 of the £5 shares, of which £2 10s. was to be paid up at once at 5s. per share premium. Accompanying the circular there was a memorandum, drawn up with the accustomed skill of the experts of the Emancipator, calling attention to the astonishing prosperity of the Trust. In 1876 it had only 46,000 depositors, while in 1892 the number had risen to more than half a million. The whole of the preliminary expenses had been paid off, and a reserve fund of £36,000 had been created, and dividends had been paid to the shareholders of seven per cent. for the first year, and of eight per cent. for every subsequent year. Seldom, indeed, was the British investor afforded the opportunity of such a safe investment. Many circulars had the trio sent out, but never had they baited their hooks so lavishly. It was their last chance. £50,000 paid in in the course of the next fortnight would tide them over Michaelmas, and in the meantime who could tell what might not happen?

Unfortunately, however, for the calculations of the promoters, the British public for once was wary. Barkers' failure was still fresh in the public memory. Ugly rumours were gaining ground as to the position of the Emancipator. In a short time it was found that the last card which had been played had failed. The game was up. Nothing but a miracle could save them now. Dodds, more or less dazed with prolonged anxiety and many sleepless nights, almost persuaded himself that a miracle would happen for their deliverance.

"Who knows," he said one day in the board-room, "who

knows but that the same power which dried up the Red Sea in order to make a passage for the Chosen People, and smote the Assyrians when they encompassed the sacred city, may intervene on our behalf? Who believes that the day of miracles is past? It was only last Sunday that I heard a noble discourse from our minister on the text, 'The Lord's arm is not shortened that it cannot save,' and the words brought healing like the balm of Gilead to my soul."

Speight, who was glancing over some deeds when the worthy Dodds gave expression to this semi-soliloquy, looked up sharply and said, "Come, come, Dodds, that is a bit too strong. The Almighty must have precious little to do if He works a miracle to save you and me."

"I don't know," said Dodds mournfully; "I think that we are worth as much as those stiff-necked Jews who were always having miracles wrought for their benefit, to save them from the consequences of their sins. But it is no use talking to you, Speight; you are an unbeliever, and know not the wondrous ways in which the elect have been delivered from the dangers which seemed about to overwhelm them."

"I wish the miracle would hurry up, then," said Speight. "If it does not arrive before the beginning of September it had better stay away."

Jabez meantime preserved a serene front, and met his friends and colleagues as if nothing had happened. He seemed to join even in the curious little intrigues which always go on when a new Ministry is being formed, in order to push what he considered his claims and chances of an appointment. In the assemblies of his intimates and associates, with whom he was wont to be hail fellow, well met, in the National Liberal Club he was spoken of—certainly without any disapproval on his part—as the proper person to be Her Majesty's Postmaster-General. At their little dinners and over their finely-flavoured Havannas, he used to say that of course it was not for him to put forward his personal claims. He was quite willing to stand on one side. But Mr. Gladstone, as a man of business, must know that there was no one in the whole party who, from his experience in managing a gigantic financial business, could be compared to the man who had built up the Emancipator. Who was Mr. Labouchere in comparison?

"Mr. Labouchere knows nothing of business, whereas I have for years conducted enormous financial concerns which throw the Post Office Savings Bank itself into the shade. If this Administration is to give satisfaction to the country, what is wanted above all things is to put honest men and business men at the head of the great departments of State."

When the new Administration had been completed, and no place had been offered to Jabez, he shrugged his shoulders and gave his friends to understand that Mr. Gladstone had passed him over because he knew that no slight could damp his loyalty or shake his devotion to the great cause.

"They can count upon me, you see, whatever happens. Whereas, other people, if they do not get what they want, are apt to turn ugly."

And Jabez looked the personification of all the Christian virtues.

Meanwhile, August was rapidly running out. At the end of August the crash would come. Jabez kept his own counsel as to his intentions. Once or twice Speight asked him rather nervously what would happen if the doors were shut.

"Proceedings in bankruptcy," replied Jabez airily, "proceedings in bankruptcy, and then each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

As for Dodds, as day followed day, and the hoped-for miracle didn't arrive, he began to look more haggard than

ever; but no thought of flight ever crossed his mind. In great distress he asked his lawyer what he thought of the situation.

"Bad," said he.

"Yes; that we know, so far as the Emancipator is concerned. We shall shut up before the week is out. But about ourselves?"

Speight shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?" he said.

"Of course," said Dodds nervously, "there have been one or two little transactions which would not look very well in court. You know those bills?"

"Oh," said Speight cheerfully, "that was a long while ago. You can trust your clerks, can't you?"

"Oh, certainly," said Dodds. "There is only one man who knows anything about it, and he is my brother-in-law; and I do not think he could say anything, even if he chose."

"Why?" said Speight.

"Because if we swing we swing together, for he was in the business as much as any one. Besides, I do not see how he could say anything about me even if he wished to, considering the way in which he wrote to his sister before I married her."

"Got the letter?" said Speight, quickly.

"No," said Dodds, "but my wife has it, and I will bring it you to-morrow."

"Dodds," said Speight, "we can't be too careful of the cards which we have left; have them well in hand. Heaven knows they are few enough."

Next day Dodds handed Speight his brother-in-law's letter. Speight took the letter and read it. It ran as follows:—

You know how truly I can claim to be absolutely the best judge of the man himself, and when I say how it would rejoice my heart to hear that Dolly consents, I am saying in a few words that which I could amplify into many sentences. I know him to be a genuine honourable man, incapable of doing an injustice, and one who, having made a position in life, would now take the keenest delight in ministering to the happiness of others. His sincerity I can vouch for. I will say nothing now of his position in life, beyond stating that he is possessed of an ample fortune, and thus can bestow upon the object of his affections many advantages. It is rather of the heart than the pocket or head that I would beg a favourable reply. Dolly would gain the truest love of a man everybody respects and speaks well of, and I am quite convinced by accepting him she would rise to an honoured position of blessing and usefulness, that must tend to her true joy and happiness. Really it seems almost a ruling of divine Providence that there is just now the opportunity given. Now, dear aunt, I am afraid I shall weary you, though I have not said all I wanted to, or could say. May the Lord, the Giver of all good things, in His mercy bless her in this most sacred matter, and keep her! I see that the path of duty is the one that will cause a noble and true heart to rejoice in having secured the affection of one who would be, I am sure, the loving wife of a loving husband. This is my prayer.

"Pretty strong evidence that," said Dodds.

"Yes," replied Speight, "but if once the court gets on that clue it will take more than this letter to save us. However, let us hope for the best."

August the 31st came, and the 1st of September. Still the doors of the Emancipator were open. Dodds began to believe that the miracle had arrived; but on the afternoon of the 1st he was called to a hurried consultation in Jabez's room.

"All is up," said that worthy airily as Dodds entered the room. "The Omnibus Bank has suspended payment, and with that everything else goes down."

The Omnibus Bank, it should be explained, was the

institution which Jabez had created as a kind of pivot round which the other companies revolved. Suspicion might have been raised as to the condition of the Emancipator's business if its financing had been done through a public bank. To keep its transactions dark it was necessary to have a bank of their own. For this purpose the Omnibus was created; and for several years it fulfilled its purpose. But the pitcher that goes often to the well may be broken at last; and, under the continued stress and strain of withdrawals and the corresponding shrinkage of deposits, the Omnibus collapsed. There was no money left to meet its liabilities. Promises to pay, and all the financial expedients known to impecunious adventurers, had been used up long ago. The game was up, as Jabez said, and nothing remained but to put up the shutters.

"What is to be done?" said Dodds, relinquishing at last all hopes of the expected miracle.

"*Save qui peut*," said Jabez, smiling. "Good evening, gentlemen."

Next morning, when the clerks came to the offices of the Emancipator, they found the shutters up and the doors locked, and an intimation that business was suspended until further notice.

The crash long expected had come at last, and what a crash it was! The Omnibus Bank had been the first to go; it dragged down with it the Emancipator; and with the Emancipator came the Trust Company and the Estate Company. J. W. Dodds and Co. went, of course. In the general ruin, Oldman and Company, a firm built on Doddsian principles, and all the other allied companies, which were to be such a source of strength in buttressing up the central citadel, fell like a pack of cards. It was a crash indeed. Nothing like it had occurred in the world of small finance since the failure of the Glasgow Bank.

CHAPTER X.

THE MORTGAGE OF A LIFE.

THE press is a great institution no doubt. It does many things well. It does some things execrably. It overdoes certain regular old-established functions, it neglects altogether the new and unexpected. There are few places where it is more difficult to obtain recognition for anything new than in a newspaper office, especially a London newspaper office. The average London newspaper man is a good humdrum common-place creature, with a great weakness for rote and a wonderful lack of imagination.

Hence it came to pass that the crash of the Emancipator, in itself, and in its immediate and ulterior consequences, far more important than the loss of a pitched battle or the issue of a dozen bye-elections, received far less notice in the columns of the press than was given to the annual aquatic function at Henley, or to the electoral campaign of the Hon. Fitz Windbag: to say nothing of the stenographic report of the proceedings in the famous, or infamous, divorce case of my Lord Threestars, who subsequently married his mistress the ballet dancer. City editors live on *la haute finance* as editors-in-chief live on *la haute politique*. Hence they neither took the trouble to warn their readers beforehand of what was coming, nor when it came did they show any sign of appreciating its significance. It was an event to be mentioned and to be done with. It was one failure the more, worse than Barkers', worse even than Bottomley's of the Hansard Union—and that was the end of it.

They did not see that it was a portent. They did not realise the extent to which the Emancipator had cast its tentacles around the homes of the thrifty and industrious toilers in every part of the land, sucking them dry of their

savings, and leaving them penniless and hopeless to face starvation or the workhouse. They did not, and to this day do not, understand how it is that to hundreds of thousands of men and women 1892 is known not as the year of the General Election, but as the year of the great Emancipator crash. They did not see that in every town and nearly every village there were human hearts aching and little ones hungering because of the great failure which wrecked their all. And they still less failed to appreciate the severity of the blow which had been struck at that confidence which is the bond of society, and at that trust in the good faith of public men without which thrift is impossible.

When the *Victoria*, struck amidships by the *Camperdown*, heeled over and sank eighty fathoms deep off the Syrian coast, the dullest of press men could see the horror, the tragedy, and the pathos of the event. And British journalism—that great sounding-board of whatever is articulate and sensational—echoed and re-echoed the bruit of the naval disaster, until the purses of the public were unloosed and nearly £100,000 poured in to a relief fund which was hardly needed, less than three hundred of the drowned sailors having left wives or families dependent upon them for support. But when the Emancipator went down, carrying with it the carefully garnered savings of scores of thousands, who were left helpless and penniless in their old age, the press was almost silent. The *Westminster Gazette* and the *Daily Chronicle* alone showed any sign of having some appreciation of what it meant. The others treated the great failure as if it were a mere ordinary case in bankruptcy. As a result, although the distress which the crash occasioned was a hundred times as severe as that caused by the *Victoria* disaster, the public has only subscribed a beggarly pittance of £30,000 to the fund that needed it most, as against £100,000 poured into the fund which did not need it at all.

"What a sermon it is," said Dick to his chum Harold, "upon the saving virtue of sensationalism. Without sensationalism you can do nothing, not even succour the widow and the orphan."

Dick, who had recovered from his accident, had returned to Oxford without seeing Spencer again. He was spending the Long Vacation in hard study with a friend in a little cottage in Borrowdale when the crash occurred. They did not hear of it for a week and more after the fatal 2nd of September, a day memorable for the collapse of the two supreme shams of the century—the French Empire in 1870, and the Emancipator Building Society, exactly twenty-two years later.

They had the news at last, not from the newspapers, which they never read, but from the old cottager in whose place they were lodging. He had been a fine specimen of a Cambrian dalesman in his day, but he was now old and infirm. Usually reserved, holding himself aloof with a stately sort of pride from the young gentlemen to whom he let his rooms, he was courteous and helpful whenever they sought his counsel or asked him for information about

bird or beast or fish. At home among the hills from his childhood, he knew every crag and every dale in all the country between Ulleswater and Coniston. He and his wife—whom he had buried two years before—had reared a family of strapping sons and hardy daughters, who had long ago left their eyrie among the hills, and had gone off to make homes of their own in all parts of the world. One daughter, tall, lissom, and graceful, with a fine bloom on her sun-tanned skin, kept house for the old man, and attended to the lodgers. Old age and rheumatism had compelled him to give up the small holding which had formerly sufficed for his maintenance. He was now tranquilly ending his days under the shadow of the familiar hills, beneath the shelter of the old roof, where he had brought his bride in all the pride of youthful possession, some forty years before.

Dick had never asked how he lived, but had concluded

that in the days of his youth he had put by something for a rainy day. But about the middle of September, as he and Harold were tramping homeward wet and weary from a long day on Helvellyn, they were startled by a shrill whistle from the direction of the cottage. They could see in the gloaming Helen, the old man's daughter, standing on a hillock near the house, making vigorous signs to them to hasten their steps. Tired as they were, they still had enough strength to break into a run, which soon brought them to the cottage. Helen came running to meet them.

A glance at her beautiful face showed that she had been crying. "What has happened?" both cried, in a breath.

"It's father," she sobbed;

"he's had a stroke. I doubt he's dead. He's lying with his head on the Bible. Hurry! hurry!"

Dick ran forward and found the old man in the position in which Helen had said. He had fallen forward from the chair, and his grey head was lying upon the Bible. The forefinger of the right hand was resting on the verse, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal." In the other hand was the letter, whose arrival that morning had had such evil effects. Harold, who was on the heels of Dick, was a doctor's son, and before going to college had often gone visiting with his father, now whispered to Dick, "He's not dead, but I am afraid it is all up with him. A stroke of paralysis at his time of life is apt to prove fatal." They lifted him up tenderly and laid him in bed. But although he continued to live for several days, he never regained consciousness, and in less than a week he was dead.

"How did it happen?" Dick asked.

"I'll tell you all I know," said Helen. "This morning the postman brought him a letter. There must have been bad news in it, for when he read it he gave a kind of a groan. I looked at him curious like, and he said, 'Out of this, lass! I must be alone.'"

"I would have stayed with him, for there was a look on his face which I have not seen since mother died, but it only vexed him. So I went out and stopped just outside the



"WHAT HAS HAPPENED?" BOTH CRIED, IN A BREATH.

door. For a long time everything was quiet, then it seemed to me as if I heard a moaning sound, and then he got up and walked across the room, and I found that he had been to the bookshelf, got the family Bible, had brought it back, and opened it on the table and begun to read it. He was quiet for a long time, and I went about my household work, for it was nearly dinner-time. I got dinner ready and I went to call him. I found him on his knees, with his hands clasped across the open Bible. His eyes were closed, so that he did not see me come in, but he was muttering to himself, 'Our Father, who art in Heaven, thy will, not mine, be done.' He remained silent a long time, and I daren't so much as speak to him. But as dinner was getting cold I said to him, 'Father, won't you come?' He looked at me as if distraught, and then said, 'What is it?' I bade him come to dinner, and he followed me as biddable as a child, but when he came he couldn't eat, and once or twice I heard him mutter under his breath, 'My poor lassie, my poor lassie!' and all the while looking at me so tender-like, I could have cried. I durstn't ask him what had happened. After dinner I set him in the easy-chair by the fire, and he held my hand and said soft-like, 'My poor bairn! oh, my poor bairn, it has come to this! Three score years and more have I toiled and stinted myself and mine, and now it has come to this!' I didn't understand what he meant, any more than I do now. So I left him. About teatime I went in to bid him come to tea, and I found him quite speechless. He must have fallen over the table where he had been reading the Bible."

"What could have been the matter?" asked Dick.

"It's that letter," said Helen. "Where has it got to?"

It had dropped from her father's hand on the floor. She picked it up and handed it to the young men. As Dick read it he turned ashy pale. Recovering himself, he said, "Harold, a great misfortune has happened."

"What is it?" said Harold.

"Bring me a light and I will read the circular."

It was the circular addressed to all the depositors in the Emancipator Building Society, informing them of the state of affairs, and telling them that the business of the society would be wound up as quickly as possible. From the circular Dick gathered that the old man to whom it was addressed had no less than £600 deposited with the society.

"It can't be!" said Dick. "The Emancipator stopped payment! Why, I always thought it was as safe as the Bank of England."

"Do you mean that thing that Spencer was connected with?" said Harold.

"Yes," said Dick, colouring slightly, for the mention of that name reminded him of his high hopes and cruel disappointments. "The Emancipator was Mr. Spencer's creation. If it has suspended payment the consequences will be most

disastrous. This is but one case in thousands in which the savings of a lifetime will be swallowed up."

"No wonder," said Harold, compassionately, "that it broke the poor old fellow up. This is all, I suppose, that he had between him and the workhouse?"

"It is not only that. It is evident that he looked forward to this store as being a provision for Helen when he was taken," said Dick. "Now, if he should not recover, which seems very probable, the girl will be left to face the world alone and without a penny. Harold," said Dick impressively, "it is impossible for the imagination of mortal man to conceive the misery that this will cause. In my own town this news will be like an earthquake, shaking to their foundations half the houses in the place." And as he thought of his Aunt Sarah he sighed heavily, remembering how emphatically he had guaranteed the safety of the society, which she had distrusted, as it now proved with so much reason.

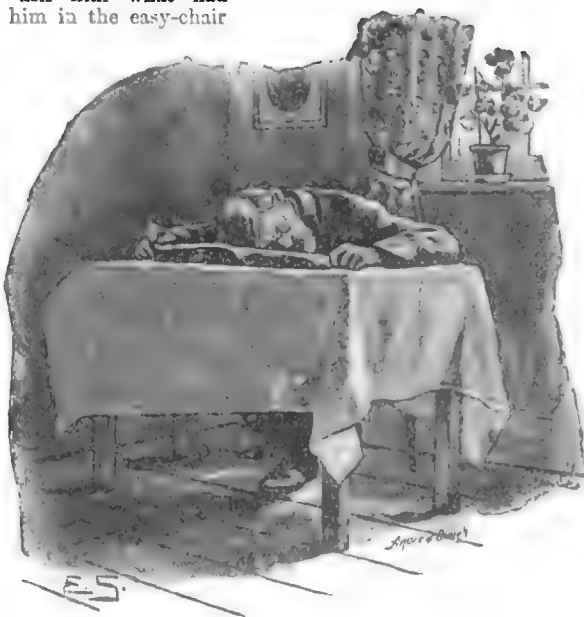
It was some time before he could really bring himself to realise that the Emancipator had really failed. Perhaps it was only some temporary embarrassment. He consoled Helen, assuring her that she would find her money safe enough after a while, when these temporary difficulties had been met. Meanwhile he arranged with Harold to go into Keswick next morning and get the papers, and see what had really happened. They had not, however, to wait until they got to Keswick. The next post brought a letter for Dick from his mother. It was very brief, and reported a meeting of the shareholders, which had been held immediately after the stoppage of the Emancipator.

From it he learned the truth. Dodds, his old host, and Speight, the solicitor, were under arrest. His quondam patron Spencer had fled the country. Judging from present appearances, it seemed extremely unlikely that any of the shareholders

would see their money again. It was all swallowed up in one hideous yawning vacuum. His mother's letter was brief and evidently written under a sense of considerable agitation. "My dear Dick," she said, "I think you had better come home as soon as you can. Father has been unwell for some time, and the distress of Aunt Sarah on learning the loss of her little store, together with the knowledge of the widespread misery and desolation which the failure has caused in his congregation, has preyed on his mind to such an extent that unless he rallies soon I am afraid he will not get over it. We are hoping and praying for the best. Aunt Sarah is distraught, and your father needs constant attendance. I have not time to write more at present. It does seem hard." The letter then abruptly broke off.

"Hard indeed," said Dick, "cruelly hard!"

He knew his father so well that his mother's letter gave him great alarm. She would not have written in that strain unless there was reason to fear the worst. He packed up



HE HAD FALLEN FORWARD, HIS GREY HEAD LYING UPON THE BIBLE.

his things, and leaving Harold to look after the dying man, he started homewards with a heavy heart. On the way he met a Baptist minister from North Wales. He was full of the disaster. All thought of politics, even the prospect of the impending disestablishment of the Church of England in Wales, faded into comparative insignificance.

"People don't realise it in England," the minister said mournfully. "There is hardly a person in my congregation who had any spare money who has not put it into the Emancipator. Our village is like the valley of Bochim. Thousands of pounds must have been lost in our township alone. However we shall get over it I don't know. It has taken all the life and joy out of the countryside. A gloomy Christmas we shall have this year, and no mistake."

After his companion left him Dick travelled alone for two hours chewing the cud of very bitter thoughts. Not a year had passed since his visit to Strawberry Hall. How bright the world had seemed to him then! How black it seemed to-day! All that had glittered so resplendently last Christmas had turned, like fairy gold, into withered leaves in his hands. His meditations were interrupted by the entry of an old woman, who had hardly taken her seat before she asked him whether he had any news about the Emancipator.

"Because," she said, "I had a little nest-egg, which our minister said would be safer if I put it into the Emancipator and gained interest on it. I had it in an old china basin in the cupboard, saving it up ever since I first went out to service, and many and many a ribbon and pleasure trip have I denied myself in order to put a little to my bank, as I used to call it. At last I had as much as £100, which I felt would stand me in good stead and save me from the Union in my old age. But my minister—good man that he is—said to me, 'Jane, why do you keep that money in the cupboard? It is a temptation to the robber; and, besides, it yields you no interest. Why do you not give it to me, and I will put it into a great society in London, where it will be as safe as the Bank, and they will give you £4 every year for the loan of your money?' 'Well, minister,' says I, 'I am mistrustful of those London folks. Do you think it will be quite safe?' 'Safe!' says he; 'why, I and all my friends have put all our spare savings into this society.' He said he knew the men at the head of it, and they were godly men, whose word was as good as their bond; and besides they had a great property, which would be a security for our little savings, and so I let him have it. Indeed, it was only last year that I consented, and now they tell me that it is all gone. But I can't believe it. Do you know," she said, looking at him imploringly, "do you know whether there is any truth in the story of the failure?"

It was hard for Dick to have to explain to her that it was all too true, and that she had very little chance of ever seeing her money again. When she realised that her little all was gone, her face became very fixed and white, but she said nothing until he had finished giving her what consolation he could, when she remarked, "My china basin in the cupboard was the safest bank after all." Then she subsided into silence, and soon after the train drew up at the junction where Dick had to take the branch line which went to his home.

The carriage was full of excited Welshmen, who were loud in their denunciations of the rogues who had drained the country of its money, and taken the hard-earned savings of the working man to squander in luxuries.

"Hang them!" said a black-bearded, narrow-chested fellow. "To think that such men could exist in a Christian country!"

"Hanging's too good for them," chimed in a stout, slovenly matron, who had evidently been seeking consola-

tion in the tap-room. "Hanging's too good for them; burn them alive, says I, and all their agents. Set of rogues!"

"They aren't the worst by a long chalk," growled a voice which Dick remembered having heard many years ago in the market-place, when the Secularists had been holding a demonstration to welcome Mr. Bradlaugh. "They are bad enough, no doubt; but what of the Christian ministers who acted as the agents of the swindling Emancipator, whose schools and chapels were used as collecting-houses for deposits to fill the hands of these scoundrels?"

"No," said a young workman, who was sitting opposite; "that is too bad. The ministers may have made a mistake, but no one can say that they did not make it honestly."

"Honestly, indeed!" snarled the other. "What do they care what becomes of the working man's money as long as they get their commission? It is a money-grabbing business from top to bottom. They make long prayers, but devour widows' houses. You see," he said, with a little laugh, "I can quote Scripture when it suits my turn."

Then they began to recount stories of their own losses or of the losses of their neighbours and friends. Dick was sick at heart. He saw how all this fierce indignation would affect the sensitive heart of his father. For such sentiments permeate the atmosphere, and no matter how well one may close the doors and windows, certain minds are as susceptible to the opinions of their fellow-men as the barometer is to the degree of moisture in the atmosphere.

When Dick arrived at home he found that his worst fears were more than realised.

"Oh, Dick!" said his mother, "I am thankful you have come. Your father is sinking, and I don't know if he will live through the night. He has asked for you once or twice, and was so relieved to hear that you were coming this evening. But get something to eat first, and then you may go in and see him. Prepare yourself, for he is very ill, and you will hardly know him."

Dick gulped down a cup of tea, and then he was ushered into the chamber of death. That such it was no one could doubt who saw the face of the old minister. Death was written on every feature. The face, indeed, already appeared to be dead, but for the light that gleamed in the eyes with a lustre that seemed hardly of this earth.

"Has Dick come?" the old man asked in a whisper.

"Yes, father," said Dick, his voice choking with suppressed tears, "I am here," and as he spoke he bent forward and reverently kissed his father's brow.

"I am glad you have come, Dick; I have something to say to you before I go."

"Yes, father," said the son, kneeling by his father's bedside and clasping his hand. He waited with bated breath for the parting words.

"Dick," said the old man, "it has come as I feared. From the first you know that I thought the Emancipator and those who managed it sought to make a gain out of godliness, and in their haste to be rich would not scruple to trample under foot the Kingdom of God. If I had only been faithful to the warnings of that instinct which bade me beware!"

The old man paused and sighed heavily. For a short time he seemed to be unable to speak.

"Oh, father," said Dick, "don't reproach yourself; you never had anything to do with the society."

"My son," said the old man solemnly, speaking with great difficulty and many pauses; "don't let us deceive ourselves. In a few hours, it may be minutes, I shall have to stand before the judgment seat of my Maker, and in His presence what avails it to make pretence that things are not as they are? If I had done my duty to the last as I did it at first, what misery and desolation would have been spared my

flock! I was an unfaithful steward. I allowed the use of my schoolroom for the meetings of the society; I uttered no word of warning that might have prevented much mischief, and now I go down to the grave with the curse of the widow, the orphan, and the foundling, for having failed in my duty. As a minister of Christ I should have been the adviser of the ignorant. I should have detected those wolves in sheep's clothing who wished only to ravage my flock. Woe is unto me! Woe! Woe!"

Dick was weeping silently, pressing his father's hand and longing to speak, and yet not knowing how to begin or what to say. The resolute will of the dying man, and his determination to deliver his soul before his lips were closed for ever, seemed to re-animate his failing energies and bid even

audible. Then the voice of the old man once more broke the silence.

"Dick, my son, promise —," his voice was almost choked, and his wife pressed to his lips the wine which alone seemed to sustain his sinking energies. After taking it he rested a few minutes, and then again addressed himself to his son.

"I wish you to mortgage your life to redeem your father's sin."

"But, father," said Dick impulsively, "it was no sin. You said little in favour of the Emancipator; you refused to do so over and over again, and now you hold yourself responsible for all the money which has been invested by your congregation! I admit that for some investments, as that of



"I WISH YOU TO MORTGAGE YOUR LIFE TO REDEEM YOUR FATHER'S SIN."

death to stand aside and wait until he gave permission to strike.

"My son, you are young and strong and have life before you. I give you as my dying charge the responsibility of making such reparation as is possible for your father's sin. As long as you live regard no pound that you earn as your own until you have paid to the uttermost farthing the interest due to all those who have lost their money in the Emancipator through my negligence."

The minister was failing fast. His breath came irregularly, and at times there was a gasp as if the end had come. For some moments there was a solemn silence, in which the ticking of the watch on the mantelpiece was distinctly

Aunt Sarah's, I am responsible, and whatever comes she shall not lose. But all the others—really, father, it is too much."

"Dick," said the old man tenderly, "I leave it to your own conscience to promise me that wherever you find any one who had put money into the Emancipator because of anything I may have done or have failed to have done, make that debt your own as you promise to make Aunt Sarah's."

Dick hesitated; but he could not refuse his father's dying request.

"I will, father—I promise," said Dick solemnly.

"God bless you, my boy—God bless you!" said the minister, placing his feeble hand upon the head of his first-

born. "Now, Dick, before I go, and I am going now where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, or thief break through and steal, promise me one other thing, and I shall go hence feeling that I have done what I could to undo the evils for which I am responsible. You have genius; you will rise. You will have power in your grasp; use that power to alter the law so as to make this kind of thing impossible in the future." He paused for a time, and his efforts to speak produced only a faint whisper. Putting his ear close to his father's mouth Dick was able faintly to distinguish, "Read—the—68th—psalm."

His mother opened the Bible and read in a low clear voice the words which Cromwell's Ironsides chanted after they had driven before them in rabble rout Leslie's veterans at Dunbar: "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered: let them also that hate him flee before him. As smoke is driven away, so drive them away: as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God." The minister raised his hand; the reader stopped; then collecting all his strength for one last supreme effort the old man raised himself from his pillow and said, "My son—my son, see to it that you do your part in scattering the enemies of the Lord, for the Father of the fatherless and the Judge of the widow is God in His holy habitation."

The last word was scarcely audible, and even as he pronounced it there was a short rattle in the throat, the eyes lost their gleaming lustre, and the head fell back on the pillow. The minister was dead.

They buried him quietly, making no display; but all amongst whom he had worked came to his funeral, and when around the open grave was raised the familiar hymn, there was not a dry eye in the vast concourse which crowded the cemetery.

The Sunday after the burial funeral sermons were preached in Ebenezer. They were solemn and impressive; nor will the memory of that day be speedily forgotten in the town by any of those who were present. But it was not the eloquence of the ministers who preached in the morning and evening, nor the rehearsal of the innumerable deeds of kindness with which the minister had made life beautiful, with a sweet graciousness which seemed to belong to another and higher sphere than this, that made so profound an impression. The incident which is riveted on the memory of all present in the chapel that day was that which took place at the close of the evening sermon. Frequently during the services the eyes of the congregation wandered with affectionate sympathy and compassion to the

minister's pew, where sat the minister's wife, now a widow, her eldest son, just attained to man's estate, and the rest of the family. Very pale they were, but bearing up bravely, feeling the presence of him who was gone and wishing to set an example of faith and fortitude to those who had lost less than they. A thrill of wonder and surprise ran through the congregation when, as the minister closed his book and

was about to give out the parting hymn, Dick slowly rose from the pew and made his way down the crowded aisle to the pulpit steps.

There was a silence so deep that each of Dick's footfalls was distinctly audible in every part of the building. The audience held its breath. Dick stood for a moment silent, as if fearing the effect of his own voice. His face seemed prematurely aged, haggard, and worn. Twice he tried to speak, but twice something seemed to choke in his voice, and he could not proceed. The third time he succeeded.

"Friends," he said, "friends and neighbours, I stand here to-night in obedience to the last wish of him whose voice you will hear no more from this pulpit." He paused for a while, and a great sob was audible in the church. Mrs. Grant was weeping silently. "My father," continued Dick, his voice trembling with suppressed emotion, "when he came near his end, was much oppressed with the thought of his failure, in one respect, in his duty to his flock. It is not for me, his son, to defend his reputation or to express any opinion on the judgment which he himself uttered upon his deathbed. As you have heard from the pulpit to-day, his last days were darkened by the horror of the great catastrophe which has overwhelmed so many in this community. To his sensitive conscience it seemed that he had failed in his duty in not maintaining to the end a firm front against those who sought to convert the house of God into a temple of Mammon. The wail of the widow made destitute and of the orphan left without a home, owing to the dishonesty of men who sought to make a gain of godliness, and who robbed widows' houses, while for pretence they made long prayers, was constantly before his

mind. He could not die in peace until he had made what reparation was possible to those who may have invested in the Emancipator through his supposed approval and support."

As Dick went on his voice gained in firmness, and it was now ringing through the large building, so that those in the farthest gallery could hear every syllable. When he



DICK STOOD FOR A MOMENT SILENT.

referred to his father's remorse a shuddering sort of dissent ran from pew to pew; but Dick was speaking too rapidly to brook interruption. When, however, he paused, before stating what his father wished him to do, a buzz of conversation that could not be repressed spread throughout the whole audience. No word was audible, simply a vague confused murmur as of bees in the hives, but it expressed amazement, incredulity, and indignation. Dick waited a moment for the murmur to subside, and then he proceeded:—

"My father"—and there was a ring of pride in the way in which he pronounced that word—"my father charged me with his dying breath to mortgage my life to pay the interest on all the money deposited in the Emancipator, placed there in consequence of anything he may have said, or of anything which he failed to say. In obedience to his dying request I therefore mortgage my life until the day of my death to pay to all those who have been led to invest their savings in the Emancipator, because of any countenance which my father appeared to have given to that society. And I will hold myself responsible to the uttermost farthing to keep up the payment of that interest, regarding the Emancipator's debt as my own."

This time the buzz of amazement and of dissent broke out again, and swelling louder found articulate utterance in muttered cries of "Too bad!" "Absurd!" "No, no!" "We won't have it!" Dick, with one quick wave of the hand and flash of his eye, silenced the crowd. "Who dares to call bad what my father thought good the last hour of his life before he went to meet his Maker?"

A cold chill seemed to run through the veins of those who

had spoken, and again there was a deep silence when Dick continued:—

"Therefore, all members of my father's church and congregation who have invested money in the Emancipator which they can honestly before God and man declare they would not have invested had they not had my father's countenance and approval in doing so, are invited to send in to me during the next fortnight statements regarding their investments, together with the reasons which led them to believe my father approved of the course which they have taken. And I, in the sight of God, and of those here assembled, and in fulfilment of the promise which I have made to him whose memory will ever be sacred in my heart, accept and assume all such debts as my own."

He paused and looked up at the minister to give out the closing hymn, but the minister sat with his face buried in his handkerchief, sobbing like a child. Another moment and the whole audience would have broken out in loud weeping, but Dick again lifted his voice, which rang like a clarion through the church. "Friends and neighbours," he said, "let us sing the Doxology:—Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below." As he uttered the last word the organ pealed forth the first note, and the great congregation rose to its feet and sang the familiar words in tears and sobs. When the last note had died away, the minister, with a choking voice, pronounced the benediction, and after a solemn pause the congregation broke up.

Dick made his way to the family pew. His mother looked up to him with a proud smile, and said softly, "I wish your father could have seen you to-night."

"Mother," said he, with a strange far-away look in his eyes, "do you think that he did not?"



PART II.—LADY SIDNEY NESTOR.

CHAPTER I.

A MODERN WOMAN.

LADY SIDNEY NESTOR, of whose sudden widowhood Richard Grant had learned from the newspaper sent him by Mr. Dodds, was a modern woman. She had inherited tendencies and capacities which could hardly fail under any circumstances to produce remarkable results. From

her mother's side she inherited a strain of the blood of Lady Hester Stanhope, which gave her, at times, a distaste for the trammels of civilisation and a longing to revert to the simplicity of her nomadic ancestors. On the other hand, her father, the Earl of Ireton, of Ireton Hall, was a scholar, a statesman, and a diplomatist, who inherited the traditions of the most indomitable and resolute of those champions of conscience and liberty who fought in the armies of the Commonwealth. Her mother died when she was an infant, leaving her the only child and heiress to the estates of the Iretons. Lady Sidney, who was named after Algernon Sidney, one of the hero-martyrs of liberty whom Lord Ireton held in honour, was brought up by tutors carefully chosen by her father for the purpose of developing her independence and self-reliance. "She will be lady of my domain some day," he said to the tutor who acted as his *alter ego* during his long absences from home. "She will have to administer my estates and fill my place when

I am gone. Educate her so that she may never feel that it was a disadvantage to have been born a woman; and so that she will never excuse herself from exertion by taking shelter under the disabilities of her sex. For her there are to be no disabilities." The tutor faithfully carried out his instructions, and from her childhood Lady Sidney grew up with as full and free a life as if she had been a boy.

But although nothing was forbidden her that would tend to develop her mental or physical capacities, she was

subjected to as iron a discipline as if she had been one of her great ancestor's Ironsides. "Don't coddle her," said her father on one occasion; "remember that more girls are spoiled by being humoured and deferred to because they are girls, than those who lose their way because of the ridiculous limitations imposed upon them by society. If a human being is to rule, that human being, whether man or woman, must first learn to obey." Lady Sidney, to do her justice,

took as kindly to the discipline as to the licence which she was permitted. As a result she grew up lithe, active, and graceful as the young red deer of Exmoor. By the time she was thirteen or fourteen she rode regularly to the hounds, and there were few riders at the meet who had a firmer seat in the saddle or a lighter hand on the bridle. A fine trout stream ran through the estate, and no youth of her own age was so expert with the rod as Lady Sidney. She was taught the use of firearms, but was never more than an indifferent shot. Still, on occasion, she could walk the stubble with a shooting party, and when she was fifteen she had a long day on the moors on the Twelfth, and came back to the lodge less fatigued than any of her companions.

Her physical development was much advanced by a companion chosen by Lord Ireton for his daughter, to the scandal of the neighbourhood. "Things have come to a pretty pass," said the dowager duchess who lived at the neighbouring castle of Blundrum,—

"things have come to a pretty pass when peers of the realm choose their daughters' companions from the circus."

Little Lill, whose appearance at the castle gave rise to these and other invidious remarks, was the daughter of a famous equestrian artiste who had been at one time the mistress of Lord Ireton's younger brother. When the lad was little more than twenty-one he had become infatuated with the pretty equestrienne. He followed her from place to place, and would have married her but for her romantic objection to allow him to sacrifice himself to a



LADY SIDNEY NESTOR.



WHEN THE MOON WAS FULL AND ALL IN THE CASTLE WERE ASLEEP, THEY WOULD STEAL DOWN TO THE STABLES, TAKE OUT THEIR FAVOURITE HORSES, AND RIDE OFF, WITH THEIR LONG HAIR STREAMING OUT BEHIND.

mere circus rider. "No," said she, "I love you too well for that. It is not for people like me to mate with lords." The result was that when Lill was born she had no legal father, and a railway accident shortly afterwards deprived her of the man who, had he lived, would have fondly cared for her. Her mother went back to the ring and brought up her daughter to her own profession. When the child was about twelve years old her mother was fatally injured by a fall from the trapeze. When she lay dying she sent for Lord Ireton, told him the story of her intimacy with his brother, handed him all Lord Algic's letters, and charged him to take care of Lill. Lord Ireton, who was extremely good-hearted, although a rather cynical man of the world, was touched by the story, and freely promised to take charge of Lill. It was this circumstance which led him to think that the child who was his own niece would be no unsuitable companion for his daughter. He had been impressed by the passionate grief of the girl as she clung to her mother in their last interview, and after the funeral he drove over to the lodgings and took her away.

His first impression was strengthened by what he saw of the child. With a magnificent physical development, trained to do almost everything in which her mother had excelled on the trapeze or on horseback, she was as loving-hearted and simple-minded a little thing as if she had never smelt sawdust or careered round the ring amid the applause of the spectators. So without more ado he carried her over to Ireton Hall and gave her to Lady Sidney as a companion. The two girls speedily became inseparable. No one knew anything of their relationship, least of all the girls themselves; but there was a strange resemblance between the two which led many who did not know them to suppose that they were sisters. They dressed alike, they studied together, and each made it a point to keep step with the other's accomplishments. Lill, ambidextrous and supple, with all the professional training of the athlete, was at first far ahead of Lady Sidney, whose gymnastic exercises were but a poor substitute for the hard work of the circus. But after a time, under Lill's tuition, Lady Sidney was able to hold her own.

The passion of both girls was riding. There was not a horse in the stables which they had not learned to ride and to master. They rode every day, and sometimes too at night. When the moon was full and all in the castle was asleep, they would steal down to the stables, take out their favourite horses, and ride off, with their long hair streaming out behind. Nor would they return until after a wild gallop over hill and dale. When first they began these nocturnal rides they nearly frightened a game-keeper to death. They were dressed in white, and as the night was warm and sultry they had nothing on their heads, and as they galloped, shoulder to shoulder, down the Fairy Glen, the keeper, who was lying in wait for poachers, swooned away with fright. He had seen, he said, the white sisters of the Fairy Glen, and he went about for some days firmly believing that his last hour was at hand. After a while, the wild little witches of Ireton became a familiar topic of conversation in the country-side. The Duchess of Blundrum, when the first rumour of these exploits reached her ears, felt it her duty to write a letter to Lord Ireton, warning him of the goings on at the Hall. "My dear Duchess," he wrote back, "don't distress yourself. It was your misfortune, like mine, to be born too early in the century to have the liberty she enjoys." Her Grace never forgave that allusion to her age.

When Lady Sidney was fifteen years of age her father was appointed one of Her Majesty's ambassadors abroad, and for the next six years Lady Sidney and Lill lived in the heart of one of the most fashionable centres of Europe. The exigencies of their position somewhat re-

strained their wild natures, but they kept up their riding and continued their studies. They were quick at languages, and soon found that diplomacy when the thunder-cloud was in the air, and war, like Damocles' sword, hung suspended over the nations, was even more exciting than fox-hunting. The girls learned shorthand, and acted as Lord Ireton's private secretaries. There was no secret of State to which they were not introduced. Lill, however, forgot everything as soon as she had written it out; not so Lady Sidney. Her interest in affairs, continually whetted by meeting the persons to whom the despatches referred or from whom they came, made her in the end an even more eager diplomatist than her father. At the Embassy Lady Sidney became the centre of a brilliant circle of the cleverest people in the city. Poets raved about her; she was the cause of at least three duels—which, however, did not end fatally. She had offers innumerable, but amidst it all she roved fancy free. Her life with her father was so full of interest, and her work was so important, that it seemed to be a miserable exchange to step down and be the wife of any of those who offered her their hand.

When she was twenty-one a great sorrow overtook her. Lill, her own Lill, who had been as a sister to her all these years, fell in love—madly and utterly—with a handsome artist, whose pictures had been much praised in that year's Academy. It was in vain that the more prudent Sidney urged every argument of reason and common-sense against Lill's indulging in this infatuation. The man was poor and nearly twice her age; and, besides, even if all obstacles were overcome, Lill could not marry him without leaving her, and that Lady Sidney argued, with the selfish insistence of love, could never, never be. Lill was very sad, cried a great deal, and ended one fine day by running off with the painter to Hungary, where he was busy painting a picture which was going to enable him to rank with Munkacz, as the foremost artist of Eastern lands. It was a great blow to Lady Sidney. Her father bit his lips and said nothing. He noticed, however, that Sidney seemed to pine in the absence of the girl with whom her life had hitherto been entwined.

Just after this a change of Ministries at home offered him an opportunity of resigning his post, and in three months, all preparations having been made and a successor being appointed, father and daughter started on a hunting tour, which began in the forests of Lithuania and ended among the remnants of the buffalo on the American prairies.

They climbed the highest peaks in the Caucasus; they shot pheasants in the oasis of Khiva, and black-horned sheep on the precipitous slopes of the Hindu Kush. Passing through the Pamirs, they reached Kashmir, from whence they made their way to India. After tiger-shooting and boar-sticking in India, they shot an elephant in Ceylon, and then made their way through Malaya to the French colonies, and from thence to China. From China they went to Japan, and then sailed for America. In those days the buffalo was still in the land, although the remnant of the vast herds was fast dwindling before the repeating rifle of the hunter. There was no part of the expedition which Lady Sidney enjoyed more than the months she spent in the tents of the Redskins, following the track of the buffalo. They were fortunate in falling in with a tribe which would have furnished more than one model for the ideal savage of Fenimore Cooper's romance. From this tribe, as she lived with them day after day, she learned many of the secrets of the hunter's lore; and, as one of the chiefs admiringly said, "If she had had the good fortune to be born in a wigwam she would have been the chief of a tribe." It was with regret that she tore herself away from the children of the wilderness, and once more prepared to take up her duties at Ireton Hall.

Hardly had she returned home than her second great misfortune befell her. Her father had not been long at home before he fell in love with an Italian countess, a queenly-



HE FELL IN LOVE WITH AN ITALIAN COUNTESS.

looking creature who had a genius for music, and whose artistic tastes coincided with his own. She at once fascinated him and soothed him. He felt more restful in her presence than under the pressure and constant stimulus of Lady Sidney's conversation. Lady Sidney was then twenty-three, bronzed with the suns of many climes, trained with the culture of the library, and of the court, and of the wilderness, and was in the full flush of youthful beauty. She shrank instinctively from the advent of this stranger. She was philosopher enough to recognise that as Lill had gone, so her father was going, and that it was in vain to strive against the inevitable. The fact that it affected her position as heiress did not at first occur to her. On the eve of the wedding she sought her father in his room and told him with breaking heart that in the new home there was no place for her. In vain he tried to reason with her; she was inexorable.

"No," said she, "I have been too near to you, and have shared your life too utterly for years for that woman"—she checked herself—"for your wife to regard me with anything but distrust and jealousy. As you have settled the Lodge upon me, would you let me make it my home at once?"

"But would you not stay here?" said he.

"Father," she said, "you have taught me never to use words that I do not mean. For your sake, for her sake, and for my own sake, the only course is for me to leave."

Thus it came to pass that when the Countess came home as bride, Lady Sidney established herself in the Lodge in the New Forest, and flung herself with an almost feverish earnestness into every form of life. She made her seat the centre of a brilliant circle of the younger people—those who were coming on, rather than those who had already arrived. It came to be a distinction to be in Lady Sidney's set. In the New Forest she was able to combine in a small way the interests of a court with the delights of the wilderness. One month her house would be filled with the cleverest people—authors, actors, artists, rising diplomatists—all the people, in short, who in the next twenty years would represent England

before the world, were there. The next month she would be alone, mastering foreign languages, keeping herself in touch with the times, and spending the rest of her day in fishing or in long solitary rides, which brought back at times faint remembrances of the glorious gallops which she and Lill used to have in the moonlight over the Welsh hills.

Many men worshipped her, but most men were afraid of her. One or two ventured to press their suit, but were firmly put back with an emphasis which was none the less decisive because of the extreme kindness of her words. Hence it came to be accepted as a foregone conclusion that Lady Sidney would never marry. Imagine then the surprise of all her set when one fine day it became known that she had accepted Mr. Valentine Nestor, a *chargé* at the American Embassy, concerning whom little or nothing was known in London society. How it precisely came about is not quite clear; but there seemed reason to believe that Lady Sidney, tiring of a life which, though brilliant and full of movement, failed to afford any satisfaction for the deeper instincts of her nature, was in a mood to consider favourably the suit of any eligible lover. At this psychological moment Mr. Nestor, whom she had met at the Embassy when she first came out, appeared on the scene. He was quiet and strong, with a great reserve both of strength and of emotion. He fell madly in love with her, against all the warnings of his friends proposed to her, and to his infinite delight, and no less infinite amazement, was accepted.

They were married quietly, and for the next few years Lady Sidney experienced the deep satisfaction which comes from a well-matched union. Their married life was not without storms, for she was much too strong a character to accept as law the will of her husband. He at first hardly realised how resolute and self-reliant a mate he had won. The process of mutual discovery was accompanied by many pitched battles, none the less real because they were always conducted under the forms of chivalrous warfare. But after a time they succeeded in drawing a frontier between their respective domains; a frontier which, though not scientific, represented the line which divided the minimum with which one could be content from the maximum which the other could yield.

They had both followed the course of the Russo-Turkish war with the keenest interest and sympathy. Mr. Nestor was an old friend of the principal of Robert College at Constantinople, and therefore took an almost personal interest in the struggle which was to result in the creation of a free and independent Bulgaria. Lady Sidney from of old was an advocate of the liberties of the south-eastern populations; and when the war broke out they transferred their residence to Constantinople, and devoted themselves to the service of the Bulgarian refugees. They had been married three years when their only child was born. At that time the Russian armies were still encamped in sight of the dome of St. Sofia, and General Skobelev was one of the first to call at the Robert College to inquire after the welfare of mother and child. Lady Sidney made a rapid recovery; and when the question arose as to what the infant should be called, she insisted upon naming it Nedelca, after the daughter of the Bulgarian refugee, Dragan Zankoff; so the child was christened Nedelca Sidney Nestor.

From that time down to the year 1892 Lady Sidney had devoted herself to her daughter. While still taking an occasional interest in the great movements of the outside world, her whole heart and soul were centred in her husband and child. It was in these days that she learned almost inadvertently that her husband was a millionaire.

"You never told me," she said to him reproachfully.

"Why should I?" he said. "You did not marry me for my millions."

Nestor, indeed, was indifferent to his money; it rather bored him than otherwise. On the death of his father he had inherited an enormous fortune, compared with which that of Monte Cristo was insignificant. The task of looking after it and of investing the income which he could not possibly use bored him extremely, but he went through it with the passionless regularity of a galley slave. He was a good man, strong, affectionate, and conscientious according to his lights, but without a particle of imagination or originality. During the eighteen years of their married life the more adventurous side of Lady Sidney's character hibernated. She seemed to have worn it out in her maidenhood. Although there were occasional glimpses of its return, she was to outward appearance a passionately affectionate wife, and the devoted head of an ideal English household.

It can easily be imagined what an effect the accident which abruptly closed her married life had upon her.

Mr. Nestor was buried in the little churchyard in the New Forest. A plain slab of marble marked his grave. On this were inscribed his name, the date of his death, and two sentences: "He was taken and I was left." "Our habitation is left unto us desolate."

After attending to the first sad duties of her bereavement, Lady Sidney sank into a torpor from which even the grief of her daughter failed to rouse her. She went about mechanically, as one suddenly blinded at mid-day feels his way along the well-known paths by force of custom. Her days were dark and dull; her nights were of almost unendurable agony. There was constantly weighing upon her an oppression which could be felt, a weight which she could not shake off, and which seemed to be stifling her. She could not weep, she could not rouse herself. The sun of her life had gone out, the spring of her existence had failed. Henceforth, she thought, there was nothing left but a dull, dead darkness till the end of her days. When her father came over to see her he was alarmed at her condition. He sent for the family physician, who, as soon as he had seen her, said that it was absolutely necessary for her to go

abroad. Travel, as Lord Ireton had said before, was the best anodyne excepting time. Lady Sidney received the doctor's order with the indifference of lethargy. She went to tell her daughter.

"We have to go abroad, dear," she said.

"Where?" said the girl, brightening as she looked up.

"I don't know; it is all the same to me," said Lady Sidney. "Where would you like to go?"

Nedelca's eyes flashed. "Oh, mother, let us go to Rome!"

"Why Rome, Nedelca?" said her mother.

"Oh, because I long to see it. There is a verse in 'Childe Harold' that has set me longing to go to Rome."

"What is it?" said her mother.

Nedelca found the book, and pointed to the verse:—

Oh, Rome! my country!
city of the soul!

The orphans of the heart
must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead
empires! and control
In their shut breasts
their petty misery.

What are our woes and
sufferance? Come and
see

The cypress, hear the
owl, and plod your
way

O'er steps of broken
thrones and temples,
Ye!

Whose agonies are evils
of a day;

A world is at our feet
as fragile as our
clay.

The child looked up into her mother's face with a wistful air as Lady Sidney read these lines. A spasm of pain crossed her mother's face. She closed the book with a sigh.

"Do as you like, dear," said Lady Sidney. "Nothing can make any difference to me now."

So it came to pass that about the time that

Dick Grant was returning from the lakes to his father's deathbed, Lady Sidney and Nedelca were leaving the Lodge for the Eternal City.



NEDELCA WAS DELIGHTED WITH THE WIDE EXPANSE OF SEA AND SKY.

CHAPTER II.

LIGHT IN THE TOMBS.

LADY SIDNEY travelled as plain Mrs. Ireton. The incognito had the incalculable advantage of ridding us

possessor of all necessity to make or receive calls of obligation. They took with them their favourite horses, for riding was the only distraction which seemed to keep Lady Sidney from brooding over that hideous scene on the Embankment, when in saving another her lord had extinguished the light of her life before her eyes. Lady Sidney had no Christian hope to support her in her grief. So far as she was religious, it was the religion of the ancient Greek, crossed with the stoicism of the Red Indian. She did not say exactly with Professor Clifford:—"I feel the spring sunshine is poured from an empty heaven upon a soulless world, and the Great Companion is dead." But if she did not feel that the Great Companion was dead, He had removed Himself infinitely far from the children of men; and for her in this life it was as if He were not.

Mrs. Ireton's party started for Rome, travelling by way of Lucerne. They crossed from Dover to Ostend on a beautiful September day. The sea was like a lake, with hardly sufficient waves to make steps for the sunbeams. Nedelca was delighted with the wide expanse of sea and sky. Everything was new to her. The great merchantman with its snowy canvas; the swift passenger steamer with its wide wake of foam, and the innumerable brown sails of the fishing boats resting on the sea like the wings of great brown moths, all were infinitely interesting. But when a school of porpoises began to play round the vessel, she became quite excited to see the huge pigs of the sea wallowing in the trough of the waters. "Look, mother, look!" said she; "did you ever see such funny monsters, and how quick they go! Oh, see! there, one has jumped right out of the water."

Lady Sidney tried to conjure up a smile, feeling her daughter's liveliness a reproach to her own sombreness, but the smile would not come. Arriving at Ostend, they found the International Wagon Lit drawn up to receive them. Lady Sidney at once took her seat in the carriage, leaving Nedelca with the courier to watch with intense interest the operation of landing the horses. Great was her joy to recognise them as they were landed, and her presence somewhat reconciled them to the horse-car to which they were promptly consigned.

Early next morning they arrived at Lucerne, and Nedelca was so enchanted with the panorama of mountains which

surround the loveliest lake in Europe that her mother consented to remain a day or two. Avoiding the Schweizerhof and its fashionable crowd, Lady Sidney drove at once to the Balances, the oldest hotel in Lucerne, whose front overhangs the river, and which is much quieter than the hotels by the lake side. The horses also had the benefit of a rest. It was a glorious autumn day. Here and there the trees were beginning to flush into crimson, while the yellow foliage of others showed out in vivid contrast the evergreen of the darker masses of fir. The snow had been falling on the higher ranges, bringing out clear against the sky their rugged peaks. The air was delightfully fresh and bracing after the long railway journey. After they had bathed

and breakfasted, nothing would satisfy Nedelca but that they must at once go out upon the lake. The impetuosity of the girl, who had inherited much of her mother's vehemence and independence of character, infected Lady Sidney, who, in spite of herself, could hardly resist the contagious enthusiasm with which the child greeted each new revelation of the beauties of the lake. The next day they ascended the Rigi, and that night Lady Sidney slept better than she had done since her husband's death. Two days later they continued their way to Italy.

When they arrived at Rome, Lady Sidney went to the Hôtel de Russie et des Isles Britanniques. The reason she gave her daughter for this choice was that she had always believed in the Anglo-Russian alliance; but to herself she said it was because the hotel stands

between the garden of Messalina and the burial-place of Nero. Why the supreme types of male and female infamy attracted her she could not say. There are moods which are inexplicable, and to none more than to those who experience them. The windows of the hotel looked out over the garden which climbed the rugged side of the Pincian Hill. There was an almost tropical luxuriance about the foliage, and the pleasant plash of the fountain sounded a musical note, which fell on the ear with a sense of dreamy rest. Nedelca was soon at home in her new quarters, and by degrees the influence of the fresh scenes and the bright Italian skies imperceptibly alleviated Lady Sidney's gloom. Without Nedelca, however, her visit would have done her little good; for the girl's bright, restless curiosity compelled her mother at least to keep her body in perpetual motion, while her mind was



HE UTTERED A CRY OF AMAZEMENT
AND DROPPED THE TOOL.

continually exercised in endeavouring to answer her daughter's questions. They kept very much by themselves, and avoided places of public resort, excepting when these were deserted by the public. For instance, they never went to the Pincian Gardens at sunset, but always in the early morning, when they had the garden to themselves, and when they could hear, sweet as a seraph's song, the hymn of the nuns rising from the valley below. In the late afternoon they rode; the evening they spent in the hotel reading. It was Nedelca's delight between ten and eleven at night, before the hotel gates were shut, to steal out alone to the great obelisk which stands in the centre of the Piazza del Popolo, and look at the stars as they glittered and gleamed in the wonderful purple blue of the midnight sky. At first the girl did not take much interest in older Rome. She was more fascinated with the ruins of the city walls, with their mediæval reminiscences which brought to her mind stories of "Rienzi," the "Last of the Tribunes," and Garibaldi, the last of the heroes, as she used to think him; and many a time she got her mother to follow the course of the wall, repeopleing it with garrisons, that in the old days found in the wall a sure defence.

One morning Lady Sidney astonished her daughter by announcing that she was going to the catacombs, and that she was going alone. Nedelca noted with satisfaction the return of initiative. Since her father's death her mother had never expressed a wish to go anywhere or to do anything.

The excursion, however, nearly proved fatal. Accompanied by a Trappist monk, who acted as guide, Lady Sidney descended into the catacombs. As she left the warm sunshine and entered into the gigantic honeycomb of rifled graves she felt as if she were going down into the cold dark world which had engulfed all that she held dear. She wandered on and on through the old galleries, heedless of the remarks of her guide, her mind being filled with her own memories and with the one grave which was dearer to her than all the tombs of all the martyrs.

In the course of their wanderings they came upon another party, to which her guide instantly joined himself, trusting that she would also form part of the larger company. This did not suit Lady Sidney, who wished above all things to be alone, and to whom even the occasional remarks of the guide were distasteful. She seized, therefore, the first opportunity which offered itself of separating from the main body, and took a way of her own in order to be free from interference. The result was that before long she found herself alone without either companion or guide, and, to make matters worse, on turning a corner she accidentally thrust her candle against the opposite wall and it was extinguished.

She was in darkness, and did not know in which direction to turn. Horrible stories of travellers who had wandered alone in the catacombs until they had dropped dead of starvation rushed to her mind. She remained for some minutes motionless with terror, then raising her voice, she cried aloud for help. She heard the echo of the cry die away along the corridors to the right and left, but there was no answering response. Then she knew that she was indeed alone; nor was it likely that her guide would notice her absence from the party until he returned to the surface, if he did even then. Lady Sidney leant against the side of the gallery, sinking with terror. Then in the midst of the darkness, and partly on account of her dread, there came a curious gleam of light and hope. For the first time for many months she felt she wished to live. She never thought to have experienced that feeling again.

How long she stood there she did not know; but at last beginning to feel cold she walked round and round the

chamber. Desisting from this in sheer weariness, she dropped upon her knees and cried aloud in the agony of her soul, "Oh, God! if there be a God, who cares for such as me, deliver me from this grave and restore me to my child again, if only for his sake who has gone." It was the first prayer she had prayed for many years, nor was it so much a prayer as a despairing cry cast out into the infinite with little hope of any response. The mere act, however, of formulating a prayer brought back such floods of memories of the olden days, when she and Lill knelt in the old parish church of Ireton, that there surged upon her an uncontrollable flood of feeling, and there in the silent catacomb she wept. Her whole nature was shaken and convulsed with a passion which found vent in tears. She forgot where she was or what she had lost, and remembered only the far away past time. And she was as a child once more, sobbing at the feet of a compassionate Father who loved her, and cared for her, and would surely deliver her.

After a time, wearied with the very intensity of her emotion, she laid her head against the side of the gallery and closed her eyes. Suddenly she started. What was that? Surely it was something tapping, knocking, pecking at the wall of tufa not very far away. She listened, and this time there was no mistake. It was a stealthy sound; as of a small pickaxe being used down the small gallery to the left, some twenty or thirty yards away. A strange fear shot through her, but it gave way to the hope of deliverance. She groped her way in the direction of the noise. Presently it ceased, and her heart sank within her. She had already walked on further than the distance at which the tapping proceeded, when to her great joy she suddenly heard the same stealthy sound as of some one who was endeavouring to work undetected. Now it seemed to come from another gallery stretching at right angles to the one along which she had groped. She felt her way along the wall, and suddenly to her great joy she saw the glimmer of a light. It came from a candle fixed in a niche in the wall, and it threw its rays directly down upon a man who was working quietly at a hole which he had made in the wall of the catacomb. He was so busily engaged that he did not see her approach until she was close to him. Then suddenly catching sight of her he uttered a cry of amazement, and dropped the tool with which he had been working.

"I beg your pardon," said Lady Sidney, speaking in Italian, "I have lost my way. Could you lead me out?"

The person to whom she spoke evidently did not understand Italian, and greeted her with a stare. Then he said, "Excuse me, madam, but I do not understand Italian." He spoke with a strong American accent, and Lady Sidney at once saw that she was face to face with one of her husband's countrymen.

"Oh," she cried, "can you lead me out of this dreadful place?"

"I reckon I can, marm," said he; "and real glad I am to find a lady who can speak an intelligible language even down here in the bowels of the earth. But I would like to finish this little business which I have on hand, then I shall be very much at your service."

"By all means," said Lady Sidney, and the strange worker resumed his toil.

"Ha," he cried at last, "I thought I should get it!" and she saw him remove a round substance from the excavation which he had been making in the wall. Wrapping it carefully in a handkerchief, he put it in his coat tail pocket. Then he set to work to replace the earth which he had removed. "You will be surprised," he said, turning to Lady Sidney when he had finished the operation, "at what you see me doing; but it is all in the interests of science—"

science which, like necessity, has no laws excepting her own needs. But that I can explain to you afterwards, as I see you would rather be out of this place as soon as possible. Now," he said, "follow me." Then she saw that in his right hand he had a thin black thread. She followed him without remark; but, after having gone a long way he stopped, with a smothered exclamation. The thread had suddenly come to an end.

"Well, that beats everything! You see," he said, turning to Lady Sidney, apologetically, "it was part of my instructions to secure for the Ethnological Museum of Washington a specimen skull of a Christian martyr from the catacombs. I applied to the authorities, but they said that such a thing could not be had; every valuable skull had been sold to the highest bidder more than a hundred years since. I knew they were lying, they always do lie about martyrs," he said meditatively, "but as it would not have done to have told them so, my only course was to go prospecting on my own account. So to-day I came down with my assistant and a party who were doing the tombs in the usual way. When we came to a spot which I thought would very likely yield a good skull, I just dropped behind, giving my assistant a reel of thread, and sent him on with the rest of the party while I remained to dig for relics. As you saw, I succeeded, but the thread has given out at this corner, and which way to turn I am sure I don't know. If we are in here much longer my candle will burn out, and then we shall be in a pretty fix." He then began to look very carefully all round the place where the thread had so suddenly come to an end. To his great joy about two or three yards further on he found the thread again. It had apparently been subjected to a strain greater than it could bear, and had snapped. Taking up the clue they proceeded at a rapid pace, until to the intense relief of Lady Sidney they came to a glimmer of daylight.

"Now," said her conductor, "I am sorry to have to trouble you to do me a little service; but you see that holy skull of mine rather bags in my pocket, and it might excite the suspicion of the monk, who looked pretty smart. Then I should have had all my trouble in vain; and, what is more, I should probably get into considerable additional trouble with the authorities. Would you oblige me," he said, producing the handkerchief in which the skull was enveloped, "by hiding this under your dress? and, indeed, if you were to put it under your petticoat, so much the less risk of detection." Lady Sidney hardly knew whether to laugh or to be angry at this insolent request; but remembering that he had saved her from spending a night in the catacombs—if he had not rendered her an even greater service—she took the skull, and suspended it round her waist under her dress.

"That will do," said he; "I will not trouble you for that holy skull until we get clear out of this."

In a minute they were at the door, which was locked; but by a few loud blows they brought the monk, who was much surprised at seeing two persons emerge from below. He asked no questions, however, and, taking his fee, allowed them to make their way to the city unmolested.

"Now," said her strange companion, "as it may not suit you to part with that small parcel until you reach home I will give you my card; or, if you will give me yours, I will take the liberty of calling upon you."

Lady Sidney took his card, and read—

PROFESSOR GLOGOUL,
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Hôtel de Russie et des Îles Britanniques, Rome.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "we are staying at the same hotel, it seems. There will be no difficulty about delivering the parcel."

That night Professor Glogoul called at her ladyship's apartments, and introduced his assistant. "Mrs. Iretton," said he, "this is Dr. Jex, my assistant, but for whose aid we should probably have been in the catacombs to this hour." They stayed for half an hour, to the great delight of Nedelca, and even Lady Sidney could not but be amused at the quaint talk of the Professor, and his original observations on men and things. Hearing that they had not yet been to St. Peter's, he volunteered to accompany them.

"Oh, do, please," said Nedelca, not noticing the dubious look on her mother's face.

"I shall be delighted," replied the Professor. Lady Sidney resigned herself to her fate, and the next morning the whole party set off to inspect the greatest of all Christian temples. Nedelca, who had read so much about St. Peter's, and had so often seen the dome towering above all the other buildings of the Eternal City, was prepared to lose herself in admiration and in awe. The colonnade, with all its columns and figures, impressed her, as well as the distant view of the facade. But when she came nearer she gave a cry of disgust, and exclaimed—

"Is it not odious to see the Pope advertising himself right across St. Peter's!"

"Oh, I am glad you have noticed it, miss," said the Professor. "I used often to be sort of ashamed of the advertising genius of my countrymen until I came to Rome. Been to the Colosseum, miss?"

"Not yet," said Nedelca.

"Well, when you get there, you will think it was built by the Popes—how many of them I am sure I don't know—but here, there, and everywhere you will find inscriptions setting forth what they have done to it."

When they entered St. Peter's, the Professor expatiated on the dimensions of the building. "It's almost American," he said decisively, "almost American. Have you ever seen anything more magnificent than it in your life?" said he, appealing to Lady Sidney. "Of course," said he apologetically, "you have not been to Chicago, for I guess they are putting up some buildings for the Exhibition next year which will make even this masterpiece of Italian architecture look small. Is it not superb?"

"Well," said Lady Sidney, "it is too much like the Paris Opera House for me. It is huge, magnificent, call it what you please, but it lacks that element of awe such as you experience on entering the Cathedral of Cologne."

"Oh! by the bye," exclaimed the Professor in some dismay, "I believe I have left that holy skull on the table in my room. I must hurry back at once to the hotel, otherwise there is no knowing what the servants may do with it. Pray excuse me." So saying, to Lady Sidney's great relief he rushed away.

"Now, my dear," she said, "let us go into the Vatican Museum. It would have been quite too awful if he had accompanied us."

It was the first visit that Lady Sidney had paid to the Vatican. Afterwards she became a constant visitor, but she never strayed beyond the gallery of ancient sculpture. There was something in the calm cold aspect of the marble which pleased her. She would sit for hours before the Laocoon, that marble embodiment of the fate of the human race. In Laocoon and his sons struggling in vain against the coils of the huge serpents she saw the human race in the tentacles of heredity and custom. When her heart was sick and heavy with the unavailing struggle of the Laocoon, she would restore quiet to her spirit by pausing before the glorious Juno or some of the other divine or imperial matrons who embody for all time the majesty and calm of the ancient ideal of womanhood. But

her greatest joy was in the Apollo Belvedere, standing
radiant in eternal youth, the very incarnation of the spirit
of resistless might depicted
in imperishable beauty.

She sometimes thought
that Apollo might
have delivered
Laocoon, but
her Pagan
soul re-
coiled
from



SHE WOULD SIT FOR HOURS
BEFORE THE LAOCOON.

accepting the haggard tortured Christ as a substitute for
Apollo with the sunny radiance of immortal youth.

CHAPTER III.

KING SOLOMON'S CRYSTAL.

LADY SIDNEY was slowly but steadily regaining her hold
on life. Her physical health, the wide range of her interests,
and the two great inspiring forces of Youth in the person
of Nedelca, and of the Past in the ruins of the ancient city,
were gradually assuaging the dull deadening pain of her
bereavement. But still sometimes her life seemed to her a

Dead Sea apple, full of bitter ashes. At such times she
would not allow Nedelca to accompany her, but would ride
for hours and hours across the Campagna. That weird
and desolate expanse, a wilderness sown with bones—the
bones of men and the skeletons of dead cities—appealed to
her morbid mood. Mounted on her favourite horse, she
soon left the great city behind; but it was not until it sank
from view, and only the great dome was visible, that she
began to feel free from the trammels of civilisation. After
a time—especially when the sea breeze blew—the Stanhope
strain in her would assert itself, and she longed to lead a
nomad life once more with the Redskins of the Far West
or the wandering Kirghiz of the steppes. And it seemed
good to her that the Campagna, once crowded with busy
life, was now waste and desolate, a wilderness whose very
breath was malaria, in which no man could lie down and
sleep without waking in the morning with fever in his
veins. The ruins of the old aqueduct, which at one time
brought water from the Alban lake to the Imperial city,
was another object at which she would look for an hour at
a time with a certain exultant joy. They were great
builders, the Romans, but Nature is greater than they.
Year by year their works crumble—soon they will have
vanished away—while the wallflower, the vine, and the
wild grass, which were before Rome was, will flourish
when Rome has even ceased to be a memory of the past.
Sometimes, when late in the afternoon she would be
galloping home from Alba or from Tivoli, she would catch
the sulphurous steam which rises from the marshes, and
she inhaled it as incense to her gloomy mood.

It was one bright day in December, when she had had
a long ride through the Campagna, that she came upon a
gipsies' encampment. It was a much larger one than usual.
A score of horses were grazing by the wayside. Twice as
many tents were crowded round a larger tent in the centre,
which was evidently occupied by the chief of the tribe.
When Lady Sidney caught sight of the tents she involun-
tarily drew bridle. A passionate longing to live once more
under the free canopy of the heavens coursed through her
veins, and she looked and lingered so long that one of the
men advanced and courteously asked her to dismount and
enter the tent. Lady Sidney without a moment's reflection
leaped from her saddle and gave the horse into the charge
of one of the men standing near, then she followed her
guide into the tent. Coming in suddenly from the sunshine
outside, the tent seemed dark and gloomy, and it was some
little time before Lady Sidney could discern clearly the
objects in the interior. From the farther end of the tent
she heard herself addressed in a strange deep voice. On
looking in the direction from whence the voice proceeded
she saw an old woman sitting on a couch supported by a
pillow. The face was powerful and lined deeply in every
part. The eyes were bright and uncanny, and pierced as
if they were as sharp as a two-edged sword.

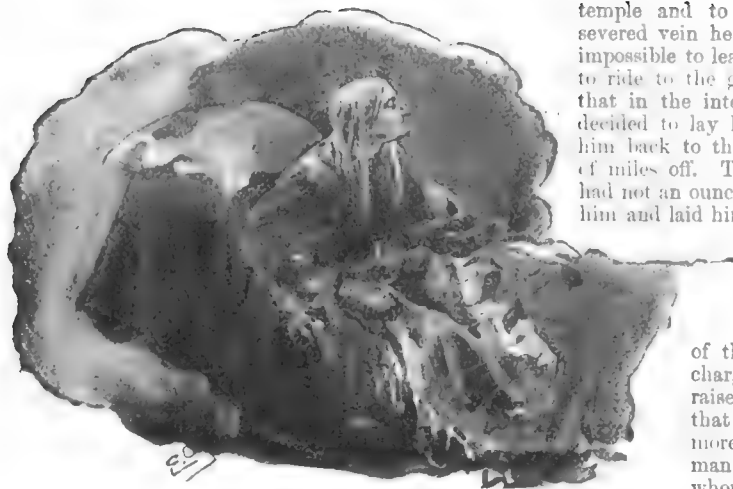
"You have come, fair Lady from beyond the Sea, for the
first time," said the sibyl. "You will go and you will
return again."

Lady Sidney looked somewhat bewildered. "Then you
were expecting me," she said.

"Since morning we have waited for your horse's steps;
but now you will go and come again. Fear not, there is
sorrow for us, aye, and blood in the air; but you will
return to the tents of my people."

"Thank you," said Lady Sidney, "but to-night I must
sleep in Rome, and not for me are the tents of your people,
however much I may long for them in my heart. I must
ride on."

"You must go," said the beldame, "but you will return
before the sun is an hour older in the heavens. No; I will



"YOU MUST GO," SAID THE BELDAME, "BUT YOU WILL RETURN."

not take leave," she added, and at a sign to her attendants Lady Sidney was conducted from the tent.

"The queen," said the man who held her horse and assisted her to mount—"the queen says you will come back, and what the queen says never fails."

Lady Sidney threw a silver piece to the man and cantered away, wondering at the strange speech of the gipsy queen. Another mile brought her from the hilly country to the dead level of the Campagna. Here and there the huge horned cattle were browsing, and far away over the plain she could see the little shelters behind which the natives lie in wait to shoot the small birds which form so large a part of their daily food. It always annoyed her to see this butchery of larks, and she shuddered as she saw in the distance the little puffs of white smoke which showed that some unwary songster had been lured within range of the death-darting gun. Suddenly her horse started and shied in a way which would have thrown a less experienced horsewoman; at the same instant a blinding flash, followed by a loud explosion, told her that a gun had been fired near the highway, and she was enveloped in the smoke. Reining her horse up, she looked round. To her horror she saw a man lying on the ground, bleeding and apparently senseless, still grasping his shattered firelock. Instantly dismounting, she approached the prostrate form. She saw in a moment that he was one of the same tribe whose tents she had just left. Part of the gun in bursting had struck the forehead, inflicting a long gash, from which the blood was pouring, and which had temporarily stunned him. There was no sign that the skull was injured. A moment's examination, however, convinced her that the real danger was not in the head but in the leg. The lower part of the gun had apparently been blown downwards and had fractured the leg, severing an artery from which the blood was spouting. Unless this could be stopped the man would bleed to death in a few minutes. Fortunately, thanks to her long experience in the hunting field and on the prairie, Lady Sidney knew exactly what to do. Untying the man's garter, she twisted it tightly round his leg, and then using the stock of her riding whip as an improvised but ready tourniquet, with its aid she was able perceptibly to reduce the loss of blood. Looking round she saw at no great distance a pool of brackish water, and thither without much difficulty she carried the man. The movement undid the tourniquet, and she had to make it fast again before she proceeded to wash the blood from the

temple and to bandage his wounded limb. Excepting the severed vein he was not seriously injured, but it was obviously impossible to leave him where he was. Her first thought was to ride to the gipsy encampment and seek help, but reflecting that in the interval the wound might break out afresh, she decided to lay him across the saddle of her horse and take him back to the tents, which were little more than a couple of miles off. The man, well dressed and in the prime of life, had not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon his body. She lifted him and laid him across the seat of her saddle. She was much

afraid that the motion of the horse would bring on a renewal of the bleeding; but the tourniquet, although rude, was efficient, and in a little more than an hour from her departure from the tents of the gipsies she reappeared with her wounded charge. The men came running towards her, and raised a wild wailing cry when they saw who it was that lay across the saddle. From their actions more than from their words she divined that the man was the son of the queen of the tribe with whom she had had so remarkable an interview. They lifted the man tenderly from the saddle, uttering exclamations of wonder and delight when

they saw the tourniquet, and conveyed him to his tent, while one of them went to tell his mother. In a few minutes he returned, saying that the queen wished to speak to the Lady from beyond the Sea. Lady Sidney followed him into the royal presence. The old beldame was sitting exactly in the same position as she had been before, nor was there any trace of emotion upon her weather-beaten much wrinkled face.

"You would not believe, fair Lady from beyond the Sea, when I told you you would return. As I said so it has come to pass: for us sorrow and blood, for you good. My son's life would have been even as the water which is poured out and cannot be gathered up again but for your help. You have saved the life of my son; deign to accept the gratitude of my tribe."

Lady Sidney bowed her head, but said nothing.

"Tis well. I have a message for you, fair Lady from beyond the Sea. You must know," continued the old lady, and as she spoke she seemed to dilate with a pride of possessing a power denied to other mortals—"you must know that to the queens of our tribe is given the gift of seeing things that are to be as if they had been. Yesterday morning, before the sun was an hour high in the sky, I saw you come and go again, and return bearing with you one of our people wounded and nigh unto death."

The old beldame paused, and Lady Sidney said, "But how could you see these things?"

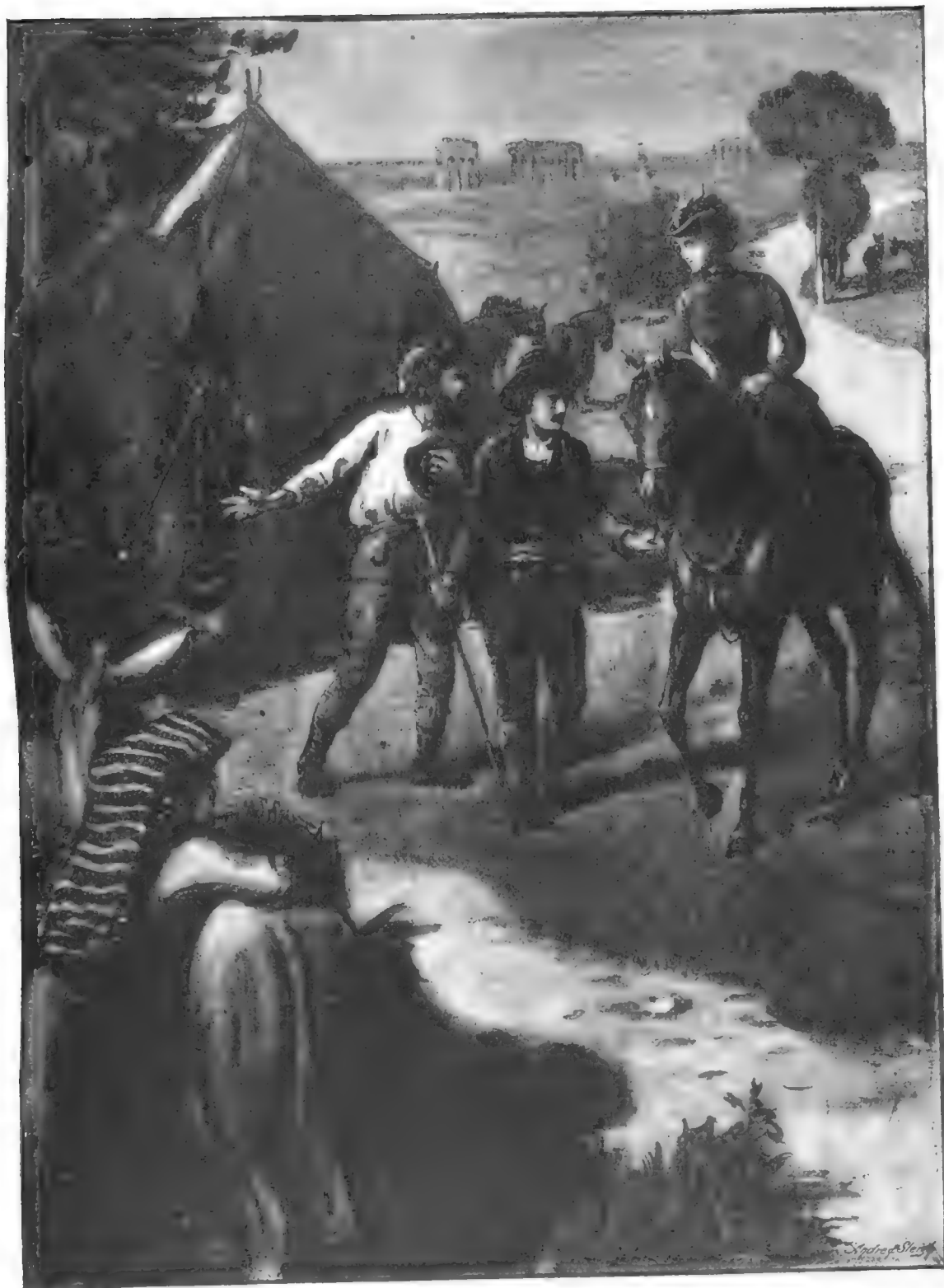
"In my family," she replied, "there has been handed down from generation to generation the magic crystal of King Solomon. In that crystal it is permitted to the queen of our tribe to see the things that are to be as if they had already happened. But now I am nearing my end, and my tribe is already on its way bearing me, although still alive, to the burying-place where my bones shall rest with those of my ancestors."

"Well," said Lady Sidney, "have you seen anything about me in the crystal?"

"Yes," said the old dame; "and now you will see for yourself. Part of what I have seen I may reveal to you; part you must yourself discover."

"Well, what have you seen?" said Lady Sidney curiously.

"I have seen that you have come from the dark borders of the River of Death, but you are returning to the River of



ONE OF THE MEN ADVANCED AND COURTEOUSLY ASKED HER TO ENTER THE TENT.

Life, from which I am toiling with wearied step. What you have been is nothing to what you will be—

Queen of a realm that is to be,
But is not yet on land or sea."

"What do you mean?" said Lady Sidney:—

"Queen of a realm that is to be,
But is not yet on land or sea?"

"What I have spoken I have spoken," said the sibyl; "but what need of my speaking? Look in the crystal for yourself and read your destiny."

Then from a pocket in the handkerchief which crossed her bosom the queen carefully produced a fine crystal somewhat larger than a hen's egg. It was encased in a curious black pouch, on which were worked many letters in various kinds of coloured silk. It seemed as if it were of great antiquity, for beneath the present characters could be seen older ones worked by some ancient embroiderer.

"But how can I look at it, and how am I to use it?"

"Take the crystal partly out of the pouch, and let the clear light fall upon it, and watch."

"And what shall I see?" said Lady Sidney.

"Look, and see."

Lady Sidney, incredulously, but still impressed by the evident sincerity of the gipsy, did as she was bidden.

"I see nothing but the reflection of my own face," said Lady Sidney.

"Wait!" was the only answer.

She continued to look for some minutes. "I still see nothing," she said.

"Wait!" was again the only response.

"Now it is beginning to cloud over; there is a mist over the whole of the crystal." The old dame did not speak. Lady Sidney continued to look intently into the crystal globe.

"Now," said she, "the mist is dividing and drawing to either side, and in the middle of it I can see—oh, how strange!—I see a building, an ugly building, brick with stone facings, and a tower on either side; on one there flies the American flag, and on the other the English. But what it means I cannot tell. I have a distinct memory of seeing that building somewhere, and with it is connected a confused sense of pain, but that is all. Oh!" she cried, "it is all fading away. It is all misty again."

"Wait!" said the old sibyl, repeating once more her imperious monosyllable.

"It is dividing once more," said Lady Sidney. "How strange! I see myself seated at a table and holding in my hand something that looks like a book or a pamphlet. It is nearly square, and is closely printed. I have never had anything like it in my hand, and I do not recollect the place in which I am sitting. Now it is all fading away again."

"That will do," said the old dame. "You have seen what you know not now, but what you will know hereafter—

Queen of a realm that is to be,
But is not yet on land or sea.

You have seen your throne, and you have seen your sceptre. You do not understand at present, but before many moons have waxed and waned you will understand. Now, farewell, fair Lady from beyond the Sea! My web is spun, my work is done! Farewell, fair lady!"

Lady Sidney bowed, and then, leaving the tent, she mounted her horse, and throwing the gipsy groom a piece of gold, rode at a rapid pace along the Roman road.

CHAPTER IV.

A MYSTERIOUS CLUE.

LADY SIDNEY had a touch of malarial fever for several days after her adventure in the Campagna. But the physical inconvenience was more than compensated for by the increased interest which it had given her in life. Although it had only been a short experience of the life in which she had revelled for years, it seemed to have wiped away much of her morbid gloom. She told Nedelca everything that had happened excepting about the crystal. She herself did not think of it again, but the rhyming prophecy which the old dame had addressed to her kept running through her mind:—

Queen of a realm that is to be,
But is not yet on land or sea.

What could it mean? Had it any meaning at all? A realm that was not and yet was to be. What realm was that? A queen? Then, in the midst of her questioning, the words ran through her head again—

Queen of a realm that is to be,
But is not yet on land or sea,

until they almost possessed her. She could not get rid of them. They sounded in her ears, they hummed in her brain, and, do what she could, the more she tried to exorcise them the more they clung to her. At last the nuisance began to subside. Lady Sidney attributed their persistence to an obscure effect of the malaria.

On Christmas Eve the memories of the past came back to her with renewed force, and she hated herself for having begun to take an interest in life. It seemed a kind of treason to the memory of him with whom she had spent so many Christmases. Nedelca noticed the change, but was much too tactful to comment upon it.

"Don't let us sit up, mother," she said. "It is no use keeping Christmas Eve in an hotel. Let us go to bed, and see to-morrow how the Romans keep Christmas Day."

Her mother yielded to her suggestion and slept. She had been sleeping very well lately, and this Christmas Eve was no exception. Towards midnight she suddenly woke with the consciousness that some one was in the room. There, beside her bedside, exactly in the form in which he had lived and loved, stood her husband. There was a loving tender expression on his face, although with it was mingled a slight reproachful look. At first she could not believe her eyes, but a second glance showed that she was not mistaken. Then her heart almost stood still with fright.

"Valentine," she gasped, "is it really you?"

"Yes," he answered. "I have a message for you;" and then in the old voice, which was the old voice, although somewhat mellowed and with a far-away sound in it, she heard the words, "Go to-morrow to the English confessional in St. Peter's; there you will find the key to your future." Then, bowing slowly, he kissed her on her lips. There was nothing cold nor clammy about it—it was just as in the old days. The flood of memory which it set loose shook her whole frame and filled her eyes with tears, and before she could speak the form was gone.

When Nedelca came to wish her mother a happy Christmas she found her looking very pale and distressed.

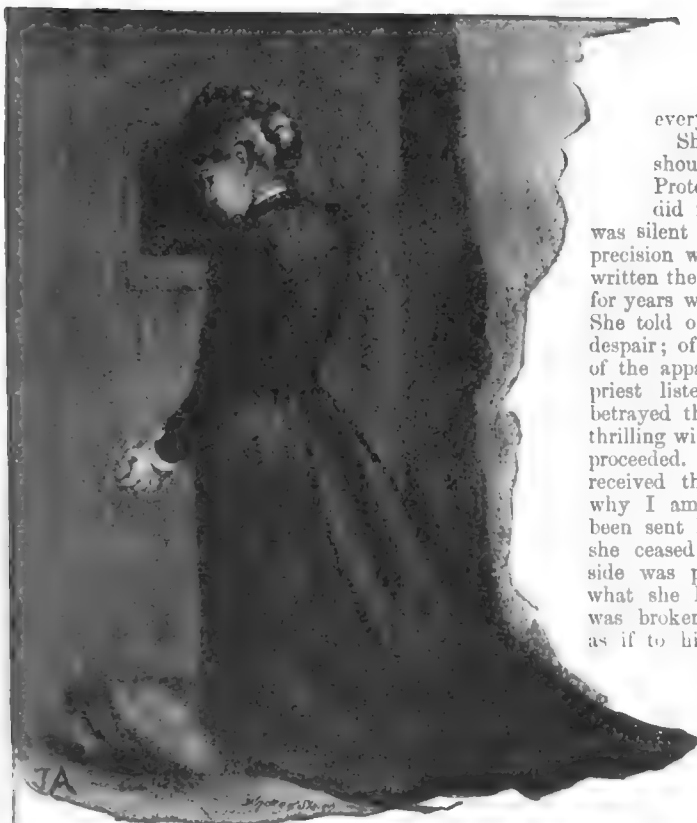
"What is the matter, mother?" asked Nedelca.

"Nothing, darling. Only I have seen father again. But to-day we must go to St. Peter's to find out what it means."

"Have you seen father?" asked Nedelca, with awe.

"Yes, my love," said Lady Sidney, "but we will not speak of it now. Afterwards I will tell you."

That afternoon Lady Sidney and her daughter fared forth, filled with a sense of awe and wonder, to St. Peter's.



JA
SHE KNELT AND UTTERED A PRAYER FROM THE DEPTH OF HER HEART.

"Wait here," said Lady Sidney to her daughter when they entered the church, "while I go on."

On asking she was directed to the left transept, where without much difficulty she found the English confessional box among the eleven foreign boxes which form so conspicuous a feature of St. Peter's. She hesitated a moment. She had never been to confession in her life, and always had the utmost possible repugnance to confessing to a priest. However, having come so far she made up her mind to go through with it, and stepped in and knelt. As she knelt she uttered from the depth of her heart, "O God, if there be a God, show me what thou wouldst have me to do!"

"My daughter," said a voice close to her ear, "what is it that you would say to me?" The voice was that of an old man, full and mellow, with that hardly perceptible trace of the influence of time which resembles the first frost with which age silvers the hair. Then there flashed upon Lady Sidney the full sense of what she could not help feeling was the extreme absurdity of her position. She was not a Catholic, nor even a Christian, in the regular sense of the word, and here she was kneeling before a total stranger because of an apparition in which no one would believe, and of a vision in the crystal which seemed even more inexplicable. In the tumult of confusion occasioned by these reflections she was silent. The voice again addressed her from the other side of the partition: "My daughter, you have sought me. What is it that you wish?"

"I do not know," she stammered. "I can hardly tell you, it seems too ridiculous."

"Nothing is ridiculous," said the invisible speaker,

"which perturbs your life and destroys the peace of the soul." There was a kindly ring in the tone of the voice, which indeed sounded so very human that Lady Sidney suddenly decided to tell him everything.

She began: "I daresay you will think it absurd that I should come, especially when I tell you that I am a Protestant, and that I should not have come unless I did not think it was the wish of the dead." The priest was silent as she rehearsed her story succinctly and with the precision which characterised her narratives—for she had not written the *précis* of despatches and conversations for her father for years without acquiring a terse, vivid, and condensed style. She told of her husband's death and her own darkness and despair; of the visit to the gipsy; of the crystal; and finally of the apparition of her husband and of his directions. The priest listened in silence. Not a whisper nor a breath betrayed that behind that partition another human soul was thrilling with sympathy and wonder as the strange narrative proceeded. After she had described the directions she had received the previous night, Lady Sidney said, "That is why I am here. Now you know all; but why I have been sent here I know not, and cannot understand." When she ceased speaking there was silence. The priest on his side was praying silently, and Lady Sidney, having said what she had to say, knelt waiting. Presently the silence was broken by the deep full voice of the priest, saying, as if to himself, "There is nothing impossible to Him who spoke to His chosen people by visions and signs and wonders in the days of old. His hand is not shortened that He cannot save. Marvellous are His tender mercies, and His loving kindness is past finding out." Then, addressing Lady Sidney, he said, very tenderly, "My child, what do you believe?"

Resenting his attempt to catechise her, Lady Sidney answered somewhat defiantly, "I believe in nothing."

"That is impossible," said the priest; "faith of some kind you must have, for without faith you cannot live."

"No," said Lady Sidney, disliking to be preached at by an invisible priest behind a screen. "I don't believe in anything. I don't believe in God, and I don't believe in the devil. I don't believe in heaven, and I don't believe in hell. I don't believe in your church, and I don't believe in your Bible. I don't believe I have a soul, nor do I believe that the apparition that I saw was my husband, for all that seems to me to be too good to be true. I think that when the body dies the person dies, and there is an end of him for ever." She bit her lip to restrain the tears which were pressing their way from under her eyelids, and was preparing for a vehement censure of what she felt in her soul was a somewhat insincere blasphemy, when to her astonishment the same voice went on, "That matters nothing. I did not ask you what you did not believe. I ask you again, what do you believe?"

Then she said, "Do you mean to say that it matters nothing what I do not believe?"

"It matters everything what you believe; what does not matter is what you do not believe."

"Well, really," she said, "except——" and she checked herself, but continued, "Although I am afraid that you will think it is flippant, the only thing in which I believe is that 'two and two make four.'"

She was just going to apologise for the remark which she had uttered, feeling how unsuitable it was to quote Molière in the confessional box, when the voice from behind the partition said quickly and with an imperious ring in its

tone, "My daughter, it is enough. Live up to that and it will suffice. Peace be with you!"

Bewildered and piqued, Lady Sidney felt that the interview was at an end. She rose from her knees and regained her daughter. Nedelca saw in a moment that the interview had by no means ministered to her mother's satisfaction.

"Well?" said she anxiously.

"I think I have been fool," replied Lady Sidney shortly; "but I will tell you about it when I get home."

So saying, they entered the carriage and drove to the hotel.

CHAPTER V.

WANTED—A NEW ST. GEORGE!

On reaching the hotel Lady Sidney told Nedelca what had passed, and they spent a long time in discussing what it could mean. Such an obvious arithmetical fact to be the clue to a person's future life seemed absurd. At last they came to the conclusion that it was a hopeless mystery, into which it was vain for them to attempt to penetrate. As it was, she had not long to wait for an explanation of the enigma. Professor Glogoul, on New Year's day, gave a small dinner party in the hotel, to which he invited Lady Sidney and Nedelca. They excused themselves on the plea that they were not dining out, but promised to come in after dinner and pay a New Year's call. When they came in they found the Professor deep in a discussion with a gentleman, whom they afterwards found to be one of the officials concerned in the liquidation of the Emancipator Building Society. They came in quietly, exchanged greetings, and sat down to listen to the conversation. Lady Sidney was glad of anything that would lead her out of herself, and Nedelca always took a great interest in the Professor, who was so different from the ordinary mortals she met with in society.

"Madam," said the Professor, as he ensconced her in an easy-chair beside the fire, "here is Mr. Bruce fresh from London, where he has been engaged for the last three months in letting daylight into one of the most colossal swindles of modern times."

"I suppose," said Mr. Bruce, "I need not explain what the Emancipator was?"

"Oh yes, you need," said the Professor gaily; "if you don't, I will. The Emancipator, madam, is the sudden reappearance in England of the dragon which your St. George was supposed to have killed."

"And a very authentic dragon he is," said Mr. Bruce laughing. "But although we had the dragon, we had no St. George. It perished not by the valour of any chivalrous knight who slew the monster to protect the widow and the helpless, but simply because there was nothing more for him to eat. He devoured all the substance of those within reach, and then died of sheer lack of fresh victims."

"Of course," said Lady Sidney, "we have all heard about the Emancipator, but it did not differ much from other failures, did it?"

Mr. Bruce shook his head. "There has been nothing like it in England for many a long year," he said. "We have just made out a rough balance-sheet, from which it appears that the total loss of the Emancipator and the eight affiliated societies is over seven millions sterling, for the most part made up of the savings of the most thrifty of the working classes."

"Seven million pounds," said the Professor meditatively; "just think what that means! He is a lucky workman who is able to put by a shilling a week all the year round as provision for a rainy day. It represents thirty years

savings of one hundred thousand men all swallowed up by this huge dragon-vampire of our times."



"But," said Mr. Bruce, "no mere figuring gives any idea of the frightful misery which this failure has caused in every part of the land. I have just been telling the Professor some stories."

"I should just think he has, and utterly spoiled my Christmas dinner. That was a mistake," said the Professor, shaking his head; "Christmas dinner should not be spoiled, not even by sympathy. But how could we relish the good things before us when we knew that there were thousands of homes in England to-day whose inmates are looking forward to spending their next Christmas in the workhouse?"

"There have been some heartrending cases, madam," said Mr. Bruce—"heartrending cases. One of the saddest things about the victims of the crash is their age. There are any number of depositors over seventy, and some over eighty. They were living upon their interest many of them, and now that is gone. Many have died under the shock; some have lost their reason, and are now shut up in lunatic asylums; while others are groping helplessly, wearying out themselves in the search for work which will keep them from destitution. Trade is so bad that their chance of regaining a foothold among the wage-earning classes is very slight. Many and many a time, I can assure you, after a day's work I have felt as if I had been watching the wreck of a great emigrant ship, where there is no help for the unfortunate passengers who have been swept overboard by the waves or for those dropping by exposure or terror into a living grave."

"But has nothing been done to help them?" said Nedelca; "surely there has been some relief started for them, has there not?"

"About as much help," said Mr. Bruce, drily, "as a single lifeboat would be to the passengers of an Atlantic liner going down in mid-ocean. The relief fund amounts to £30,000, which would certainly not give a pound a head to all those who have lost their savings."

There was silence for a time, and the little company sat looking at the fire. Then Mr. Bruce broke the silence. "The worst thing about it," said he, "is the heartless cruelty which it has revealed. Apart from the deeds of Mr. Spencer and others awaiting trial, some of the things which were done almost surpass belief. What would you say, for instance, of a deacon who, by his emphatic assurance of the stability of the Emancipator, induced ministers and leading Nonconformists of his own acquaintance to put their money in the society; and then, hearing rumours of the coming crash, removed all his money without ever giving warning to those who had invested theirs on his representations? Over and over again we have come upon cases in which it is not an exaggeration to say that an Indian with his

scalping-knife and his tomahawk would be ashamed to do what these men,—nominally Christian, some of them professing high religious principles,—have done merely for the sake of the commission on the money which they were inducing their deluded victims to cast into the abyss."

"Come, come," said the Professor, "at this rate you will be making us share the delusion of those Calvinists, who first invented the doctrine of original sin and then set themselves to prove it by showing how heartless human beings could be. Do tell Mrs. Ireton of that young fellow in Wales; his conduct, at least, stands in welcome relief to the squalid mass of hypocrisy and fraud."

"Yes," said Mr. Bruce, "that is a very fine story. A young fellow—Grant, I believe they call him—who was carrying all before him at Oxford, has abandoned his career at the university and has taken a situation as tutor with Lord Studley in order to be able to pay the interest upon all sums lost to his father's congregation by the Emancipator."

"Surely," said Lady Sidney, "that is an extension of responsibility which no minister or minister's son could be expected to accept. The minister of religion cannot possibly insure the investments of his congregation."

"That is not it exactly. The lad's father was an extremely high principled man, and very sensitive. He had never said a word in favour of the Emancipator, but when he came to die his conscience smote him for not having been more vigilant in warning his flock against the society. And it was his dying wish that the son should accept responsibility for all interest on the sums which would not have been invested in the Emancipator excepting from the belief that the minister in question believed the Emancipator to be a sound investment."

"But," said Lady Sidney, "that was rather hard upon the boy."

"Yes," said Mr. Bruce, "so I thought. But he faced it like a man. He said that he would do anything that his father regarded necessary for the peace of his mind, and he has practically mortgaged his life for the payment of the interest, and, if possible, the capital of some £5,000."

"How noble!" cried Nedelca, clapping her hands; "that is really splendid!"

"But will he be able to pay the interest?" said Lady Sidney.

"Yes, I think he will, but he will have to pinch with a vengeance. The family have a little money of their own, and so he will be able to devote nearly all his salary to the payment of the £200 a year due to the depositors."

"One act of heroism like that," said Lady Sidney, "illuminates a very barren waste of selfishness and crime. But can nothing be done to prevent such frauds in the future or to secure the restitution of the plundered funds?"

"Restitution," said Mr. Bruce, shaking his head. "No. Something may be saved out of the wreck, perhaps, but very little. There is the Bembridge Estate, over which £1,000,000 has been sunk. It is a white elephant on their hands—I doubt if it will realise £30,000. But if any philanthropist cared to take it over and develop it for the benefit of the depositors, he could not only make a good thing for himself, but realise a handsome profit for the benefit of the victims which at present will be lost."

"Bembridge?" said Lady Sidney. "Nedelca, that is almost beside our place in the New Forest. We can see it from the turret in the Lodge."

Mr. Bruce went on, "There is another white elephant on our hands, and that is the building on the Embankment—you know it, Mrs. Ireton, just beside Cleopatra's Needle."

Lady Sidney's handsome features quivered slightly, but she answered calmly, "Yes, I know it."

"Well, there is that place, on which at least £700,000

has been spent. The Official Receiver has offered it to the County Council for £400,000, but I do not believe they will take it. It will cost £300,000 to complete it on the original plan. No, restitution is out of the question. We may save a little out of the wreck, but it will be very little."

"Yes," said Nedelca, "I am afraid that it is only too true. But cannot something be done to prevent such things occurring in the future? What is the use of the law and religion if it cannot be prevented? It is worse than Italian brigandage."

"Many things could be done by law," said Mr. Bruce, "but there is no party advantage to be got out of it, and so governments don't trouble themselves with it. If public opinion could only be roused to carry out those simple reforms which have been insisted upon time and again by the registrar of the friendly societies and others, an effectual check could be placed upon much of the swindling which we are discussing. As for religion—"

"As for religion," interrupted the Professor, who was standing with his back to the fire, and who was looking more weird and impressive than was his wont—"what has religion done except to afford a convenient mask behind which thieves could plunder with impunity? Religion!" said he—"I have been thinking a great deal about religion since I came to Rome. We are standing upon the soil that is made up of the remains of dead and decaying faiths. Go where you please, everywhere you are confronted with a ruined shrine of some forgotten God. In every direction the sky is pierced by spires and towers erected to saints innumerable whose very names are unknown in our new world beyond the sea. Yes, the Catholic faith is very beautiful, no doubt. It has more than a dozen saints for every day of the year, but it does not yet seem to have produced the saint that is wanted in our time."

"What saint is that?" said Nedelca timidly.

"There have been saints of all shapes and sizes," said the Professor, "since the days of the good man who owned that holy skull which we brought from the catacombs the other day, and which is now carefully mounted under that glass case. We have had saints who have founded religious orders each more fantastic than the other. We have had articles of faith piled upon articles of faith, and innumerable beliefs which no one can understand, and which therefore no one can really believe. We can get everything in Rome—thigh-bones of saints, and toe-nails of martyrs; infallible dogmas, brand-new with the stamp of infallibility; cardinals and bishops, monseigneurs and friars, and all the flummery and frippery of ecclesiastical millinery; but as for the St. George who will kill the dragon of our time—that saint is not kept in stock at the Vatican."

"Well," said Mr. Bruce, "suppose you got your St. George, what would you have him to do?"

"Do!" said the Professor. "Two things, and no more. He should found a new order and proclaim it in the place of the huge *omnium gatherum* of unbelievable beliefs; he should proclaim one article of faith, and it should be as clear, as short, and as universal as the watchword of Islam."

Nedelca, who had been listening with all her ears, never having seen the Professor in such an exalted mood, said, "What would be the Order that the new St. George would found?"

The Professor's voice softened, and he looked down kindly at the eager face below him, and said, "The Brotherhood of all who Love for the Service of all who Suffer."

"Well, that is not bad, Professor—not bad," said Mr. Bruce; "but to formulate your creed is not such an easy task."

"Yes it is," said the Professor; "I have it all spick and span."

"Proclaim it," said Bruce, mockingly; "proclaim it here on Christmas Day, 1892, in presence of this select company."

"Well," said the Professor, "you may make fun of it as you please; but I am still firm in my conviction that the one great doctrine which it is of all things necessary that men should hold to if they would be saved from the endless miseries of these financial disasters is——" and he paused.

"What?" said Lady Sidney.

"Two and two make four," said the Professor quietly



"TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR," SAID THE PROFESSOR QUIETLY.

Lady Sidney started as if she had been stung.

"Mother!" exclaimed Nedelca.

"What is the matter, madam?" said Mr. Bruce.

"Nothing," said Lady Sidney; "but—I see now. Excuse me, Professor, but it is time that we were retiring."

After they left, Bruce remarked to the Professor, "What's up?"

Professor Glogoul, on whose face there still lingered some of the light of his exalted mood, smiled quietly and said, "Dunno; but I guess the new faith has made a convert on its first proclamation."

CHAPTER VI.

LADY SIDNEY'S CALL.

WHEN Lady Sidney and her daughter found themselves alone, Nedelca threw herself into her mother's arms, crying, "Mother, mother, is it not wonderful?" Lady Sidney did

not speak; her eyes dilated as if she saw a light through the gloom. She pressed her daughter to her breast, and said, "Oh, if it were true after all—after all! I was almost angry with myself for having believed that it might be true." Her thoughts, it was evident, were running not upon the meaning of the formula at all, but on the evidence she seemed to have had as to the reality of the permanence of her husband's personality, and, what to her was still more important, the possibility of communication with him whom she had loved so tenderly and had lost so soon. Nedelca, younger and more practical, was only thinking of the new brotherhood, with its striking formula. "Would it not be splendid, mother," she said, "if there could be a new Saint George! I am sure it is not because there is no need of him." Her mother, full of her own thoughts, did not answer, and the girl went on—"Mother, is the race of saints extinct nowadays, or is the saint only an ordinary human being who is used for some great end? Mother, do you hear me?"

Lady Sidney stooped down and kissed the bright face with the wistful eyes which looked up at her, and said, "What is it, dear?"

"I want to know what a saint is? Why cannot there be saints nowadays as in the olden time?"

Her mother replied, "A saint is a person who is altogether emptied of himself; who devotes his life, and all that is his, to the service of God."

"Don't men do that nowadays? And how can you serve God except by serving man? And why can we not have the St. George which Professor Glogoul was talking about? Oh! it would be splendid to see him ride out and slay such dragons and vampires as we have been hearing about this evening."

"I don't know, my child," said Lady Sidney. "I don't know. I suppose these people are raised up from time to time."

"But don't you think it was about time that they were raised up?" said the practical Nedelca. "I am sure when I heard all those stories of misery and fraud, I felt as if the saints would raise themselves up, and not wait to be raised."

There was silence for a time, and as Nedelca nestled close to her mother she could hear the beating of her heart—that great heart whose love to her was all that she knew of the love of God to man. Indeed, it is thus usually through a mother's love that man can realise the love of God for the race. Nedelca was passionately fond of her mother, nor was this surprising, for Lady Sidney possessed every faculty of heart and soul and of body that was likely to fascinate the imagination of a romantic girl. She knew all her mother's adventures before she was married, and often spent an idle hour following in imagination the dauntless huntress as she stalked the buffalo or tracked the grisly to his lair in the rocks. Her mother to her was Juno and Diana and the Virgin Mary all rolled into one—the sum of all human excellences and the embodiment of beauty and power. Her only idea of any Divine Being was that He was just like her mother *plus* omnipotence and omniscience. After remaining quiet for about ten minutes she suddenly clasped her mother tighter and heaved a long sigh.

"What is it, darling?" said her mother, raising her face to hers.

"Oh, mother," said Nedelca, "I have got an idea."

"What is it, child?" she asked.

"Oh, mother, why cannot you be the new St. George yourself? I am sure there is no one who could be a better St. George than yourself." The impetuosity of the young girl and the sudden outburst of the strange proposal were so unexpected that Lady Sidney hardly knew what to reply. At last she said, "I do not think I could, Nedelca."

"Why not?" said Nedelca. "You are strong, you are free, and you have all the money you want. And, oh, mother, you are so good!" And the girl climbing further upon her mother's knee, hid her face upon her neck and clung to her passionately.

"Come, my child," said Lady Sidney, "it is time we went to bed."

Next morning Lady Sidney rose early from a dream in which she had seen the crystal again. It was surprising how the story had seized upon an imagination usually so practical. She went over the details of the dream again, and once more saw the great building. "I know I have seen it somewhere," she said to herself. "There they are, the red bricks and the stone facings with the two flags, the English and the American, just as I saw it in the gipsy's tent, only on the other side of the roadway is Cleopatra's Needle." Hardly had she recognised it than she understood that it was the Emancipator building close to which the fatal accident had occurred. She could not help putting this together with what she had heard from Bruce last night about this white elephant which was in the hands of the Official Receiver, and in front of which her husband had met his death. What did it mean? She was puzzled, and could not help wishing that the crystal had been a little more explicit in its half-hints and obscure suggestions. Her eyes filled with tears, and when the mist cleared she saw on the wall before her the simple figure of a schoolboy's slate, on which were inscribed

2
2
—
4

"Two and two make four," she said. "It is strange how that perpetually keeps cropping up." While she

looked at the slate it faded away. She dressed, and at breakfast told Nedelca that the building which the gipsy said was to be her throne was the Emancipator building on the Embankment, in front of which her father had been killed.

"Mother," said Nedelca, "I believe you will be St. George after all."

Lady Sidney did not reply, as most women would have done, by remarking that she was only a woman, and therefore unable to perform the mission which her daughter so persistently pressed upon her. The whole of her training and her subsequent life had convinced her that there are few things that women cannot do as well as men, and that there are a good many things that a man cannot do which a woman can do with ease. To plead her sex as a disability was therefore one of the very last things that would have entered Lady Sidney's mind. But Lady Sidney could not see that any one could do it. In the olden times, when there was a dragon devastating the district, there was no question as to what ought to be done: it was all prescribed by tradition and by precedent. Your knight had to encase himself in invulnerable armour, arm himself with an enchanted sword, and, mounting his trusty steed, ride forth to the dragon's haunt. Then there was a more or less prolonged conflict, after which he slew the dragon amid the enthusiastic applause of the assembled multitude, who would otherwise have been devoured.



"OH, MOTHER, WHY CANNOT YOU BE THE NEW ST. GEORGE YOURSELF?"

But this new dragon of modern finance, with its loathly suckers and far-reaching tentacles—it was difficult to say how all the seven champions of Christendom combined could contend against such a monster. In many respects, however, she felt that she was better qualified for the task than any one else whom she knew. Her position was unique: she was absolutely free, there was no authority to control her or to interfere with her, and she could do exactly what she pleased. All her life had been a kind of preliminary training to qualify her to undertake any kind of work she wished. Physically she had a frame of iron and a constitution which seemed incapable of fatigue. Mentally she had

been trained in many schools, and most of all in the best school of the responsible exercise of public functions as her father's private secretary, and afterwards as the chataleine of a great estate. She had travelled far and wide and knew the world as few knew it, both in courts and camps, in the salons of cultured capitals, and in the wigwam of the Red Indian and the kibitka of the steppes. She knew personally almost every man and woman who counted for anything in Europe, from the reigning sovereigns of Europe down to the chief constables of Birmingham and Chicago. She was a little over forty, but with her splendid physique she seemed at least a dozen years younger. By nature fearless, by experience prudent, she had a quick

intuitive insight into human character, a good memory, and ready speech, and she also wielded a vigorous pen. In addition to all this she had undisputed control, not only of her own fortune, but also of her husband's millions. During her husband's life they had been a weariness rather than a pleasure to her, for they deprived her of many hours which he would otherwise have spent with her. In a dim kind of way she realised that these millions might represent a vast store of unrealised power; but it was only since the previous night that it dawned upon her that the lever she held in her hand might qualify her to undertake the task of which her daughter had dreamed. But she did not see how the thing might be done, nor how she ought to set about doing it. Granting that it would be an incalculable advantage to the world if one could band together all those who love for the service of those who suffer, how was she to set about realising that ideal? And unless something practical were done, the great doctrine of two and two making four would be as sterile as that other arithmetical problem involved in the disputes of the schoolmen concerning the number of angels who could dance on the point of a needle.

"But, my dear child," she said, "it is all very well to volunteer for the post of St. George. Where is my sword, and where is my armour, and above all where is my charger?"

Nedelca was silent for a short time, and then said somewhat timidly, "Do you not remember what you saw in the gipsy's tent?"

"Perfectly," said Lady Sidney. "I saw the building which I now recognise to be the Emancipator building on the Embankment."

"But the other one?" said Nedelca anxiously.

"I simply saw myself seated at a table with a magazine or paper in my hand."

"But what did the gipsy queen say before she died?" said Nedelca.

"She said, 'Behold your throne and your sceptre!'"

Queen of a realm that is to be,
But is not yet on land or sea."

"Yes," said Nedelca thoughtfully, "but I don't see the sceptre."

"Neither do I," said her mother.

"Well," said Nedelca, "as we have found out about the throne, perhaps we shall also find the meaning of the sceptre."

For some days nothing happened. Mother and daughter went out riding as usual, and often and long were the conversations they had over the mysterious message. Nedelca never wavered in her conviction that her mother was called to be the new St. George, and all the arguments used by Lady Sidney to prove that it was impossible, the little woman ingeniously turned into arguments in favour of her fixed idea. Her mother had appeared sometimes very sad after their conversations, whereat Nedelca marvelled. At last one day, after much affectionate coaxing, she timidly asked Lady Sidney why she was so sad when they talked about the new St. George.

"Because, darling," said Lady Sidney simply, "because the very idea of calling me a saint makes me feel my infinite unworthiness."

"Your unworthiness?" exclaimed Nedelca. "Why, you are the best woman that ever lived."

"Hush, child, hush!" said her mother, putting her hand over her daughter's mouth. "To be a saint, Nedelca, is not merely to be a servant of God; but to go forth in the strength of God, and—and—" Lady Sidney stopped embarrassed, not caring to finish the sentence.

Nedelca opened her large eyes wide and looked at her mother in amazement. "And is that why you are so sad?" asked she.

"Yes," said Lady Sidney, "I am not worthy; the work of a saint can only be done by those who have a strength which is not of this world—what orthodox believers would call divine strength."

"Well," said Nedelca, looking puzzled, "but why cannot you get divine strength the way the others do?"

"I don't know," said Lady Sidney; "they say that you can only get that strength by faith."

"Faith? Do you mean believing?"

"Yes."

"Well I never!" said Nedelca, emphatically, "well I never! Don't you believe?"

"I am afraid," said her mother in some embarrassment, "I am afraid—"

"Why, mother, you are strange!" said the girl. "Did you not tell the priest in St. Peter's that you did believe at least one thing—that two and two make four—and did he not tell you that that was enough if you lived up to it? Surely, if that is the faith which the world wants, and you believe that, you will get all the strength you want for the work just as much as any of the seven champions of Christendom."

Lady Sidney was silent; she had not seen it in that light before.

"Well, child, I will go back and ask the priest if you are right. But I always thought that what is called the grace of God was only given to those who believed in the doctrines of the Church."

"Did you, mother? Well, it never struck me in that light at all. For instance, do you think that when St. George went out to kill the dragon, that strength was given to him to hew off its head with a sharp sword because he believed in transubstantiation, or in justification by faith, or in any other doctrine of the Church? No; it seems to me," continued Nedelca, answering her own question—"it seems to me as plain as possible. There was the dragon destroying the land and killing the poor people. St. George believed that God wanted him to kill that dragon, and he went because he believed, and the grace of God was given to him because of his faith. Surely," she said, waxing quite eloquent in her argumentation—"surely there were millions of people who believed the doctrines, but that did not give them strength to kill the dragon. But the faith that brought him strength to kill the dragon was his belief that the dragon had to be killed, and that God wanted him to do it, and not faith in the other doctrines."

"Well, well, child," said her mother, "let us see what the priest says about it. He seemed to have the voice of a good man, and I was called to him in a strange way."

The next day found Lady Sidney once more in the English confessional box in St. Peter's.

"Well, my child, have you found the clue?" were the words which greeted her from behind the partition.

"Well, yes, partly—at least, I think I have. But I want to ask your advice on a matter of much moment to me."

"Well," said he, "tell me what it is."

"I remember when I was here before, and I told you that I did not believe anything excepting that 'two and two made four,' you said that that was enough if I lived up to it. But what I want to know, is that if I lived up to that belief without believing anything else that your Church teaches, is it possible that I could receive that strength or grace, or whatever you call it; which would enable me to do things such as the old saints did, which were beyond mortal strength, and were impossible without the help of God?"

"Yes," answered the firm voice, "yes. You say you believe that two and two make four. Live up to that, and endeavour to make that much at least of the revealed will of God operative in the world, and as you do His work you may count upon His strength. I do not say," he added after a pause, "that your faith is the sum of faith, or that because you believe that two and two make four you will be able to do all things, as the Apostle said he could through Christ who strengthened him. It is the first round of the ladder on which the feet must be planted firmly before one can ascend higher. Be sure that your feet are firmly planted on that step in the ladder, be faithful to that, and the Lord will lead you in His own good time and His own good way to a fuller knowledge of Himself. Peace be with you!"

She found Nedelca waiting for her outside the church.

"I could not wait until you came home," said that impetuous young lady. "Now, was I not right—was I not right? I am sure I was right!"

Her mother did not answer; but when they were half way home in the carriage her mother turned to Nedelca and said, "My dear child, how is it that you know more of these hidden things than your mother after all these years?"

"I do not know what you mean, mother," replied Nedelca; "but I believe more than you do, mother. You only believe that two and two make four. I believe in that; but I also believe in you, and I am sure that God will help you if you try to help His work."

CHAPTER VII.

NEDELCA SETS AN EXAMPLE.

ONE day Lady Sidney had gone to visit the Vatican museum, and Nedelca was left at the hotel. She was restless and uneasy, when suddenly she remembered that her mother had left her riding-whip at the inn where they had put up in one of their rides into the country. It occurred to her as a rather happy thought to go into the city and buy a new whip, and give it to her on her return. With Nedelca, there was never long between conceiving an idea and putting it into execution, so putting on her hat and mantle she sallied forth. She walked to a saddler's in the Via del Babuino. At first she thought she was not going to succeed in obtaining the article which she wanted. Some were too heavy and some too short, and none of them were of the kind her mother liked. Just as she was about to leave the shop and try elsewhere, the saddler stopped her and said, "Perhaps the Signora would not mind an antique."

"Let me see," said Nedelca, as she stood at the doorstep. The man went upstairs and soon returned with a whip, which Nedelca at once decided was the very thing she wanted. It was a very old whip, very flexible, with a curious ivory handle, and it tapered to the finest of points. The only doubt she had was whether it was not too slender. The end of it was almost like the tip of a fishing rod. The saddler, however, had no difficulty in proving that the whip in spite of its extreme tenuity was as strong and supple as steel. It was an antique, he said. It was very valuable, and had a history attached to it. It dated back to the days of the Borgias. It had last been used by one of the triumvirs who defended Rome against Napoleon. Not taking much notice of the historical associations of the curio, which she conjectured were dwelt upon rather to enhance the price than from their historical accuracy, Nedelca bought the whip and was about to return to the hotel. However, she thought she would go to the English Library at the corner of the Piazza de Spagni, and get a new novel to read. When she got to the piazza the light was failing fast, and she hastened past the statue of the Immaculate Conception to get a glimpse of the setting sun. She had hardly mounted the first three steps of the Scala, before her attention was arrested by a singularly beautiful woman, talking with a well dressed man who had the forehead of an artist and the lower jaw of a satyr. Instinctively noticing the shamefacedness of the woman, and noting at the same time her wonderful grace and beauty, she paused for a moment, long enough to hear that the conversation was taking place in English. Blushing at the thought of an appearance of eavesdropping, she hurried up the steps, only to find when she reached the summit that the rim of the setting sun had sunk beneath the horizon. Descending the steps, she found the artist's model, as she took her to be, still in conversation with the man; but now there was a flush of burning shame on her face and fierce anger in her eyes, which in no way seemed to disconcert the other, who continued to address her with easy familiarity which inspired Nedelca with an unconquerable repugnance. The man raised his voice rather. "Come, now, my pretty little woman," said he. "Come, I will double your price. It is but as all the others do." The woman did not reply, but, putting her hands before her face, she burst out into a passion of tears. She was evidently very poor; her dress was threadbare, and showed traces of many a darn. As she bowed her head upon her hands there was something in her gesture which reminded Nedelca of her mother. Without reflecting for a moment what danger she might be running, the impulsive girl sprang at once to the side of the weeping stranger, and said, "Can I help you? What is the matter?" The woman cast one sudden glance of surprise at Nedelca.

The man, however, was in no mood to see his prey carried off before his eyes in this fashion.

"It is none of your business, miss," he said; "that woman is coming with me."

"She is doing no such thing," said Nedelca. "Allow me to pass! Come with me," she said to the woman. With that she turned from him and walked down the stairs.

The man laughed scornfully, and stepping right in front of them, said, "You don't escape me so easily as that comes to. I will take you both, if you like, but one of you I will have, *coûte qui coûte*." With that he stretched forward his hand, and placed it familiarly upon the woman's shoulder. She shrank shuddering, as if she had been stung by a snake, but he did not release his grasp.

"Unhand her!" said Nedelca, haughtily, the wild blood leaping through her veins. "How dare you! Unhand her at once!" and Nedelca's hand clutched tightly the riding-whip which she had purchased for her mother.

"No, little miss, I won't," said he. "But I will give you a kiss for your pains, if you like." And so saying he bent forward to kiss her. Nedelca's face blanched as white as that of a corpse, and before another word was spoken a sharp swish was heard through the air, and the whip, lithe as a Toledo blade, smote the man full across the face. Nedelca had inherited no small portion of her mother's muscular development; she was an expert fencer, and her wrist was a wrist of steel. On this occasion she was roused out of herself by an overpowering passion. Had it killed him she would not have bated by one ounce the force of her blow. Leaving his hold of the woman, the man staggered backwards, missed his footing, and fell heavily down the stone stairs.

"Come!" said Nedelca beneath her breath. As she hurried down the stairs and past the man, who was struggling to his feet, she noticed, not without satisfaction, that the whip had cut right through the skin of the forehead, from which the blood was pouring and half blinding him, while across the rest of his face there was a livid mark, which would in all probability remain with him for the rest of his life. He showed no inclination to follow them, but made his way to the fountain to wash off the blood. Nedelca supported her companion down the Via del Babuino, taking no notice of the small knot of spectators who had been attracted by the fracas on the steps, and who remained to see the man wash his wound in the fountain. As soon as they entered the Via del Babuino, and a hurried glance round had convinced her that they were not being followed, Nedelca said, "Where shall I take you?"

"Take me home, take me home," moaned the poor woman. "The Via de Lavendari, on the other side of the Piazza del Popolo." They walked in silence down the street across the Piazza and entered the Via de Lavendari, and Nedelca's companion paused at the entrance of a lofty house close to the river. Several women were hanging about the door, and they heard an altercation going on in the interior. It was evidently a low house in a low district.

"Do you live here?" asked Nedelca.

"Yes," replied the woman; "my husband and I lodge here—if indeed he is still here," she added with a sigh. "I do not like to ask you to go up to our room."

"I will go up gladly," said Nedelca, with an effort, "if you will bring me down again."

"Certainly," said her companion.

They mounted the stairs. As they were going up they were met by a woman, apparently the landlord's wife.

"Look here," she said, "have you brought me the money? If not, out you go bag and baggage. Not another night shall you remain in this house."

The woman tried to pass her.



THE WHIP SMOTE THE MAN FULL ACROSS THE FACE. HE STAGGERED BACKWARDS, MISSED HIS FOOTING, AND FELL HEAVILY DOWN THE STONE STAIRS.

"Do you not see that I have some one with me?" said the stranger with some dignity.

"Some one with you or not," said the woman, "it is all the same to me. Pay or go!" But she left them.

After ascending some more steps Nedelca found herself in a small room just under the roof. There was no light, nor was there any fire; and it was not until her companion had struck a match and lit a small lamp that she perceived the dimensions or the condition of the room. It was not as high as a prison cell, and only twice as broad. In one corner on a heap of straw, upon which some sacking had been laid, she could discern a human figure.

Her companion cast an imploring glance at Nedelca and said, "Stop for a moment; I will go and speak to him. He is very ill, and sometimes he does not know what he is saying."

She went to the prostrate form, and, bending over it, touched his shoulders. Nedelca heard a deep drawn sigh,



"IS THAT YOU, LILL?" HE MOANED.

and then slowly, as with an effort, the man turned round, and Nedelca saw his face. There was something terrible in it. The hair, which was long, was an iron grey; the features were noble, but were so scarred with deep lines and wrinkles as to convey an expression of misery rather than majesty; the eyes were deep set and brilliant, the cheeks were sunken.

"Is that you, Lill?" he moaned. "A piece of bread and some wine for mercy's sake. I have not tasted anything to-day."

The woman answered nothing, but turned away lest her tears should fall upon the sick man's face.

Nedelca came forward, and, kneeling down beside him, said, "Yes, we have brought food and wine, and you shall have some immediately."

The man had sufficient possession of his faculties to see that he was being addressed by a stranger. "Who are you?" he asked.

"A friend," said Nedelca cheerfully.

Something in her voice seemed to recall his wandering faculties. Raising himself on his elbow he said, "Oh, you have come! You have come at last. Have I been dreaming? But no, you are here, and you have come to help us."

"He is often like this," said his wife, sobbing. "He sees the people he knew long ago, and lives again the happy old days."

But the man, still looking intently at Nedelca, said, "Lady Sidney, Lady Sidney, why have you been so long in coming to my poor Lill?"

Nedelca, puzzled and confused, did not reply.

The man's strength gave way, and he sank back on the palliase, murmuring, "I knew Lady Sidney would come. But where is Lill? Why does she not come?"

"How does he know my mother?" Nedelca asked.

The woman seized her hand. "Lady Sidney, Lady Sidney—is she your mother?"

"Yes," said Nedelca wonderingly. "Do you know her?"

"Know her?" said Lill bitterly, "know her? But I must go. My husband is starving—dying!" she cried excitedly.

"Let me lend you some money," said Nedelca, forcing a piece of gold into Lill's hand. "I will stay here till you come. Oh, do be quick!"

Lill needed no further bidding. She took Nedelca's hand and kissed it with passionate gratitude and hastened downstairs.

Nedelca was now alone with the sick man, and she began to think of the rashness of her adventure, and to wonder whether

her mother had returned to the hotel. Presently he turned over with an effort and said, "Lady Sidney, where is my Lill?"

Nedelca knelt down by his side. "She has gone to bring you some food," she said.

"Food!" said the man faintly; "it is too late. Oh, Lady Sidney," he said, stretching his hand towards her, which she took and held in both of hers—"Oh, Lady Sidney, why did you not come before? It has been a hard struggle. Lill, your own darling Lill, who loved no one in the world so much as you, until she loved me——" He stopped; he was speaking with difficulty, and it was evident that his last hour was approaching.

"If his wife would only come back!" thought poor Nedelca; "if he were to die while she is away, what should I do?"

"But," she said softly, humouring his delusion, "I could not come before; I did not know where you were."

"I knew you would; Lill always said you would forgive

her for leaving you. But she was proud, was Lill, and would not let me write to you in all our misery. When my eyes were strong all went well with us, for Lill loves me. But tell me——" and then he abruptly stopped.

Nedelca wished his wife would return.

"Tell me," continued the man, "how it is that you are so young? As young as when I saw you first, if, indeed, you are not younger. Lady Sidney, I am going; be good to your poor Lill." Once more his voice died away, and he closed his eyes. He still breathed, however, but it was with great relief that Nedelca heard Lill ascending the stairs. She entered with a bottle of wine and some food from the neighbouring restaurant.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come!" said Nedelca; "but I am afraid you are too late."

The joy which was on the woman's face as she entered changed in a moment. Setting the dish upon the floor, she took the bottle and a spoon and endeavoured to put a little wine between the lips of the sick man. He did not seem to swallow it; but his haggard features relaxed into a smile. The two women knelt beside him. Lill was praying, with difficulty restraining the deep labouring sobs which seemed to choke her, and Nedelca felt her eyes moisten with sympathy. Suddenly the dying man opened his eyes and said huskily—

"I knew you would come, Lady Sidney. Now all is well. Lill and Lady Sidney—together——" His eyes wandered from Nedelca to his wife. "Yes; together——," he continued. "Lady Sidney—take—care of Lill! Dear Lill!" he said, trying to clasp her hands. The effort was too much, his eyes closed, there was a hoarse little sob, then the artist was dead.

Nedelca was perplexed, only understanding half what the scene meant. Her companion had flung herself on the floor, and was sobbing convulsively. It was in vain that Nedelca tried to rouse her. She had neither eyes nor ears and no consciousness of external objects. Nedelca began to be uncomfortable. She could do nothing for her companion there. At all costs she must get back to the hotel and tell her mother what had happened. So she left the room quietly, went down the foul-smelling stairs, past the lounging ruffians on the landing, past the landlady, who was all smiles and curtsies, and out into the street at last. She ran rather than walked until she reached the hotel. Her mother, who had returned an hour ago, was rather uneasy.

"Where have you been, child?" she said, as Nedelca entered, looking pale and distraught.

"Oh, mother, I want you to come directly!" and she hurriedly told her mother what had happened.

Taking a carriage, Lady Sidney and her daughter drove at once to the house where Lill's husband lay dead. The unwonted event of a carriage stopping before such a house immediately attracted a small crowd of onlookers. Ordering the coachman to wait their return, Nedelca led her mother up to the garret. When they entered the place they were in complete darkness, the lamp having died out. Nedelca descended, and returned with another lamp. They found the food still untouched on the floor, and the wine untasted in the bottle. The artist lay as Nedelca had seen him die, with a wonderfully sweet smile on his face, which had smoothed out the wrinkles. But Lill was still on the floor, lying like one dead. Weakened by long privations and the miseries through which she had passed, her strength had given way under extreme physical exhaustion, and she lay motionless as the dead man on whose hand her cheek rested.

The presence of an emergency, bringing with it something to do, was a relief to Lady Sidney. She at once proceeded to restore the sufferer. Before she had quite

succeeded the undertaker arrived, and made arrangements for the removal of the body. Lill made no objection. Her eyes were open, and she had even swallowed a few mouthfuls of wine, but it was evident she knew nothing of what was going on around her.

She did not recognise Lady Sidney, and was lifted downstairs and into the carriage with difficulty. Nedelca looked on with curiosity and surprise at her mother's extreme agitation. Lady Sidney explained nothing until Lill was sleeping in her own bed at the hotel.

"Who is she?" exclaimed Nedelca. "Oh, mother, you are good, you are always good."

Then her mother said, "She is my foster-sister, of whom you have never heard me speak." Then clasping her daughter in her arms she told her the whole of the story, not without difficulty and frequent interruptions.

When she had finished Nedelca said, "And now, mother, what is to happen?"

"Child, do you need to ask? My old Lill has come again to be my sister now and for ever."

CHAPTER VIII.

DICK GRANT AGAIN.

THEY buried the artist in the English cemetery. Lady Sidney welcomed Lill back to her old place, but she was too crushed with sorrow and weakness to take much part in their life. By degrees they heard the whole story of Lill's married life. There had been some happy years, spent in the midst of love and art. But when her husband could no longer paint owing to the failure of his eyesight, they kept the household together for some time by selling his paintings. But at last this resource failed them, and worn out and broken, they had come to Rome, where Lill sought to earn a livelihood as an artist's model. She shrank from this for a long time; but at last, when they were on the verge of being turned out of their miserable lodgings for the want of ten lire, she had reluctantly and with much shamefacedness consented to take her stand on the *Scala di Spagni*. The regular models looked at her askance, nor did any one propose to hire her, until the man came whose insolence had led to Nedelca's interference. The story as she told it filled Lady Sidney's heart with a new sense of the miseries of poverty, especially the friendless poverty of women in great cities.

Nedelca had never told her mother of the part she had played in the encounter, but it came out in the course of Lill's story. Lady Sidney said nothing at the time, but that night, when Nedelca came to bid her good-night, she said, "My daughter, I am proud of you!"

"Why, mother?" said Nedelca.

"For the use you made of the riding-whip you gave me. That was a good deed well done."

Nedelca answered, "She was so helpless, mother, and so ill, and there was no one there but myself, I could not have done anything else."

That night, before Lady Sidney slept, her mind kept working a long time on the words of her daughter. Lill's was but one instance among thousands of girls educated as ladies suddenly reduced to crave the privilege of a livelihood of those who regarded their poverty as their opportunity. She could not help connecting the story of Lill with the fate of some of the victims of the Emancipator. Such failures precipitated into positions like that from which Nedelca had rescued Lill, hundreds, sometimes thousands, of women who would struggle helplessly and be washed down into the great abyss. Nedelca's words, "There was no one else there, and how could I help doing it?" seemed to ring as a direct, although unintentional,

reflection upon her own reluctance to draw the sword of St. George and go forth against the dragon of our time.

Meanwhile, life went on much as usual in visits to churches, ruins, and in riding excursions into the country. One day, Lady Sidney and Nedelca went into the splendid church of the Gesù, attracted by the beauty of the music, which is so very different both in compass and in volume from the stray notes of song that are lost in the bare expanse of St. Peter's. After the service was over, the two ladies went like every one else to the tomb of Ignatius Loyola. They found a small knot of Englishmen standing before the groups of sculpture on either side of the altar. Among them Lady Sidney was surprised to see Lord Studley, a young peer whom she had met in London. After a few words of greeting, Lord Studley volunteered to see the ladies to their hotel.

"Grant," said he to his companion, who was no other than Dick Grant, who had come with him as tutor to Rome, "I shall rejoin you in the Pincian Gardens at five."

Dick slightly bowed, and continued the conversation, in which he seemed absorbed, with an older man who was talking with somewhat of a Scotch accent about the founder of the Society of Jesus.

"I never liked Loyola," said Dick, "nor St. Dominic. St. Francis was much more the kind of saint one could love."

"Oh, but Loyola," said the stranger, whose name was Sterling, "was a great man—one of the greatest of modern men. He was the Napoleon of Catholicism, saving the Church as the Corsican saved France."

"Humph," said Dick, "I don't think much of that kind of salvation. The Church is like the Invalides, the splendid tomb of a splendid failure."

"All human things are failures," said Sterling, dogmatically. "*Humanum est errare*. What is that but to say that all men always fail?"

"Surely no," said Dick. "Some men completely succeed."

"Only when their object is extremely limited. You can completely succeed in filling a pig-trough with swill. You are certain to fail if you try to rebuild the City of God."

"Then," replied Grant, "had we not better limit our objective and succeed within a practicable range, rather than court failure by attempting too much?"

"No," said Sterling, "certainly not. Failure is a fool of a word. Loyola failed to achieve the tasks represented by these sculptured groups. He neither destroyed Paganism nor did he extirpate heresy. But he succeeded in doing more towards both than any other man of his time. Would to God," he added, "that we could have a new Loyola!"

"Why," said Dick, "is not Cecil Rhodes enough of a Loyola to serve your turn?"

"By no means. He is a Jesuit of the Empire, no doubt, who could found a great Society of Jesus, minus Jesus; but we want a Loyola in other spheres to launch the thunderbolts of destruction against pauperism and prostitution, against intemperance and slavery."

"It may be," said the younger man, moving away. "But if we must have a new saint, I would prefer St. Dominic, and I would limit his objective."

"To the burning of heretics?"

"No; to the merciless extirpation of dishonesty. That seems to me the supreme heresy of a commercial age."

Dick spoke with some bitterness. His companion, not knowing what it was that gave the edge to his tone, said: "In that case you must look for your saint, not in the churches, but in the press."

"Look for him, yes!" retorted Dick. "But find him, no!"

"I don't know," said Sterling. "I think Jackson, of the *Investors' Review*, might make a very fair financial St. Dominic if he had a free hand and a fair field."

"Saints don't want for fair fields," said Dick. "They usually prove their sainthood in Augean stables and pagan amphitheatres; and as for a free hand——!"

"Come! come!" said Sterling, "you are a tyro who is evidently ignorant of the first principles of English journalism, especially of the journalism that concerns itself with City articles. This church is chilly. You have to meet your friend in the Pincian?"

"Yes," said Grant, "we had better be moving. Did you see who carried him off? I was so busy discussing Loyola I did not notice."

"A couple of ladies," replied the other. "Mother and daughter, I should think. Old acquaintances of his, it seemed."

So saying they left the church and turned their faces to the Porto del Popolo. As they were going down the Corso they came upon the Professor, who was hurrying homeward.

"Dear me, Glogoul," said Sterling, "and you are in Rome? This is a surprise. I should have thought the neighbourhood of the Vatican was the very last place in which to find so uncompromising a devotee of modern science."

"Italy," said the Professor, "is the land of Lombroso and Mantegazza, as well as of Leo XIII. and Hildebrand. But who is our friend here?" he added in undertone, referring to Dick, who had fallen a few steps behind, and was looking in at a shop window.

"Really I hardly know," said Sterling. "I met him by chance when in the Colosseum the other day—my favourite haunt. He is doing tutor to Lord Studley. His name is Grant. A bright young fellow too, in his way. I have my eye on him for the staff of my new paper."

"Grant? Grant?" said the Professor. "I heard something about him the other day, and something very much to his credit. Oh yes! he was the young fellow who had to mortgage his life to pay the Emancipator interest to investors in his father's congregation."

"Oh, indeed," said Sterling, "that explains. But let me introduce you—Professor Glogoul, Mr. Grant. Mr. Grant, Professor Glogoul is an old friend of mine. An American scientist who will yet eclipse the fame of Lombroso and Pasteur."

"Glad to see you, sir," said the Professor, "and I hope that you are dedicating your life to something more profitable than archæology, either architectural or theological."

"I'm afraid," said Dick, "that I'm dedicating my life to the prosaic task of getting a living, and making a little money. I am not free to choose my vocation."

"If you were," said Sterling, glancing at Grant under his bushy eyebrows, "what would you be?"

"Public Prosecutor, I think," said Dick, "under the Bankruptcy Act, or anything that would help me to punish the scoundrels who rob and steal and swindle under the cover of business."

"Humph!" said Sterling. "I think you'd find a newspaper suit you best," he added with a laugh. "Glogoul will think it's a case of nothing like leather. But there is your friend."

Dick and Lord Studley had hardly disappeared when Nedelca came up. "Who is that young man?" she said to the Professor. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"No," said he; "but he is a pleasant young man, all the same. Would you like to know him?"

"I would not object," she said; "I somehow think I have seen him before."

"Possibly," said the Professor. "But I was seeking you, not to talk about young men—I wanted to ask whether you have been to the Colosseum."

She said that she had ridden past it many a time, but that somehow the opportunity had not occurred for making the moonlight visit which she had anticipated so long.

"Well," said the Professor, "I think it is about time that you went. The moon is full, and if your mother likes I shall be delighted to take you to the greatest advertisement board that was ever erected upon this planet."

"What do you mean, Professor?" said Nedelca.

"Well," said he, gazing down into the grave young face which was looking up into his, "well, I guess that is about right. The Colosseum, I take it, is the ruins of God Almighty's advertisement stand, which was built, I always say, expressly to advertise the Christian religion into existence. There would have been no Christendom but for that advertisement."

"Now, Professor," said Nedelca, "do be serious and talk soberly."

"I am speaking the words of truth and soberness," replied he. "The Colosseum was built by the Jews whom Titus brought over from Jerusalem, in order to allow the Christian religion a fair show."

"You funny man!" said Nedelca. "Was it allowing Christianity a fair show to throw the poor Christians to the lions, to be torn to pieces before a yelling multitude?"

"What fairer show could you want?" said the Professor quizzically. "Believe me when I tell you that Paul might have planted and Apollos watered; but if it had not been for that advertisement—a bigger thing," he said meditatively, "than Phineas P. Barnum ever invented—it would have been a bad hour for Christianity."

"I give you up!" exclaimed Nedelca. "Either I am too dull for anything, or you are mad!"

"Well, then," said the Professor, "I see I must take compassion upon you and teach you as if you were a school miss, and I your teacher. Now ask yourself, what was it that the world needed most to be convinced of when Christianity was born? and what was the world? The world for practical purposes consisted of the Roman Empire. To convince the world that a new Divine truth had come into existence it was necessary to bring it before the world, and to bring it before the world was to bring it before the Emperor, the senators, the generals, the proconsuls, and all the bosses of the Roman caucus who ran the Imperial machine. You could only get these here in Rome; therefore the first essential was that you should get your advertisement stand erected in Rome."

"Well?" said Nedelca, for the Professor had paused to take breath.

"Well," said he, "now that we have settled the place of the advertisement stand and its dimensions, we have next to consider what was the nature of the advertisement. Do you imagine that it was the preaching of Paul, or the apostolic mission of Peter, or the ethics of the Gospel which converted pagan Rome, wallowing in crime and blood and vice, as the hog wallows in the filth of his sty? All these things might have been, and would have produced as much impression upon Roman society as a tract upon a Bengal tiger. No! what converted Rome was the advertisement, constantly repeated with infinite variations, of the capacity of Christianity to work a miracle which had never been known before."

"What was that?" said Nedelca.

"You know the story of the man who said he had invented a bullet-proof armour, and came to the Duke of Wellington with his invention. It is an old story, but it shows what I mean. 'You say it will resist bullets at short range?' said the Duke. 'Certainly,' said the inventor. The Duke rang

a bell. When the orderly appeared he said, 'Order two soldiers from the guard-room, and tell them to load with ball cartridge. Now put your armour on, and we will have it tested,' he said, turning to the inventor. He continued his writing, and when the soldiers appeared the inventor was nowhere to be found. I am always reminded of the story," said the Professor, "when I look at the Colosseum. Christianity claimed to have invented an armour proof against the utmost ingenuity of devilish cruelty. They said that out of weakness it would manufacture strength, and out of cowardice the most undaunted bravery; and that it would so entirely revolutionise the whole nature of man, that not only would it exorcise the fear of death, but it would make him exult in martyrdom as the climax of human felicity. Claims so preposterous would have been scouted if they had not been tested by fact, not once or twice, but constantly, on the greatest stage in the world. Within those ruins which we shall see, softened by the moonlight to-night, the Duke of Wellington's rough practical test was applied. Again and again the masters of the world, first incredulous and then furious, exhausted their utmost resources in trying to disprove this new miracle of Christianity. The new religion did not slink away, but boldly accepted the test. That was the argument without which all the eloquence and zeal and piety of the early Christians would have been wasted. When people talk against *réclame* and advertisement, I often wonder," said the Professor, concluding with a sigh, "I often wonder where Christendom would have been to-day had it not been for that advertisement stand at the Colosseum."

"It is very strange," said Nedelca. "I never thought of it in that way before."

"If any good has to be done in this world you have to advertise, in different circumstances different methods; but it has been the advertisement of martyrdom which has been the saving of the Church. As for sensationalism, I guess my old friend Barnum never came within a thousand miles of the sensationalism of the method by which Christendom was advertised into existence. But go to your mother and ask her about to-night; I am going down to the Museum."

Lady Sidney readily consented to her daughter's request, and listened with much amusement to the Professor's glorification of advertisement. "I suppose there is something in it," she said. "But it seems to me that he rather ignored the difference between advertising yourself and your own wares, and being advertised by suffering through the malice of your enemies."

CHAPTER IX.

JASPER STERLING.

PUNCTUALLY at nine o'clock on the 30th of January, Professor Glogoul knocked at their door, in order to accompany them to the Colosseum. As they drove down the Corso, he said, "There is a beautiful moon to-night, and it is an auspicious day."

"Why auspicious?" asked Nedelca.

"It is the anniversary of the day on which subjects first taught kings that they had a crick in their necks."

After which the ladies and even the irrepressible Professor were silent until they reached the immense ruin which more than anything else symbols forth the immensity and the grandeur of Imperial Rome. Lady Sidney then intrusted Nedelca to the care of the Professor, while she herself sat down on one of the moss-grown stones and gave herself up to musing over memories of the past. It was a lovely night, and the moon, high enough to shine directly upon the arena, threw a flood of silvery light through the eastern arches of the immense building. For

above, stars were faintly seen in the great over-canopying dome. For from where Lady Sidney sat the sky itself appeared to roof in the arena, the whole dome of immensity seeming not inadequately to correspond to the vast mass of the Colosseum. At first Lady Sidney's thoughts were occupied not with the martyrs in the arena, but with the multitudes who crowded the stalls. Theosophists hold that the Romans of the Empire are being incarnated in the present day in the person of Englishmen of this generation. Without going so far, it is certain that no one familiar with the British Empire, and with the workings of the internal administration which stretches out its hands to the uttermost parts of the earth, can fail to have a very lively impression of the difficulties and strength of Imperial Rome. Those men and women in the boxes, seventeen centuries since, differed probably very little, as men and women go, from the brilliant throng of princes and nobles and high-placed officials who crowd our opera on a gala night. The Roman gave peace to Gaul and Dacia, and to distant Britain, and as a relaxation turned with zest to see slaves butchered in sport, and tender women and infants flung as living carrion to the beasts of prey. And now, where were they all? The men who built up the majestic fabric of the Roman Empire, who bequeathed to the world the imperishable heirloom of Roman law, and gave to the race ideals of civic ardour and imperial patriotism? Gone, in most cases so utterly that their very names have perished and their work is forgotten. A great sense of the vanity of all things weighed her down. In a little while she too would be gathered to her people, and the place which knew her now would know her no more for ever. Oppressed by this and other feelings she rose, and crossing the area, looked down upon the vast underground ruins which have now been laid bare by the pick of the excavator.

As she stood there she saw that a third person, whom she did not recognise, had joined Nedelca and Professor Glogoul. They were evidently coming towards her.

"Mrs. Ireton," said the Professor cheerily, "this is my friend Jasper Sterling. Never heard of him? Well, perhaps not. He is well worth knowing all the same, and I am delighted to be the means of making you acquainted. Mrs. Ireton—Jasper Sterling. Jasper Sterling—Mrs. Ireton."

Where Jasper stood the moonlight fell upon his face. He was not tall. He had a soft hat on his head. His eyes, she noticed, even in the moonlight had a strange scintillation which interested and attracted her.

"I am delighted to meet Mrs. Ireton," said Sterling, coming forward. "I have often heard of you from my friend the Professor."

Lady Sidney did not resent his evident intention to remain by her side.

"This is your first visit to the Colosseum?"

"Yes," said Lady Sidney, "my first, and probably my last. The place oppresses me; even the weeds which rustle in the evening breeze seem to whisper: Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

"Really," said Sterling, "I do not see it in that light at all. It seems to me to be the ruin of the most gigantic of all the candlesticks which ever held the light of the world."

"What stories these old stones could tell if they only could speak!" said Lady Sidney.

"If!" said Sterling. "Then you do not seem to be acquainted with psychometry."

"I never heard the word before," said Lady Sidney.

"Psychometry," said Sterling, "is the name given to the fact which has been discovered in comparatively recent years that any object which has been within sight or sound, as it may be called, of any scene is capable of reproducing

to persons gifted with a sensitive sixth sense the scene or scenes which it heard or witnessed in the past."

"Really," said Lady Sidney somewhat incredulously, although her own experience with the crystal checked the scornful derision with which she would previously have treated such an assertion.

"I remember," said he, "a friend of mine had a very old crucifix which being placed on the brow of one of these sensitives caused him to see immediately such an arena as that in which we are standing now. There was a huddled crowd of men and women and children waiting for the doors of the cages to be opened. The roar of the beasts could be heard through the building. He saw a young matron in the arena give this crucifix to one of the keepers, who in return promised to see to it that the infant in her arms should be slain without preliminary torture. As the sensitive was speaking the bars of the cages were withdrawn, and the furious animals rushed upon their prey. Then the keeper who had received the woman's crucifix, took her child and thrust its head into the open jaws of a tiger. The mother thanked him as she died."

"Do you really mean to say that that happened?"

"Certainly, that is what he said he saw," replied Sterling. "I know both the sensitive and the person to whom the cross belonged, and the scene was described exactly as I have given it."

"It is a terrible thought that even the stones have ears, and not ears only, but tongues to speak."

"Yes," said Sterling; "that which is done in the secret chamber will be proclaimed on the housetops, and all secrets will be revealed. The world is but a huge palimpsest written over and over again with photographic and phonographic inscriptions which, when the time comes, will give up what they have seen and heard."

"But that only makes this place the more depressing," said Lady Sidney. "I suppose to your sensitive the whole space between these walls echoed with the cries of the dying or the still more horrible yells of the populace blind to all but blood."

"Yes," said he. "But do you not think that the heroic spectacle of Telemachus the monk more than redeems the memory of these centuries of clotted crime? To me it is a constant inspiration to think of the immense dynamic force which lies latent in one man's heroic act. He died, no doubt, but he would not have succeeded if he had lived. In his death he triumphed. It is the only way," said he simply, "that some things can be done in this world. You have got to get yourself killed; nothing else seems sometimes to convince people." He said this quietly, as if he were stating a truism.

"Come," said Lady Sidney, "in spite of Telemachus I want to go back to the hotel." When they got outside, they found, to their disgust, that their carriages had driven off. It was then late.

"If it is not too much for you," said the Professor, "I think we could not do better than walk home. The moonlight is beautiful, and the city is perfectly safe."

"By all means," said Lady Sidney; and taking the proffered arm of Jasper, they walked away from what seemed in the moonlight a spectral skeleton of a dead empire.

"I sometimes wish," said Lady Sidney, as they passed the Arch of Titus and went towards the Forum, "I sometimes wish that I had been born in an age when such heroism was possible. There were heroes in the world in those days; but it now it seems as if we were but a pigmy breed."

"I do not agree with you," said Sterling quickly, as if under his breath. They walked on in silence a little way. The moon was flooding the Forum with silver. They had

paused for a time to admire the scene, resplendent as it was in natural beauty, and far more wonderful for the memories which clustered thick about its crumbling stones.

"Would that I had been born then," sighed Lady Sidney, "when heroism was not a by-word, and patriotism was a reality, and when from this mystic centre the principle of justice went forth to the uttermost isles of the seas."

"I think you are quite wrong," said Sterling, laconically. He was often abrupt. Lady Sidney looked at him curiously.

"Wrong in what?" she said.

"Wrong," said he—"wrong in perspective, wrong in fact, wrong with a wrongness that cannot be described. Wrong in perspective, for instance. You, who are English, and a woman who lives at the dawn of woman's emancipation, to go back to the beggarly elements of ancient Rome, where the very idea of woman's citizenship was unknown, and where even the republic was a selfish oligarchy maintained by terrorism and supported by war. That is bad enough. But you, who come, I suppose, from London, you who live in the heart of an empire compared with which all the vast dominion of Rome was but a province——" He stopped. "I am afraid I have no patience to talk to those who are blind to their own inheritance, and we had better change the subject."

"By no means," said Lady Sidney. "It interests me to find some one who believes in England as the men who built the Capitol believed in Rome. But of old there was some scope for individuality. The hero stood out from among his fellows and lived his life and did his deeds, and made his mark upon the world. Nowadays in the dead level of democracy what chance is there for any one to make his mark in the world? or to influence to any appreciable extent the lives of the teeming millions around him?"

"Madam," said Sterling, "you amaze me. I do not think that there ever was a time since civilisation began that men's minds were more subject to the impact of new ideas than in England at this present moment. The old civilisation of which you speak with regret was stereotyped and fossil. In the English-speaking nations everything is in the crucible—laws, manners, customs, everything; and yet you speak as if there were nothing to be done."

"Well, but what could be done? Take my own case for instance. I am anxious to do something to serve my generation; I have not genius, but I have a certain position, and I have more money than I know what to do with."

Sterling looked at her, and then said, "Say that again!"

Lady Sidney rather resented his brusque manner, but she repeated that she was anxious to do some good to her fellow-men, and that she had more money than she knew what to do with.

Sterling's manner changed. "Tell me; you say you have more money than you know what to do with. Will you pardon me asking you a very straight question? If you saw a clear chance of doing good and realising your aspirations, could you afford to throw a million of money into the sea?"

"I don't exactly see the use of throwing a million of money into the sea, but if the cause were worthy of it, I should not miss the money much."

"And you," he said with unutterable scorn in his voice, "an Englishwoman, who could afford to throw a million of money into the sea to realise your ambition and to do good to your fellow-men, you sit here groaning over these miserable Romans, while you have in your hand a potential sceptre which would make you queen of a world immeasurably vaster than the Roman imagination ever conceived! Yes; queen of a realm that is not as yet bodied forth into material existence, but which might be if your faith were

equal to your wealth. The English-speaking world, once unified by a common faith and inspired by a common ideal, would form a realm the like of which has never yet been seen on land or sea. What woman in ancient times had such a chance? Zenobia, queen of the desert city, among the most pathetic of all crowned heroines of history, who was brought captive to this very city by the Roman conqueror, was but as a May queen of a village green compared with the grandeur of the rôle which you might play, and yet——" He broke off abruptly. "It is sickening to see such a sublime opportunity passing away."

"Well," she said, humouring him, "what would you do in my place?"

"I would do what I believe the Apostle Paul would have done if he had lived in our generation."

"What is that? Found a church, I suppose?" said Lady Sidney, shrugging her shoulders.

"No," said he, "the day for that has gone by. He would have found a newspaper."

"Yes," said she, with a sigh, "being a journalist you think journalism is everything."

"There is nothing like journalism. There is no more powerful means of influencing the minds of men."

"You might be right if I were the Apostle Paul and had a faith to preach as he had."

"And have you no faith to preach?" said Sterling, stopping and looking her full in the face.

"Well, I have a kind of faith, I suppose."

"Then, madam, preach that."

"But," said she, "supposing it is a very meagre faith?"

"I don't care," said Sterling; "preach it."

"But supposing," she said, "for instance, it was no more than that two and two make four?"

"Well," said he, "that would be a rather narrow basis on which to found a newspaper, but it would be an admirable gospel for its city editor. In fact," he added, "it seems to be the gospel which the present generation most needs. The chief end of man has long since been recognised by most men to be ten per cent. In their pursuit of this people forget their arithmetic, and, by some honest press or other, imagine that two and two either make more or less than four. A paper whose city editor applied this maxim inexorably to every department of the Stock Exchange and the money market would work a beneficent revolution."

"But a paper cannot be all city article," said Lady Sidney lightly.

"No," said he, "and if it were it would be no more. What you want is to get the doctrine that two and two make four into the head of the general public—of the investor and of the thrifty working man who puts all his savings into a rotten friendly society, or the poor widow who trusts her all in such a swindle as the Emancipator. Don't tell me it is odd that we should be talking like this. It is not so. This reminds me of what Grant was saying the very day." They were standing on the steps and looking down on the moonlit ruins of the Forum. Sterling, however, did not seem to see anything; he was evidently lost in thought. Lady Sidney, looking round, saw that Nedelca and Nedelca coming up from below, and clearly heard their voices.

"But, Professor," Nedelca was saying, "if a new truth came into the world now, do you think there would be need of another Colosseum to advertise it into existence?"

Then she heard the Professor say, "Oh, no. Colosseums were necessary before the printing press; nowadays if anyone has a new truth to teach there is only one advertising medium worth anything."

"What is that?" asked Nedelca.



THEY WERE LOOKING DOWN ON THE MOONLIT RUINS OF THE FORUM.

"The newspaper," said the Professor. "It is the camera obscura of the world."

Jasper Sterling had come to the end of his reflections. "I may as well tell you I am going to start a newspaper myself," he said. "It fits in in every way with your gospel that two and two make four."

"Do you mean," said Lady Sidney, "that you could start the paper with the million you wished me to throw into the sea?"

"Madam," said he gravely, "I had no such thought; and if I had, I certainly should not ask you to be my proprietor."

"Why?" said Lady Sidney, somewhat piqued at his tone.

He laughed as he said, "You have far too keen a hold on life to hanker after the martyr's crown!"

CHAPTER X.

GIDEON'S FLEECE.

WHEN Lady Sidney and Nedelca found themselves in the hotel they were both silent for some time. Each was too full of her own thoughts to care to break upon the other's reserve. But as they went to their rooms Nedelca said, "Mother, can a person be a saint without being a martyr?"

"Why, child?" said her mother, smiling.

"Because," said the girl, "it flashed upon me all of a sudden, when I was in the Colosseum to-night, that while I was urging you to become the new St. George I might be handing you over to a terrible death."

Nedelca's eyes filled with tears as she looked up into her mother's face with that wistful, fawn-like look which sometimes comes into the eyes of young girls when they are moved. Lady Sidney kissed her daughter, and said, "Well, dear, that might be all the better; but as Mr. Sterling told me to-night, I am as unworthy of the crown of the martyr as I am of the title of saint."

"Did he say that?" asked Nedelca.

"Well, not exactly," said her mother.

"For if he did I would never speak to him again. What does he know about you, the insolent creature, to say such a thing about my mother? I am sure if there is one person in the whole world who would not mind being martyred it is you; and it is just that which makes me so frightened about what I have said. I don't want you to be martyred, indeed I don't."

"Come, come, Nedelca," said her mother; "it is time that you were asleep."

The next day at breakfast Nedelca said to her mother, "Have you got any further clue to the mystery of the crystal?"

"Yes," said Lady Sidney, "it is becoming clearer to me. It is strange how the course of events seems to be just like what one sees in the crystal. First of all there is a mist, and you don't see how things are going to happen, and in which way they will turn. Then it clears, and you see quite straight before you what you are going to do."

"And do you see what you are going to do, mother?" said the girl.

"Not quite clearly yet," said Lady Sidney. "There is some mist still hanging about, but I am beginning to see."

"And you are really going to be St. George?"

"I think, God helping me," she said softly, "that I will try."

Nedelca went round to her mother's side and kissed her enthusiastically. "That is my own dear mother, who is a thousand times better than the old St. George was. And I shall be your little page. Tell me, will you not let me be your little page?"

"Certainly, child," said her mother. "But you seem to have got over your fright about martyrdom."

"I thought it over for a long time last night," said Nedelca, "and I came to the conclusion that after all it was worth while being martyred—that is, being martyred after you have killed the dragon, for it would be no fun to be martyred before."

Lady Sidney smiled at her daughter's quaint way of expressing herself, and turned the conversation in another direction.

That morning Nedelca met the Professor. "Professor," she said, "what do you know about Mr. Sterling?"

"Oh," said the Professor enthusiastically, "I have known him since he was a boy, and he has always been the same, only the older he grows the younger he becomes."

"Tell me: is he nice?"

"Well," said the Professor, looking at her with a smile, "it depends upon your taste. He is I should say just a little mad—not too mad, you know, but

just enough to keep his friends in a perpetual state of anxiety as to what he is going to do next. He is always breaking out in a new place, and he is often a greater affliction to his friends than to his foes. He has an absurd inverted notion of charity which, according to him, seems to consist in doing good turns to his enemies. But he seems to keep the balance even by doing bad turns to his friends when he thinks that they need the discipline of adversity."

"What is he?" said the girl.

"Journalist—journalist to his finger-tips. The instinct in him is so strong, that I am sure if he ever gets to the other side he will come back as a ghost to tell the world 'The Truth about the Other World.' He would be simply bursting to communicate his discoveries."

"Has he a newspaper?"

"Not yet. He has had one, and is now full of a great



"PROFESSOR, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MR. STERLING?"

scheme of his own, of which I was hoping he would have told your mother last night. But it seems he did not say anything about it."

"Then, on the whole, you think he is nice?" said Nedelca.

"Well, nice," said the Professor, "but harum-scarum. Any one who wishes for a quiet life had better give him a wide berth."

At lunch Nedelca told her mother what the Professor had said about Sterling. "Yes," said Lady Sidney, "I think he knows that himself—at least, judging from the bitter remark he made about the martyr's crown."

"I should very much like to hear what he is really going to do," said Nedelca. "He must almost be like a transformation scene in the pantomime!"

"For shame, Nedelca! You would not talk like that if you had met him! I don't think I have ever met any one who spoke to me with such frank severity. Indeed, at times he was almost brutal!"

"Wretch!" said Nedelca; "I thought his voice sounded somewhat jarring among the ruins."

"No," said her mother, "I think on the whole he was right."

That afternoon the servant said that a gentleman wished to see Mrs. Ireton. "Did he send up his card?" said Lady Sidney.

"No, signora, the gentleman has not got his cards, but he scribbled his name on a piece of paper," which she produced rather shamefacedly. Lady Sidney read it. "Dear me," she said to Nedelca, "it is Mr. Sterling," and turning to the servant she told her to show him up.

When Jasper Sterling entered he shook hands cordially with Lady Sidney and her daughter, and then sitting down plunged at once *in medias res*.

"You must have thought me rather abrupt last night, and indeed I was rude to speak as I did to a lady whom I had never seen before; so I have just called round to apologise, and to ask you whether you are serious in what you said to me."

"I did not think you rude," said Lady Sidney gently; "it is seldom a man says to a woman exactly what he thinks."

"I always try to," said Jasper, "and I am glad you don't dislike it. Tell me, would you like to hear about my scheme?"

"I should like it above all things," said Lady Sidney.

"And so should I," said Nedelca, "if I may stay."

Jasper cast a sudden glance at the child under his shaggy eyebrows and said, "By all means, if it would not bore you."

Nedelca drew up her chair to her mother's side, and Sterling began to explain his scheme. "I am going to start a daily paper in London. I have no capital, and, what is more, I am not going to be beholden to any one by asking for it. I was afraid that you would think I was fishing for your millions when I was talking to you last night."

"I was not under any such illusion," said Lady Sidney.

"Thanks," said Sterling. "I do not want to start the paper unless it is my duty; and I regard the supplying of the needed funds as a sign of His will."

"Then you believe in signs and wonders?" said Lady Sidney.

Sterling glanced at her somewhat scornfully, and asked, "Do you know the story of Gideon's fleece?"

"You mean the novel?"

"No," replied he, "I mean the story in the Bible. But as you do not seem to know it, I will tell it to you. Gideon was suddenly warned by an angel of the Lord to lead the children of Israel against the Midianites. This was a large order, and Gideon was very dubious about taking it in hand. He had no experience as a leader; the Midianites were as

the sea-sand for multitude, and it seemed sheer madness to attempt any such enterprise unless God willed it. The question was, did God will it, or did He not?"

"Gideon being a level-headed practical man, devised a rough test. So Gideon said unto God, 'If thou wilt save Israel by my hand, as thou hast said, behold I will put a fleece of wool upon the floor, and if the dew be on the fleece only, and it be dry on the earth beside, then shall I know that thou wilt save Israel by my hand.'"

"And was it so?" asked Nedelca, who was not as familiar with the history of the Judges of Israel as she ought to have been.

"It is written," said Sterling, "that it was so. 'For he rose up in the morning and thrust the fleece together, and wrung the dew out of the fleece—a bowlful of water.' I



JASPER STERLING.

am just in the same position as Gideon was. I have placed my fleece upon the threshing floor, and am waiting to see if there will be any dew on it."

"What do you mean by dew on your fleece?" asked Lady Sidney.

"I used to say," said he lightly, "that I would be content with nothing less than a quarter of a million of money stumped down on the table without my asking for it. But I have given that up long ago. It would be too easy."

"What do you want now?" asked Nedelca.

"I want 100,000 persons who will be willing to pay a year's subscription in advance for the paper which I hope to found."

"And you would do it if you get them?"

"Yes," said he, "100,000 prepaid subscriptions for one year for a paper which is not to be in existence for nine months, that would be as marvellous a sign as the dew on Gideon's fleece."

"Do you think," said Lady Sidney, "that the dew will fall?"

"That depends upon whether or not I am wanted to start the paper. If I am, I shall be willing; if not I shall not be grieved, for the hosts of Midian are strong, and my strength is but small."

"What kind of a paper do you propose to establish?"

"A penny morning daily paper. I edited a halfpenny paper for years, but there is no scope for side-shows on a halfpenny paper, and a paper without side-shows is nothing."

"What do you mean by side-shows?" said Nedelca.

"Oh, I mean everything that a newspaper does in addition to the mere collecting of news and advertisements and printing them on a sheet of paper. That kind of paper I would not go across the street to edit, no, not if my fabled old lady with her £250,000 were to arrive by the next mail."

At that moment Professor Glogoul, hearing that his friend was with Mrs. Ireton, entered and sat down without interrupting the conversation.

"Talking about the paper," said Sterling in explanation: "Mrs. Ireton wanted to know about it, and I am telling her."

"Have you told her," said the Professor, "of the new departure which you are going to make in the shape of the paper?"

"No," said Sterling, "I have not told her anything."

"You will be interested, madam," said Glogoul, "in hearing about this. You know in my country the papers are growing bigger and bigger, until their dimensions

will soon have to be reckoned by the acre. The rage of adding page to page and column to column has resulted in the production every morning, and especially Sunday mornings, of as much reading as there is in a family Bible in quantity. It is inferior in quality."

"My idea," said Sterling, breaking in upon the Professor's talk, "is that the day of the blanket paper is over. I am going to produce a paper which will be the size of a magazine. Hitherto insuperable difficulties have stood in the way of the production of such a journal. These difficulties have been surmounted by a friend of mine, and my daily paper is to be this shape." As he spoke, he produced what seemed to be a crown quarto pamphlet, 10 inches by 7 inches, with clean cut edges, pasted neatly and firmly down the centre. When he produced it Lady Sidney gazed at it curiously, for there she saw for the first time the exact shape of the publication, which looked half pamphlet, half magazine, as she had seen it in the gipsy's crystal.

"There," said he, "that is the shape of the paper of the future. It is manageable, readable, and handy. You need not spill the salt when you unfold it at the breakfast table, or put out your neighbours' eyes on opening it in the train or omnibus. When you get out of the train it is easily put into the pocket, and if you wish to file it for reference it is bound as easily as a magazine."

"Are you sure it can be done?" asked Lady Sidney.

"Sure?" said Professor Glogoul. "Oh, you have never seen the Feister machine, or you would not ask that question. Wonderful machine that—can do anything but talk. It is a nice handy machine, which you feed with white paper at one end and receive forty-paged pamphlets, neatly pasted, cut, and printed, at the other, as quick as you can say Jack Robinson."

"I like the shape," said Lady Sidney, handling the dummy copy which Sterling had brought—"I like the shape. It is novel and convenient for the reader; but will you have space enough?"

"Yes and no," said Sterling. "There will be space for everything that ought to go into it, but there will not be space for everything that I should like to put into it. But that is so with every paper under heaven. Even with the family Bible blanket papers there is always matter left out which the sub-editor wishes to get in. It sometimes really seems that the more space you have the less room there is."

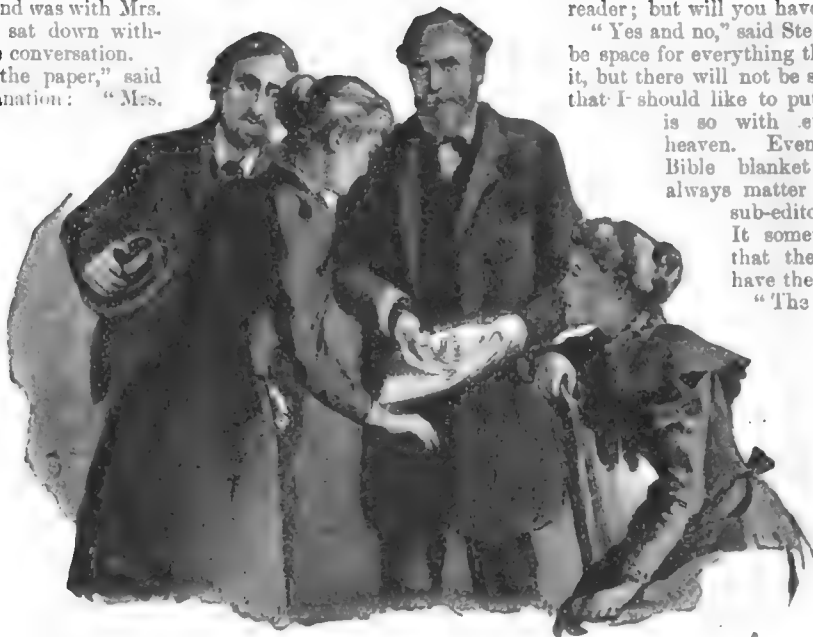
"The shape is all right," said Lady Sidney, "but what about the contents?"

"The first thing," said Sterling brightly, "is that the paper must be interesting, otherwise it is fit for nothing excepting to be thrown into the waste-paper basket. The first indispensable desideratum of anything pub-

lished to be read is that it must be readable. If any copy is not readable, that is, if it is dull, heavy, and unattractive, it will have no place in my paper."

"But interesting events," said Nedelca, "do not happen every day."

"You mean the previous twenty-four hours," said Sterling. "I grant it; but my paper will not only be a record of the previous twenty-four hours. An immense majority of people never read anything excepting the newspaper; the consequence is that millions of men have practically no past. Their horizon is limited by yesterday, and of all such men sub-editors are the worst. There is a sentence of Richter's which often recurs to my mind. He said, 'The manhood of to-day would sink to an unfathomably low level if youth did not take its way to the world's market-place through the silent temple of the great times and the men of the ancient world.' What is true of youth is not less true of all men. The memory of the past is the consecration of the present and the prophecy of the future. But the great



"THAT IS THE SHAPE OF THE PAPER OF THE FUTURE."

names which stir the heart of the scholar like the blast of a trumpet—Thermopylæ, Marathon, Salamis—to mention only three in the history of one small state, they are empty words, without meaning, to the majority of men. If their significance is to be made a living and vivifying force for the mass of men, it must be through the newspapers."

"I agree," said Lady Sidney; "but how could it be done?"

"It is very simple," said Sterling. "When news is slack, and there is nothing particular going on, I shall publish, as if it were special correspondence from the seat of war, the news of great campaigns in the past, or report some famous trial which broadened the range of religious liberty or civil freedom. To the majority of readers the campaigns of Hannibal are as much news as was the correspondence from the Franco-German war; and the trials of Servetus or of Laud contain matter that is quite as new to most of our readers as the latest development of a sensational divorce case in the law courts."

"Then," said Lady Sidney, "would you apply that principle all round?"

"What do you mean?" said he.

"I was thinking of Christianity and its origin," she replied.

"Certainly," said Sterling. "When I publish my paper for Sunday reading I shall print the life of our Lord in the shape of special correspondent's letters written to Rome from the court of Herod. The tendency of newspaperdom is to obscure everything excepting the events of the immediate yesterday. But history, literature, and religion are not events of yesterday. Therefore they are for the most part closed books to the majority of men."

"You see," said the Professor, "what he proposes is not so much a newspaper, but a new paper which will look after the affairs of the human race just as the Popes used to do."

"You are not far wrong, Glogoul," said Sterling. "The fundamental idea at the back of my mind is much more like a church in the old extended sense of the words than of a newspaper in the sense of a sheet which limits itself to a printed record of the doings of yesterday. I carry that principle so far that I shall supply in every issue what may be regarded as the journalistic counterpart to the Morning Service of the Church."

"Really," said Nedelca, "that is interesting; but how could you do it?"

"You can do anything," said Sterling positively, "you can do anything you like as long as you make it interesting, and to the majority of men that means being *à propos* and on the nail. The disadvantage of the church morning service is that it goes on day after day, year in and year out, without any special adaptation to the needs or the circumstances of the people. Hence it is perfectly possible to have a penitential prayer on a day of public rejoicing, or a jubilant psalm when the nation is bowed with grief. If you want to have family prayers up to date they ought to be edited from day to day to suit the circumstances of the time. Then you must have a much wider range. The heirs of all the ages are also the inheritors of the wisdom in the sacred books of all religions, the writings of all philosophers, and the poetry of all nations. One page in every forty will be set apart for this cultivation of the ideal, this appeal to the higher soul that is in every man. Each day will have its collect, its psalm, and its poem, and it will not by any means be the least popular part of the journal."

"You are quite right, Jasper," said the Professor. "But Sterling is not only going to have his morning service, he is also going to establish his confessional and his pilgrimages, an inquisition and a pillory. The only things he is not going to have are the dungeon and the stake; all the other notions of the Catholic Church he is going to appropriate bodily."

"Do be serious sometimes, Professor," said Sterling, frowning slightly. "All that he means is, that I want to make the paper a universal encyclopædia of information and an Enquire Within about Everything. The newspaper editor ought to be a kind of incarnate encyclopædia of information concerning everything and everybody. No department of the new paper ought to be more carefully organised than that which deals with cases of conscience, and which undertakes to direct the wanderer either in the paths of knowledge or in matters of conduct."

"You spoke of men," said Lady Sidney. "Is the staff of your paper to be confined, like the clergy, to one sex?"

"No," said he, "I hate one-sexed staffs. But I shall never appoint a man to a single position on the paper, from the highest to the lowest, until I have satisfied myself that I cannot get a woman to do the work."

"Do you call that equality?" said the Professor.

"I call it an attempt to keep the balance even. On every paper in the country no woman is appointed if a man can be found to do the work. I simply reverse the rule, and give the woman the first chance."

"How far do you think you will be able to find capable women?"

"It is difficult to say," he answered dubiously. "The paper can be composed from first to last by women; there will be women clerks in the counting-rooms; women make excellent advertising agents; they are useful for interviewing and reporting, they are admirable indexers, and there are one or two women who are capable of taking an editorship. At present they are very few, but they will train on no doubt. One little thing I am going to do which will probably surprise people. All my newspaper carts will be driven by women. Women drive in the park; there is no reason why they should not drive in the City. Many women have a passion for horses, and there is no reason to believe that this passion is confined to the classes; it is probably just as strong in the masses. A lady driver smartly got up in a fine turn-out will add to the picturesqueness of street life, besides opening up another field for capable young women."

"I approve of that," said Nedelca. "Do you think that I might drive one of Mr. Sterling's carts now and then, mother?"

"We shall see," said Lady Sidney.

"But you have not told Mrs. Ireton what you are going to do in the financial part of the paper," said the Professor.

"That is where I thought you might be useful, if you cared to be," said Sterling. "I do not bother about money. As long as there is a balance at the bank on the right side the rest is immaterial. I had not thought of going beyond getting a thoroughly trustworthy city editor, and letting him do what he could. But one of your remarks last night led me to think that my idea of a paper might be hitched on to your idea of the gospel that two and two make four."

"In what way?"

"I will start my paper, that is if I get the dew on my fleece. But if I could arrange with you to make the financial question a very important feature of it, it might do good."

"How?" said Lady Sidney.

"Suppose," said he, "we discarded the ordinary City intelligence, and employed a thoroughly competent and fearlessly upright staff, whose special duty it will be to prick all bubbles, to burst up all shams, and to expose all frauds, and generally to show up the sharks and hypocrites who are attempting to snare the unwary investor."

Nedelca clapped her hands and said, "Oh! mother, is that not splendid?"

Lady Sidney said nothing, and Sterling continued: "Every reader of the paper ought to have an opportunity of

obtaining a perfectly independent opinion as to the value of the security which he holds. No pains should be spared to ascertain the truth about all societies, companies, and institutions which appeal to the public for subscriptions, and when information is withheld and the balance-sheets are purposely muddled to keep the investor in the dark, the names of the offending companies should be pilloried in a black list, to which every reader of the paper should have access. I think it would be possible," he said, "if such a paper were properly financed, to strike terror into the hearts of the fraudulent company promoters and stock-jobbers, who, either in the cause of philanthropy or otherwise, make their fortunes by robbing their neighbours."

Professor Glogoul looked upon Sterling with pride, not unmingled with compassion. "But, my dear fellow, have you calculated what it would cost?"

"A lawsuit a week," said Sterling gravely, "and a lawyer's bill of £10,000 a year to start with. That I think is the least it could be done for. But that £10,000 would save the honest investor millions, and after the first year there would not be much alacrity to try conclusions with our city editor. Now," said he, "I do not want to ask you to do it, but I would only like you to understand that if you are willing to finance that side of the paper and insure the concern against the risk of libel actions, I am willing to try to do the rest."

Nedelca looked wistfully at her mother's face. Lady Sidney was silent. At last she said, "Did you not tell me last night that I was not worthy of the martyr's crown? Wherein does this differ from the position which you said I would be the last person in the world to fill?"

"Dear Mrs. Ireton," said Sterling, "I am sorry if I offended you, but the two things are as far apart as the poles. If you founded the paper you would have a right to control the policy of the paper; you would be held responsible for every line that appeared in the paper, and your life would be made a burden to you. But under the arrangement I propose you would have absolutely no responsibility for the paper, not even for the financial columns. You would only be the underwriter who insured the paper against loss in carrying out your line of policy on one set of subjects, with the details of which you would have nothing to do."

There was silence for a time. Then Lady Sidney said, "I do not want to control you in the conduct of the paper, nor do I in any way wish to interfere with your freedom and responsibility in the details of editorial management; but it seems to me that if I have to finance your financial department I should incur obligations which could not be so easily repudiated as you seem to think. Nor do I believe that finance is the only department of your paper in which I could be helpful. I have seen life on many sides, and I have often thought what a newspaper might do if it really attempted to be, *servus servorum hominum*. I have leisure, money, and some degree of experience in the world and its ways which might not be unuseful in a paper such as you imagine. If I trust you as you suggest, will you allow me to help to the extent of my capacity?"

Sterling looked embarrassed. "In what direction do you think you could help?" he asked. "I may say at once that on no consideration could I consent to tie my hands or come

under any obligation to any human being that would limit my freedom to say from day to day exactly what I thought I ought."

"It will be time enough to raise that question," said Lady Sidney somewhat tartly, "when any one proposes to limit your authority. I accepted your absolute authority in everything as a basis; I only asked you if you would allow me to help you to the utmost of my capacity. I do not do things by halves. Therefore if I finance your financial department, I throw in my lot with your new paper without reserve. I think that if you reflect upon it, I am risking much more than you."

"But, Mrs. Ireton, how do you propose to help me?"

"Well, then, Mr. Sterling," said she, smiling at his exceeding mistrust, "I may as well tell you that I am not Mr. Ireton, but Lady Sidney Nestor, and my daughter is Nedelca Nestor, of Dunstan Lodge, the New Forest. And the way in which I propose to help you would be by taking into my own hands from the first the whole management of what you call the social side-shows of the new paper."

Jasper Sterling and the Professor both started when they heard Lady Sidney's name and rank. The Professor had known Mr. Nestor in the old days when they had studied at Harvard together, and he was genuinely grieved to think that he had been living under the same roof as the widow of his friend without knowing anything of her identity. The name of Lady Sidney had been very familiar to Jasper Sterling for years. On his foreign journalistic missions he had frequently heard of Lady Sidney as the fearless, brilliant, modern woman. He had known princes who had been hopelessly in love with her, and had heard from diplomatists of the extraordinary success with which she had managed the *salon* at her father's embassy. Here was this brilliant and gifted lady offering herself unhesitatingly to manage the whole social side of the new paper. It almost turned him dizzy, and for some moments he could not speak. When Professor Glogoul could only stammer some words of regret, pleasure, and surprise, at discovering the identity of Mrs. Ireton, Nedelca watched Jasper keenly, wondering what was the reason of the strange abstraction which had suddenly come over him. He was struggling with a tide of overflowing emotions, wonder and gratitude being mingled with a certain dread which often comes to a man at the crisis of his fate before he has to take decisive action. At last he spoke.

"Lady Sidney, this is more than I ever dreamed of, and at present I can hardly consider it anything but a dream. I am not worthy," he added, "indeed I am not." So saying, he rose and somewhat abruptly bade Lady Sidney good-bye.

Nedelca followed him to the door, and while the Professor was taking leave of her mother, she said to Sterling, "Are you going to accept mother's offer?"

He looked at the girl with a somewhat troubled air, and then said, "Yes, certainly, if there is dew on my fleece."

Without waiting for another question, he slipped downstairs and was gone. The moment Nedelca was alone with her mother, she embraced her tenderly and said, "And so you are really to be St. George after all!"

"At least," said Lady Sidney, "I think I have found my charger. But the dragon has still to be slain."

PART III.—NINETEEN HUNDRED.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROFESSOR'S RETURN.

In the early summer of 1900, Professor Glogoul, with his wife Irene, arrived at Euston from Liverpool. It was his first visit to England since he had married Irene Vernon at Chicago in the year of the World's Fair. The last six years she had been his constant companion in a series of adventurous excursions through all the wildest parts of South and North America. He had aged somewhat, and Irene had lost something of her girlish youthfulness and her reckless longing for thrills. In the six years that had passed, she had had enough of thrills to satisfy even the most insatiable, in perils by land and water. She had been lost among the Andes, and she had been hunted across the Pampas by Indians thirsting for her blood. Irene and the Professor had seen much of life, but at the same time, owing to their absence from civilisation, they knew singularly little of what had been going on in the meantime.

They were driving down to the Métropole, when they were stopped beside King Charles's monument by a splendid team of dappled greys, driven by a lady from a brake filled with about twenty persons, which went past at a swinging trot. As they passed the Professor gave a sharp whistle, which startled his wife.

"Really, Glogoul, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," she said. "You ought to remember that we are not on the Pampas, or in the Rockies, but in the heart of London."

The Professor, however, did not seem to heed, for he had stretched forward from the hansom, and was staring in the direction of the well-appointed brake, of which he could catch another side glimpse as it turned to the left along the Embankment.

As the driver was making his way to the hotel, he asked the man, "Who is the lady driving? Did you see her?"

"Do you think I am blind, governor!" said the cabman. "Taint difficult to see a carriage and four. A regular clipper, warn't she?"

"Glogoul," said his wife, pulling him by the coat tails, "you are going mad!"

Thus arraigned, Glogoul sat down.

"Did you not see her?" he said to his wife.

"See whom? You seem strangely excited about some woman. What do you mean?" said Irene, pretending to be jealous.

"Why, the driver of that brake. How splendidly she handled the ribbons along! I knew her in a moment—I could have sworn to her among a thousand!"

"Whom do you mean?" said Irene.

"Why, Lady Sidney! She was driving the brake which passed us just now. Heigho!" said the Professor. "It is seven years and more since I left her in Rome. I wonder how she has got on?"

"You seem to think a great deal more about that lady than you do about your own wife," said Irene. "Here we are at the hotel. I wish you would look smart, get the luggage, pay the hansom, and let us get to our rooms. I am dead tired, and much more in need of a bath than information about any Lady Sidney."

The Professor was either too much accustomed to her tantrums, or too much excited by the sudden appearance of Lady Sidney, to reply.

As soon as he had got his wife into her room with her luggage, he descended in the lift and began questioning the concierge.

"Did you see that four-in-hand drive past just now?"

No, the concierge had not seen it; but what was it like?

"It was a long brake, stylishly got up, with a footman in plain livery at the back; there were about twenty people in the brake, I should say, which was driven by a lady. It passed the hotel on its way to the Embankment."

"Oh!" said the man, "I did not see it, but I know the brake; it is one of the carriages of the *Daily Paper*, and Lady Sidney is coming in from one of her rounds."

"The daily paper! What daily paper?" said the Professor.

"Why, *The Daily Paper*," said the man, looking at the Professor with a glance of unmitigated contempt.

The Professor was in no mood to stand the insolence of the British waiter, and answered sharply—

"Don't be a fool, man; I have arrived in London only this moment from Paraguay. I have heard of daily papers before; but never of this one of which you speak."

"There are daily papers and daily papers," said the man, more civilly; "but *The Daily Paper* is the only one that goes by that name. It belongs to a man called Sterling, and Lady Sidney seems to have a great deal to do with it."

"Where are its offices?" asked the Professor.

"On the Embankment, just opposite the Needle."

The Professor waited to ask no more questions, but instantly left the hotel and made his way to the Embankment.

What a transformation had taken place since he had been there seven years ago! The whole place seemed transfigured. It had all the stir and movement of a Parisian boulevard. Decorated kiosks stood at every fifty yards, a band was playing in the garden, and well-dressed crowds sat under the trees and sipped their afternoon tea, listening to the strains of the band. Along the river, at intervals, were moored two or three extremely pretty floating-baths, the roofs of which were laid out as gardens, on which the bathers, after their dip, used to walk. But what impressed him most was the number of electric lights which rose on decorated standards not unlike Venetian masts, so close together that it seemed evident that there was no more brightly lighted place on the world's surface than that which lay between Somerset House and Charing Cross. High over it all towered the huge Emancipator building, with its two towers, from which were flying the American and British flags, while in the centre there had been added a tall stately shaft, recalling the proportions of the Eiffel Tower. The front of the building was gay with the garden of spring, for everywhere there seemed to be plants and flowers. Right across the building, below the cornice immediately under the roof, he read the inscription—

THE DAILY PAPER.

The letters were picked out in various coloured glass which looked like mosaic in daytime, but which, when illuminated after dark, flashed with all the splendour of a stained glass window in a cathedral.

While the Professor was rapidly taking in the transformation that had been wrought since he left London, he was nearly run over by a newspaper cart. He had been standing in the middle of the road, and had been so absorbed in his observations that he had not heard the shrill warning cry of its driver. As the wheel grazed his sleeve he looked up somewhat angrily, and discovered to his astonishment that the driver was a bright young woman of about twenty-five, very plainly but prettily dressed, with a natty jockey cap which she did not discredit, since she was handling the reins like Jehu, the son of Nimshi.

"Better look out," said a policeman; "it was a near squeak that time."

Then it suddenly dawned upon the Professor's mind what Sterling had said in the hotel at Rome when he told Lady Sidney about his scheme. "Strange fellow, Sterling," thought he; "he has got his women drivers after all, and now one of them has very nearly finished me off. That would have been a nice thing indeed; but I had better get on to the pavement."

He crossed the road and stood by the parapet of the Embankment. The tide was high, and the June sun shone brightly upon the water. The river as he remembered it was practically given over to black wherries and steamers. It was now alive with small craft. Three sets of eights were practising, racing almost side by side. But they attracted his attention less than a dozen long boats rowed by mixed crews of lads and lasses, each with a distinctive cap, who were bending to their oars with a will. Very pretty they looked in their light flannels and their various coloured caps, as they made the water fly with their flashing oars. There were several sail boats floating to and fro in the light breeze like white winged butterflies; he had never seen the river so gay and so full of animation. The whole of the Embankment was lined with onlookers sharing his enjoyment of the scene. Presently his attention was attracted by strains of music from the other side of Waterloo Bridge. Looking in that direction, he saw the sounds proceeded from a long graceful barge, that recalled reminiscences of the state barges of Queen Elizabeth's time. The prow was ornate and richly gilded. Under a canopy of Venetian red sat the band, which was discoursing old-fashioned music.

"What, in the name of fortune," said he, "is that?"

"Oh, it is only one of the barges that will take part in the great fête next week."

"What fête?" asked he.

The man who had answered his question stared at him, as if such ignorance was not only inconceivable, but morally wrong.

The Professor noticed his look, and apologised.

"To-day," he said, "I have come from South America."

"Oh," said the other, "that explains it; but look there—how fast she goes! Isn't she a beauty?"

Looking in the direction indicated, the Professor saw a beautifully-modelled electric launch. It had just put off from the Embankment at Cleopatra's Needle.

"What is that?" said the Professor.

"That" said the man—"that is Lady Sidney and her party. I suppose they will be going to inspect the turnout, as it is the last Saturday before the fête."

The Professor would again have asked what fête, if it had not been that his attention had been riveted upon the launch. It was indeed a thing of beauty and of life; graceful as a swan, it seemed almost to fly over the surface of the water. But it was not the launch so much as the occupants that attracted his attention. Lady Sidney he easily discerned; and that must surely be Nedelca. But what a woman she had grown! The third member of the party he did not recognise. He heard the silver music of Nedelca's merry laugh as the boat passed under Hungerford Bridge and disappeared. By this time he thought his wife would be getting impatient, so he hurried back to the hotel.

Irene had, however, recovered her good temper after her bath, and was only mildly inquisitive as to where he had been.

"Do wash and dress for dinner; you look as travel-stained as if you had never had a bath in your life," said she.

An hour afterwards the Professor led Irene down to the dining-room. She was blooming. The six years of travel had given maturity to her beauty. The wilfulness had gone, and in its place had come a certain look of quiet

resolution, which made even the most casual observer feel that she was not a woman to be trifled with.

As luck would have it, they had a very pleasant visit at their table. He was an elderly gentleman, of the game globe-trotter, who in the course of a long lifetime had accumulated a vast fund of gossip, and who had apparently decided that, on the whole, he could not end his days more pleasantly than in London.

"I intended at one time," said their companion, "to have settled in Paris or in Vienna, but neither of these cities is as pleasant as London."

"Really," said Irene, "then it must have changed since I was a girl."

"Since you were a girl, madam!" said he politely; "that cannot be very long; but the change has come about practically in the last three or four years."

"Indeed," said the Professor, "that is very curious. Such changes, if they occur at all, are usually about geologic in the time which they take to get accomplished."

"So it might have been," said their companion; "but even in geology there are cataclysms which expedite the process of nature, and in this case it was Lady Sidney New, the widow of a countryman of yours," said he to the Professor.

"That interests me immensely," replied the Professor.

"Do tell me how it came to pass?"

"Well," said Mr. Pybus, for that was the name of their companion, "it is not exactly clear how it came about; the only thing that is certain is that Lady Sidney did it. Her husband, some eight years ago, was killed by a runaway hansom on the Embankment. Lady Sidney was devoted to his memory, and has never looked at another man since—at least not in that way," he said with a glance at Irene, who appeared absorbed in her soup. "At first she seemed utterly broken down, but in a year's time she came back to London, with her heart set upon commemorating her husband's memory by making the spot where he died the centre of the whole world. And, what is more remarkable still, she has succeeded to a marvel."

"There certainly seemed a great change," said the Professor. "To-day, when I went upon the Embankment, I hardly recognised the place."

"I should think you did not," said Mr. Pybus. "The woman! she stops at nothing, and upon my word she seems to melt before her like icicles. She smiles upon them, and goes ahead, and there she is."

"Was that the lady," said Irene, "whom we saw driving the four-in-hand?"

"What was she like?" said Mr. Pybus.

"A fine woman on the whole. She seemed a good whip," said Irene carelessly.

"It must have been Lady Sidney," said Mr. Pybus; "she has been going one of her rounds. That is one of her mad freaks. Sterling, the *Daily Paper* man, you know, has great ideas about pilgrimages, thought people needed something of the past, and so forth and so on, and so one of his first was to run four-in-hand brakes every day round what he called 'the shrines of London.' It did pretty well, especially as he used to send a first-class young University woman round with the brakes to lecture the pilgrims, as he called them, upon what they saw. But the great success of the scheme dates from the day that Lady Sidney took it in hand. The story goes that she came down to the editor one fine day, and told Sterling that these London pilgrimages were not half as good as they might be; and that he must let her get in to the box."

"Sterling protested, said it would be *infra dig.* and so forth, but Lady Sidney vowed that as noblemen drove four-in-hands every day, rain or shine, it was only fair to let her drive one of the pilgrim brakes once a week. Of course she



A SPLENDID TEAM OF DAPPLED GREYS, DRIVEN BY A LADY FROM A BRAKE FILLED WITH ABOUT TWENTY PERSONS.

had her way—she always has, especially with Sterling—and a great sensation it created when Lady Sidney took the *Daily Paper* brake round London. There is not a better whip in the country, and the way she takes her horses through the crowded streets is a sight to behold. But that was only the beginning of it. Lady Sidney having set the fashion, all her set were keen to try their hands as drivers, and the result is it is not at all uncommon to see a dashing Society woman driving one of Sterling's teams for the fun of the thing."

"How does Lady Sidney find time for driving round London in this fashion?" asked the Professor.

"Find time! Oh, I forgot," said Mr. Pybus; "that is the beauty of it. Her ladyship always contrives to make her right hand serve her left, and she has arranged things so as to get through more work in her driving day than she gets through in the other days of the week. Whether it was in her mind from the beginning, or whether it was suggested by the experiences of her first round, I don't know, but she very soon took it up. The brake leaves the *Daily Paper* office on the Embankment every morning at ten o'clock, calls at the Law Courts and St. Paul's, drives to the Tower and then crosses the Bridge to Southwark—from some ridiculous fancy of Sterling's about Chaucer, Dickens, and some other authors of that kind. From St. Saviour's the route goes to Spurgeon's Tabernacle and round to Lambeth Palace, then over the river to the Abbey and Parliament House; after that they come home. Each brake is accompanied by a charming girl-graduate—they say it is better than any lecture in the classroom. That is Lady Sidney's route. There are other routes on other days, visiting all the centres of interest. The whole thing is so arranged that any one who chooses to take a course of six days' drives will see everything that is to be seen in London, and have every feature of interest lucidly pointed out by a thoroughly competent scholar."

"It is as good as a course of English History at a university, and a great deal more interesting," said Irene. "Glogoul, I hope you will book us two seats in these pilgrim brakes every day next week!"

"We shall see," said the Professor.

"But how does Lady Sidney make it save time?"

"Well, you see," continued Mr. Pybus, "Lady Sidney has a wonderful social position; she is quite a queen in the land. She holds her court and drawing-rooms, where she meets all the leading people in town, whether they are colonists, Americans, or foreigners. Any one who has done any good work is to be seen at Lady Sidney's receptions or at her little dinner parties, invitations to which are most coveted, for no one is ever invited unless he has done something distinguishing him from the ordinary crowd. She has also thrown herself heart and soul into the whole of the social work. It is another of Sterling's fads, and this entails no end of calls and correspondence; but she has got rid of a good deal of all this by holding a court or levee at each of the places at which the brake stops. For instance, when the lecturer is conducting the pilgrims through the Law Courts, you will find her ladyship in one of the rooms, where she holds a kind of legal and judicial reception before the Court opens and the cases are called. If it is Lady Sidney's day, any barrister or judge who wishes to see her, or whom she wishes to meet, finds it saves time and is a very pleasant opening of the day to look in to see Lady Sidney. The moment the pilgrims are through the Courts the reception breaks up, as she is on her way to the next stopping-place. At St. Paul's Cathedral, for instance, she receives in the Deanery, which the Dean has kindly placed at her disposal. Any of the ministers of religion of the City who wish to see her to ask her advice, or to solicit her support on behalf of any of their schemes, can meet her there. However busy they may be, there is never a parson

who would lose a chance of that half hour at the Deanery. Sometimes a bishop contrives to look in, busy as he is, and it is a joke among the clergy to see how much Lady Sidney's exquisite manners and tact tend to blunt the rough edge of episcopal brusquerie. So it goes on. At the Tower she receives Trade Union leaders, sailors and seamen from the docks, together with their masters. In Lady Sidney's presence the poorest docker feels that he is as much a gentleman as his master, and it is astonishing the influence that one half hour gives her. In Southwark they stop to lunch."

"In Southwark!" said Irene. "If I remember rightly, it was not a paradise of good feeding."

"You are right," said Mr. Pybus; "but she has changed all that, as she has changed everything else. As I daresay you know, one of the great features of the *Daily Paper*—"

"No," said Irene, "we don't know anything about the *Daily Paper*. We have just come from Paraguay."

"But everybody knows about the *Daily Paper* everywhere," said Pybus.

"But we haven't seen a paper for two years."

"Ah, that explains things!" said Pybus. "Well, one of the great features of the *Daily Paper* was the improvement in the art of cookery. With that end in view, they not only engaged a cookery-page editor, but they also started a place to show you how the cooking was done."

"The first was started in the Strand, close to the office. They had a first-class *chef*, everything was cheap and good, and as a result a great demand sprang up for similar restaurants all over London. Sterling is a devotee of Chaucer, and nothing would satisfy him till he got possession of the site of the Old Tabard Inn, where he erected a *Daily Paper* restaurant. There was some trouble at first, but Lady Sidney succeeded in getting the place, and it is there where the pilgrims lunch at one o'clock. That is one of the most prized privileges of the pilgrimage. Lady Sidney sits at the head of the table, and the Girton girl at the bottom. The pilgrims are encouraged to talk, and are questioned as to what they have seen. It is in reality a kind of informal examination, although so pleasantly conducted that they do not know anything beyond the fact that they are enjoying a very pleasant lunch. Then when cigarettes and coffee are served, Lady Sidney takes the opportunity of hearing musical *débutantes*, who are always clamouring for the privilege of singing before her. On a raised dais at one end of the room, which is made for the purpose, the *débutante*, whether singer or performer, shows what she can do. No persons are allowed a trial until they have satisfied the musical director of the *Daily Paper* that they are up to a certain standard, but Lady Sidney herself decides as to whether or not they are sufficiently promising to be taken up."

"After lunch the next halt is at Spurgeon's Tabernacle. Here she meets the clergy and ministers of religion, just as she does at the Deanery, the only difference being the diocese and the place of meeting. The Dean of St. Paul's somewhat haggled at first at allowing Nonconformists to meet her ladyship at the Deanery; but hearing of it, Lady Sidney drove at once to the Deanery, and in five minutes the good man, hardly knowing how or why, gave his promise to make no difference between the Established and the non-Established ministers."

"As the visit to the Tabernacle does not occupy long, her ladyship remains behind while the pilgrims go on to Lambeth Palace. Lady Sidney then drives to St. Thomas's Hospital, where she holds a kind of levee of the doctors and nurses, occasionally finding time to visit the wards. The pilgrims, after being taken over Lambeth Palace, cross the river to the Abbey, the greatest shrine of all. While they

are going over the Abbey Lady Sidney meets a select little company of men of letters whom the Dean is delighted to collect for her every week. From the Abbey to the Houses of Parliament is but a stone's throw; and while the pilgrims are inspecting them Lady Sidney proceeds direct to the Terrace, where she has tea, surrounded by a bevy of the most influential and rising men in the House. Then, taking her seat once more on the brake, she rattles the pilgrims back to the office in fine style."

"That was when we saw her," said the Professor.

"A wonderful woman—wonderful!" said Pybus.

There was a slight lull in the conversation, when a dull roar, like the discharge of a cannon, startled Irene.

"What is that?" asked the Professor.

Pybus looked at his watch and said, "It is the latest edition of the curfew bell which Lady Sidney has introduced into London. It is fired punctually at eight o'clock as a signal that all shops ought to be closed. Of course there is no law to that effect, but the sound of the maroon which is fired high into mid-air is heard all over London, and is as a loud-voiced monitor to all employers who keep their shops open or their assistants employed after that time. It is astonishing what an influence that has had in favour of the movement for early closing. In cases of dispute it is enough for the employees to say that they have worked after curfew without extra pay to enlist the support of the public on their behalf. It is also useful as a time gun, for all watches are set by the curfew bomb."

"Does no one object?" said Irene.

"Oh," said Pybus, "at first there was a great row, and there was an attempt to indict the bomb as a nuisance. But the thing was arranged somehow, how I don't know, but I expect that Lady Sidney fixed it up."

"Really," said Irene, "I think this Lady Sidney is the most remarkable woman I have ever heard of."

"Or any one else, I should say," said Pybus. "Why, I have just mentioned two little things which she does, and that is only a drop in the ocean to the work she is doing every day. But," he said, "if you are interested in the subject, here is Mr. Runce, who is on the staff of the *Daily Paper*. I will introduce you to him in the smoking-room after dinner. He will tell you much more than I can about Lady Sidney."

"It is quite a revolution."

"Revolution, sir! It is the most extraordinary thing which has happened in my time! 'Pon my word, she is making old England merry England once more. You have no idea of the sunlight which this woman has let in upon the everyday life of this city."

After dinner, Irene, being tired, went to her room. The Professor followed Mr. Pybus to the smoking-room, where he was introduced to Mr. Runce. He found that worthy in deep conversation with a young man, who was showing him different sketches of various ornate barges. After a time the young man gathered up his papers and went away. "Excuse me," he said, taking a seat next the Professor, "but I had to see those drawings before the order of the barges in the procession could be made up."

"What barges?" asked the Professor; but as he saw the look on Mr. Runce's face he added quickly, "Excuse me, but I have just arrived from South America to-day, and know nothing that has been going on in England for the last six years."

"Then you know nothing about the fête next week?"

"Nothing whatever."

"That is one of Lady Sidney's notions. Sterling and Lady Sidney brought back with them from Italy the idea of reviving the old aquatic fêtes which used to form so large a feature in merry England of the days of old. And between

them they have contrived a fête in the middle of June which beats anything which has been ever attempted previously. This year the fête comes off on the 14th of June."

"Does it always take place on the same day?" asked the Professor.

"No, it is a movable feast fixed as near to midsummer as possible. It is always fixed for a Saturday afternoon when the tide is flowing. The Lord Mayor's Show is nothing to it. For months before it is the one absorbing topic of the riverside folk."

"What kind of thing is it like?" said the Professor.

"It is a combination," said Runce, "of all the great State processions, with barges modelled on the historical barges of time gone by. You will see, for instance, on the 14th, the facsimile of the barge which brought the dead Nelson from Greenwich to Somerset House after Trafalgar, as well as a representation of Queen Elizabeth's barge, with others, each containing a band of musicians and gaily dressed oarsmen. That, however, is only one feature of the procession. It is more than a mile long, and is a general muster day of the boats of all the schools and rowing clubs which have been established chiefly through the agency of the *Daily Paper* in connection with most of the Sunday and day schools on both sides of the river."

"But how did it all come about?" said the Professor.

"Well," said Runce, "it is a long story; but I can make it short. Six years ago Lady Sidney Nestor came back from Italy and struck hands with a clever but somewhat erratic journalist, called Jasper Sterling, who had got the most extraordinary ideas as to what could be done by a newspaper. They had met in Rome, and Lady Sidney, instead of being offended at his rather brusque and imperious method of laying down the law as if he were a new Hildebrand, threw in her lot with his paper at the very start."

"I know he was thinking about it," said the Professor. "I also knew him."

"Oh! did you?" said Runce. "Then you know a very remarkable man, sir. I hope I did not offend you by alluding to his eccentricities."

"Not in the least," said the Professor; "even if you had said he was mad you would not have offended me. But go on."

"Well," said Runce, "Lady Sidney bought the Emancipator building on the Embankment. She paid half a million for it, and spent a quarter of a million more in fixing the whole thing up in style. She made it her headquarters, and placed one of its wings at the disposal of Sterling for his editorial offices. He had then just brought out his paper."

"Did the paper catch on?" asked the Professor.

"Catch on!" exclaimed Runce. "It is not only one paper, but a multitude. The *Daily Paper* has affiliated journals in every large town of the three kingdoms, and not only in the three kingdoms, but in every capital in Europe. Arrangements are being made to publish similar papers in all the great colonies and in the United States of America. In fact, in a few years it will be as impossible to get outside the circulation of the *Daily Paper* as it is to get out of sound of the English tongue."

CHAPTER II.

THE DAILY PAPER.

As the Professor and Irene entered the breakfast-room on Monday morning they met Mr. Runce coming out. He said, "I am going round to the *Daily Paper* office, and if you like I will tell Sterling that you have arrived, and I

will telephone you if he can make an appointment to see you. Meanwhile you had better look over the paper before you see its editor." So saying he handed them a copy of the *Daily Paper* for the morning.

"What a duck of a paper!" said Irene. "It is the first newspaper that I have seen which it is possible to read without making a mess of the breakfast table, or burying its reader from the eyes of the rest of the company."

"That would be no loss so far as I am concerned," said the Professor gallantly; "but it is the paper which you should always read."

"It is the kind of paper I always will read," said Irene. "It is just the thing I want—bright, crisp, and interesting. Oh," she said, "that is charming!"

"What is that?" said the Professor.

"Why, here are two columns devoted to housewifery, with *menus* for lunch and dinner printed as prominently as if they were telegrams from Timbuctoo or any other out-of-the-way place. Now I call that really nice. It is no good talking about papers for women unless you give as much importance to the affairs of the house at home as to the House of Commons."

"Waiter," said the Professor, "give me another copy of this paper; it is evident my wife does not intend to give hers up."

The waiter at once brought another copy of the paper, and the Professor and his wife were so absorbed in its perusal that they allowed their coffee to grow cold. Just as they had made that discovery a messenger came in to say that some one wanted Glogoul at the telephone. When the Professor returned he said, "An appointment to lunch with Sterling at the *Daily Paper* offices at one o'clock. We had better not make our pilgrimage round London to-day."

Punctually at one they were in the waiting-room of the *Daily Paper*, where their names were taken by a civil young lady, who said that the editor was expecting them and would be with them in a minute. Putting their cards into a pneumatic tube, she pressed a button. Two minutes later there came back a card on which was scribbled, "Delighted to see you. Must ask you to wait for quarter of an hour. The Russian Ambassador is with me just now—he will not be long. Meantime, if you like, Miss Derby will show you over the building."

"Are you Miss Derby?" said the Professor to the attendant.

"No," she said; "Miss Derby is the lady-guide. I only attend to the waiting-room."

She rang a bell and Miss Derby appeared. She was a lady of about twenty-five, facile, obliging, and communicative.

On being introduced by the attendant she said, "Perhaps it would be best to go to the top of the building first and then walk down. It is easier. Just step into this lift." No sooner said than done, and in five seconds the rapid elevator landed them on the roof of the building. It was a beautiful day. The tide was beginning to flow. There was just enough wind to make the flags overhead flap in the breeze. London lay below them with all its monstrosities of architecture and the dull monotony of squalid commonplace streets. But the river was there flashing in the sunlight. They were in the centre of the great arc which has the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey at one end, and St. Paul's and the Monument at the other. "You will get an even better view," said their guide, "if you come up to the *camera obscura*." So saying she led them to the lower dome which rose between the two. Here again was a lift which carried them up to a chamber where every night the immense search-light blazed, which sent a piercing ray of brilliance across Greater London. From darkness, until the paper went to press, that light ceased not

to revolve. It was not extinguished until the last forms had gone to the foundry and the machines had started. There were arrangements made for varying the colours of the light for illuminating purposes, and the rays could be depressed to any angle.

"If you were here at night," said Miss Derby, "you would see that the light makes the complete circuit of London in ten minutes. It pauses for a quarter of a minute on each of twenty buildings, which are thrown out by its ray into clear relief. These buildings are the various branch offices of the paper. The idea is that the bright ray resting on them should direct the attention of all who have any news to communicate. If they take it to the branch office it is at once telephoned to the main building."

"But unless you had very high buildings for your branch offices——"

"That is just what we have," interrupted Miss Derby. "At first we had to put up with small ones, but as the influence of the paper grew we had to establish branch offices in all parts of London. They are all built so as to show a white front of enamelled brick, and so that the ray will strike them at right angles. They constitute so many light spots in the midst of London, and each of them is in its small way for the district in which it is situated what the central office is to the whole of London."

"What is that?" said Irene.

"Oh!" said Miss Derby, "it is the social meeting-place, the free library and reading-room, and a telephonic exchange, as well as a place where any member of the Fellowship can obtain any information that is procurable in London without any charge or loss of time."

"The Fellowship!" said the Professor. "What is that?"

Miss Derby looked at him in amazement. "Excuse me," said the Professor hurriedly—producing his well-worn formula—"I have just returned from South America, where I have been for the last six years. I have very seldom seen a newspaper, and know nothing about anything at all."

"Oh," said Miss Derby, "that explains what otherwise would have been quite inexplicable. The Fellowship is an association without which the *Daily Paper*, great as it is, would have been comparatively powerless. But," said Miss Derby, "will you not come and see the *camera obscura*?"

Following her lead, they ascended a winding staircase and entered the largest *camera obscura* in the world. The artist on duty had left for lunch, and the chamber was empty.

"You see how it works," said Miss Derby, pulling the strings. Instantly the Professor and Irene saw upon the smooth surface of the table in the centre of the room a miniature reproduction of a scene on the Embankment.

Irene, who had never seen a *camera obscura* before, exclaimed, "How wonderful! How lifelike! It is like a living photograph in colours!"

Miss Derby smiled and pulled another string, and in another minute they were looking at the scene on London Bridge, with all its vehicles passing to and fro. Another change, and they saw Trafalgar Square, with its fountains and statues and the busy stream of life hurrying past.

"During every hour of daylight," said Miss Derby, "an artist is on duty here. When any accident or disturbance occurs in the city, communications are sent to her by telephone. At once she turns the camera upon the spot where the accident has occurred. Oh, by the bye, here is one of the artists."

As she spoke a lady came running upstairs, carrying a written telephonic message in her hand. Bowing quickly to those present, she cast a glance at the map of London with which the wall was papered, noted the number of one of the many parallel lines which divided the map into



THEY WERE IN THE CENTRE OF THE GREAT ARC WHICH HAS THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND THE ABBEY AT ONE END.

sections, and then, turning the camera in the direction of the number, she adjusted it in accordance with the number on the parallel line within which the street was contained on the map. "Wait," said Miss Derby, "and watch."

Instantly they saw thrown upon the table in the middle of the room a great building in which a fire was raging. Flames were bursting from the windows. A fire-escape had been placed against the wall in order to rescue a group of people who had taken shelter on the roof. It was a scene of intense excitement. The moment the picture was thrown upon the table the artist began a sketch. As for the others, they were much too interested in the fire to watch what she was doing. The fire was evidently getting hotter and hotter, flames were mingled with the smoke which was now bursting from the uppermost windows.

They could see the brass-helmeted firemen creeping slowly up the fire-escape. They were as small as ants, but perfectly distinct. The huddled crowd on the roof was straining over the parapet and calling aloud for help. They could hear nothing—that was the odd part of it. The whole scene was enacted before them as vividly as life, but in dumb show. Everything was in motion. They saw the smoke, the flames, the gesticulations of the crowd, and the upward movement of the firemen. They watched with an interest almost too intense for breathing. Great was their delight when they saw the last of the persons on the roof safely conveyed down the fire-escape. The Professor could hardly restrain himself from giving a cheer. The artist looked up in astonishment. They then glanced at her drawings. She had made a rapid series of sketches of the whole scene, which, although lacking the colour and life of the picture shown by the camera, nevertheless depicted the scene very accurately. While they were looking over her sketches she had taken another piece of paper, and was again busily engaged. The Professor turned to look at the table. There was a wonderful sight. Although it was a little after noon, the flames could be distinctly seen bursting out of the top storey and through the roof of the doomed mill. Suddenly the whole centre of the mill seemed to give way, and a great cloud of dust and flame, shot perpendicularly into the air. The artist, who was watching the progress of the fire, caught the exact moment when the roof fell in. When she had finished her sketch she turned a lever, and instead of seeing the top of the building they saw its base. There were fire-engines in the road, and fire-floats on the river, spouting streams of water upon the burning building. Firemen and policemen were busily at work, while outside stood an excited crowd.

A telephone bell rang. Turning from the instrument, Miss

Derby said, "The chief bids me tell you that the ambassador has left, and that he would be very glad if you will come down and lunch at once."

Descending the stairs into the lamp-room, they entered the lift, then got into the lift on the roof, and in a few seconds were on the basement, where they found Jasper Sterling waiting for them. After a very hearty greeting, they set out for the restaurant.

"What an odd thing!" said Irene. "I never saw before lifts worked by girls instead of boys, and what a pretty costume these girl pages wear!"

"Well," said Sterling, shrugging his shoulders, "lift-boy work don't suit well with petticoats, and so Madame Lill set to work and devised that costume in order to allow the girls to do the work. I am glad you like it."

"It is charming; so neat, so graceful, so pretty. I only wish we all could wear that costume."

"We are immensely interested in your *camera obscura*," said the Professor. "We have been watching a fire down at Southwark."

"Oh, yes," said Sterling. "It is a very simple idea; but we shall not be up to the mark until we have one on each of our twenty branch offices, then we shall be able to see pretty much everything that goes on in London."

By this time they had reached the restaurant, which occupied one wing of the building stretching to the Strand.

"What in the name of fortune," said the Professor brightly, as they entered the restaurant, "is the meaning of this? It is more like a music-room than a cook-shop."

"It is a way of killing two birds with one stone. You should always have music at dinner; it serves as a substitute for conversation, and facilitates the digestion, and, what is much more im-

portant for me, it enables one to talk confidences to one's next-door neighbour without the man at the other end of the room hearing what one is saying."

"Say, do you run this cook-shop as well as the paper?"

Sterling looked up. "Did we not fix that up before I left Rome? Oh, no, I believe it was an afterthought. The fact is that this is one of the most important branches of our paper."

"Dear me, Glogoul," said Irene, "don't you remember they were talking about that the other day when they were telling us about the pilgrimages?"

"So I do," said the Professor: "but I did not realise that it was anything like such a gigantic concern as this."

It was indeed a gigantic concern. The place was four storeys high, with an underground basement. The first three storeys were divided into dining-halls, while the top storey was reserved for the kitchens. All the cooking



A GREAT BUILDING IN WHICH A FIRE WAS RAGING.

was done next the roof. The walls were thick, so that the orchestra in one room did not interfere with the solo singer in the next.

"We have all our *débutantes* here, besides three regular bands," said Sterling. "It is very popular, and our eighteen-penny *table d'hôte* is declared by good judges to be better than what could be procured in London for five shillings before we started this restaurant. But," continued Sterling, "I am afraid we are late for *table d'hôte*; we had better go into the room where we can be served *à la carte*. There is music there also, but we can have a quiet corner to ourselves."

All the rooms were tastefully decorated with frescoes. "I never saw such beautiful fresco painting," said Irene; "they are perfectly lovely."

"Oh, that is Madame Lill," said Sterling. "She has a wonderful eye for effective decoration. If you notice, all the frescoes in this room relate to one country. It is so with each of the rooms, and there are nine halls. The subjects are selected from nine of the leading English-speaking communities. We are, at present, in the Welsh room. There are, besides, the English, Irish, and Scotch rooms. Then there are the Australian, the Canadian, and the South African rooms. Two are devoted to the United States of America—one to the Eastern States, and the other to the Western. The idea of the artists was to represent the most characteristic landscapes or views that were at all cheering and enlivening in their countries. Everything of a gloomy nature was resolutely excluded. When people eat they should not be gloomy."

"One of your panels is not yet filled," said the Professor.

"No," said Sterling, "the competition has not yet been awarded. All these pictures have been painted in connection with the prize competition offered by the paper. That is not my department; I have nothing to do with it."

"But how did your cook-shop come about?" said the Professor to Sterling.

"Oh, very naturally. It grew like everything else. When we started our cookery page, with *menus* and cookery recipes, my wife said, 'What is the good of these things to me? I have often tried these printed recipes, but the dishes never come out as they ought to; then you cannot get the ingredients, and there is always something missed out of the cookery book recipes even when they are printed in the *Daily Paper*.' That set me thinking, and I took counsel with the *chef* who prepared my daily *menus*. We decided to start an experimental restaurant for the benefit of the Fellows."

"Fellows again," whispered Irene to the Professor.

"Hush!" said he.

Sterling when talking did not take much notice of interruption. He went on: "We started the restaurant on the principle that as every thing was cheaper in England than in France, it was a scandal that we could not have as good a meal in London at least as cheaply as we could get it in France. So instead of only printing our *menus* and publishing our recipes in the paper, we established a restaurant under a first-class French cook, and made him serve at *table d'hôte* all the dishes described in the previous day's paper. Every Fellow, moreover, has the right to send his wife, daughter, or servants into the kitchen to see how the dishes are made. If you go upstairs after dinner you will find that there is a gallery all round the kitchen which is reserved for Fellows and members of their family. When a dish is being prepared a printed recipe with the ingredients is posted up above the cook's head so that all can see what is going on. It is quite astonishing what improvement this simple arrangement has made in English cooking. We have this place here where we serve about two thousand

lunches every day and about three thousand dinners and suppers. But it is strictly confined to Fellows and their friends. We do not cater for the general public."

"Do tell me, Mr. Sterling, what is a Fellow and who are the Fellows," said Irene.

"Fellows?" said Mr. Sterling. "Oh, that is another story; I will tell you that some other time. But do eat something. I am just a little tired, but I shall be all right directly."

"Do you notice," said Irene to Glogoul, "that every waiter in this place is a woman; and what a delightful costume they wear! It is not quite so pretty as that of the page's, but what a contrast to the glaring aprons and dowdy dresses one sees at the Duval restaurants."

"Yes," said the Professor; "but have you seen the notice that is printed on the back of every *menu* card?"

Irene had not, but she turned it over and read:—

"All tips or gratuities are rigidly forbidden. Any attendant who is offered money without immediately reporting the circumstance to the director will be instantly dismissed; and any Fellow reported as having tendered a gratuity to any of the attendants will be at once struck off the roll of the Fellowship, and debarred from all the privileges of that society for the space of one year."

Just at this moment a quartette came upon the dais and began to sing a charming little musical piece. "They are rehearsing for the fête," said Sterling. "They are singing a part of the cantata which is to be one of the features of the river masque. Their voices sound very pretty."

"And yet it will sound even prettier," said Irene, "when it is sung to the plashing of the oars." When the quartette was finished, the visitors indicated their pleasure by hearty but subdued applause.

"You will be surprised," said Sterling, "what a number of applications we have for permission to sing here. Every *débutante* who can sing, or imagines she can sing, always applies for permission to sing before our Fellows. Long experience has made them a rather critical audience, and if any *débutantes* have the approval of our English room, which prides itself upon its critical and cultured company, their career is pretty well secured. But," he said, "we had better go upstairs to the smoking-room."

Entering the lift they found themselves almost immediately on the roof, which had been converted into a beautiful garden. In winter the hall was enclosed in glass. In summer the side walls were removed, but the graceful iron balustrades gave the sense of security without impairing the idea of being in the open air. No more pleasant addition could have been devised high above the roar of the street and free from the interruptions below.

"But did you not say that the cook-shop was at the top?" said Irene.

"Yes," said Sterling, smiling.

"But I cannot smell it."

"No," said Sterling, "we took special care to prevent that. But perhaps you would like to look over the kitchen while we have a cigarette?"

Irene was handed over to one of the attendants, who took her round the gallery, where ladies and their servants were watching the preparations for dinner. She noticed that most of the assistants in the kitchen were very refined people, and she remarked this to the attendant.

"Yes," was the reply, "they are most of them daughters of professional men. They will make more money in this profession than in any other that is open to them. They would gladly pay premiums, but no premiums are taken. They receive free training in return for their services."

"How does the thing go?" said the Professor to Sterling.

"Oh, first rate," said he. "Better than I expected even

in my most sanguine moments. But that of course is due to Lady Sidney. I never contemplated for a moment that I would have such an immense reinforcement as she has brought me. Without her I should have done fairly well; with her we practically run the machine."

"What machine?" asked the Professor.

"Pretty well all outdoors," said Sterling, smiling.

"Tell me how it all started?"

"Oh," said Sterling, "it started easily enough. I got my dew upon my fleece. I got my 100,000 subscribers and set to work to found the paper. I had hardly started when Lady Sidney came from Rome and renewed her offer. I placed the whole of the financial department under her control. That, if you remember, was her idea. She was to be the St. George of modern times, with the sword of brightness, and the paper which I was to found was to be her steed on which she was to ride forth conquering and to conquer."

"You could have done nothing without her millions, I suppose?" said the Professor doubtfully.

"You are quite wrong," said Sterling. "The success of the paper is due, not to her millions but to the Fellowship."

"Always this Fellowship! You pique our curiosity terribly. What is a Fellow?"

"Oh, the Fellowship!" said Sterling; "that is another development of Lady Sidney's gospel that two and two make four. That was due to a very clever young fellow, Dick Grant, whom I also met in Rome, and who is in training for the assistant editorship. Her idea of that mystic formula, which you will notice is painted over the entrance to our City office, seemed to her merely to have a negative significance—that is to say, its meaning was that two and two made four, and not five or three. But it seemed to Grant to have another sense. That two and two make four seemed to him to inculcate the increase of power which arose from the combining of small numbers. I had no sooner got my 100,000 subscribers, than it occurred to him that we might be able to raise up from among them a body of men and women who would be willing to pay a penny a day for purposes of public beneficence. The idea caught on. We began with a membership of ten; before the year was out we had fifty thousand members, and at present how many Fellows do you think we have scattered over all the world?"

"I am sure I don't know," answered the Professor.

"Five hundred thousand," said Sterling. "Each of them pays a penny a day for public purposes, which are approved of and printed from time to time in the *Daily Paper*. That represents an income available for public purposes of £750,000 a year. The formula was, 'Who will spare a cigarette a day in order to underpin the empire and develop the amenities of life and make the world a better place to live in, first for the Fellows, and then for their fellows?'"

"It is a great idea," said the Professor; "but how do you work it?"

"Very simply," said Sterling. "Every Fellow undertakes to contribute a penny a day, and to transmit it to the office every quarter. If the subscription is a week overdue, the Fellow receives notice that his subscription is due, and if he has not sent it in in another week he is struck off the roll of the Fellowship. But the advantages are so great that very few sacrifice their membership."

"£750,000 is a great deal of money. What do you do with it all?"

"Oh, there are no end of ways of spending it. It is divided into four portions. The first, imperial; the second, philanthropic; the third, artistic; and the fourth, recreative. For instance, the great Olympic Festival with which we are going to inaugurate the dawn of the twentieth century is entirely paid for out of the Fellowship funds."

"Has the Fellowship any specific views?"

"Certainly," said Sterling. "The Fellowship, roughly speaking, tries to forward everything which is advocated in the *Daily Paper*."

"Oh, I understand," said the Professor, laughing. "And the *Daily Paper* was founded in order to advocate your views."

"Not exactly; but your humorous exaggeration has a kernel of truth. The fundamental principle in dealing with the Imperial fund is to keep it in reserve in case of emergencies. That is to say, if it were urgently needed to annex an island, reinforce a garrison, or subsidise a chartered company to tide over a crisis until Parliament could be roused to a sense of its duty, the Fellowship Fund could be drawn upon, and we have more than once done this with immense effect. In philanthropy the opposite principle is resorted to. It is chiefly spent in making grants to associations and individuals who will undertake to raise a certain amount of money for the advancement of certain objects. That is to say, if in any town a local society would undertake to raise £500 for the erection of drinking fountains, we would grant them £100, and so on in proportion. Here also the principle is that the fund is to be used more to start things than to maintain them."

"What do you do in art?"

"Oh, there is the drama, there is painting, and there is music. But beyond saying that we have founded a National Theatre, and are rapidly bringing into existence diocesan troupes in every part of England, I will not say anything more about it at present. In painting we have founded a school of miniature painters for the production of lantern slides, so that the masterpieces of the world's painters may be made familiar in the villages in every part of the empire. By the bye, before you go I must take you to see our loan library of lantern slides. It is a gigantic concern, and much appreciated by Fellows in every part of the world."

"And what about recreation?" asked the Professor.

"Oh, recreation! You have seen the preparations for our naval fête on June the 14th. That is only one of a multitude of methods by which we are endeavouring to bring merry England back again. There are few things of which we are more proud than the success which has attended the acclimatisation of the German beer garden in England. It is an immense success, and if we could only modify the English climate it would be even more so."

"I am afraid that that is even beyond the power of the Fellowship," said the Professor.

"Who knows?" said the editor. "We have not yet abandoned hope of doing even that."

CHAPTER III.

THE CAMPAIGN OF ST. GEORGE.

STERLING had hardly finished his coffee when a messenger brought him word that he was wanted immediately in the sanctum. The newly-appointed Viceroy of India had just called to pay his respects and take leave.

"Ask him to wait a moment," said Sterling; "I will be there directly. I know what he wants to see me about, but he ought really to see Lady Sidney. There is a suspicion of some great corruption in one of the Indian departments, and there has been much talk of sending one of our St. Georges to investigate the whole thing. But if you care to wait I will polish him off in a quarter of an hour. Meantime, you and your wife might like to see round our reception-room, where Lady Sidney holds her receptions twice a week."

Descending from the roof, they entered the main building.

where the Professor and Irene were handed over to another lady guide, who conducted them up a splendid marble staircase to Lady Sidney's *salon*, as her reception-room was usually called. The *salon* was a large room in the centre of the building, looking out over the Embankment Gardens, with a great many nooks and corners in which groups could converse without being interrupted by the general movement of the rest of the visitors. "Lady Sidney," said their guide, "is very particular that, with the exception of the walls and the furniture, nothing should be the same for more than a week at a time. Every week the contents of the *salon* are changed. It has just been done up for the reception to-morrow night. In that recess you will see the diploma work of one of the most promising of the Canadian artists. The honour has been accorded him of exhibiting it here for one week. Next week its place will be taken by a painting by some other artist."

"But can you always get good pictures?" asked Irene.

The guide looked at her in astonishment. "We have the whole world to draw upon," she said, "and there are only fifty-two weeks in the year. It is regarded as a much greater honour to have your picture exhibited in Lady Sidney's *salon* than to have it hung on the line in the Royal Academy. On the tables you will see nothing but the books which have been published in the last few days. There are to be found also the latest magazines and photographs. In another of the recesses you will find the latest models of scientific inventions. In fact, everything is here that is thought worthy of being described in the *Daily Paper*. But," said she, "there is the telephone-bell." Returning, she informed them that the Viceroy had gone and that the Chief wished to see them at once.

Leaving the reception-room they made their way to the *sanctum*. Over the door was the inscription taken from the sermon by which Carey founded British missions—"Attempt great things for God. Expect great things from God." It was a bright room looking out over the Thames. At the desk was a speaking-tube connected with a dozen different departments, while by a telephonic system the editor could at once communicate with any one in the main building, or in any of the twenty branch offices. Close to the desk was a revolving bookshelf, while the walls constituted a veritable museum. It was an octagonal building. One of the octagons was occupied by the door, while two others were devoted to the windows. The desk filled a fourth. The four remaining octagons were each devoted to one of Sterling's patron saints. The statue of the saint occupied the slight recess in the centre. Round the saint were grouped relics. The central place was devoted to Oliver Cromwell, the statue being surrounded with portraits and miniatures of the great Protector. The companion panel was devoted to Jeanne d'Arc, while the third was occupied by General Gordon. In the fourth there was an exquisitely painted picture of St. Mary Magdalene. Immediately over the editor's desk stood a miniature reproduction of the crucifix which hangs over the screen in Lucerne Cathedral.

"I am a great believer in relics," said the editor. "No one who has studied psychometry can doubt their influence upon certain susceptible persons, and therefore it is reasonable to think their influence may be exerted in a lesser degree on those who are not so gifted. I like to surround myself with the relics of those whose character I most admire and whose exploits I should most desire to imitate. I also think there is a certain influence which comes from portraits. But this is my own room; just look at the reception-room!" So saying, he led them into an adjoining room on the right.

This also overlooked the Thames Embankment, but it was much more luxuriously furnished than the *sanctum*. Books

and papers lay about on the settees. One or two striking pictures hung on the walls, and there was no pleasanter place in which to spend half-an-hour. When Sterling was showing them in, the door opened and a messenger appeared, and the Governor of the Bank of England was ushered in.

"Just one moment, Mr. Sterling," said he; "I merely called to express my heartfelt congratulations for the victory which you have gained in the courts."

"Why?" said Sterling brightening; "is the verdict all right?"

"Yes; the jury did not even leave the box. The verdict was greeted with cheers by the crowded court, which the judge did not so much as attempt to repress."

Sterling flushed slightly, shook hands heartily with his visitor, and then returned to the *sanctum*.

"May I ask," said the Professor, "what is the trial to which you referred?"

"First sit down," said Sterling, "and I will tell you all about it. It is the climax of a long series of actions which have been brought against us by the scoundrels whose trade Lady Sidney has pretty well destroyed."

At this point the bell rang, announcing another visitor.

"Excuse me a minute," said Sterling.

A minute later he returned. "It was Lord Rothschild, who also came with his congratulations. I have told my son I cannot be worried with any more congratulations; he can receive them. It is enough to have won the case, without having the whole town here to congratulate you."

"But," said the Professor, "tell me about this action."

"Sit down and make yourself comfortable. I shall not be disturbed now," said Sterling, locking the door. "Now I will tell you all about it."

Again the bell sounded. "What is the matter?" said Sterling testily.

"The Prince of Wales is here to present his congratulations," said his son.

"Oh! the Prince of Wales!" said Sterling. "He had better see Lady Sidney. I daresay she will not grudge him a few minutes."

"In order that you should understand the significance of this action," said Sterling, "I must tell you how Lady Sidney has carried out her idea of doing something to put a stop to the wholesale swindling which used to disgrace finance. We began very modestly. We got the best city editor we could. He was a man who could not write a line; but he knew all the ins and outs of the Stock Exchange. He had the instinct of a detective, the tenacity of a sleuth-hound, and a phenomenal memory. We were most fortunate in laying our hands upon him. He could give you the history of every person who was engaged in company promoting, or in all the more or less fraudulent enterprises of the age, running off on his fingers exactly what companies they had floated, how many of their concerns had liquidated, and how many were still in existence. He was thoroughly incorruptible, and entirely shared Lady Sidney's hatred of the predatory class. We attached to him a couple of smart graduates, who knew little or nothing about finance, who could put facts in a crisp telling way without going a syllable beyond their brief. You will have seen that our City article has a permanent pillory at its head, in which the principal financial offender for the day is put up for the execration of all men. You will also see that we have got rid of the whole of the conventional City report which appears in the other morning papers. We laid down the rule from the beginning that any person who appealed to the public for money in any speculative concern, or any institution, society, or other form of investment, ought to be able to satisfy an impartial investigator that there was at least a *prima facie* case that the investment yielded

a dividend. Hence whenever any company was floated or loan issued, certain indispensable information was insisted upon, and until it was forthcoming all investors were warned against risking their money in the concern. At first company and loan promoters scouted the idea of a newspaper presuming to dictate to the investor as to the securities in which he should put his money. But by-and-by they all came in, one after the other, and as a result you will see that before any stock is issued the promoter will beg to be heard by our Rhadamanthus in order that he may prove the *bona fides* of his venture. There is nothing formal about this hearing. The promoter brings down his papers, which are handed in for examination; then he makes his statement, and he is cross-examined on it by our *advocatus diaboli*. Of course, there was only one man in London who could fill that post to perfection, and that was Mr. A. J. Jackson. It's simply magnificent to see the way in which he will turn inside out the pretensions of the speculators. He would not have been so excellent as a judge, for he is inclined to pessimism, but he is simply ideal as the prosecuting counsel. After a full and fair hearing our Rhadamanthus pronounces judgment. He does not of course guarantee that the stock will yield a dividend; all that he certifies is that the promoters have or have not satisfied him as to the *bona fides* of their proposals, and if they have not he specifies in plain Saxon exactly what information is lacking. The promoters who could not obtain a favourable verdict from our editor, very soon found that they had little chance of getting money from the public. Of course they were furious and threatened prosecutions right and left, but I engaged Sir George Lewis from the first as my legal adviser. One of his cleverest clerks took up his abode permanently in the City office for the first six months. We were threatened with a lawsuit a week, and we had to fight one a month. But although there was a good deal of worry, and we lost one or two cases from inexperience and excessive zeal, Lady Sidney had not to stand the racket of more than £10,000 legal expenses for the first year. Never was money better spent, for every pound that Lady Sidney expended she saved the honest investor a hundred."

"But," said the Professor, "I always thought that fraud in new stock was comparatively small when compared with the fraudulent existing companies."

"Quite so," said Sterling. "That is the case. Our city editor undertook to give the opinion of the best and most impartial authority as to the value of any existing stock. Any reader who had any money in any stock had simply to write to the editor of the city department to be told, either in the columns of the paper or by correspondence, exactly what reasons there were for believing his stock valuable and what grounds there were for distrust. This led to further developments. The inquiries from investors increased to such an extent, that it was found necessary to appoint a special staff. In order to be more secure against the risk of libel, advice as to the solvency or otherwise of private firms was restricted to members of the Fellowship, any one of whom could obtain the black list of securities in which no wise man would allow his money to remain, together with the reasons for such an adverse decision. Of course, to carry this out involved great organisation and great outlay. Lady Sidney simply gave us *carte blanche* to draw upon her to any extent. Hence when any foreign state was suspected of desiring to issue a new loan, we dispatched a competent special commissioner to ascertain upon the spot everything that could be said against the solvency and the security, and until his report was received the ordinary investor got into the habit of refusing even to consider the stock which was offered him. But Lady Sidney's efforts were specially directed against those societies which, like the Emancipator,

had preyed upon the industrial community. A special department dealt with Friendly Societies and the funds of Trades Unions. For a year or two the mortality among these societies was terrible, but in the end the rotten sheep being killed out, a few staple concerns remained, and I think we can fairly say," said Mr. Sterling complacently, "that with one or two exceptions, Lady Sidney, as St. George, has fairly slain the dragon which used to be the bane of the country. Another department which soon attracted our attention was the corruption in local administration. One or two cases in which gross jobbery was detected and pilloried in the *Daily Paper* struck such terror among the municipal and provincial jobbers that the mere rumour of the arrival of a St. George, as our agents came to be known, was enough to make the corruptors and the corrupted quake in their shoes. It was in this connection, I may say, that the Viceroy of India just called. I have agreed to allow one of our St. Georges to accompany him to India to conduct an exhaustive and searching investigation into the real state of the facts."

"But does not this lead to espionage?" asked the Professor.

Sterling shrugged his shoulders. "When any man asks another man for his money, or when any man takes another's money by force of the police and tax-gatherer, that other man is entitled to find out all that he can as to his chances of getting value for his money, and of knowing that it has been spent in the public service."

"But did you not have great difficulty in keeping all the threads together?" said Irene.

"It would have been difficult for most people," said Sterling. "But Lady Sidney has marvellous powers of organisation. Once a week she has her financial dinner party, to which are always invited the city editor, his *advocatus diaboli* Jackson, and any of the staff who may have just returned from a confidential mission. In addition to these there are standing invitations to those Government officials who, until her advent, were constantly lamenting the lack of sufficiently strong public opinion to suppress jobbery. There is, for instance, the Inspector General of Bankruptcy, the head of the detective department at Scotland Yard, the Registrar of the Friendly Societies, and others who might be named. The Governor of the Bank of England and the Chairman of the Stock Exchange Committee also look in occasionally. Mr. Labouchere is always a welcome guest. These dinner parties bring together the best men interested in this subject. Many and many an Act of Parliament, which has struck terror to the hearts of the evildoer, has been hatched after dinner as the result of an informal conversation between Lady Sidney and her guests. As you can imagine, such relentless warfare carried on against corruption and swindling excited immense indignation among the predatory classes with whose plunder it so rudely interfered. After a time, when the objects and aims of the campaign of St. George came to be more clearly understood, our lawsuit a month dwindled down to one in three months. But we always knew that we should have to face a much more serious attack from the threatened vested interests. It was some time in taking shape, but at last a great purse was formed—of £100,000 it was said—for the purpose of prosecuting the *Daily Paper*. A very strong article appeared reflecting upon the frauds of a well-known promoter in the City, and, more particularly, upon the nature of the stock which he was endeavouring to float. Damages were laid at a quarter of a million, and the lawsuit was begun, which has just terminated fortunately for us. It was a very costly business. Nearly all the witnesses had to be brought from Australia. Many of the most important witnesses had

disappeared, and had to be hunted across the world by detectives. But Lady Sidney never flinched. She said, 'This is the final rally of the dragon.' The result is, that after a tremendous fight we have obtained one of the most decisive victories which any one could have hoped for. We not only smashed the witnesses for the prosecution in cross-examination, but we brought overwhelming evidence under every head, collected with the greatest care from every country under heaven, showing the utter worthlessness of the fraudulent stock which was being offered to the British public. Sir George Lewis never did anything like it since he exposed Pigott. Even now it is not finished; we have applied for the arrest of the principal witnesses on the other side on the charge of perjury, and the man in whose name the action was taken against us is already in Holloway, waiting trial on the charge of forgery. After this I think we shall get into clear water."



NEDELCA.

"How much do you think it will have cost?" asked Irene.

"The trial?" said he. "Oh, I do not think it can have cost Lady Sidney a penny less than £150,000."

The bell rang. "Who can that be?" said Sterling. "Oh," he said immediately, as he pressed his ear to the tube, "it is Lady Sidney. She is in her own room. I must take you with me to pay your respects."

CHAPTER IV.

LADY SIDNEY MÆCENAS.

STERLING led the way to the other wing of the building. They passed the head of the stairs which led to the Reception Room, and turned to the left. They soon came to Lady Sidney's room. It corresponded to the editorial sanctum in the other wing, but in other respects it was as different as could be. Above the door was the legend "Two and Two Make Four." Sterling shook hands with her cordially.

"Well, St. George," said he, "I think you have slain the dragon at last."

Lady Sidney seemed to Professor Glogoul to be more beautiful than ever. She looked up proudly.

"Yes," said she, "it was a great victory. The office has been crowded with visitors bringing their congratulations."

"Yes," said young Sterling, who had joined his father on the way. "I have just come to give you their cards. It is extraordinary what interest this case has excited. I have telegrams from the Tzar, the Cardinal Secretary of State at the Vatican, the German Emperor, the President of the American Republic, and even from the Sultan. The Prince of Wales has just left Lady Sidney, and you saw the Governor of the Bank of England yourself. I saw the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition, who both expressed their intense satisfaction at the result. In fact, they all say never was there a greater victory more brilliantly achieved in the cause and interests of truth and honesty. Mr. Chamberlain, the Prime Minister, was extremely cordial."

"Joe Chamberlain Prime Minister!" exclaimed the Professor in surprise. "How the world has changed!"

"But permit me to introduce to you Professor Glogoul and his wife," said Sterling. "You knew the Professor at Rome, Lady Sidney?"

"Of course I did," said Lady Sidney, advancing and grasping him warmly by the hand. "And this is Mrs. Glogoul. Where is Nedelca?"

She pressed a button thrice, and in answer to the summons Nedelca appeared. The Professor could hardly believe his eyes. What a change the last few years had wrought! When he was in Rome Nedelca was a child, now she was a magnificent woman of twenty-one, a reproduction in almost every feature of her mother. The moment she saw Glogoul she ran up to him and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear Professor, where have you been during all these years? How often I have thought of what you said to me that day at the Colosseum. And this is your wife? I am so glad to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Glogoul; I quite envy you your husband. He is about the only man I have ever seen whom I would have cared to have married."

"Nedelca," said her mother, "you never told me that."

"Nor me either," said the Professor. "But if you had," he added prudently, "it would not have made any difference, for I have the best little wife in the world. Permit me to introduce her to you."

"Now," said Lady Sidney, "we have no time to lose. I have to be at the National Theatre to see a new play by one of our rising dramatists. We shall be delighted if you can come with us, Mr. Sterling."

"Not I," said Sterling, "I have to meet the Lord Chancellor and the Archbishop of Canterbury at the House of Lords in half-an-hour to draw up the deed for the Endowment of Charwomen."

"What did he say?" asked Irene, as Sterling closed the door behind him; "the Endowment of Charwomen?"

"Oh," said Lady Sidney, "that is easily explained. Nothing stands so much in the way—our experience of the last dozen years has taught us—of the utilization of public buildings for public purposes as the small but appreciable expenditure needed to secure their cleansing after they have been used. We have, therefore, decided that a certain portion of the Fellowship Fund, which is devoted to philanthropy, must be set apart for the Endowment of Charwomen, to remove an obstacle that stands in the way of the use of churches and schoolrooms for the service of man. But come, let us go to the theatre. Nedelca, where is Lill?"

"In her own room, getting ready," said Nedelca. "She will join us in a minute."

As she spoke the door opened and Lill came in. Lill was now forty-five, and Lady Sidney and she standing side by side might have been accepted as two perfect types of contrasted beauty. Lady Sidney was fair, Lill dark, with dense black hair. They stood at the threshold of the dawn; behind them might be darkness and shade, but before was the light of noonday.

"Lill," said Nedelca, "here is my old friend the Professor, of whom you have heard me talk so often. This is his wife, whom we have never seen before."

"But whom I hope we shall see a great deal of," said Lill, taking Irene's hand.

"Come," said Lady Sidney, "we must go."

"The National Theatre?" said the Professor, as he walked down stairs with Lady Sidney. "What theatre is that? It wasn't opened when last I was in London."

"Oh, dear me, no," said Lady Sidney. "The National Theatre was only opened last year. But we are very proud of it, and expect it will do wonders in developing the native dramatic talent of the English-speaking world."

"I know it has long been discussed," said the Professor. "But how did it come into existence?"

"We brought it into existence first in the columns of the *Daily Paper*," said Lady Sidney, laughing. "As there was no National Theatre in fact, we said that we would construct one in imagination. So we constituted a Committee of the National Theatre, reported from time to time its decisions, and published every week the plays that would have been performed if the theatre had really existed. Of course this was pure imagination. But in time people began to take more interest in reading the reports of the National Theatre, which did not exist, than the reports of the real theatres. After a time it was mooted in the Fellowship that as it seemed hopeless to pray for a State-subsidised theatre, the Fellowship itself ought to establish a National Theatre. There was a good deal of discussion, and as many of the Fellows objected to the use of the fund for that purpose, it was determined to appeal to the Fellows separately to form a National Theatre fund. Twenty-five thousand Fellows guaranteed to cover the founder of the National Theatre against loss to the extent of £1 per annum for ten years. Each guarantor, however, had had £1 worth of tickets to the National Theatre for himself and his friends. In this way we have secured a guarantee fund of £25,000 a year for ten years, and, what is more remarkable, judging from last year's success, I do not think we shall have to use a penny of it. The widespread interest excited in the theatre by reporting it, as it might be, before it came into existence, secured its success. Now we have a theatre established for the cultivation of English drama, which even in its infancy will not compare unfavourably with the *Comédie Française*."

As the carriage drove past the National Liberal Club, and stopped opposite the building which occupied the place of the United Service Institution, Irene exclaimed, "What a splendid edifice it is!"

"Yes," said Lill, who accompanied Irene in a second carriage. "Lady Sidney took an immensity of pains to get a building that would combine all the advantages of the best theatres in Europe."

"Then, did Lady Sidney build this herself?" asked Irene.

"Yes," replied Lill. "She is the sole proprietor; but the control of the theatre is entirely in the hands of the committee selected by Lady Sidney and the representatives of the Guarantee Fund."

As soon as they were seated the performance began. Besides her ladyship's party, all the members of the committee were present, as well as a few foreign critics. There

were also there the directors of the various diocesan troupes which were being formed in various parts of the country. The committee had already read the play. It had pleased them, and they had ordered a trial representation. It was put upon the stage with as much painstaking and care as if it had been a first night's performance in a crowded house. The play was one of the historical series by which it was hoped to complete the *répertoire* of the English drama, so that it would be possible to put the whole of the leading incidents of English history upon the stage. Disregarding the fact that Shakespeare had already dealt with the character of Jack Cade, or possibly on account of the way in which he had been treated, the author had made Cade the central figure of his drama, in which the influence of Ibsen was clearly seen. The conversation was as smart as that of a French comedy, but the underlying note was that of solid English common-sense. The play was full of strong situations, and the verdict of the committee after its reading was confirmed.

Lady Sidney was not quite satisfied. She said, "The author calls it 'Jack Cade: a Play of the Fifteenth Century,' but he never allows his readers for a moment to forget the twentieth century and the social struggle through which we are passing. Still, it is a play which will not only interest but will make people think."

"Yes," said Irene, "and make them cry. I think the closing scene was wonderfully pathetic."

"Irene," said the Professor, "has got hold of the true test. A tragic play which does not wring tears from the audience is not worth a cent. From that point of view this play is good; but that is not everything. Why should you make Jack Cade's captains, and for the matter of that the noble lords on the other side, talk as smartly as if they were professional wits in a Paris *salon* fencing for fame?"

This conversation was broken short by the appearance of the author, who was brought forward by the director to receive Lady Sidney's compliments and congratulations. She praised his play, and invited him to dinner during the following week.

"Now," said she, "if I am not tiring you, we have just time to drive round to the Conservatoire and hear the music for the river masque which is to take place next week."

Nothing loth, the Professor and Irene entered the carriage and drove off.

"Who were the other people present?" asked the Professor.

"Oh! those were the directors of the diocesan troupes which are being formed under the auspices of the bishops in the various dioceses. Not episcopal bishops, you understand, but civic bishops."

"Civic bishops!" said Glogoul. "What is a civic bishop?"

"Oh, we maintain that the civic bishop is the proper representative of the historic episcopate, much more so than the ecclesiastical bishops, who only attend to one side of life, whereas the civic bishops have a much wider sphere."

They were soon at the doors of the Conservatoire, which had been built on the site of the old Aquarium. The concert hall was one of the largest in Europe, and everything was on a scale of unsurpassed magnificence.

"Is this also a Fellowship affair?" said the Professor.

"Certainly," said Lady Sidney.

"But, I suppose," said Irene to Lill, as she overheard the remark, "Lady Sidney built this as well as the theatre."

"Yes," said Lill, "she thinks she ought to give things a fair start."

"What music do you teach here?" asked the Professor.

"Everything," said Lady Sidney, smiling, "from the composition of an oratorio or an opera, down to street singing."

"To me," said Lill, "the street singing seems to be the most important."

"Well," said Lady Sidney, "we have at least attempted to organise street singing on a systematic basis."

"The proper thing," said the Professor, "is not to provide music only in the parks; for it is wanted still more outside the parks."

"Precisely," said Lady Sidney; "and that is what we have endeavoured to do by the organisation of our singing and instrumental bands. We have the whole of London divided up, so that there is not one street in the poorer residential quarters where a thoroughly competent certificated band, vocal as well as instrumental, does not give an open-air concert at least once a week. Special arrangements have also been made to visit the docks and the great industrial establishments at the dinner hour. It is surprising, the immense popularity of these bands."

"Are all of these bands professional?" asked the Professor.

"Partly professional, partly not. Owing to the high standard that we insist upon before any one is admitted to our bands, any one so admitted is pretty sure to be able to secure what situations are going. Besides, we are creating such a demand for music and musical entertainments that even this establishment is unable to cope with it. The rule is that our bands have three days a week of public duty, the other three days they can hire themselves out. Some do not hire themselves out, but simply go singing in the better-to-do quarters, and manage to raise more by collections than they could by a regular engagement."

Nedelca turned to Irene and said, "Do you not think it is a beautiful idea of mother's that the more you fill human life with music and song the more it becomes like heaven?"

"Or at least," said Lill, "like the woods in spring time, which is quite as beautiful and a much more conceivable thought, at any rate for people like me."

They had seated themselves in the auditorium and were listening to a splendid voluntary which was being rendered on the organ by the organist of the Conservatoire.

"The organist," said Lady Sidney, "reminds me of one piece of work of which we are very proud at the Conservatoire, and that is the utilisation of church organs. It has always seemed to me a shame that the organs of our churches and chapels should keep the divine angels of melody and harmony imprisoned in their pipes for six days out of the seven. Much remains to be done, but at the present moment there are three hundred churches and chapels in London which give organ recitals at the dinner hour. We have succeeded in inducing the ministers of those churches to lay it upon the consciences of their congregation to provide for these performances, and it is surprising the amount of unused musical talent which has thus been brought into useful service. We have, of course, to contend against the objection of the dirtying of the churches, but we hope to get over that, as you have heard, by the Charwomen's Endowment Fund."

By this time the voluntary had ceased, and the singers in the cantata had taken their places on the stage.

"How do you select your pupils?"

"By the simple system of examination in every public elementary school in the kingdom. There is a badge of honour, very trifling in value, but very eagerly competed for, offered to the most proficient pupil in music in each school. In each county the civic bishop makes his circuit, he is accompanied by a musical director, and from the winners of the badges they select about three hundred every year, who are provided with small scholarships of £30 to enable them to come up here for training. All tuition is free, and the £30 enables them to pay their railway fare and

their board and lodging during the nine months the classes are open. The director selects the pupils, to whom he gives a scholarship. Thirty of the most brilliant pupils of the three hundred are then put through a three years' course, so that we have always ninety pupils undergoing the regular tuition. These thirty are allowed to follow whatever branch of music they wish."

"But where, in the name of fortune," exclaimed the Professor, "do you get all the money to carry it on?"

"The Fellowship Fund," said Lady Sidney, smiling; "but it is not so much after all, if you come to think of it. Three hundred pupils with £30 scholarships is £9,000 a year; ninety pupils who go through the higher branches, say £50 a year, £4,500, or about £15,000, that is all. The cost of the professors and the maintenance of the establishment can be put down at another £5,000, or £20,000 a year in all. The result of this combined effort to raise the standard of popular music is such, that if a German band of the old sort were to appear in one of the lowest streets of the East-end of London, they would be pelted out of the district with mud and cabbage-stalks."

"But what have you done with the barrel-organs?" said the Professor.

"They have not been neglected, I can assure you. Every barrel-organ grinder has to take out a licence, which is granted to him on two conditions; the first of which is that his organ has no false notes, and the other that at least once during the year he will play in the neighbourhood of a prison at the hour of exercise."

"Oh, that is Sterling's idea," said Lill, laughing. "He has about as much ear for music as a door-post; but he always declares that the day he heard a barrel-organ playing when he was in gaol was as if a door had been opened in heaven."

"On Bank Holiday we have a parade of barrel-organs," said Nedelca, "and really some of them are instruments to be proud of."

"I should have mentioned," said Lady Sidney, "that in addition to all this musical training, twenty pupils are annually sent abroad to finish their studies at the best schools on the Continent. In addition to those who are trained free of cost and provided with scholarships, there are the private pupils who pay, and their fees go a long way towards meeting current expenses. In time we hope that the institution will become self-supporting. Fellowship grants are never intended to be anything but a send off. They help an institution in its infancy, but they do not undertake to wheel it about in a perambulator all its days."

The cantata was very pretty, and the dresses of the performers were minutely criticised by Lill, who had that department under her care. At its close the leading performers and the author of the cantata were duly presented to Lady Sidney.

"She is quite like a queen," said the Professor to his wife, "but instead of being a queen above the people she is a queen among the people."

CHAPTER V.

THE MODERN INFERNO.

FROM the Conservatoire the Professor and his wife went back to the hotel. Lady Sidney, Lill, and Nedelca hastened back to the Emancipator building to dress for dinner. Monday was Labour day, as Tuesday and Thursday were reception days. Wednesday was Parliament day, Friday was the day of St. George, and Saturday the day of the Civic Church. Sunday was the only day on which Lady Sidney neither received nor dined publicly; she reserved it

for her private friends. Lady Sidney always presided over these dinners. When Sterling was able to come he sat at her right hand. Nedelca and Lill attended the receptions, but did not as a rule put in an appearance at the dinners. Lady Sidney had her private dining-room immediately under her office. It was a small room which would not seat more than twelve, and seemed well filled with half that number. The orchestra was out of sight. But the music at Lady Sidney's dinners was regarded as at least as important as the *menu*. The dinner was always served from the Fellowship restaurant, and never cost more than three and sixpence per head, including wine, of which very little was drunk, and that only of the lightest kind. At dinner the conversation was more or less general. After dinner, however, the company adjourned to Lady Sidney's room, which was a delightful compromise between drawing-room, smoking-room, and conservatory. Here the company remained, discussing affairs, for two or three hours.

In this discussion forum, as Lady Sidney used to call it, every word, whether in jest or earnest, was recorded by the phonographs, four of which were placed in recesses out of sight, but so arranged as to catch every sound in the room. The moment the company dispersed the phonographic records were taken to the typing-room and transcribed, and copies of the conversation were forwarded before midnight to all those who had been present. If after perusing the transcript they found that they had imperfectly expressed themselves or missed any vital point, they were expected to supply emendations, and to return the copy by post. After all the corrections had come in, a new and revised copy was re-typed and added to the archives of the paper. In this manner was collected and rendered available for reference the opinions of the best-informed men upon the state of affairs from day to day. As the archives were confidential, and all communications privileged, there was thus stored up masses of information, which would not otherwise have been available, for the writing of history.

Next to the day of St. George, Lady Sidney was most interested in Labour day. Sterling was usually present, and there was not a single Labour leader of note, at home or abroad, who had not taken part in the discussions in Lady Sidney's forum. The Labour Question had been dealt with by the *Daily Paper* from the very beginning in a fashion which showed how very much more of a Churchman Sterling was at heart than a journalist. Instead of regarding strikes and lock-outs as material out of which readable copy could be manufactured, he set himself from the first to organise an informal Court of Conciliation and Arbitration. He secured the services of a tried and trusty representative of Labour, and a no less trusted representative of Capital, both of whom before being labourer or capitalist were just and honest men; men who, as Lady Sidney used to insist, knew that two and two made four, and would not say that it made more or less, no, not even to please King Demos himself. To these was joined an industrious and capable secretary, and Sterling was delighted to secure the services of Dick Grant for the post.

When it was the question of a woman's dispute, Mrs. Fawcett was added to the trio, and Miss Irwin acted as co-secretary with Dick Grant. Dick Grant and Miss Irwin were attached to the Labour staff of the *Daily Paper*, and kept the Labour Bureau. This office prepared indexes of all available information on Labour subjects, and were in constant communication with the Ministry of Labour, which had been established by Sir John Gorst in the Salisbury Government in 1895.

Immediately a strike or lock-out was threatened in any district, the two arbitrators of the paper went down, not as arbitrators but simply as special commissioners, accompanied

by the secretary. They acted, in the first instance, just as special commissioners. They saw both sides, and tried to ascertain from headquarters what were the exact points in dispute. When a special correspondent is sent by a paper which is supporting either one side or the other, he writes as a partizan. If by some rare chance he should be impartial or indifferent, his opinion carries very little weight, as he is only one individual. But in the case of the *Daily Paper* Commissioners they were men universally respected by both sides, who, instead of seeking to make capital for their class, only sought to ascertain the exact situation, and, as far as possible, to bring the two sides together. That is to say, they tried to arrive at the irreducible minimum of difference between the disputants, and when the exact point of difference was ascertained, endeavoured to form an opinion on the merits of the case, and to urge that the irreducible minimum should be referred to impartial arbitration. As soon as they had arrived at a report which both could sign, it was published in the columns of the *Daily Paper*. At first there was some disposition to resent this attitude on the part of a mere paper to undertake the work which ought to have been done by the State; but as the Arbitration Bill had never got through Parliament, and it became evident that both the *Daily Paper* Commissioners honestly tried to arrive at the exact truth, which they stated fearlessly and without favour, public opinion rallied to their support. It was felt that until the report of the *Daily Paper* Commissioners had been published the materials for forming an opinion on the merits or demerits of the strike or lock-out had not yet come to hand. If both Commissioners and the secretary, who countersigned the report, agreed in condemning as uncalled for the demand for a reduction or an increase of wages, or any other demand or claim on either side, public opinion so generally pronounced against the condemned side, that both masters and men began to devote more and more attention to getting up their case and laying it before the Commissioners than to preparing for the bitter and crude arbitrament of industrial war. Here also the Fellowship rendered admirable service. Any Fellow who, when a strike was pending, opposed, either by word or act, the decision of the arbitrators, forfeited, *ipso facto*, all rights as a Fellow, nor could he be reinstated within less than a year unless he publicly expressed regret through the columns of the *Daily Paper*.

Of course while in almost all cases it was possible for the arbitrators both of capital and labour to sign a report stating the cause of the dispute, and defining the irreducible minimum of disagreement, it was often impossible for them to agree upon a joint report as to the merits or demerits of the dispute. In that case each signed separate reports, which were published side by side; but both joined in a recommendation that the dispute should be referred to arbitration. The side which rejected this suggestion stood condemned. The whole influence of the *Daily Paper* and the Fellowship, so far as it could influence public opinion, was turned against the side which refused arbitration. By this means a weapon was created which, while it bore some resemblance to the interdict of the mediæval popes, was exercised with all the greater effect from the exceeding moderation of its demands.

The *Daily Paper* also at an early stage in its career drew up what it considered as a normal standard of the conditions of human labour. The first article was a six days' working week; the second, overtime to be paid for after eight hours' work on any day; the third, the Saturday half holiday; the fourth, full recognition of the right of combination on both sides; the fifth, the enforcement of existing laws against sweating, etc.; the sixth, the erection of lavatories, drinking fountains, and bath-houses for both sexes. Of

course there was no compulsory power to enforce the conditions of this labour charter except the impalpable force of public opinion, which found expression whenever a dispute broke out. The first thing the Commissioners had to ascertain was how far the workers had obtained the seven points in the Labour Charter. If they had not, the presumption was strongly on their side whenever they attempted to better their condition. Thus a force was created which indirectly tended to raise the condition of the workmen.

But that which excited the greatest indignation at first, yet soon came to be recognised as a right and proper exercise of the power possessed by the *Daily Paper* and its affiliated Fellowship, was the system of universal reference as to character. The same principle which was carried out by the financial department on the lines of *Stubbs's Mercantile Gazette* was also adopted in relation to employers and employed. Any member of the Fellowship was entitled to a report as to the character of any employé or employer. This was welcomed enthusiastically by employers, especially by mistresses, who found that they could get a much more correct report as to the character of a servant than if they had applied to her last mistress. But there was a fearful outcry when servants commenced to join the Fellowship and began to ask for reports as to the characters of employers. Stingy or ferocious mistresses and vicious masters found themselves under a ban. As the Fellowship grew, and the Labour Bureau accumulated more and more material, it became possessed of thousands of *dossiers* of householders and also of their servants. Each member of the Fellowship was entitled to a confidential report concerning any one of these. There was a fearful howl concerning espionage, but the *Daily Paper* stood firm. "A father," said the editor, "whose daughter was going into service in town for the first time had a right to have all the available information as to the character of the house which was to be his daughter's home when she left his roof." There was no prying or spying into people's affairs, excepting so far as they had performed a contract in the past into which they were endeavouring to induce another person to enter in the future. That person had a right to know all that could be known, and as the Fellowship sought to secure for each Fellow and his children the advantage which each one would wish to have for his own children, they admitted in the long run the wisdom of what to many at first seemed a dangerous line of action. For domestic servants the Labour Bureau drew up a charter which was being constantly brought before the attention of the Fellows, and which tended in the long run sensibly to ameliorate domestic service, thereby going a long way towards making it popular among educated women. Here also there had been no little litigation. The only result of the prosecutions was to bring out very clearly the need of having some pillory in which to expose the names of employers who were unfit to stand *in loco parentis* to their servants.

At Monday's dinner-table the Minister of Labour was present as often as he could spare time from the debates in the House. There were also frequently present the permanent head of the Labour Department, one or more representative Trades Unionists, the president and secretary of the Trades Union Congress, the secretary of the Shipowners' Federation, and any others who were entitled to speak as to the actual facts of labour and capital. As public labour registries had been established by Sir John Gorst as Minister of Labour in 1895, the only service which the *Daily Paper* could render in that direction was by the publication of special Labour Supplements containing, together with advertisements of situations vacant and wanted, a careful condensation of all the latest helpful notions as to the state of the labour market in all parts of the country. The Fellowship Fund, in

co-operation with the Labour Department of the *Daily Paper*, established along various lines of route rest-houses, whereby *bonâ fide* working men tramping from town to town could be provided with cheap and comfortable lodgings, without being compelled to pig together with idle riff-raff in the common lodging-houses, or to undergo the semi-penal treatment of the casual ward.

"Now," said his guide, whose name was Johnstone, to the Professor, "come with me and spend an hour in Hell."

"No thank you," said Glogoul. "You are a little too previous."

His guide smiled. "Don't be alarmed," he said. "The Hell I spoke of is one of the special features of the *Daily Paper* on which Mr. Sterling and Mr. Grant most pride themselves. You can leave it when you please, but it would be absurd not to visit it. Far more even than the Salon, the Restaurant, or the Camera Obscura, it embodies the central idea of the paper."

"Seems to me," said the Professor, "that this paper has got as many central ideas as there are days in the year. And of all the central ideas a Hell centre is the queerest I ever—"

"No, sir," said Mr. Johnstone, "there is only one idea in the *Daily Paper*, one idea in the Civic Church, one idea in every department—from the highest to the lowest—only one idea on which everything pivots, round which everything revolves."

"And that," said the Professor impatiently, "cannot be two and two make four. An arithmetical proposition is not broad enough to be the hub of a whole universe."

"You are right," said his companion. "Our central idea is as broad as the central idea of the Christian religion. In fact, it is but the statement of the practical side of the doctrine of the Incarnation."

"Now you go beyond me," said Glogoul. "Can you not put it in plain English? Your central principle is—"

"Simply this. Put yourself in his place! Look!" he added, pointing to the entrance to a building that stretched westward from the main wing behind the Civic Church. "You see the inscription over the door: 'Put yourself in his place!'"

"And this is Hell," said Glogoul. "If the Sunday-school books I read when a boy were not lying, it seems to me more like the gate of Heaven."

By this time they had passed the doorway; the great iron-barred gate swung heavily on its hinges to let them in, and then clanged to. The Professor, accustomed to bolts and bars and convict life, shrugged his shoulders.

"A prison?" he said.

"No, not in the ordinary sense," said his guide. "But in another sense, yes. A prison established not as a place for punishing criminals, but as a microcosm of the hard and cruel conditions of life in gaol and out, where any one who wishes to understand can be made to feel. On the right we have exact facsimiles of the cells in various prisons and the wards in various workhouses. On the left we have a reproduction of the conditions in which many of our fellow-men have to earn their bread."

"What an ingenious idea!" said Glogoul; "that is Sterling's, I'll be bound. Ever since he did his bit in gaol he has been mad upon the question of the treatment of prisoners."

"Yes," said Johnstone; "the original idea was Sterling's, but it has developed largely under other hands."

"It used to be an idea of his, I remember," said the Professor, "that no magistrate or judge should ever pass sentence of imprisonment until he had spent at least twenty-four hours in solitary confinement."

"The same idea," said Johnstone; "here, for instance, we

have a treadmill. You see these fellows walking up the endless stair? They are young barristers, getting to feel what it is like. Sometimes you find a minister of religion. No journalist on the *Daily Paper* staff is ever allowed to advocate the infliction of any punishment until he has suffered himself at least a sample of it. Everything is exactly the same as in gaol: rations, plank bed, treadmill, and all the rest. Men and women are accommodated here. No one is allowed to stay longer than a week, but there is seldom an empty cell. The place is a kind of retreat; the gaol cells are more popular than the workhouse wards, at least at first. But nowadays, since the ratepayers began to refuse to elect any guardian who has not passed a night in the workhouse, it is astonishing what improvements have been made in the treatment of the indoor poor."

After they had passed the prison cells and the workhouse wards, they came to a place which caused Glogoul to put his handkerchief to his nose.

"Never mind," said his guide, "we shall soon pass through this. We had a good deal of trouble to get the exact smell, but this short corridor is kept constantly filled with the air of a taproom. Persons anxious to serve on licensing boards spend a night in these rooms. Pretty lively, is it not?" said he, and he touched an electric button. Immediately a loud-speaking phonograph filled the air with oaths and curses. Obscene epithets, varied with screams and blasphemy, made the place hideous.

"It is exact," said Johnstone, as he stopped the clamour, "absolutely exact. The vitiated atmosphere is chemically identical with that in an East-end gin-shop, and the sounds you heard just now are simply the reproduction of the hubbub that actually took place last Saturday night opposite the Red Lion. It is wonderful what an educational effect this Chamber of Horrors has upon the licensing question. Any worker on the staff who shows a disposition to regard intemperance lightly is shut up here for a night."

They passed into the lunatic asylum with its strait waistcoats and its padded room. "Whom have we here?" said the Professor.

"Mad doctors for the most part," said his guide. "No doctor is allowed to sign a certificate in lunacy until he has been locked up for a week and treated exactly as a lunatic. Now and then one goes mad under the confinement by the influence of suggestion. But they are much more careful in granting certificates ever afterwards."

By this time they had passed out of the penal or quasi-penal wing, and were entering the wing devoted to an illustration of the way in which the poor live. It was much more horrible than the gaol. The first room was a faithful reproduction of the section of the chemical works where the workers, only able to breathe through respirators, work in poisoned air, and contract painful diseases. The second showed the condition of white lead workers; the third the ravages of phossy jaw in the matchworks; the fourth interested the Professor immensely. It was a facsimile of a fore-castle with sailors' bunks, so hung as to pitch and roll and heave like a ship in a lumpy sea. There were weevily biscuit and salt junk, and any one who wished could realise something of the kind of life lived by our gallant tars. Another room represented a narrow seam in a coal mine. The temperature, the air, the position of the workmen were exactly the same as they are to-day hundreds of feet underground.

"Wherever," said Johnstone, "any representative of the *Daily Paper* comes upon an exceptionally horrible condition of life which some must endure, an exact reproduction of its worst features is set up here, and all who write or speak about it must first actually experience what it means. Now," he continued, "here we have the dwellings of the

poor illustrated. You can live here as an Irish cottier, as a Scotch crofter, or as a dosser in a London slum. We have everything here exact, down to the reek of the peat and the stale tobacco smoke of the crowded doss-house. And those who wish to know what it is to sleep on the Embankment can learn by spending a night on the seat in the balconies which are specially constructed for that very purpose."

"Are they ever occupied?" asked Glogoul.

"Almost always," was the answer. "Students for the ministry and young journalists all pass through these experiences. A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind, and they preach and write more sympathetically all their lives because of their sojourn in this microcosmic Inferno of our social state."

"All the same," said the Professor, "I am very glad to get out. What a Chamber of Horrors it is!"

"Yes," said Dick, who came up as they left the gate. "But it is the only living chamber of millions."

The Professor's eye fell on the inscription: "Inasmuch ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"You called it Hell," he said. "To me it seems more like Calvary."

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE PRINTING OFFICE.

JUST when Professor Glogoul was thinking of going to bed that night, he received a telephonic message from Sterling asking him if he would like to see the process of producing and distributing the paper. If so, a messenger would be sent to take him at two o'clock in the morning to the office.

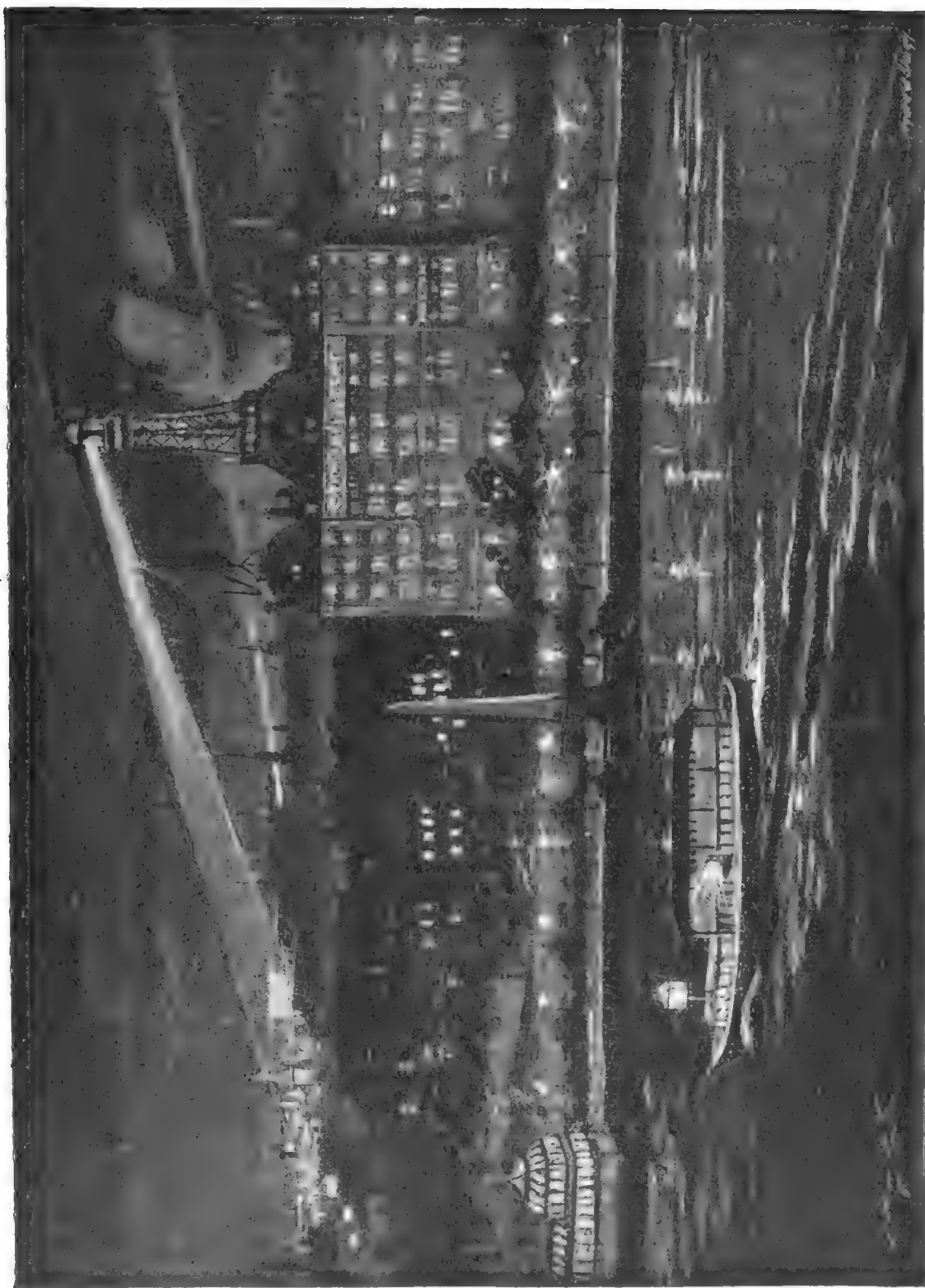
"I think I will go," he said. "I wonder what new notions he has got there?"

The editorial office was quite apart from the printing offices. The bulk of the paper was written during the day. Only the summary, the Parliamentary summary and the leading article, together with any special features and the telegrams, were attended to in the editorial office across the water where the paper was produced. Sterling had insisted from the first on having his printing office with a river frontage. He maintained that the river had never been utilised as it might be in facilitating the production and distribution of a paper. He began by putting down his machines on a narrow strip of river frontage at the south side of Waterloo Bridge. The building had grown immensely since then, and now covered a great area, in which a regular dock with gates had been made for the accommodation of the small flotilla of boats employed in bringing paper, coals, ink and oil to the newspaper offices, and in distributing the immense amount of printed matter which was turned out every day.

The Professor snatched three hours of somewhat troubled sleep, got up and dressed, and hurried forth with the messenger. The moment they reached the Embankment the Professor's attention was attracted by the immense arc light which shone in the interior of the clock rising from the centre of the printing office. The arc light was in an immense globe, on which the time of night was indicated by hands which were connected with the Observatory clock at Greenwich. It was a double disc which revolved every half minute, so that the time was visible from all parts.

"What an ingenious arrangement!" said the Professor.

"Yes," said the messenger; "when you get to the observatory tower you will see that a similar arrangement has been erected on each of our branch offices. To the night-birds which fly across London these towers must shine like planets in the dark metropolitan firmament."



THE GREAT SEARCH-LIGHT ON "THE DAILY PAPER" BUILDING WAS STILL STREAMING OVER LONDON.

The Professor looked at his companion, and saw that he was no ordinary person. His face was full of poetic fire. He wondered somewhat at the selection of such a person to show him over the machinery and the distribution of parcels. "May I ask," said he at last, "what function you hold in the journalistic hierarchy?"

"Oh, I am one of their poets," said he. "Not that I am worthy of the name, but I help to write the ballads which, as you will have seen, appear in each number of the *Daily Paper* commemorating some event either of present-day or of ancient heroism. There are several of us, and we also form a committee who sit in judgment on the verses sent in by such Fellows as have a turn for poetry."



"I AM ONE OF THEIR POETS," SAID HE.

"I do not wish to reflect upon your veracity," said the Professor, "but there are too few furrows upon your brow, and your hair is not yet grey. It is a terrible thing to read the manuscript poems of amateur versifiers!"

Mr. Norris laughed. "Oh, you are too hard upon the first chirrupings of the tuneful choir! We who write verses ourselves are more sympathetic than others to whom the effusions of the youthful bards are wearisome to a degree."

"Holloa," said the Professor, "what in the name of fortune is that?"

This exclamation was called forth by a four-wheeled vehicle which was speeding along the street at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. A woman sat in the centre with her hands upon the steering-gear. The wheels of the vehicle were of corrugated pneumatic tyres, and the arrangement of the car was something like that of a miniature hay cart.

"Oh," said Mr. Norris, "that is one of our distributing cars. They are driven by a small gas engine. It is a German patent, I believe, but it was not in general use in this country until Sterling took it up. The tyres are rather expensive, but as the traffic is all done in the early morning, and one of the great objects of the *Daily Paper* is to secure noiseless traffic, it was thought better to set an example even before the streets were properly paved, rather than create a noise in the early morning in distributing the paper."

At this moment they arrived at the middle of Waterloo Bridge. The great search-light on the *Daily Paper* building was still streaming over London.

"The last forme is going to press," said Norris. "We had better hurry. But first let us look at the launches coming up."

Gazing down stream, the Professor saw four swift launches making their way to the wharf of the *Daily Paper* office; each carried an illuminated lantern, on one side being the Stars and Stripes and on the other the Union Jack. They were all lighted and propelled by electricity, and very pretty they looked as they silently but rapidly made their way to the moorings at the end of the pier.

"How do you manage at low tide?" said the Professor.

"Come a little further on and I will show you."

When they had crossed to the other side of the bridge they saw several men engaged in an operation which reminded the Professor of what he had seen when a pontoon bridge was being thrown across a river. Caissons filled with air were floated into position while the tide was flowing; across these was fitted a gangway, with a narrow gauge railway. When the pontoons had reached deep water other pontoons were floated to the right and left and made fast, so that even as they were looking a long deep water quay was constructed, to which the launches were secured. The whole operation was gone through in ten minutes.

"Constant practice," said Norris, "enables them to lay down and take in that floating quay in about twenty minutes. It is not necessary when the tide is high, but when the tide falls it obviates what at first was felt to be a great difficulty."

"What do you do with the launches?" asked the Professor.

"They are invaluable for the distribution of papers," replied his companion. "There are four of them—two for the north bank and two for the south. Each has its regular beat. In newspaper distribution time is everything, and these launches enable us to distribute more than half our London circulation. The papers are left at dumping places along the river, from whence they are taken to the branch offices, and then distributed all over London."

"May I ask what is your circulation in London?"

"150,000," said Norris. "I believe, however, that Sterling is contemplating the distribution of a small paper, made up of advertisements and some news taken from the *Daily Paper*, which will be left free at every house in London. The late Cardinal was immensely taken with this idea. Hitherto it has been found impossible, but there is no reason why it should not be accomplished when our distributing agency is perfected. Sterling was discussing it with the Cardinal shortly before his death. His imagination was fired with it. He said, 'You revive a great aspiration which has filled my soul ever since the time when, as a

young student on the heights of Highgate, I looked down upon this great city, and reflected that no means existed adequate to meet the spiritual needs of its million souls. If your scheme is carried out, and to every house in this peopled province the daily messengers are left in the early morning, would it not be a glorious fulfilment of the saying in the Scripture, "The poor have the gospel preached unto them!"

"What circulation would your free paper have?"

"It would take about 500,000 a day to cover the whole city. But it can be done, and I think we shall begin it on New Year's Day."

They had now reached the entrance to the publishing office. "Bless my soul," said the Professor, "if there is not another cookshop here!"

"Yes," said Norris; "so many people are employed here, both men and women, that it was found necessary to establish one of our restaurants for the benefit of the employes. This, however, is absolutely confined to those who are employed on the establishment. There is nothing distinctive about the restaurant itself, although here also, as you will see, we have music and plenty of flowers. The distinctive feature of this place, however, is its bathing accommodation."

They entered a lift and descended to the level of the river. Here, under one of the arches of the bridge, was an immense floating bathing establishment.

"We do not use the river water as yet," said Norris. "In time, when it is sufficiently purified, we hope to do so, but at present it is supplied by the mains." As they entered the bath, Norris said, "You will see that it is divided into two wings—one for the men, and the other for the women. In each there is a spacious swimming bath, and all round are private baths and lavatories, with both hot and cold water. Everything is supplied free. As soon as the Moonlight Soap people heard what we were doing, they asked as a special favour to be allowed to supply the baths with their soap. We replied that we would do so if our analyst could not buy a better soap in the market than what they were prepared to supply us with. They accepted the offer, and so it costs us nothing. You will find that one of their specialities is the *Daily Paper* soap, which they sell all over the world. You see," said Norris, with a practical business faculty which contrasted strangely with his somewhat dreamy features, "when once you determine to have nothing but the best—absolutely the best—every firm feels that your acceptance of their articles is the very best advertisement that they can have. We accept nothing if we can buy anything better. Hence the notification that we accept any article is almost as good as a gold medal at an exhibition. Every employé is not only allowed but encouraged to use these baths as soon as he leaves work. It has proved an immense convenience, and has greatly improved the average health of the establishment. But—come on—the machines are beginning to print the first edition."

Leaving the river, they entered a long building on the ground floor. Two lines of machines stretched to the end of the printing shed. Some were already beginning to revolve, upon others the plates were being fixed. Each machine had one attendant, a lady, dressed in a neat business-like costume with no wide petticoats to catch in the machines. All the attendants had to do was to watch the completed copies being delivered, to remove them from time to time, and to place them on small rolleys which were slowly travelling the length of the room, drawn by an endless band.

"How many machines have you here?" said the Professor.

"Ten machines, each of which prints 5,000 an hour, turning out therefore 50,000 an hour. We start printing at two, and stop when we have reeled off 250,000."

"Two hundred and fifty thousand is not such a large circulation," said the Professor, "when you have a circulation of 150,000 in London alone."

"Oh, but," said Norris, "you forget that similar *Daily Papers* are published in all the large towns of the three kingdoms, with the addition of local advertisements and local news."

"How on earth do you do that?" said the Professor.

"Well," said Norris, "it is not so difficult, as you will see when you go upstairs."

The Professor looked on with admiration at the machines reeling off the white paper, and delivering it at the other end a neatly cut, folded and pasted, illustrated magazine-paper of forty pages. Mr. Norris exchanged a kindly greeting with each of the attendants as he passed.

"They are all educated ladies," he said. "Most of them are daughters of investors who were ruined in the Emancipator and other bogus companies. Lady Sidney was very particular that the whole staff should be drawn as far as possible from the daughters of professional men, following therein the example set long ago by the Prudential Insurance Company. Emancipator victims had the first chance, and any gentlewoman whose savings had been swept away by the fraud or insolvency of building societies. We were enabled in this way," said Norris, "to provide remunerative employment for a great number of ladies, and to open up another profession to educated women. You will find upstairs in the composing-room that the Thorne typesetting machines are worked by two relays of women, each doing eight hours."

By this time all the machines were under way, and the rolleys on the endless band were almost all filled. Each hundred was completed in little more than a minute. They were tied together by an ingenious method, which resembled the way in which sheaves are bound in the harvest-field. Each hundred was taken by the attendant and placed on the rolleys, each of which held five hundred papers. Outside the machine-room the rolleys by their own weight ran down the inclined plane, which terminated in the hold of the launch. The moment they reached the side of the launch they were seized by the women in attendance and stored in the hold. The launch which plied on the north-east side of the river was soon laden, and moved silently off into the stream, after sounding a melodious note full of vibrating melody. Her place was taken by another.

As the electric launch sheered off into the river they could see the attendants making up the papers into lots for delivery. There was no packing necessary. Everything was reckoned by hundreds, with the exception of the odd scores, which were made up from bundles untied and retied in the course of the voyage. When they neared a landing-stage the parcels were deposited at once in a gas-driven quadricycle, which was standing on the gangway awaiting the arrival of the launch. No time was lost, and the quadricycle was speeding on its way to the branch office almost as soon as the launch was free from its moorings.

The two machines at the farther end of the room were not running so rapidly as the others. Instead of delivering papers at five thousand an hour, they were only supplying them at two thousand five hundred an hour. But as they delivered them from the machine they were all folded in stamped and addressed wrappers, which were fed into an annex of the machine, and turned out ready for posting. The wrappers were officially stamped at the Post Office

before printing. By this means there was a postal delivery of five thousand an hour which were hurried off in quadricycles to St. Martin's-le-Grand.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BRIGADE OF WIDOWS.

"You cannot distribute all your papers by water," said the Professor. "How do you manage to supply the inland districts?"

"You had better come up higher," said Norris. They entered a lift, and in a few seconds they stood on the level of the Waterloo Road. Here were drawn up some forty quadricycles in two long rows on either side of the street in charge of two uniformed attendants.

"You see the advantage of the quadricycle," said Norris. "A horse needs a driver to look after it; but these cycles do not run away, hence their drivers are enjoying themselves in the rooms attached to the restaurant. Let us go in and see them."

The Professor found himself in a well-appointed drawing-room, in which a dozen ladies were sitting. Some of them were past middle age, but others were much younger. Some were reading, while others were talking and discussing the latest fashions, and all the other small talk of polite society. Upstairs in the recreation-room there were billiards, bagatelle, and other games. The younger drivers were engaged, with an equal number of the other sex, who had just finished stereotyping and putting the plates on the machines, in amusing themselves with the various games. The men on finishing work had all bathed; there was no smell of oil about them, or any trace of grime. Those present might have been ladies and gentlemen in any West-end place of assembly. Suddenly an electric bell rang twice. Two of the ladies in the recreation-room nodded good-bye to their companions and went downstairs.

"They are the first to load up," said Norris. "We had better follow them."

On reaching the street they found the two ladies standing by their machines, waiting for the arrival of the first parcels from the printing-room below. Each driver knew exactly how many papers she had to take, and as they came up the lift from below in hundreds they were transferred to the cycles, which were soon loaded. Then lighting her gas-engine, the driver took her seat in the midst of the papers and started at a speed which would not have been permitted had the streets been crowded with their usual traffic. The Professor stood watching the process for half an hour. By that time some ten of the quadricycles had been loaded, and had gone off North, South, East, and West. A couple of cycles were kept constantly going to and from the Post.

There was always a great hurry to catch the Northern trains. The South-western circulation was easily supplied by Waterloo and Charing Cross; but sometimes there was a rush to get the parcels to Paddington, Euston, St. Pancras, and King's Cross in time.

"Come this way," said Norris, "and you will see the despatching department, where the parcels are made up for the country. This is not such an undertaking as it was before the great development of the provincial daily papers. Still, there are about 70,000 papers which are made up into parcels to be delivered by rail."

It was a scene of immense animation, resembling that which may be seen at Messrs. Marshall and Sons, or Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, when the morning papers are being despatched from London. The head of the department was a woman, but most of the assistants were men and boys. As soon as the parcels were made up, they were hurried off to the quadricycles in waiting.

"Now," said Norris, "I propose that we visit the telegraphic operating-room before we take our seat on one of the machines, and witness the work of distribution. In that department you will see how the branch papers are managed."

It was now about four o'clock, and there was only one operator in charge. She said that the whole of the contents of the paper that had not previously been sent in stereo had been telegraphed about midnight.

"Have you a list of our provincial branches?" asked Norris.

"Here it is," said she, handing them a list, from which it appeared that there were *Daily Papers* affiliated with the central office and supplied directly, first by stereo plates and then by telegraphic despatches, in Scotland—Aberdeen, Dundee, Edinburgh and Glasgow; Dublin, Cork, and Belfast, in Ireland. In England the branch offices were:—Newcastle, Darlington, York, Hull, Bradford, Leeds, Sheffield, Preston, Blackpool, Manchester, Liverpool, Crewe, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, Norwich, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Bristol, Brighton, Portsmouth, Exeter, and Plymouth.

"Please explain to the Professor how they are worked," said Norris.

"Very simply," said she. "One of us sits at this operating board, and, by an ingenious method recently invented, Thorne typesetting machines in each of the thirty-one centres are set in motion; and as a result, with a couple of Thornes in each branch office, we are able to set most of the paper before midnight."

"But if you make mistakes?" said the Professor.

"Oh, then, they are rectified in the ordinary way at the other end."

"What proportion can you send in stereo, and what must you telegraph?"

"We do not send much by stereo, as a matter of fact. The housewifery page goes, so does the Morning Service page, and the saint's day; also anything relating to the past. But the leading article, the notes, the summary, the City notes, and the story are always telegraphed. Sometimes we send the encyclopædic page by stereo, but it is safer to send it by wire. You see we have private wires of our own to each of these provincial offices, and they all wire us in return anything that is of more than local interest."

"But what about your provincial editor?"

"Every provincial editor is appointed directly from the head office. In his own province, however, he is absolutely free, subject of course to criticism, to reset the whole of the paper with local news and local leaders, and whatever else may be of interest, provided always that he maintains the fundamental features of the parent daily, and that he does not do violence to any of the fundamental truths upon which the paper rests."

"What may those truths be?" asked the Professor.

"First and foremost, that two and two make four," said Norris, laughing. "Secondly, that our chief political duty is to promote the unity of the English-speaking race. Thirdly, that woman has a right to be treated as a human being, and ought to be subject to no disabilities other than those which are imposed upon her by nature, the reduction of which to a minimum is regarded as the great object of legislation."

"Hum!" said the Professor, "I guess you have got a tolerably long row to hoe there!"

"But," continued Norris, "as long as he is sound on those fundamentals, he can pretty well say what he pleases. All the provincial editions are, however, carefully scrutinised every day by a small committee of three, two men and a woman, the woman being in the chair. These censors are

regarded as holding one of the most important posts that there are. They sit in judgment also on the *Daily Paper*. One of the men is always a veteran, and the other a tyro, who, however, has convinced the management that he is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the *Daily Paper*. The lady chairman is usually middle-aged. As she has the casting vote her position is very important. For the first year or two Lady Sidney occupied the chair herself, but her work increased so rapidly that she delegated it to the present occupant, the Duchess of Oxford, who certainly would have been on the bench if the opening of the judicial functions to women had taken place in the nineteenth century, instead of being reserved to be one of the triumphs of the twentieth.

"Suppose any heresy creeps in?" said the Professor.

"I forgot to tell you," said Norris, "that there are heresies of doctrine and heresies of conduct. The heresies of doctrine are an infringement of the three great principles to which I have alluded. In like manner there are three heresies of conduct. The first is that of being dull, the second is that of being vulgar, and the third is that of being unsympathetic. As long as the editors and the contributors keep within the two trios there will be no difficulty."

"But suppose they do not?"

"Then," said Norris, "the following is the mode of procedure: If the tribunal is unanimous and the fault very grave, a report is immediately laid before the Chief, who at once summons the offender to explain by telegraph. Should the explanation not be satisfactory, he is provisionally suspended and summoned to London to defend himself. Should he be obdurate and be unable to convince the Chief that he is sorry for his mistake, he is at once removed, although, unless the offence has been extremely heinous and the offender insolent in his demeanour, another place will be supplied him where he will not be tempted to air his heresy to the scandal of the Fellowship."

"Always the Fellowship!" said the Professor. "You use the word Fellowship as the Moslems use the Faithful."

"Naturally so," said Norris, "because the Fellows are our Faithful. A fidelity which contributes a penny a day may be scoffed at, but it represents a great deal more in practical life than the fidelity which is only measured by lip professions of devotion to a speculative creed."

"But what is done in the less serious cases?"

"Then the offender is duly warned, and on a repetition of the offence, is summoned to London, where he can plead his cause in person. Should he prove recalcitrant, or, what is more likely, hopelessly stupid, he is removed. But I believe only one editor has been removed from his post."

"What were the heresies which led to his deposition?"

"Oh! he was a good fellow—a Quaker, I believe; but nothing would satisfy him but an almost savage onslaught upon Lady Sidney's great scheme of raising a volunteer corps among women. That, by the way, was a great success. Nothing has done more to improve female physique and to rationalise woman's dress than the formation of a volunteer corps of women. The good effects of the drill, the discipline, and the constant exercise in the open, were quite enough to justify the experiment; and the constant reminder that in case of invasion the women were prepared to do their duty as well as the men, has silenced most of the idle jeering that used often to be heard in the mouths of the vulgar concerning the capacity of women."

"Did they serve as horse, foot, and artillery?" asked the Professor.

"In horse, foot, and artillery," said Norris, "and splendid light dragoons they make. Remember that in war every ounce of additional weight is an additional impediment, and

as women, taken all round, weigh about two stones less than men, a regiment of a thousand horse represents a reduction of weight carried by the horses of no less than thirteen tons. But about the Quaker editor. His offence would have been pardoned had he consented to be silent, but he would not be content unless he denounced the scheme in every paper he issued, and as it was being advocated by Lady Sidney and the Fellowship, it was impossible to pass this by. Now," said Norris, "we shall have to look sharp in order to catch our rapid express quadricycles for St. Pancras and King's Cross."

"But will it not overweight the machines?" asked the Professor.

"No, they are our strongest cycles, and especially built to carry an extra person."

"Look sharp, or they will be off." The Professor sprang into the seat beside the lady driver, and before he knew where he was they were rushing across Waterloo Bridge at a rate that could hardly have been less than ten miles an hour. Close behind him came the other cycle with Norris. They were soon abreast.

"It is not fair on me," said the Professor's companion to the other driver. "You have at least the advantage of two stone. You ought really to give me a fair start."

Crossing the Strand, they raced northward up the great new thoroughfare which the County Council had opened in the previous year, from St. Clement Danes to Holborn. The hand of the driver never left the steering gear; whenever they neared a crossing the warning bell rang melodiously and the pace was slackened.

"We can bring the machines to a dead stop in twenty yards, as you will see if the occasion arises; but we cannot stop in order to try experiments, as we have to catch the northern trains."

On they went again, down Southampton Row, and through the network of streets that lead up to the stations. The Professor's cycle was half a length behind when they came to what was regarded as the winning-post, namely, where they diverged one to King's Cross and the other to St. Pancras. In another moment the Professor was at the Great Northern terminus, where the papers were shipped on board the train. The Professor looked at his watch. From leaving Waterloo Bridge till the parcels were in the van at St. Pancras had taken exactly ten minutes.

"That was very exhilarating," said he to his companion.

"Wait until the other cycle comes, and then we have instructions to run you round some of the distributing centres."

In another minute or two they were joined by the other cycle, and they started on their round.

"I think you will be interested," said Norris to the Professor, "in seeing the way in which the paper is distributed throughout London. As you know, we have twenty branch offices; on an average they have eight thousand copies of the paper to distribute, and it is a point of honour with us that every paper must be delivered at the subscriber's door before eight o'clock in the morning."

"But the people may not be up, and how do they get their pennies?"

"What," said Norris, "did not you know that all our subscriptions are paid in advance, either quarterly, half-yearly, or annually? It was begun in the first instance by Sterling procuring his one hundred thousand subscribers."

"Yes, I remember," said the Professor. "The 'dew on his fleece,' he called it."

"Yes; and he had more dew on his fleece than he reckoned for, and the demand was greater than the machines could supply, and the appearance of the paper was delayed in consequence. He had no intention of distributing it

himself at first, excepting through the ordinary channels of the trade, but as some of the newsagents were hostile, and tried to cripple the new venture, he was compelled to take the distribution of the paper in London into his own hands. In this he was heartily supported by Lady Sidney, who saw in it an opportunity of realising an idea which had weighed upon her mind ever since her own bereavement. She saw what an immense boon it would be if the distribution could be entrusted to a brigade of widows. Oh, by the bye, here is one of them passing."

She was a woman about forty, active and vigorous; and she was going along at a good pace.

"You see that knapsack which she carries on her shoulders, in which to put the papers? She has also a waterproof cover in which to wrap those in her hands."

"Good morning, ma'am!" said the lady driver as she passed the woman. "You are in good time this morning!"

"Thank you!" was the reply. "I have rather a long beat, and it takes me all my time to get through it."

The Professor noted with admiration that though the cycles were running side by side, at the rate of ten miles an hour, there was no sound besides the slight whirr of the corrugations over the pavement; and he could carry on a conversation with Norris as easily as if he had been sitting at his side in a carriage. Presently they drew up beside a large building. It was a branch office. All the women wore very neat bonnets. On each was a pegamoided waterproof ribbon, on which was printed "THE DAILY PAPER." Each woman was numbered, like a policeman, and the divisions were lettered A, B, C.

"Taken a hint from the police?" said the Professor.

"Yes," said Norris; "it was found that the police divisions corresponded much more closely to the distribution of population than any parochial or other systems of dividing the town. The whole work of superintending the organisation was entrusted to an officer who had recently retired from the police force. The letters correspond—that is to say, our widows of the C Division correspond with the C Division of Police. The only difference is that we have only twenty divisions, whereas the Metropolitan Police have more than twenty-four, not including the City, which is additional."

This was the Islington centre, and the first batch of papers had just arrived and the widows were being despatched to the more distant rounds. Each woman had a hundred papers, which she carried in her waterproof knapsack, but when she began to distribute she took a score out and carried them under her arm in the waterproof sheet.

"Rather heavy at first," said Norris, "but it is a constantly diminishing burden, and the knapsack is so arranged as to minimise the weight of the papers."

The women, while waiting for their parcels, sat in the drawing and recreation rooms, which differed little, if at all, from those which the Professor had seen in Waterloo Road. The despatching was done in a large room in the centre, where the widows were loaded up and sent on their several beats.

"How many women," said Glogoul, "have you at each of these stations?"

"From eighty to one hundred," was the reply. "Our widows' brigade is about two thousand strong. Most of the women you see here had lost money in the Emancipator, and this work has been their salvation."

"How long are they employed every day?" asked the Professor.

"Two hours in the morning, when they would otherwise probably have been in bed. They are paid a shilling a day, or six shillings a week, with extras when the quarterly payments are to be collected, or if they have to deliver anything else besides the papers."

"Does that often happen?"

"Oh, constantly," said Norris. "Some of these women think nothing of carrying a weight of groceries in addition to their papers. They are allowed to do as they please in that matter, the only stipulation being that they are not to undertake to distribute anything which will prevent them from delivering all their papers before eight o'clock in the morning."

"It is all very fine this morning," said the Professor, "when the day is beautiful; but what happens when it rains—and it rains very often in London?"

"Quite so," said Norris; "but you will notice that they are dressed so as to provide the minimum of exposure. They are all supplied in rainy weather with a long macintosh, ventilated by Byers's patent, which keeps them as dry as if they had stayed at home. Now, you see how it is that we are thinking of distributing a small daily paper free, made up from the larger one. These women pass every house-door in London. We could easily double the force, and with four thousand active women we could distribute that paper to every dwelling in London before eight o'clock in the morning. It would have a great advantage from a business point of view."

"What other ideas have you got in your eye?" asked the Professor, whose head began to reel with the multiplicity of new schemes which were being crowded into it by his companion.

"Well, there is one great branch of newspaper work which I have not yet shown you. Very soon in the history of the paper it was found that multitudes of people, especially poor people, did not know where to buy in the cheapest market, or where they could get the best goods without risk of adulteration. It was begun in a small way at first, but it has now reached gigantic dimensions. Mr. Sterling began by adding to his staff a thoroughly competent buyer, who had spent twenty years in the buying department of the Civil Service Stores. Then it was announced in the *Daily Paper* that any Fellow who wished to buy anything whatever, could send his order in to the head office, and within twelve hours of the receipt of the order, in the case of ordinary articles, the goods, if more than ten shillings in value, would be delivered at his door. Smaller parcels had to be fetched from the branch offices of the paper. This led to a wonderful development of associated enterprise in each of the districts. Neighbours in a street, or persons connected with a school, would make their weekly purchases in common. Goods were paid for in all cases on delivery, and on all purchases made in this way a commission of two and a half per cent. was charged, which was collected with the price of the articles. The percentage, after paying for the expenses of management, was handed over to the philanthropic department of the Fellowship Fund. Any Fellow could transmit an order on behalf of his neighbours, but in that case the responsibility of payment rested with the Fellow, and not with the neighbours.

"The scheme, which was primarily intended to be philanthropic in its aim, speedily became of immense social importance. Houses of call for the goods ordered constitute an extensive annexe to each of the twenty branch offices. They are carefully divided into compartments, so that there is no mixing of grocery with butcher's meat; nor do tallow candles and kid gloves find themselves in close proximity to one another."

"But how are the orders sent in?"

"Did you not notice as we came along in several of the windows large letters, D. P.?"

"Yes; I wondered what it meant. The C. P. of Carter, Paterson I know, but what does D. P. mean?"

"D. P. means *Daily Paper*. Wherever that is stuck in the window the woman calls for the order. It must be ready for her, and she has instructions never to wait on any account. When she has finished her rounds she usually brings back from ten to twenty orders, which are at once handed into the buyers' department at the office. Some of these orders cannot be attended to in the division. They are then telephoned to the central office, where they are promptly executed. By this means an immense deal of worry is saved the British housewife. In many places the tradesmen have discontinued calling for orders, and the saving is simply enormous."

"But supposing you get an order which, when delivered, cannot be paid for?" asked the Professor.

"In that case," said Norris, "the offence is noted, and the Fellow warned that until he pays for the goods and a fine in addition, he will be suspended from the Fellowship, nor will any future orders be executed for him. In this way you see how the women supplement their earnings. Many a household is only too glad to pay a penny a parcel for goods which are sent to the office of call. At first the Post Office made a bother; but as it was represented that the Fellowship was a club, and these women were its servants, the difficulty was surmounted. But between you and me," said Norris, "I believe it was overcome more by the persuasiveness of Lady Sidney than by the argument which I have just mentioned. But before we leave," added Norris, for the Professor was beginning to yawn portentously, it being now nearly seven o'clock, "you had better breakfast at the restaurant."

Upstairs they went accordingly to an exquisitely decorated room, where they were served in a few minutes with excellent coffee and rolls and fresh boiled eggs.

"You can form some slight idea now," said Norris, "of the immense multifariousness of what we call our side-shows. It is these which constitute the strength of the paper. By itself the paper might have done very well, but it would never have come to be the immense national institution it is to-day. It is this which secures it against competition. Several attempts have been made by imitators, but none of them could vie for a moment with the original concern, and after a few months of more or less precarious existence they disappeared. After we have breakfasted we will just look round the building, for there are many things to show you which I cannot think of now."

"For instance, there is the telephone exchange. Every Fellow has a right to use the newspaper telephone. Here again we had trouble with the Post Office, but we succeeded at last in adding this great convenience to the other appliances of civilisation enjoyed by the Fellowship. Adjoining this room you will find our spacious reading, drawing, and news rooms. When Sterling started the paper he said it was quite impossible for him to put everything into it that people would like to see, and therefore by way of showing that he did not in the least degree wish to compete with the existing papers, he established a free news-room in which any of the Fellows could see all the papers free of charge. You can seldom come in here, especially at dinner-time, without finding a score to a hundred persons reading the papers. There is only one condition insisted upon, and that is, that they must be subscribers to the *Daily Paper* or members of the Fellowship. As a matter of fact, all the Fellows take the *Daily Paper*, but there are many subscribers who cannot afford to belong to the Fellowship. But now I must show you," said Norris, "one branch of our work of which we are really proud."

With that he led the Professor to a side door in the main street over which at night time a bright star shone.

"You see that door," said Norris. "It is never shut

night or day. In the room sits a sympathetic and capable woman. We have three of such women at each of our branch offices, who divide the day into three eight-hour shifts. It is what may be called a clearing-house for all those who are in trouble or distress. Supposing a servant girl who has been out, finds on returning that the door is locked: instead of spending the night in the streets, she comes here and is at once directed to the nearest place where she can obtain a decent lodging. Similarly in cases of accident and sudden sickness our representative can telephone to all the societies which exist in order to attend to such cases. There are societies for the curing of almost every human ill in London, but no one knows exactly where to find them. The head of our clearing-house is able to place her finger at once upon the society or person to whom application should be made in any given case. Of course there are many hopeless applications—that is to say, persons who keep struggling on, trying to keep out of the lunatic asylum, out of gaol, or out of the hospital, whom it is the truest charity to send to their ultimate destination. With these people we can, of course, do nothing, but we can at least see that no person who suffers want, and for whose assistance any society has been founded, is left in the dark without any knowledge as to where that society is to be found."

By this time the Professor was thoroughly tired out, and mounting the quadricycle they rapidly made their way to the hotel, where he slept right round the clock, nor did he wake until he was roused by his wife for dinner.

CHAPTER VIII.

WATERLOO HOUSE: NEW STYLE.

WHEN the Professor rose, although he had slept soundly, he still seemed brain weary. The continual rush of new ideas and fresh developments which had been forced upon his attention in such rapid succession had left a somewhat bewildered impression which did not wear off until he had almost finished his soup.

"Well," said his wife, "if you are awake at last I will tell you where I have been."

The Professor stretched himself, and declared he was all attention.

"Well," said Irene, "I have been at the prettiest and the cunningest show that I have ever seen in all my life. Seeing how tired you were when you came back, I thought I might as well go out by myself and do a little shopping. I started with the intention of going to Regent Street, but I didn't get further than Pall Mall."

"Not many shops so far," said the Professor, "unless they have changed everything."

"They have changed everything, and I forgot all about my shopping."

"Miracles never cease!" said the Professor, somewhat maliciously.

"Never mind," said his wife. "You would have forgotten your criminals if you had seen what I have seen. When I was in Trafalgar Square there was a great crowd clustering round the building where the Union Club used to be."

"Yes," said the Professor, "bucket-shop at one end, Union Club at the other, and a general mix-max of things between. The best site in Europe altogether thrown away."

"You should see it now," said Irene. "At first I thought there was going to be a riot, there were so many people. But I did not see any flags, and instead of marching on the Square they seemed to be slowly circulating in front of the building. My anxiety was allayed and my curiosity excited. So I went to see what was the matter. What do you think it was?"

"Well," said the Professor, "I don't know; but I should not be surprised, after all that I have seen, if it was one of Sterling's side-shows."

"You have just hit it," said Irene. "But what a side-show! I happened to strike the corner where they were showing bonnets. And, oh, Glogoul, you never saw such a love of a bonnet as they had there! I was looking for the entrance to the shop, but to my surprise I could not see any entrance. This struck me as very curious; but I was so much in love with the bonnet, that I stood and admired it for some time. There were several in the window, one prettier than the other; but the one which I want you to get me, Glogoul—for I felt quite a dowdy looking in at that window—was simply a fascinating dream. I was looking at the bonnet with very covetous eyes, and wishing that I could find some one to tell me what its price was, when I noticed a lady, who was apparently as much interested in bonnets as myself. I asked her how I could get into the shop, as there seemed to be no door. She looked at me in surprise, and said, 'But this is not a shop!'"

"What," said I, "is this not a shop front?"

"Oh, no," she replied; "this is the *Daily Paper* Gallery."

"What! One of the *Daily Paper* exhibitions?"

"Oh, yes. Very soon after the paper was started the editor decided to open in the centre of London a free exhibition of the best of everything. The representatives of the *Daily Paper* in all parts of the world have instructions to report immediately upon any article displayed, either in a shop or an exhibition, which attracts enough people to obstruct the traffic. Whatever that article is, no matter how much it may cost, or how far distant it may be, it is at once procured and sent to London, where it is put on show in one of these windows. There is a constant succession of novelties, but only some of them are selected in this way. The bonnets there are those which have been selected by the Fashion Department of the paper, as being the best designs produced either in Europe or America. Sketches of them, and full information as to price and manner of making, are published in the article on Dress in the *Daily Paper*; but these are the originals."

"I asked her if she could give me any idea as to what would be the price of a bonnet."

"Oh," she said, "you will find the exact cost, and a list of the materials that go to make it up, in the same article, which appears in Friday's paper. But if you have never seen the show, you had better walk round with me."

"Nothing loth, I accepted her guidance, and very soon we were chatting together as if we had been old friends. All the windows were dressed with wonderful taste. I almost forgot the bonnet, which you must buy me, when I came to see the tea-gowns. They were an inspiration, and then in violent contrast to these wonderful costumes we came upon the Chamber of Horrors. This was a window in which all the monstrosities of bad taste in the current fashion were displayed in such a way as to bring out their faults most conspicuously. After looking at them for a moment, you simply had to go back to the other window in order to regain your self-respect. Any one who wants to have—and you, my dear Glogoul, are sadly in need of it—an æsthetic training in this respect, had better go and stand before those two windows. They are side by side—an object-lesson to all the world!"

"Well," said the Professor, who was eating his dinner while Irene talked, "Irene, you can't live on the memory of dresses. Take some fish."

"But it was not only women's dresses," said Irene, "there were costumes for men; but I did not pay so much attention to them, although some were really remarkable, and

made me think that men might actually be made pleasant to look at. I mean their clothes, of course," she said, laughing. "But the windows devoted to dress only formed one side of the great triangle, although it was the side which I liked best. There were greater crowds at the other windows. I can't tell you half what was there, for there was such a multitude of objects of interest. One window, I remember, was devoted to the latest invention in the way of bicycles. It was worked by gasolene, and was in movement, being so suspended that the wheels could move round, and one could see the working of the engine. It was a very ingenious contrivance, and there was a great crowd round the window. My friend told me that any new invention that comes out, and is of any general interest to the public, is exhibited in one of the windows. It is a maxim of the *Daily Paper* that if a thing is good enough to be described in its pages, that thing ought to be put on free show in the heart of London. The whole show is changed every week. In the next window there was a magnificent map of Africa, dotted with little flags, showing the exact course of the latest expeditionary column which is on its way to repair the telegraph wire Cecil Rhodes has carried from Cairo to Cape Town. The line of the telegraph was also clearly shown, as well as the exact point at which the Arab slave traders had cut the wire. Grouped round the map were portraits of Cecil Rhodes and the commanders of the expeditionary column, which seemed to be on the point of reaching the broken wire. The map was not so popular, however, as the next window, in which was portrayed in model the whole of the Arctic regions. It was a wonderful model, and I have seen nothing which gave me so good an idea of the ice cap which covers the northern extremity of our globe. Everything was modelled exactly to scale, and in the centre was an exquisite little model of the *Framm*, Dr. Nansen's stout little ship, as recorded by the last despatch, which only arrived the day before yesterday."

"Oh," said Glogoul, "I know! Nansen was just leaving for the Arctic regions when I was in Chicago. I have often wondered what has happened to him."

"Well," said Irene, "he seemed to have got past the North Pole and then to have stuck, judging from the wonderfully graphic model. The line of route of the ship was shown, and there it was some degrees on the other side of the Pole. Oh," said Irene shuddering, "the very look of it made me feel that I was being frozen to death."

"Well," said Glogoul, "what with bonnet shows, and models, and machinery in motion, I don't see how Sterling finds time to edit the paper."

"A great crowd was assembled in Pall Mall," continued Irene.

"Oh, yes, where the bucket-shop used to stand," interrupted the Professor.

"Yes," said Irene, "there was a special force of police to keep the people moving. There was a great plate-glass window with an iron barrier before it to keep the people back. Behind it was a wax representation of Prince Bismarck lying in state at his country-house in Germany. I remember seeing some waxworks like it in a museum in Paris. It was wonderful. You actually seemed to see the bier and its burden."

"Really," said the Professor, "I must go out and see it; but I suppose it is not on show at night-time?"

"Is it not! The whole place is illuminated with electric light. They say it is better than in the daytime—the effect is finer."

"This idea of waxworks was a favourite notion of Sterling's," said the Professor. "I remember him even declaring that one of the great virtues of the Catholic Church was that it practically established a Madame

Tussaud's in every parish church. But what a staff the man must have!"

"Mrs. Body—I had to ask her name—," said Irene, "told me that every week they have a new waxwork group, and that any scene occurring anywhere in the world which merits a lengthy notice in the *Daily Paper* is reproduced in waxwork as like the original as possible. But it was not only the waxwork of the dead Bismarck which attracted attention. On either side of the mortuary group was a collection of relics and trophies of him, his autographs, his weapons, his papers; in fact, the whole of the front of the building was a Bismarck museum. But what a crowd! I was thankful to get out of it. On the Pall Mall side the windows were very attractive. In one was the picture which had been exhibited in Lady Sidney's drawing-room the previous week. It had a window to itself. The next window was devoted to photographs. All the newest photographs were displayed there, and no photograph was allowed to remain longer than a week. But the window which caused the greatest excitement and collected the largest group after the waxwork window, of course, was the children's window. The whole world is ransacked for new toys—especially mechanical toys—for that window, and they were all in motion. What crowds of little folks there were! It was well worth coming up to London to see them. What with walking dolls, automatic toys, and all kinds of steam-engines and electric contrivances, you never saw such a show.

"Another window," continued Irene, "was devoted to the saint of the day. This group was changed every day. Sometimes there was a bust or a portrait of the saint in question, and as many relics as could be got together. Next to the saint there was a wonderful representation of the Battle of Naseby, the great historical event selected for commemoration this week. There were the two armies drawn up on the opposite ridges of Naseby uplands. There were the squares of the pikemen with the cavalry on the wings. There were Cromwell's Ironsides and Rupert's adventurers, just shown in the positions they occupied before the action commenced. This will be on view for the whole of the week. Its place will be taken by a view of the Battle of Waterloo next week, so Mrs. Body told me. No wonder, I thought, that there should be such crowds. It must be the most popular show in London."

"I wonder what he does with all these things when the week is out?" said the Professor.

"I asked that," said Irene, "and I am told that they make the tour of the provinces. You see that in every large town where they have their branch paper they try to reproduce this show, on a smaller scale of course. They at the same time send up to the London show inventions and artistic productions. When the waxworks have made the tour they are either melted down, or, if they are of permanent interest, they are distributed among the various branch offices and reading-rooms of the *Daily Paper*."

"Well," said the Professor, "it strikes me that Sterling has got his hands full. At the same time I should not wonder but that big free exhibition pays its expenses as a mere advertisement, and of course he could let the upstairs storeys."

"No," said Irene, "because I went upstairs. Mrs. Body took me up. She said she was a Fellow, and Fellows could introduce their friends. Upstairs was quite wonderful. There are reading-rooms, and smoking-rooms, and conversation-rooms, playing-rooms, news-rooms and tea-rooms—in fact you never saw a more sumptuously furnished social club. Everything was free, she told me, for Fellows and Fellows' friends. Of course they paid for any light refreshments that they needed, but otherwise the books and papers, etc., were free."

"Well," said the Professor, "the sooner we become Fellows the better, I think. They seem to have the best of everything in this city, at any rate, and it only costs a penny a day."

As they rose from dinner the waiter asked the Professor if he would see Mr. Richard Grant, who was waiting for him in the vestibule.

"Certainly," said the Professor, and in a few minutes Dick and the Professor were deep in conversation in the smoking-room. Dick had given up his tutorship in order to serve Sterling as his private secretary as soon as the paper started. Then he had been promoted to be secretary of the Labour Bureau, and he now called on the Professor to ask him whether or not he would be prepared to accept the post of Social Coroner, about to be created by the Civic Church department of the *Daily Paper*.

"You see," said Dick, "the chief has a great opinion of your talent for investigating obscure social phenomena; and he has just prevailed upon the Prisons Committee of the Civic Church to create the post of Social Coroner."

"Which is, being interpreted," said the Professor, "the modern version of the Grand Inquisitor, I presume."

"With the exception," said Dick, "that the coroner is not Grand, and holds inquests instead of running the Inquisition."

"Pretty much the same thing," said the Professor; "but I gladly accept the post. It has always seemed to me to be absurd that there should not be an inquest on every person who becomes chargeable to the public, whether in the workhouse or the prison. From the self-supporting point of view a man becomes dead when he comes on the rates, and as it is an unnatural death, therefore there should be an inquest."

"That is exactly what is wanted," said Dick. "You have to begin with the prisons, and we are looking forward to great improvement in the treatment of prisoners when we have a study from the point of view of sociology and physiology as to the causes which contribute to the criminal type. I ought not to have come," added Dick, "but as the official who should have brought you the notification is a friend of mine, and heard that I was coming to the hotel, he asked me to call on you. Besides," said Dick, "I am rather at a loose end just now. My successor has been appointed to the Labour Bureau, and I have not yet been gazetted to my new post on the paper."

"What is that?" asked the Professor with some curiosity.

"Oh," said Dick, "I had private reasons of my own for wishing to remain at headquarters,"—the keen eyes of the Professor noticed that, as he spoke, Dick looked somewhat shamefaced, but he did not guess that Dick was finding it difficult to associate with Nedelca and to maintain an ordinary friendly intercourse with her—"so I was very glad when I heard to-day that I am to be assistant editor," Dick continued. "You will keep the appointment to-morrow? The staff of the Goodwill section of the Civic Church will be ready to receive you at eleven, when you will get your formal appointment."

When Dick left, the Professor rejoined his wife in the drawing-room and proposed to take a stroll through the streets. He had just got up, he said, and did not mean to go to bed for some time to come. Irene consented, and they went out together.

"How wonderfully that revolving light radiates the sky!" said Irene, as they saw the great beam sail majestically round the four points of the compass.

"And not the sky only," said Glogoul, for at that moment the light was depressed, and the bright white light fell across Trafalgar Square and rested there as the silvery moonbeams lie upon the tranquil lake. For a moment it stopped, then travelled slowly across the square.

"Wonderful effect, that," said the Professor, "but it was rather dazzling. How dark the place seems now that it is gone! I can imagine from the moral and police point of view it is of incalculable advantage to have this great central bull's-eye turned on all the shady places without warning or intimation that it is coming."

Passing the end of the National Gallery, they made their way towards Seven Dials. As they approached it they heard to their surprise a band of music playing, and as they came nearer, Irene exclaimed, "What beautiful music! Surely this is not a street band?"

"It is a band in the street, at any rate," said the Professor. "But, 'pon my word, here is the *Daily Paper* at it again."

Some buildings condemned by the surveyor had been demolished, and on their site this *al fresco* concert was being held. On reaching it, they found that the concert was only one feature of the entertainment. The vacant place had been carefully levelled and laid out as a temporary open space or playground, with a few flower-beds, a drinking-fountain, and plenty of seats. The wall adjoining this space had been whitewashed, and on this wall were thrown a series of pictures by a first-class magic lantern. The pictures told their own story. There was no attempt at public speech; the only interpreter was the music.

When the "*Marseillaise*" was being played there was a whole series of pictures from the French Revolution. Half a dozen slides illustrating the great English naval battles were shown when "*Rule Britannia*" was played. Sometimes, but not often, there was no connection between the music and the pictures. Even while they were standing the band played "*Auld Lang Syne*," and the crowd, which was very considerable, dispersed to their various homes. The Professor got into conversation with the lanternist.

"Do you come out every night?" he asked.

"Certainly," said he, "whenever it does not rain cats and dogs. It is wonderful what audiences we get with the lantern. To-night is nothing. These are only a stock set of slides; but at certain stands we have the whole history of the week portrayed by means of lantern slides. Then we have explanations. It is only in open spaces where this can be done; but it is done wherever it is possible. The idea of the Civic Church is, that wherever there are dirt and squalor, misery and ugliness, the lantern can be made a messenger of life and beauty and romance. It is a veritable people's gallery, and is immensely appreciated. It became a fashionable and interesting occupation for amateur painters and photographers to prepare lantern slides for these street exhibitions. There are about a quarter of a million of slides, I should say, being shown in the streets of London constantly."

The Professor and his wife on their way back to the hotel walked down Pall Mall, and found, as Irene had said, that the great windows of the triangle were blazing with electric light. Pall Mall East and Cockspur Street were evidently a favourite promenade. In one of the upper windows above the waxwork of Bismarck there were displayed huge transparency pictures illustrating the events of the day, and the pictures which were to appear in the *Daily Paper* the next day, together with an immense number of instantaneous photographs illustrating the day's events.

"I am astonished," said the Professor, "that the disreputable element seems so absent from the crowd! I should have thought that a place like this would have attracted all the *demi-monde* of the city!"

His remark was overheard by a man who was standing near, who said, "Do you see those ladies with a white badge round their arm?"



AN *AL FRESCO* CONCERT WAS
BEING HELD.

"Yes," said the Professor. "I have noticed them more than once."

"That is the explanation of the mystery," said the Professor. "These women volunteer to serve their sisters. They act as a kind of rescue-agent; and if she sees one of her own sex who is on the prowl, she approaches her to induce her to lead a different life."

"What is the result?" asked the Professor.

"Some, especially the younger ones, are saved. They take very good care to give the beats of the watch a very wide berth."

"I suppose," said the Professor, "these ladies are under the control of the police?"

"Oh, dear me, no, nothing of the kind. They are the most efficient check upon the abuse of power on the part of the police. They are run by the *Daily Paper*."

"Well," said the Professor as they walked on, "after this I shall not be astonished if any one tells me that the sun, moon, and planets are all run by the *Paper*. If they are not, they seem to be about the only things which the paper has not taken under its charge."

CHAPTER IX.

"VATICAN, LONDON."

THE Emancipator building had two wings, two buildings which united the main edifice with the side buildings. That on the left on coming down from the top was devoted to the popular restaurant, of which we have spoken; the other, which the Professor noticed first, was entirely devoted to the departments of the Church. This building was divided into two sections. Over the door of one was inscribed, "Peace on earth and goodwill to men"; the entrance of the other section, "Goodwill to men and peace on earth." The two divisions into multifarious activities of the Civic Church were

Along the whole front of the building there ran the inscription, "This building is dedicated to the union of all who love in the service of all who suffer." Everywhere there was activity; messengers were coming and going, hansoms were continually driving up, and the whole place was alive with the murmurous music which is heard at the mouth of a beehive when the sun shines brightly and the bees are returning with their spoils. The Professor was rather early, so he seated himself in the centre of the quadrangle beside a fountain buried in moss and flowers.

"It's like a new Vatican," he said, "and as spry as the other is sleepy. Rome no doubt seems spry to the Oriental, but as Rome is to Tibet, so is London to Rome. What a whirl!" said he, as he watched the human tide, and heard from almost every window the sharp click, click of the telegraph instrument or the sharp whirr of the telephone call. A great flock of white doves which had been sitting on the roof of the Emancipator building now took flight, and after a circle in the air, alighted almost at the Professor's feet.

"Pretty things," he said, "and how Irene would have loved them if she had been here! How tame they are!" as one of the doves ventured under the seat in order to pick up the crumbs lying there. "What a picture of white

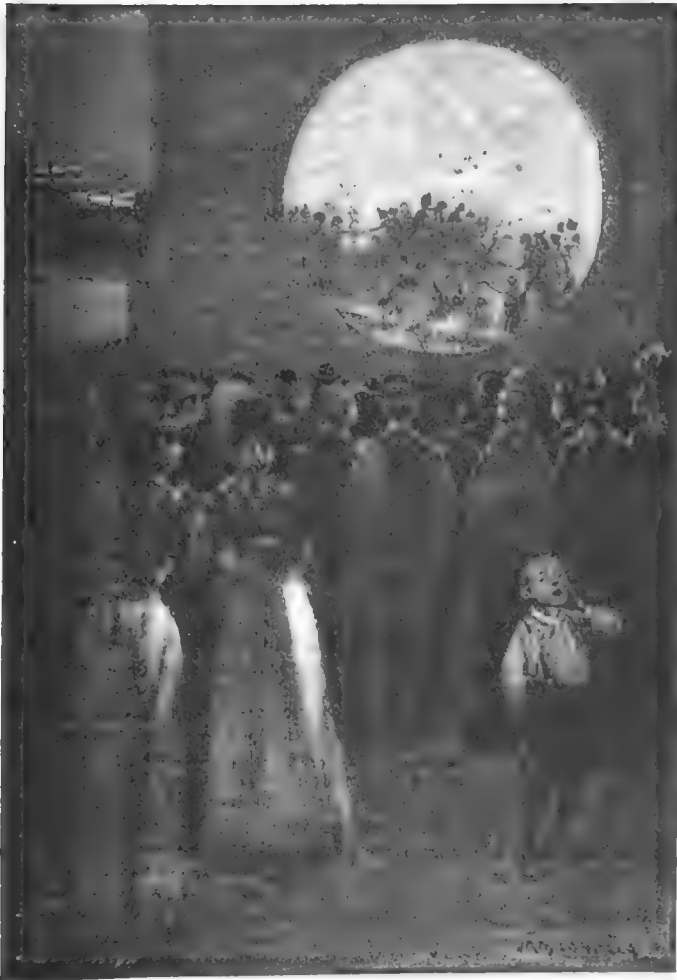
winged peace in the midst of the rush and the roar of this whirl of life!"

Just then the carillon of the clock tower in the centre of the Civic Church building rang out the notes of the familiar Doxology, and the clock struck eleven. The Professor entered the doorway under the inscription of "Goodwill to Men," and found himself in the second division of the Civic Church. He was at once conducted to a commodious committee-room, where were assembled about a score of men and women, each seated before a comfortable writing-desk. Immediately before the chairman's eyes was the inscription, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The Professor, being introduced, was addressed by the representative of the Prisons Department, who welcomed him to the service of the Civic Church, and then explained to the Professor the nature of his work and the good results they hoped would follow the establishment of the Social Inquest. The ceremony was soon over. At its close, the chief of the Prisons Department asked the Professor to accompany him to his office. Glogoul consented. Always thirsty for information, he saw a much better chance of obtaining what he wanted in a *tête-à-tête* than in the midst of a score of persons. No sooner did he find himself with his companion than he overwhelmed him with questions.

At the close of half-an-hour the Professor had a much better idea of the Civic Church and its work than he had before he came into the building. The Civic Church was the somewhat fantastic title which was given to the attempt to bring something like order into the anarchic chaos of philanthropic endeavour. The primary object was to revive Civic religion in the minds of men, and secondly to promote the union of all who loved for the service of all who suffered, and its special object was the establishment of a Federal Centre round which the secular activities of the Churches could be grouped. The organisation was very simple. All the work was divided into two parts—one which tended to promote peace on earth, and the other which promoted goodwill to men. Each of these departments was again subdivided into six other departments.

Under the head of Peace the first concerned itself with the promotion of the reunion of the British Empire and the American Republic; the second sought to establish a Federal Tribunal, whose decisions should be considered as decisive by all the kingdoms, republics, and colonies that speak the English tongue; the third was devoted to the promotion of the unity of Europe. The other three divisions were more domestic than international in their scope. The first, which was very closely connected with the Labour Bureau, endeavoured to introduce peace in the case of industrial disputes. The second dealt with the more delicate affairs relating to divorce, and all questions concerning disputes between the sexes. No divorce case was allowed to be heard in court until there was a written report from this department saying that every effort which had been made to bring the parties together on the basis of mutual forgiveness had failed. The last section was an adaptation of the Scandinavian practice, whereby all persons thinking of going to law are provided with the alternative in the shape of an arbitrator, who, without fee or reward, would endeavour to act as peacemaker...



HUGE TRANSPARENCY PICTURES WERE DISPLAYED.

In the second department, the division was based upon the six great secular acts of mercy which were mentioned by our Lord in His Sermon on the Mount, and the description of the last Day of Judgment. The first department, hunger, dealt with the question of charitable relief, the unemployed, the Poor Law administration, and anything which concerns the lack of food; the second, thirst, was equally comprehensive. The whole of the temperance question came under this head, and one of its chief functions was the establishment of free drinking fountains and good coffee-houses, wherever there was a dense population. The third division dealt with the clothing of the naked, and it had done its work so thoroughly that the appearance of a ragged or bare-footed child in the streets would have been the pretext, if not for an indignation meeting, at least for many angry letters to the papers. The department dealing with hospitality to strangers dealt with the whole question of human intercourse.

Among its sub-divisions was a matrimonial agency, as well as popular drawing-rooms, etc. The sixth division—sickness—dealt with everything relating to hygiene, the hospitals, and all the methods of combating disease. The Department of Prisons dealt not only with reformatories, gaols, and convict establishments, but with all those departments of human life in which men become helpless prisoners of circumstances, the slaves of tyrannous habits, or who have in any way ceased to be free agents.

Everywhere and on all sides there was the assertion that liberty was good in itself. "Where the spirit of God is, there is liberty," was one of the favourite mottoes of the building. Each department was managed by three members. The first was concerned more particularly with the past. He was the historian and the encyclopædist, to whom reference was made whenever information was wanted as to what had been devised by human wit and human experience in the past, dealing with the subject which came up for consideration. The second member dealt more immediately with the present. He was the responsible administrator, and his companions were more for consultation than for decision. The third member had as his special province the consideration of the future bearings of the question. He was a man of imagination and of logical mind. These three formed

the junta, and the eighteen were the staff of the Goodwill department of the Civic Church. Their aim was to act as the Intelligence Department. They arrogated no authority to themselves, no right to dictate to any human soul, but they constantly endeavoured to unite those who were working in the cause of humanity. They formed themselves into a centre for the distribution of all the best information, and their counsels were ever ready for those who sought them. They began their operations by a vast sociological census of the whole community. In the central hall of the Goodwill Department there was carefully

preserved an immense map of London, which had been drawn up after a house to house visitation, conducted by volunteers from all the Churches and from none. It was possible for any one to see, with this map before them, what any given district lacked of the necessities of civilisation. All the black spots were duly marked, and all the institutions which existed for the furtherance of the higher life. Copies of this sociological survey, or rather copies of sections of the map, were sent to every minister of religion in London. A great conference immediately followed, when for the first time since the Reformation a combined effort was made against the forces of evil by all the forces which make for righteousness.

What was done in London was done in every town throughout the country. The bull's-eye of the electric searchlight was turned on all the seamy places of civilisation. The Churches, and not the Churches only, knew exactly where they stood for the first time, and what kind of life it was which many thousands of our people were living. This was illustrative of the whole

operations of the Department. It collected information and distributed it, and acted as organising centre and an energising nucleus for promoting federative action. That was one of the great objects of the Civic Church. The second object, hardly less important, was the utilisation of the wasted luxuries of the few for the benefit of the many—to secure for the have-nots the superfluities of the haves. Without any dictatorial interference, and without any cry for confiscation, there gradually grew up a feeling that it was shameful to have any thing, whether houses or grounds, or horses or carriages, or any thing that you could share without impoverishing yourself, if they were



"PRETTY THINGS," HE SAID. "HOW TAME THEY ARE!"

not devoted for some of their time to those who were denied them.

In this the *Daily Paper* set an example. As soon as the quadricycles and the launches had distributed the paper, they were placed at the disposal of the sick, the invalids, the cripples, the halt, the lame, and the blind. If at dinner-time the launch was lying idle at the wharf, it was speedily filled with a crowd of little ones from the narrow streets of southern London, who, to their great delight, were taken for half an hour or three-quarters down the stream, and were then brought back again safe and sound. It was the same with the quadricycles and all the vehicles owned by the paper. "No doubt," Sterling used to say, "they wear out sooner by all this constant use, but better wear out than rust out, and it is impossible to exaggerate the amount of pleasure and health the free use of these vehicles afford the poor of London." Parish doctors whose patients were being nursed back into life, and who needed an outing, simply reported the need to the Civic Church, and the need being known, either a quadricycle or a carriage would call the next day and take the patient out. Under the pressure of public opinion, formed by the sight of such an example and by the constant inculcation of the doctrine of the stewardship of wealth, no rich man in London dreamed of sending out his horses for exercise until he had ascertained whether there was any person in his neighbourhood who needed a drive. In like manner there was no garden, lawn tennis ground, private cricket ground, or, above all, private ground, furnished with trees and flowers, which was not registered; and their owners were from time to time urged to spare of their superfluity in order to minister to their less favoured neighbours. Under the auspices of the Fellowship, the Zoological Gardens were bought up, and made as free to the poorest in London as the Jardin des Plantes is to the poor of Paris.

"Come," said the chairman of the Prisons section, "I must introduce you to the most important man in the whole Civic Church."

"Really!" said the Professor; "who is that?"

"It is Benjamin Waugh. He is only a little fellow to look at, but he has too big a task in hand to be included in any one of these sections. He has a special post for himself. He has been created Universal Guardian of all the English-speaking children throughout the world. Many thought he ought to have been appointed by the State, but after due consideration with the Prime Minister and the Home Secretary and the Lord Chancellor, it was decided that he would be more useful and more likely to secure the welfare of the children if he were appointed to this post under the Civic Church. He is a kind of universal father of all the distressed and forlorn children in the world. He is the embodiment of the spirit which found utterance in the words:—"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

As the Professor turned to go he heard a light step on the stairs, and was delighted to see the bright face of Nedelca.

"Oh, I heard that you were here, and I hurried over to thank you for having joined the staff, and to ask you to come and dine with mother and me. There is so much that we must talk about."

"Charmed," said the Professor. "And where shall we go?"

"Oh, to the restaurant across the way. Mother is waiting for us there."

Piloted by Nedelca, the Professor made his way to the American dining-room, where he found Lady Sidney waiting for him.

"I suppose you are one of us, Professor, at last. We have been waiting for this for years, but you had vanished so completely out of sight that we could not tell where to find you."

"Yes," said Nedelca, "when the paper came into being, and Mr. Sterling was fixing up his staff, the first person I told him he ought to engage was yourself. He said, 'Agreed,' but he would thank me to find you."

"Well," said the Professor, "I thought I had come upon the clue of the missing link between the monkey and the man. Ancient traditions, as well as many travellers' tales, pointed to a certain inaccessible spot in the centre of barbarism as the place where a race lived which was half man and half monkey."

"Did you succeed?" asked Nedelca curiously.

"Well, no," said the Professor. "I have met many men who are worse than monkeys, and some monkeys that are as wise as some men; but as a man of science, I cannot tell you that I have ever found a monkey intelligent enough to lie. Until a monkey can lie, he has not yet crossed the barrier which separates him from man."

"What a cynic you are!" said Nedelca merrily. "Have they initiated you into all the mysteries of the Civic Church?" added she.

"Now, Miss Nedelca," said the Professor, "you invited me to lunch. Ever since I came to this country I have hardly had time to eat; the whole of my attention has been taken up with the absorption of facts about your doings in this paper. I have heard more things about the Civic Church this morning than I can digest in a week, or work out in a lifetime. I refuse to discuss the Civic Church any more."

"Well," said Nedelca, "have you heard about the pilgrimages?"

"I have heard of Lady Sidney's pilgrimages round London, and I propose to become a pilgrim with my wife on the first opportunity."

"No, I mean the big pilgrimages. But have you seen Dr. Lunn?" said Nedelca.

"Do you mean Bishop Lunn of the Methodist Episcopalian Church?"

"Yes," said Lady Sidney, "they made him bishop the other day, but he is always Dr. Lunn to us. He has charge of the pilgrimages of the Civic Church, and it is wonderful the development which this branch of the work has taken. He began quite in a small way by taking parties to Grindelwald, and holding reunion conferences at Grindelwald and Lucerne. In these experimental enterprises he showed a fertility of ideas, and a certain largeness of view, which marked him out for the post which he now holds to-day. The business, indeed, has grown to such a large extent that it is quite impossible to find room for him and his staff in the Civic Church wing or in the central building."

"Do all your pilgrims go in four-in-hands?" asked the Professor.

"By no means," said Lady Sidney. "We use all means of locomotion. In this country, where the distances are not great, the most popular pilgrimages are those conducted on foot."

"On foot?" said the Professor.

"Yes," said Nedelca, "and very jolly they are too, I can assure you. There are many pilgrim routes. There is the road to Canterbury for one, to Portsmouth for another, to Oxford and Stratford for a third, to Cambridge, through the Eastern counties, and so on. On all these routes you will find, from the first bright sunny days of June till the end of September, parties of pilgrims making their way on foot."

"They are all accompanied by guides," said Lady Sidney,—"our new Order of Pilgrim Friars, volunteers for the most

part, young men, young ladies of family, and university students, who are delighted in this way to mix with the people. The pilgrims, like the guides, are of both sexes."

"The walking no doubt saves a great deal of the expense," said the Professor, "but I always thought the chief item in a pilgrim's bill was the hotel account."

"Oh," said Lady Sidney, "we have revived the excellent custom of the mediæval monasteries, and all along the pilgrim routes at convenient intervals the Fellowship—by the aid of special endowments by richer members who are interested in reviving the traditions of the past—have put up wayside hostels. They in no way compete with the ordinary public-house or hotel, because they are strictly confined to the pilgrim bands travelling with guides. They are, however, sufficiently numerous to provide free lodging; and the cost of board is reduced to a minimum, each pilgrim buying what he pleases at the refectory, where all necessary provisions are provided. These hostels are reserved for foot-pilgrims. There are other hostels for cyclists, and it is no uncommon thing on a Bank Holiday to see a dozen parties of two hundred and fifty cyclists starting in different directions, each accompanied by two of our pilgrim friars, who remain with them until the Monday night. There are also pilgrimages by train. In fact, we claim that we have enormously increased the earning power of the railway companies. There is not a place of interest which has not its special pilgrimage; and on great historical anniversaries there is quite a fête on the spot where the event occurred. The pilgrimage idea has also been thoroughly taken up by the Education Department, and there is no reward more diligently worked for by the scholars in our elementary schools than the prospect of being allowed to join, as free pilgrims, some of the tours. The scholars are also taught to rehearse the battles, and I can assure you that there is no prettier sight than, on the uplands of Naseby, to see the whole battle gone through just as it happened, with the exception, of course, of the bloodshed."

"You see," said Nedelca, "the principle we go on is that the people should be made to see as far as possible exactly how the notable events before their day happened. If we cannot do it in one way, we show it in another, either by the magic lantern, pilgrimages, or theatrical performances."

"So it seems," said the Professor, "that I shall be quite an *ignoramus* compared with one of your schoolboys."

"Then we have," said Lady Sidney, "our great continental pilgrimages under the direction of Dr. Lunn. We have not been able to carry out our system of hostels to the same extent on the Continent; but it is growing, and we have sufficient hostels established to enable a working man and his wife to start from Dover, go up the Rhine, through the Black Forest to Switzerland, and return home again, without incurring more expense than if they had remained at home. This work is specially favoured by the peace section of the Civic Church, where it is believed that the more people learn to know each other as individuals the less likely are aggregates of individuals to go to war with one another. Each country has its own special staff, and each is regarded as a special study in the curriculum of our new university."

"What university is that?" asked the Professor, half anticipating the reply.

"Oh, the *Daily Paper University*," said Nedelca, laughing. "Mother forgets that you don't understand the extent to which the New Journalism has invented a new vocabulary."

"I remember the 'New Journalism,'" said the Professor quickly, with a shudder—"what was called the New Journalism, at least, when I was in Chicago. It was a vulgar, pretentious, Paul Pry of a thing, which, in addition

to all the old vices, added some fresh ones of its own, and then labelled the lot the New Journalism!"

"Yes!" said Lady Sidney; "but our idea of journalism is very different. It tries to revive all that was ~~non~~ useful in the Mediæval Church."

"Sterling has founded a paper," said Glogoul, "but what he is really driving at is to re-create the Church!"

"Hush!" said Nedelca, putting her finger to her lip. "Don't breathe a word about church; it is still a red rag even to many of those who are helping us most; and, as for the regular churchmen, they simply foam at the mouth at the bare idea of the Civic Church. You do not know what trouble we have had about it; but by laying great stress upon the word Civic, we have managed to keep the name. But the less said about a church the better."

"Yes," said Lady Sidney, "those who hate all churches, and those who believe them to be the only way of salvation, join in denouncing any attempt to describe our great humanitarian movement as in any sense partaking of the nature of a church. But what you say as to Sterling is quite true. He is a perfect Autolycus, who goes about the world with his eyes roaming in every direction, seeking if he can gather any notion or hint which may be useful for adaptation in England to-day. He certainly seems to have taken up more notions from the old Catholic Church than from any other institutions which exist in the world."

"But that is quite natural," said the Professor, "for the old Catholic Church was the only institution which set itself to do for the whole of humanity what should be done now, only on a more extensive scale with modern improvements. But what about the foreign pilgrimages which are a branch in your new university curriculum?"

"Yes," said Nedelca, "they are better than any university curriculum, and so you would think if you were to accompany them, I can assure you. All Europe became new to me after I had studied the working of the Church of the Middle Ages at Rome and at Trêves, and after I had made the pilgrimage over the ruins which afford so pathetic a memorial of the dominion of the Moors in Spain."

"The *genius loci*," said her mother, "has a great influence. We have placed the Catholic doctrine of the sacredness of shrines upon a new and scientific foundation."

CHAPTER X.

"THE ROMANCE OF THE WORLD."

NEXT morning the Professor from old habit took up the *Times* at the breakfast table, and read with considerable interest the account of a brilliant and decisive little battle which had taken place between Cecil Rhodes's Telegraphic Restoration Party and the Arab slave traders. The small military expedition had been surprised during the night by an attacking force of the Arabs. At first there had been some confusion, but after a time the English rallied and had inflicted upon their assailants a defeat so severe that the despatch ended with an announcement that no further hostilities need be apprehended. Glancing across the table he saw a Mr. and Mrs. Molton, with whom he had exchanged greetings on a previous occasion. Looking up from his *Times* he said, "Interesting news this from the Nile, is it not?" Then he noticed to his surprise that Mrs. Molton looked as if she had been weeping, and that Mr. Molton replied sadly, "Yes, interesting, but it is very terrible." The Professor, who was as kindly a soul as ever lived, felt pricked to the heart. "Surely," he thought, "they must have lost a son or some relative. I beg your pardon," said he kindly, "I hope none of your friends were in the fight."

"Don't you know," said Mr. Molton gravely—"don't you know that poor Rollo is dead?"

"Rollo!" said the Professor. "I saw that some lives were lost, but I did not see that name in the despatch."

"Oh, Rollo!" said Mr. Molton. "But have you not seen the paper?" So saying he handed a copy of the *Daily Paper* across to the Professor. He glanced hurriedly over the page. It was part of the chapter in "The Romance of the World." It was written with all the vividness of a despatch from the heart of Africa, and yet it seemed to be a continuation of a narrative which had already appeared. It told the tale of the onslaught on the English camp, and described how, in the confusion, Rollo Brook, who had been the guide and pioneer of the force, had been shot through the heart by an Arab as he was rushing from his tent.

The Professor looked up mystified, and said, "But I don't know Rollo Brook."

Mrs. Molton rose and left the room. Her husband said, "My wife does not care to speak about it, and in fact we all feel that we have experienced a personal loss. You will probably be surprised to learn that Rollo Brook is the hero of the story which forms the chief feature of the *Daily Paper*. There are many people who read it simply and solely for the sake of the story."

"What story?" said the Professor.

"When the *Daily Paper* was started," said Mr. Molton, "the editor announced that, as many people would never read the history of their own times unless it was served up in the shape of a novel, he had made arrangements to tell the story of the world in the form of an endless romance, all the incidents of which would be supplied by the news of the previous day. There were difficulties in the way at first, but after a time he succeeded in getting together a competent staff of journalist-novelists who made a special study of the art of presenting all the important events of the day in chapters of an endless romance of the English-speaking race. Everything is in that story, and any one who reads it clearly will find that he has a very good understanding of contemporary politics."

"Well," said the Professor, "but what has this to do with Rollo?"

"This," said Mr. Molton. "While every one who is anything figures in this world story, which began with the first number of the *Daily Paper* and will continue as long as the *Daily Paper* lasts, there are a great number of purely fictitious characters. Some of these have been delineated with such lifelikeness and dramatic power that they have become much more real to the readers of the paper than the true flesh and blood figures whom we meet every day. I can assure you that when we opened the paper this morning and found that poor Rollo Brook had been killed, all exultation for the British victory died from our hearts. And it is the same everywhere. Look at the waiters, you will see they are all as gloomy as mutes at a funeral. Rollo was a great creation of the leading novelist of the staff, and his adventures have been followed for weeks and months with intense interest. It was really too bad to kill him now," said Mr. Molton grimly.

So saying he departed, leaving the Professor to his own meditations. He had not finished his breakfast when a chance acquaintance, whom he had met in the smoking-room, came in.

"How are you this morning?" he said. "Have you heard the news? It has given me such a shock!"

"What news?" asked the Professor, astonished.

"What news!" exclaimed Mr. Johnman. "Haven't you seen the paper? There is only one piece of news in the paper to-day! Everybody is talking about it; the flags on the Emancipator building are flying half-mast high. You see, every one hoped that Brook would have come back with flying colours from the expedition and married Edith."

"Who is Edith?" asked the Professor, bewildered.

Johnman looked at him with scorn. "Don't you know Edith? You don't know anything! I have not time to tell you, but read the paper for yourself."

The Professor promptly asked a waiter to bring him a copy of the *Daily Paper*. He then read the chapter from beginning to end. As he read, he began to understand how the death of this fictitious hero should have caused more excitement than the brief telegram of the victory. Rollo had evidently been a man of heroic daring, with the generous traits of character which endear an adventurer to the popular heart. The story of his death seemed to give a touch of personal interest to the news from the heart of Africa. Even the Professor began to understand that he had never felt before the terrible reality of war and the price at which even the most brilliant victories are bought.

"What a capital idea!" he exclaimed, as he laid down the paper. "Not a whole bushel of leading articles or pages of special correspondence would have succeeded so well as this in bringing home to the ordinary man, still more to the ordinary woman, the real significance of the event."

On going out he saw that the flags were really flying half-mast high on the Emancipator building.

"Really this is too much," said the Professor. "To have half-masted your flags for a man who never existed is making your realism absurd. I must go in and remonstrate with Sterling."

Saying this he walked down to the *Daily Paper* offices. On asking for Sterling he was informed that he had gone home, but that Mr. Grant, who was in charge, would be delighted to see him. Dick received the Professor in Mr. Sterling's room, which was constantly occupied either by the editor or his assistant.

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance in your new capacity!" said the Professor. "Why, you are almost a bigger man than Sterling," he added with a laugh. "But I just came round to ask you if you do not think that you are rather overdoing your story with the half-masting of your flags? The story is good, but the half-masting is too much."

Dick looked grave. "Oh," he said, "you don't understand. If you had for the last six months followed the fortunes of Rollo Brook day after day—not every day, of course, but whenever the world movement went his way—you would not think that it was strange that we were flying our flags at half-mast high. He is a real person to us, and more real as a creation of our own minds than if he had been born in ordinary course at the other end of the world. You think it is strange," continued he. "Why, our flags are not the only ones which are half-mast." So saying, he led the Professor to the window, who, on looking round, could see at least half-a-dozen flags in the river flying half-mast high.

"No one proposes that this should be done—but it is done. When a popular hero dies every one has lost a personal friend."

"Astonishing, astonishing!" said the Professor.

"Why astonishing? Why, we have had all the bells ringing when one of the heroines was happily married. We did not pay for the ringing; it was the method by which the people expressed the jubilation that was in their hearts. And is it not more natural that they should be more jubilant over a creature of the imagination than over a prosaic man or woman whom they have not realised? They realise this man, that is all. On the astral plane thoughts are things, and these creations of the imagination, as you call them, are none the less real because they are not materialised into flesh and blood. But," he said, changing his tone, "would you not like to go upstairs and

see the department which is entirely devoted to the production of the Romance of the World?"

"Certainly," said the Professor; "the place where you manufacture heroes and heroines, whose death eclipses the gaiety of nations, must indeed be a laboratory worth seeing."

Then Dick led the Professor up a flight of steps to the rooms immediately overhead.

"Perhaps," said he, "it will be best to go at once to the African room, as that was the scene which was described this morning." The room was empty, but the Professor could not help marvelling as he entered. It was if he had been suddenly transferred to Africa.

"Why," he said, "this is an oven!"

"Oh, the heat has not yet been turned off," said Dick. "When our novelists are writing they are placed in the same temperature as the heroes whose adventures they are describing. It is astonishing what a difference the thermometer makes. Last night it must have been terribly hot here when the news of the battle was being worked up."

"I should just think so," said the Professor. "I should prefer to sit outside this room even now. But when you describe Nansen's adventures do you freeze your men alive?"

"We have a frigidarium," said Dick. "The only difficulty is to keep the ink from freezing, but all our writers maintain that nothing gives more reality to their descriptions than the realism of the thermometer."

The Professor took a chair outside the door, and looking in saw that the whole room was arranged like the camp of an African explorer.

"You see," said his companion, "that everything as far as possible is real. That gun standing in the corner accompanied Stanley's expedition across Africa; those tom-toms leaning against the window were played during the massacre of one of our poor fellows, and were brought back as a trophy by the expedition which avenged his murder. We believe immensely in the psychometric influence of relics, and whenever it is possible we collect as many relics as we can get from the scene that the novelist is describing, so as to enable him to write his description the more vividly."

"I hope you don't carry your realism so far as to have mosquitoes and ants?" said the Professor.

"No," said Dick, "we must draw the line somewhere, and we draw it at mosquitoes and ants. But if you will venture within our African tent I will show you another arrangement that we have."

The Professor somewhat gingerly entered, and was invited by his companion to look through a stereoscope which was fixed in the wall.

"We are very proud of this arrangement," said Dick. "It is the best that can be procured, and if you will look through it you will see what pains we take to get all the details faithfully reproduced in our romance."

The Professor looked, and in the brilliantly illuminated stereoscope he saw, as if in a panorama, a series of African pictures.

"I will show you in brief," said Dick, "the history of the expedition, as given by the last photographs received from the camp."

"I see the photographs are coloured," said the Professor.

"Yes, but we are most careful that the colouring should be exact."

The Professor noticed that, interleaved as it were with the photographs of scenery and of African life, were pictures representing the progress of the expedition, and photographic charts. In the foreground of the column he saw a slight, active young fellow, in whom he soon came to take an almost personal interest. Now he was stalking an elephant, then he was engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the Arab

slave-traders, or he was in a death-grapple with a lion. He noticed also the figures of the other leaders of the expedition, and became so absorbed in watching the pictures that he hardly spoke excepting to give an occasional exclamation of surprise. Then his companion turned on the last scene. There was the camp, surprised by the Arabs. He almost seemed to see the muzzles of their guns, from which the fire-flash was streaming. There were the white tents of the British expedition, and far over head the stars shone brightly. Everywhere was life and movement: soldiers were scrambling for their rifles, or struggling desperately against their assailants; and right in the centre of the scene he saw the figure of the young man—whom he had watched with so much interest in the previous pictures—rifle in hand, falling backwards with a death-wound in his chest.

"Confound it," said the Professor, "that is too bad," and he used some strong language which cannot be reproduced here. "I have not the patience to look any more."

"Yes," said Dick, "it is too bad. But perhaps now you will not be so surprised that our flags are flying half-mast high."

"Oh, the devil!" said the Professor. "Do you mean to say that that was all imagination?"

"So far as Rollo Brook was concerned it was imagination," said Dick, "but all the rest was real enough. And although Rollo Brook never existed, there are other Rollo Brooks who will be mourned by their mothers to-day; and the mere question of the name is a detail."

The Professor said no more. They went out to see the arrangements of the other rooms. The largest room was devoted to what might be called the property store. Each room was carefully arranged for the scene of the story. Of course sometimes when the telegrams arrived late it was not possible to do this, but generally the surroundings of the scene were supplied. The best idea of the way in which these rooms were fitted up can be gained by imagining a miniature reproduction of any of the large panoramas, in which real lay figures are introduced, as well as pictures representing the landscape. A staff of scene-painters was kept constantly busy. The magic lantern and the stereoscope were employed to increase the effect; and everything in short was done to enable the novelist-journalist to see with his own eyes the scenes which he had to describe for the reader.

This department was in immediate communication with the great indexing establishment above. This indexing of news-cuttings formed a great feature of the *Daily Paper*. All news-cuttings relating to any subject were carefully stored and indexed, and a writer on any special subject had simply to press a button and say what cuttings he required, and in a very few moments they were on his table, numbered and labelled.

"You have no idea," said Dick, "what an effect this has in revivifying the interest of the common people in the events of the world. Our one difficulty is that our fictitious characters, as the present case illustrates, tend to overshadow the real personage in the drama. We often have deputations more or less formal, and sometimes crowds, demanding information as to what has happened to one of their favourites, exactly as they would if there had been a bye-election on which the fate of a Ministry depended. The story has the widest circulation of any of our publications. No number of the *Daily Paper* has ever yet appeared without a chapter of this romance, and at the end of the week we reprint it in a halfpenny supplement to the weekly paper, which is sold at three halfpence. At the end of six months it is published in a volume, and we maintain that if any one has read our twelve half-yearly volumes he will know exactly

what has been going on in the world since the paper was started."

"Is everything written here for the novel?" said the Professor.

"Oh dear me, no," said Dick. "Just as newspapers used to have special correspondents, so we have novelist-journalists told off to accompany every important expedition, and to visit the scene of every important occurrence which can be foreseen long enough to provide for it. Every novelist-journalist also collects relics, and as a result, with these and the constant output of our scene-painters and waxwork artists, we are rapidly accumulating materials that will stock a museum. We have already opened one in Bethnal Green, which is much more popular than the great Bethnal Green Museum; and as we have branch establishments in every large town in the kingdom, these relics, etc., will go on circuit. The one idea which dominates everything is to make the life of the world real and vivid to the people of the world, and primarily, of course, to our own people. In such an interesting world as this no one ought ever to be dull. Interesting events are happening every day; the only difficulty is to get people to see them, and that is what we are endeavouring to do. But," said Dick, "if you are not tired, you must come and see our news-cutting and indexing department. We are very proud of it, as it is one of those institutions which has never existed before, and which we have created not merely for our own good, but for the benefit of the public."

Mounting another flight of stairs, they found themselves in another series of spacious rooms. "Oh, Miss Widdrington," said Dick, "I wish to introduce to you Professor Glogoul, who has just been appointed Social Coroner to the Prisons Department of the Civic Church; he wants to see your news-cutting and indexing arrangements."

"It is all very simple," said Miss Widdrington. "The only difficulty is to select which papers are to be indexed. When that is done, everything is as simple as A B C."

"How simple?" asked the Professor.

"We get half a dozen copies of each paper. One copy goes to the indexing staff, which indexes it; the others go to the news-cutting department, where they are cut to pieces. One set of the articles is pasted into guard-books, while the fellows to them are kept in envelopes."

"Don't you have much duplication?" asked the Professor.

"Yes, certainly; but it is better to duplicate than to miss. If, for instance, Sir Alfred Milner, the present Finance Minister for India, makes a speech upon the appreciation of the rupee, it is indexed and cut under three heads: India, Milner, and Finance."

"You will require a large staff."

"Yes," said she, "a very large staff; it is no use doing things by halves. If I cannot in six minutes put my finger upon any speech that has been made in the last six years and reported in any one of the papers selected for indexing, I consider there is something wrong."

"But are your indexes up to date?" asked Glogoul.

"We have night and day staffs, and the night staff does not leave the place until the last of the previous day's papers has been indexed and cut."

"Oh," said the Professor, "then the other papers won't be anywhere compared with you?"

"Oh," said Miss Widdrington, "you mistake; there is not a newspaper man in London who would not be welcomed here. We cannot, of course, undertake to supply them with the cuttings, but we give them the references."

"Do you mean to say," said the Professor incredulously, "that if I wanted all the references to, say, Criminal Penology within the last six years, you could supply me with them?"



GOING TO A SHELF SHE REACHED DOWN AN INDEX LABELLED "CRIM."

"Certainly," said she; and going to a shelf she reached down an index labelled "Crim." "Let us see, Criminal Penology," she said: "that is what is dealt with by Lombroso, and Macdonald, and other people of that kind?"

"Yes," said the Professor.

"Here you will find them," and she displayed before the Professor's eyes several pages filled with references to articles on the subject which had appeared in the newspapers of all nations.

The Professor's eyes lit upon one entry. "Here," he said, "is the thing I have been looking for for years: It is a report made by the University of Lilliput upon Mantegazza's measurement of the Craniums of Murderers. I see you have it indexed as appearing in the *Diritto* on January 3rd, 1894. Can I see that?"

"Certainly," said Miss Widdrington, and pressing a button a lady, neatly dressed in the fashion with which the Professor was rapidly becoming familiar, answered the bell. "Bring me the cutting under Criminal Penology that appeared in the *Diritto* on January 3rd, 1894," said Miss Widdrington.

"Immediately," said the girl.

"Let us follow her," said the Professor.

They followed the girl to a large and airy room. She took down a book which was labelled "Crim. 1894," and turned up the index and produced the cutting.

"This is pasted," said she, "but perhaps you want it loose."

The Professor feasted his eyes upon his long looked-for report, and hardly noticed that the girl called out the number "C 2, 25" to a younger girl, who proceeded to a case where the cuttings were kept, produced the C 2, 25 without the loss of a moment, and handed the same to Professor Glogoul.

"Well," said he, "this beats anything I have ever seen! And you can do the same with any other subject?"

"Anything," said Miss Widdrington. "There is nothing which has been reported in the leading papers of the world in the last six years which we cannot produce at least as soon as we have produced this."

When the Professor was deep in the "Report of the University of Lilliput," Miss Widdrington said to Grant, "Do you not think you had better take him across to our great Indexing Office?"

"Directly," said Dick.

"Well," said the Professor, as he had finished reading the report, "I have hunted for that for years. I knew it appeared somewhere, but I could never lay my hands upon it. May I take a copy of it?"

"Certainly," said Miss Widdrington; "you will find a room set apart for those who wish to copy from our records. It is sometimes rather crowded, but we can always make room for you."

"Well," said Dick, "Miss Widdrington suggests that I should take you over to the great indexing office, which is not an annexe of the paper, but one of its off-shoots. It is some little distance from the office, because indexing needs room and light, and we could get better premises further from the river. Telephone to Mr. Waller and ask him whether or not he could see the Professor. Perhaps one of your young ladies could take him round."

"By all means," said Miss Widdrington.

Mr. Waller was at the office, and would be very glad to see the Professor, so bidding Dick good-bye, he fared forth with his guide, who buttoned a light skirt over her nether limbs, civilisation having not yet sufficiently advanced for the gymnast costume to be worn in the public street.

He found Mr. Waller engaged in no less a task than the indexing of all the literature of the English-speaking language. Mr. Waller announced this as simply as if it had been the task of delivering a ton of coals or the buying of a railway-ticket.

The Professor gasped. "Well," said he, "you have got a pretty big place here, but I should not think it would be large enough to hold your indexes alone."

"Oh yes!" said Mr. Waller. "The College of Indexers, in which you are standing at the present moment, grew out of the *Daily Paper*, and was founded by the Fellowship. People began to see the folly of perpetually writing books without creating an index to their contents, and after a time it was decided to found this College in order to focus the energies of an immense number of volunteer indexers all over the world. The idea," said Mr. Waller, waxing enthusiastic over his favourite theme, "came to me from the compilation of the great English Dictionary. The same principle of co-operative effort seemed to me to be equally feasible if applied to all literature. It only needed subdivision. And though we are called a College of Indexers, we are really a College of Subdividers. The work is done by people all over the world. We endeavour to make our index so explanatory as to be a summary of universal literature."

"That is to say," said the Professor, "supposing I wanted to build a pigsty——"

"If you came to me," said Mr. Waller blithely, "I could tell you every work which has been published on the building of pigsties in the English language in America, the colonies, and at home, and also every reference in every

book and agricultural manual in which the subject of pigsties is dealt with. These would not be a mere list of references, but would be a description of the nature of each work, and you would get a *Catalogue Raisonné* of all the literature in the English language relating to pigsties."

"How can this be done?"

"It is being done at the present moment, and before long we hope to have this gigantic work printed and rendered accessible for the universal use of men. Nothing like it has ever been done before. We will also publish an abridged index, which will be more manageable—say not more than a thousand octavo volumes. You see, that although this is not a branch of the *Daily Paper*, it is indispensable as an adjunct to it. Sterling got the idea that the *Daily Paper* ought to be able to tell everybody everything about anything or anybody at a minute's notice. It was no use assuring him that it was impossible; he said that what the Roman Church could do in the Middle Ages could be done now and on a more extensive scale. It was all a question of organisation, and so it came to pass that the College of Indexers came into existence."

"If," said Miss Daley, the lady who had conducted the Professor, "you had gone above our offices you would have found the Enquire Within for Everything Department, which is in constant communication with this office and with our department. Any one who wants to know anything has only to write a letter, with a stamp for the reply; and he gets by return of post the very best information that can be given him as to a matter of fact; and direction and guidance in cases of conscience. These are handed over to a special department, and are answered either privately or in the special correspondence page of the paper. Most of our correspondence is by letter, but anything of general interest is dealt with in the paper."

"I will give you an instance," said Mr. Waller. "It occurred only the other day. A member of the Fellowship in a small out-of-the-way village in the Mississippi valley, wrote for information as to the best way of getting to a plantation in Assam. He had to start in a month, and had not a ghost of an idea as to how to go or what it would cost. By return of post we mailed that man a brief but comprehensive statement, showing him exactly the time he had to leave his village for the junction from whence he would proceed to New York; the steamer in which he must cross the Atlantic, and the hotels at Liverpool and London at which he ought to stay. We gave him full particulars as to the P. and O. steamer which would take him to Calcutta, and furnished him with information as to the line of steamers on the Ganges, and the railway which would land him at his brother's door. We gave him the names of all the consuls of the Fellowship in each town through which he would pass, and sent him prospectuses of the hotels and of the railway and steamship companies over whose lines he would travel, calculated the cost of the journey to a penny, and sent him the whole by return of post."

"Well," said the Professor, "this is what I call organised omniscience!"

CHAPTER XI.

ENDOWED DEPARTMENTS.

THURSDAY the Professor and his wife attended one of Lady Sidney's receptions, which she had made so potent as a nerve-centre of the English-speaking world. Everybody of any importance always made it a point to look in at her receptions. Tuesday was the foreign night, while Thursday was more distinctively English. On Tuesday every language under heaven might be heard within the walls of her

reception-room. Ambassadors, princes, representatives of art, literature, and science abroad, met the flower of English society. But on Thursday, though no language but English was spoken, it might be heard in all its variations of dialect and intonation. The English, however, as it was spoken by Lady Sidney and in the National Theatre, was rapidly coming to be accepted as a standard by all the communities of our world-encircling race.

The *Daily Paper* became the great exchange of the English-speaking people who found themselves in London. Any one who came from the uttermost parts of the world could find at the office a list of all those who had come from his village, his colony, or his state, who were at that moment in London. A whole staff of clerks was placed at their disposal for tracing old pedigrees and for hunting up acquaintances. More important, Lady Sidney set an example to all those who were possessed of good houses, especially if they had a history attached, in the neighbourhood of London. She made it a point to invite eminent colonists and Americans to enjoy her hospitality. In this way fresh links were knit between the old families in England and the families of the Republics which had sprung up all over the world. The mother country became more and more the home of those adventurous races which had swarmed from her shores, and instead of finding himself a stranger in a strange land, the colonist or American no sooner landed in London than he was taken by the hand and welcomed to a wide circle of friends. No distinction was ever made between a colonist and an American; any man coming from abroad who could speak English was welcomed as a member of the great race, and allowed free use of all the advantages, social, political, and otherwise, that were at the disposal of the *Daily Paper*.

In furtherance of Anglo-American reunion, Whit Monday was celebrated as a great united fête. The day became to the English-speaking world what the Fourth of July is to the States of the American Union. It began in a small way. A few friends met together on Whit Monday to strengthen themselves in the work which they had undertaken for the reunion of the race. The idea spread rapidly, and from a private meeting of a few the movement increased till there were public meetings, and in the third year a great popular demonstration. By the fifth year Whit Monday was celebrated as a fête all over the world wherever the Stars and Stripes, or the Union Jack, floated. For a hundred years the Americans had used the Fourth of July for the purpose of exciting animosity against George III. and the mother country. The new International fête day had exactly the opposite motive, and each year tended to draw the English-speaking world into a closer race alliance. And it was everywhere proclaimed that when the Dominion of Canada was formally merged in the Republic, the ceremony would practically be the consummation of the wedding between the two great branches of the English-speaking races.

The idea mooted in 1892 of holding Olympian games for the English-speaking race was carried out under the ægis of the *Daily Paper*. Lady Sidney officiated as queen, and distributed the laurels to the victors in the great contests; and the competitors went to their homes beneath the Southern Cross or on the Pacific Slope feeling that in her presence they had been for a moment united. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" seemed much more possible after the strangers had seen Lady Sidney, supported by Nedelca and Lill, distributing the parsley crown or the laurel wreath.

Although the influence of the *Daily Paper*, and the Fellowship on which it rested, was chiefly felt in English-speaking lands, it also exercised a great influence over those who did not speak the tongue which Shakespeare spoke. This

was brought about by an extension of the principle which Sterling had explained when first he saw Lady Sidney in the Colosseum—namely, the endowment of departments of the paper for special work. In the early history of the paper a patriotic Russian approached Sterling and asked whether he would be willing to despatch two or three competent special correspondents to Russia for the purpose of letting daylight into the dark corners of the Empire. Sterling at once replied that however useful it might be, he did not see how it was possible to spare sufficient space to publish the articles in order to justify such an expenditure.

"Now, my dear friend," said Prince Godonoff, "I shall be delighted to place at your disposal £5,000 a year for this purpose, and with this you can maintain your special correspondents. They will have the status of being the representatives of your paper; they will collect information which will be stored in its archives. If it be good for the paper to publish any of these reports you will publish them, but you need not necessarily publish anything. You will know the facts, and the mere presence of an incorruptible, intelligent, accredited representative of the *Daily Paper* will help to make the wicked tremble, and give hope to the honest men in our administration."

Sterling told him to call again in a fortnight. That night he took the mail for Gatschina. There he explained to the Emperor exactly what he wanted. He also told the Tzar of Prince Godonoff's proposal.

"Now," said he, "no one knows better than your Majesty the difficulties which these representatives of mine will have to encounter when they set to work without fear or favour. I can assure you that there is no disposition on the part of Prince Godonoff or of myself to increase the great difficulties of governing your empire. On the contrary, my idea is that these representatives of the *Daily Paper* would be very useful to your Majesty, more useful, in fact, than to any other person in the world. I should propose that they should come here first of all and satisfy you as to their sincerity and honesty. I should also propose that copies of everything that they write should be forwarded to you in duplicate. At any time they will hold themselves in readiness to repair to Gatschina to defend the truth of any statement they may have made, and to prove all the facts which they describe in their correspondence. If at any time they lose your confidence, I will recall them and replace them by others who will, I hope, have the supreme confidence of your Majesty."

"But on what principle will these correspondents of yours make their inquiries?" asked the Tzar.

"Upon the principle that two and two make four," said Sterling simply. "They will be Knights of St. George despatched on a Holy War against robbery of all kinds, especially the methods by which your Majesty is deceived and your subjects defrauded."

After some hesitation the Tzar consented tentatively, and the correspondents began their work. One of them was fortunate enough to light upon a flagrant scandal which involved the plunder of some millions of roubles. No one had dared to speak of it, much less display the fraud in its colossal dimensions. The correspondent, however, by simply presenting the facts of the case succeeded in destroying the whole fabric. The chief offenders were banished to Siberia, and their ill-gotten gains were confiscated. The correspondent was summoned to Gatschina, offered a decoration, which he refused, and specially complimented by the Tzar on the service which he had rendered to Russia.

Still more remarkable was the success which attended the establishment of the Knights of St. George in the Ottoman Empire. An old ironmaster of New York, who some years ago had had the good fortune to make a singularly favourable

impression upon the mind of the Sultan, went back to Constantinople to ask the protection of the Sultan for the correspondent. The Sultan at first shook his head. He said he did not like newspaper correspondents making mischief.

"But," continued Abdul Hamed, "what standard do you propose to apply to my country, which is not so civilised as the West?"

"We have only one standard for East and West," said Mr. Drewitt adroitly, "and that is that two and two make four."

"That may be true in the West," said the Sultan gloomily, "but in my country when taxes are collected two and two seldom make three, and often make no more than one. If your correspondents can secure that two and two make four in my Empire, the blessing of Allah be upon them, infidels though they be!"

So it came to pass that two smart American correspondents armed with a firman from the Sultan went on pilgrimage through his dominions. They became a terror to corrupt pashas and to plundering officials of every grade. They even persuaded the Sultan that it would be money in his pocket to Lebanonise Armenia. And that great work of political reconstruction was one of the first and grandest political triumphs of the *Daily Paper*. Comparatively little of the contents of the reports of these commissioners were published in London. Once in a way, when the occasion called for it, a special supplement was published containing the more salient portions of their despatches. The cost of the printing and distribution was defrayed by the funds provided for that purpose.

By degrees there grew up a whole series of specially endowed departments, which stood to the *Daily Paper* in the same relation as colleges stand to the university. Baron Hirsch endowed a Jewish Department with £10,000 a year, by which five special correspondents were maintained, whose duty it was to observe and record for the archives of their department the evidence as to the condition of their race in all parts of the world. The same principle was carried out in other directions. There was often very little to show in the columns of the *Daily Paper* of this immense organisation of special correspondents all over the world. The information of these agents was carefully stored in the central archives; and whenever the occasion demanded it, a supplement or an extra of the *Daily Paper* would be launched and distributed by the hundred thousand over the whole kingdom. For effectiveness no method of political propaganda was comparable to this.

Although Sterling accepted all these endowments, it in no way crippled his absolute freedom in relation to the management of the paper. Every one of the special correspondents appointed under the various endowments was as absolutely under his orders as if he had been paid directly from the treasury of the paper. Sterling held that the prestige of being a representative of the *Daily Paper*, and the opportunities which that position gave a correspondent, cast into infinitesimal insignificance the detail of the source from which his salary came, or his expenses were paid.

In addition to these special correspondents and commissioners, there was not a Legislature in Europe which had not one or more of its most distinguished members acting as the unpaid correspondent of the paper. Every Legislature in the States and in the Colonies contained at least one representative no less zealous and intelligent because he was unpaid. He was proud to represent the *Daily Paper*.

Every Fellow was more or less a reader of the *Daily Paper* and its supplements, and in every part of the world it had its consuls; just as the Cycling Touring Club has its consul in every populous centre in England and on the

Continent. These consuls were the accredited representatives of the *Daily Paper*, and undertook on appointment to report everything that happened in their district which would be of advantage to the Fellowship at large.

It was in the newspapers, however, and among journalists that the influence of the *Daily Paper* was greatest. At the *Daily Paper* office, any person who wrote for the press, no matter how insignificant his paper might be, was received with hearty freemasonry so long as his honour was unstained and his character unblemished. All the advantages of the central office were placed at the disposal of any journals of any nationality. But the doors were resolutely closed against any man who was known to have been guilty of a dishonourable action, such as the publication of an interview without offering the interviewed person a proof, or of making public a private conversation, or of abusing his position to levy blackmail. The influence of Lady Sidney and her daughter was of incalculable advantage in maintaining a high standard of manners and of morals among the Bohemian fraternity which frequented her *salon*. No genius, however great, no position, however splendid, in the world of journalism, politics, literature, science, or art, was sufficient to break down the veto pronounced by Lady Sidney upon all dishonourable men, especially if they had been dishonourable to women. Lady Sidney, therefore, exercised over a wider world that position of custodian of the manners and morals of society which the Queen used to occupy in her younger days. Not that the rules of the court on the Thames Embankment were applied with Draconian severity. But they were for the first time applied with an even hand to both the sexes, and the only condition of restoration to the forfeited position was penitence and reformation. There was no attempt to dictate, still less was there any inquisitorial searching into the private character of individuals; but a special junta of two men and a woman was intrusted with the duty of deciding what persons were or were not to be placed under the monastic excommunication of being forbidden the precincts; and the same authority also decided on what terms the boycott should be raised.

The only Canossa which the Hildebrand of the *Daily Paper* insisted upon was the public confession of guilt and an expression of contrition, which, should the offence have received the same degree of publicity, was to be published in the columns of the *Daily Paper*. After such public penance had been done no allusion was ever made to the offence, and it was supposed to have been entirely blotted out from the public mind. Many curious contrasts arose owing to this method of dealing with the question. Many men who were admitted to the Court at Buckingham Palace were rigidly excluded from the Court on the Thames Embankment; while many women who were debarred from appearing at a Drawing-room of Her Majesty were cordially welcomed in the *salon* of Lady Sidney.

"I would rather receive Mary Magdalene than make a friend of Judas," was the only reply which Lady Sidney gave to an acquaintance who protested against her shutting her door upon a distinguished noble, at the same time that she received the guilty, but penitent, partner of his crime.

Lady Sidney, Nedelca, and Lill never lost an opportunity that was afforded them of encouraging their own sex to overcome those disabilities which formerly were imposed both by nature and by society upon the weaker vessel. There was no idea of making women mannish, but no effort was spared to make them strong, healthy, and intelligent by developing their self-reliance and self-respect. Whenever women were found willing to try a new thing, even although it might not be quite practicable, they were encouraged and helped. When, for instance, women

began to take to bicycling, Lady Sidney offered to supply, free of charge for one year, a bicycle to any woman who would brave the ridicule which is always heaped upon pioneers by touring on the cycle in a cycling costume. Great is the power of wealth, and even greater is the power of public opinion! When both are combined, and in addition are reinforced by the example of a lady in the first rank of society, they are irresistible.

"Really," said Sterling one day to Lady Sidney, "if you go on like this much longer a girl will no longer feel that she is born into the world with a grudge against her Maker for not having made her of the other sex."

The practice of publishing special supplements to which we have referred was carried to a very great length. As the paper was delivered from door to door every morning, it became a valuable medium for publicity. From almost the beginning the special supplements, containing advertisements of situations wanted and situations vacant, raised the number of pages from forty to sixty. At election times the important manifestoes of the various candidates in different constituencies, and of the party leaders, were inserted and distributed with the *Daily Paper*. By this means the paper was always kept general in its scope, so as to afford a mass of interesting reading for a wide range of readers; while special features were dealt with by insets and supplements, which paid for themselves, or were paid for by endowments. The publication business of the paper was immense. In addition to the *Daily Paper* there was the weekly edition with the halfpenny supplement of the story, which was also sold separately in enormous numbers throughout the Colonies and the States of America. There was also published another weekly, for general distribution as a kind of popular tract, containing the reprint of the pages devoted to the Morning Service and to the saint of the day. In addition to this there was issued a Sunday-reading paper, which was partially made up from the dailies, but contained much fresh matter; and included, among other things, a religious novel, based on the principle of the Romance of the World, but dealing more particularly with religion and philanthropy and with the leaders in all good works, both in and out of the churches. But what Sterling prided himself most upon was the publication of the *Daily Paper Classics*. When he was a lad he had gained much of his information from the various series of Chambers' Tracts, and he had always looked forward to the time when he would be able to publish something like those tracts on a larger scale. With the immense number of machines which he possessed he had an unequalled plant for turning out at the minimum price the popular library of the literature of the whole world. A complete classic was published at threepence in paper cover. The size was always uniform with the *Daily Paper*. By this means every cottager in the country could put a hundred of the best books of the world upon his shelves for twenty-five shillings. In addition to these there was an enormous production of pamphlets, leaflets, and tractlets of all kinds, written in the service of the Civic Church and for promoting the objects of the paper.

Among the other works of the *Daily Paper* was the compilation and the publication of an English Bible. This was a work in which many of the leading men of the day had combined to produce a volume from English history which would be to the English what the Hebrew Scriptures were to the Jews. So great was the demand for the English Bible that, in the first three years after its publication, over a million copies had been sold, and it was to be found side by side with the Hebrew Scriptures in the box of every emigrant. It constituted a compendium of all that was most glorious in English history, or most valuable in English literature.

The Feister machines went with even greater regularity

than the guillotine during the Terror; and with every revolution they scattered seeds of enlightenment throughout the world.

CHAPTER XII.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS.

ON Friday Professor Glogoul began his career as Social Coroner by holding an inquest in Holloway Gaol on the person of an habitual criminal who had just been sentenced to a long term of penal servitude for burglary. On completing the inquest the Professor returned to lunch in high spirits.

"Wonderful!" he said. "The Social Inquest will yield inexhaustible materials for the philosophy of life. At last we shall begin to understand the science of conduct, and to readjust the environment which at present produces criminals as the earth produces weeds."

Nedelca had insisted upon the Professor coming to lunch with her, and she was listening with great interest to his enthusiastic account of his first experiment.

"You never saw anything more wonderful in your life," said he, with enthusiasm. "I soon made friends with the man, who was delighted to see any one who approached him from a different standpoint from that of the chaplain who preaches at him, or the turnkeys who lock him up, or the officials whose attitude is always one of condemnation. I was hail-fellow-well-met with my burglar, and in five minutes we were chatting together as if I had known him all my life. I had a shorthand writer with me who was equally sympathetic, and in return for a smoke my burglar gladly consented to be hypnotised. I found him a wonderful subject. As soon as he was well under the mesmeric sleep I suggested to him that he was a boy of six. Immediately the old criminal's features relaxed, and he began prattling about his home in the country. I have never seen a more wonderful case. The man of sixty became the child of six, with a child's ideas, a child's hopes, and a child's fears. He simply lived over again with the accuracy of a phonograph all the scenes of his childhood. After a time I shifted the suggestion to his twelfth year, then to his eighteenth, then to his twenty-fourth, and so forth until we came down to the present day. The result of this morning's work is that I have an absolutely correct account of the permanent impression left of the subconscious memory of the man which enables us to trace with absolute fidelity the course of the criminal. It was splendid. I have never had such a success in my life."

"Did you let the poor fellow have a smoke when you had finished with him?"

"Yes," said Glogoul. "At first the governor was very much scandalised, but on hearing the account which the prisoner had given of how he murdered a man some twenty years ago—which we have never been able to bring home to him—he declared that the fellow deserved his smoke."

"Was he really a murderer?" asked Nedelca.

"Oh, yes, certainly; he told us about two men he had killed."

"What a monster! Then won't he be hanged?"

"No," said the Professor; "all communications made by a prisoner under hypnotic suggestion are absolutely privileged. They may be used in building up the science of life, but they are not to be used against him. But this is only a beginning," said the Professor enthusiastically. "I think in time we shall be able to transpose souls."

"What do you mean?" said Nedelca.

"Oh!" said the Professor. "Surely you are familiar with the phenomena of a possession or obsession—when a man suddenly forgets all that he once remembered, and

becomes to all intents and purposes a new man, with a fresh set of memories, of inclinations, and of instincts. The transfusion of the intelligence is by no means unknown to the scientist."

"Oh, I see," said Nedelca, "just as you transfuse blood, so you can transfuse personality."

"Yes," said the Professor. "But I think that we shall be able to go further than that. I think that it will be possible to mix them—that is to say, to arrange for the temporary possession of the body by a superior intelligence. We see it in the ordinary trance when a weak woman becomes as strong as Hercules under the control of a powerful spirit. Why should this not be systematised, so that a weak personality, in the case of an emergency, had as it were the loan of a stronger one? By the bye," said he to Nedelca, "what progress have you made with your Bureau of communication between the visible and the invisible world?"

"Oh," said Nedelca, "have you never been to see the Bureau? The towers on either side of the *camera obscura* are entirely devoted to the research in Borderland. Mr. Sterling says that it would be quite impossible for him to edit the *Daily Paper* without the assistance he constantly receives from the occultists, who have dedicated their gifts and their learning to the service of humanity. One of the towers is devoted to the future, and the other to the past. Some day when you go up you will see our astrologer, who is constantly employed in casting horoscopes with his band of assistants, and in endeavouring to read, so far as he can, the future in the stars."

"That is all bosh," said the Professor. "How can you read the future from the stars?"

"It may be all bosh," said Nedelca, "but they do it somehow. They often blunder, of course; but the experience of the last six years has shown that they often give an invaluable hint as to what is about to happen. The newspaper cannot afford to neglect any source of information. Our astrologer will report, for instance, that a certain personage will die on a certain date. The chances are, you will say, that he will not die on that date. If there is only one chance in ten it is worth while preparing for it. The great art of journalism, as Mr. Sterling is always saying, is to be prepared; and no editor worth his salt would neglect a channel of information which would give him one straight tip out of ten. But the whole thing is shrouded in such mystery, that whereas its prognostications justify preparation, they do not justify print. But more practically useful than the astrologer is the seer, who is a man with the gift of foreseeing either in a trance or in his natural state. If the astrologer and the seer agree, the rule is that you may safely get your manuscript put into type. The Bureau of Communication, however, is most valuable as a means of personal comfort and spiritual consolation. It would surprise you," said Nedelca, "how little communication the living wish to have with their deceased friends. As soon as they learn that they exist and are well,—excepting in cases in which there has been ardent affection between the living and the departed,—the desire for communication seems to disappear."

"Oh, yes," said Glogoul, "I have noticed that many times. When you see an emigrant ship leave port and you hear the wail of those who are parting, you would think they would make the most of communication by letter. As a matter of fact they don't correspond. The new environment and the new pre-occupations soon reduce to a minimum the points of contact between a mother and a son. So it is, I suppose, with those who pass into the other world."

"Yes," said Nedelca; "it reminds me of a poor old man in Lambeth Workhouse whom I occasionally visit. He had been married fifty years, and we wished very much to get

him to occupy a little room along with his wife, so that they should not be separated in their old age. 'No, miss,' he said, 'I have had enough of she.' That was his only response when I remonstrated with him on his refusal to leave the ward in which he was living with the other men. At the same time, I think that the knowledge that communication is possible, if desired, greatly tends to diminish the grief of the bereavement."

"No doubt," said Glogoul, "the emigrants would weep still more bitterly if there were no post-office. Even if they don't use it, the knowledge that it is there is a great consolation, and I have often wondered," said he meditatively, "whether we humans do not get more happiness from the consciousness of having things within our reach than from their actual possession."

"Oh, here is Mr. Sterling," said Nedelca, as the editor joined them and took an empty chair which had been left for him, and began his lunch.

"We are in the land of the Fourth Dimension," said the Professor.

"You mean you are talking about it," said Sterling. "I have just left it."

"What has happened?" said Nedelca, with curiosity.

"You know, Glogoul," said Sterling, "how much I always believed in the development of telepathy and mesmeric trance as a means of journalistic information. I have just been filling in the details of a telegram received from Khartoum by the aid of our best clairvoyant."

"How interesting!" said the Professor. "And you rely on her?"

"Absolutely. We have tested her so many times that we have come to rely on her communications as if they were despatches from our special correspondent. To-day, for instance, we got a telegram to say that there had been a rally of the Arabs, and that another attack was expected on the Restoration force. I put Miss Randolph over and gave her the telegram, then I told her to go to Khartoum and see what was happening. In a few minutes she had the whole scene before her, and described it as minutely as if she were looking at it through a telescope from a hill in the neighbourhood. Her news was much later than that of the telegram. The attack had been made at five o'clock in the morning, but fortunately our fellows were on the alert, and the Arabs were repulsed with heavy loss. None of our men were hurt."

"Shall you publish it?" said Glogoul.

"We have put it in type, and should no confirmation come we shall print it under the telegrams, stating that this vision was seen by our own clairvoyant. But if a telegram should come confirming it, as I expect, we shall simply publish the narrative as an authentic record of facts."

"That is very good," said Glogoul. "But do you need special correspondents at all?"

"Oh, certainly!" said Sterling. "We need them if it were only to give a trace to the clairvoyant. A correspondent will often see things that a clairvoyant will fail to discover, while the clairvoyant on her part will often see much more than what the correspondent himself can see. But the difficulties of time and space—for in the Fourth Dimension there seems to be no time, and we know that space does not exist—render it necessary to have your clairvoyant always checked by your special."

"May I not pass you the grapes, Professor?" said Nedelca, handing him a magnificent bunch.

"What lovely grapes!"

"You will be surprised to hear where they come from," said Nedelca.

"I suppose they come from your mother's greenhouses?"

"Nothing of the sort," said Sterling. "All the best

grapes are now grown by the pitmen. You see the miners have more leisure than the rest of the population. Their hours are shorter, to begin with, and they seldom work more than four days a week. Therefore they have two clear days, and plenty of time on the others, to devote to subsidiary industries. They used to waste their time—or worse than waste it—but recently, thanks chiefly to Lady Sidney's initiative, they are becoming the great gardeners of England."

"Pitmen!" exclaimed Glogoul. "That is a transformation indeed!"

"No," said Sterling, "it is not such a great transformation. But the real secret of it is that coal is practically costless at the pit mouth. Nearly all our collieries are now in the centre of vineyards, all of which, however, are under glass. Glass is cheap, and the construction of vineries was made a special object of the Miners' Federation, aided by grants from horticultural associations and from the Fellowship Fund. The small coal which is wasted at the pit's mouth more than suffices to heat all the vineries, and as a result grapes are as cheap as cherries, and the miners alternate their hard labour underground with the pleasure of sitting under their own vines and fig-trees in artificial glass-houses."

"You will find a change all round," said Nedelca; "but we must really take you down to Essex, where you will see a whole county turned into market gardens by the spare labour of London workmen."

"That is a transformation if you like," said Sterling. "The land was going out of cultivation, when Lady Sidney approached the County Council and the Local Government Board; and between them they succeeded in laying out the county in settlements, with the avowed intention that every householder in East London should have a garden in Essex. Some of them of course took larger gardens, and many of them took none at all."

"But how on earth do they get to their gardens now that they have got them?" asked the Professor.

"Oh," said Sterling, "that is another thing which has come up of late years. We have a wonderful system of narrow gauge electric railways which intersect the county. This enables any one to get to his garden plot in about an hour at the cost of a penny. But," said Sterling, "to-morrow we are going to have our annual fête. We had better get there betimes to see Lady Sidney give away the decorations for heroism."

"For heroism?" said the Professor.

"Yes," said Nedelca; "that is an idea which mother picked up in Belgium. The national fête there is always commenced by a distribution of rewards to those who have distinguished themselves for bravery in the previous twelve months. The *Official Gazette* publishes an immense list of all those who have saved life by risking their own, and medals and decorations are given by the king. We tried to get the institution established under royal patronage here, but there were difficulties in the way, and so as we did not wish to lose the opportunity, we determined to do it ourselves. A supplement of the *Daily Paper* to-morrow will give an account of all the rewards and of the actions singled out for special recognition, the ceremonies of the day, the service in St. Paul's, and the distribution of rewards in the great hall of Westminster, which is permitted to be used for this purpose by the Prime Minister. Afterwards the sports and fête begin."

"But," said Glogoul, "all this must cost so much money, I cannot conceive how you do it."

"Ah!" said Sterling, looking at his watch, "I forgot I had an appointment with Cardinal Jacobini, who is over here on a most important mission. Wonderful man,

Jacobini! will be Pope some day, and for the sake of the Church, the sooner the better. But here comes Grant. He knows more about the Fellowship and its revenue than any one else. Excuse me, I must be off."

"Grant," he said to Dick at the door, "will you take my chair at Nedelca's table to explain the Fellowship Fund?"

Sterling vanished, not even noticing the flush on Dick's face. After greeting Nedelca and the Professor, Dick sat down in the vacant chair and answered the Professor's catechism.

"I don't see how you can do it on a penny a day," said Glogoul, "no, not if you got a million pennies."

"But we don't," said Grant. "We have endowments and legacies, and we have, above all, our revenue from our patents."

"Patents?" cried the Professor. "Patents of what kind? Medicines, engines, clothes?"

"Everything," said Dick. He then described the sources of the revenues of the Fellowship from patents, which may be summarized.

One great source of the revenue of the Fellowship was its extraordinary good luck in securing patents. The admirable system of intelligent indexing and careful analysis of all available information, which was applied to every department of human knowledge in the *Daily Paper*, produced a golden harvest in the field of patents. The Patent Committee of the Fellowship knew more about the patent offices of the world than any patent agent or official. They were picked men, who, having made their own fortunes, were willing to place their experience and their skill at the service of the Fellowship. If any impecunious inventor brought to their knowledge any really bright idea they would undertake to secure a patent, and to put it on the market, on condition that the inventor would content himself with a fair percentage of the net profits, the balance going to the Fellowship. They had been extraordinarily lucky at the beginning, and had secured patents which were now not purchasable by millions. The Fellowship could place anything so advantageously, and everything was done with such scrupulous honesty, that inventors found their profits under the Fellowship worth far more than they would have got under the ordinary conditions.

The first profits accruing to the Fellowship from any patent were always set aside to facilitate the re-employment of labour displaced by the new invention. Sometimes the whole of the profits for a year or more would be swallowed up in preventing the misery which at present is remorselessly inflicted upon labour whenever any new labour-saving appliance is invented. In the long run all such contrivances increase the demand for labour, but until the Fellowship was instituted there was no fund available for the mitigation of the immediate hardships resulting from such displacements in the labour market. "Always keep in mind," said Mr. Byers, the Chairman of the Patent Committee, "that no one is to be worse off if we can help it, but rather a great deal better off because of the stimulus we give to new inventions."

The growth of the Fellowship and the rapid accumulation of enormous wealth led Lady Sidney and Sterling to attempt to undertake the establishment of the most gigantic system of insurance the world ever saw. The possibility of utilising the services of the distributors of the *Daily Paper* as the collectors of the weekly insurance money enabled them to reduce enormously the cost of collection, while the magnificent revenue of the Fellowship from patents, which were more profitable than a gold mine, promised before long to secure every citizen from fear of destitution when he was aged or infirm.

To this Fellowship there accrued great legacies. Millionaires, gradually growing ashamed of the possession of wealth

beyond the limit of personal administration, endowed it, as in olden time monarchs and nobles endowed the monasteries. It was already evident to the far-seeing eye of the Professor, that in a few years the Fellowship would quietly, peacefully, almost without an effort, secure the practical control of the whole of the means of production and the actual ownership of half the wealth of the country.

"So the Socialist ideal is to be reached by the bridge of the golden rule after all," said the Professor, "and the collectivism that is triumphing over individualism is no hideous tyranny of the State, but the 'union of all who love in the service of all who suffer.'"

"Who knows?" said Dick. "So much has been done already, we are almost justified in believing that we shall do the rest."

CHAPTER XIII.

MERRY ENGLAND ONCE MORE.

EARLY next day the Professor was awakened by salvos of cannon, mingled with which were the merry peals of St. Martin's Church bells. As soon as Irene and he had breakfasted they drove to St. Paul's. The streets were all decorated, and a great triumphal arch had been erected opposite the *Daily Paper* office. The Strand and Fleet Street were gaily decorated with Venetian masts, banners, and festoons of evergreens and flowers. When they arrived at the Cathedral it was crowded, and with difficulty they found standing room. It was a thanksgiving service, full of joy and hope, and when the immense congregation joined in the closing hymn even the Professor was moved. The benediction being pronounced, the huge congregation broke up. It did not disperse, however, at once, but formed on either side of the street in order to see Lady Sidney and the staff of the *Daily Paper* come out. They then entered the carriages which were awaiting them, and drove through the decorated streets to Westminster Hall, where the rewards for heroism were distributed by Lady Sidney. The ceremony was simple but beautiful, beginning with music which had been specially composed for the occasion. It lasted about a couple of hours.

The staff then took train to Victoria Park. The show in the Park was the feature of which Nedelca was proudest. It seemed as if the whole of the East-end was streaming to the Park. There was a great distribution of prizes for the best draught animals of all descriptions, and for the best turn-out—from the huge dray-horses to the humble moke of the costermonger. Then there were trotting matches, and various displays of equine or asinine agility, which made it the most popular show of the year in the East-end. The County Council, co-operating with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, permitted the erection of grand stands and the use of the level spaces of the park for the fête. Lady Sidney and Nedelca arrived in time to sit down to lunch with the competitors, and after lunch distributed some of the prizes in the leading classes, especially those for humanity.

But there was no time for delay, as it was now two o'clock, and the great procession was forming under the Tower Bridge. The tide was flowing, and everything was ready for the start when Lady Sidney and her *cortège* arrived from Victoria Park. Never had the Tower looked so gay as on that day. Flags streamed from every turret of that old fortress, the approaches were lined with volunteers, the music was playing, and everything was as bright as June sunshine could make it. The Tower Bridge was simply festooned from end to end with flowers and evergreens, and was transformed into a magnificent triumphal arch under which the ships were to pass. All the ships in

the river were gay with bunting, while the river itself was alive with craft of all descriptions. Punctually at 2.30, the discharge of a gun announced that the procession had started. A gaily decorated steamer led the way; then came in long procession all the elements which a fertile imagination could conceive to make a river procession attractive. There were reproductions of the barges and galleys of all nations of all times, festooned with evergreens and decked out with flowers, while the bargemen were habited in rich and gorgeous colours. At intervals came flotillas of racing-skiffs and rowing-boats from the training ships, the Sunday-schools, and the public elementary schools. There was a spirit of rivalry between the schools to see which could turn out the smartest boats, and very gay indeed they were. The floats of the Fire Brigade in motion were not the least attractive portion of the procession. Specimens of every description of craft that was to be found on the river were there, and also the smart craft of the River Police, which acted as escort. And a very wonderful display it was! There were torpedo-boats, naphtha-launches and electric-launches and steam-launches, and boats of every description. From the upper reaches of the Thames came a contingent of pleasure-boats. Almost the most popular element was the lifeboats, and the jolly-boats of the merchantmen in the docks. All the craft which could be pressed into the great water-fête were there.

At the close of the procession, amid firing of salvos, came the great barge in which Lady Sidney and her staff were seated. This in all its details was a graphic reproduction of the barge on which Queen Elizabeth used to make her progress on the river. In the immense line of boats nothing was neglected which could add to the gaiety of the scene and the interest of the procession. All the boats moved at a regular pace, and were kept in order by stewards in swift darting steam-launches, which patrolled the whole line of route from the Tower Bridge to Mortlake. On the other side of the river was the general traffic, somewhat interrupted by the numberless small craft outside the line of route, which formed an irregular swarm of camp-followers and added greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene. At fixed distances along the Embankment from Blackfriars to Putney were moored large barges gaily decorated, on which bands were playing; while in the centre were grouped emblematic figures, trophies, and reproductions of scenes in English history.

All London seemed to have turned out. The Embankment was black with people, while an immense concourse poured westward towards Putney and Mortlake, where the prizes were competed for by the various rowing clubs, and more especially by the schools. Nothing was spared to make the holiday popular. At the usual halting-places, where groups gathered, all the humours of the fair were provided, and not of English fairs only. Lady Sidney had ransacked the Continent for the best notions as to popular entertainment. Italian, French, Russian, and German attractions were there in force, side by side with the time-honoured Punch and Judy show, and the merry-go-round, and all the business of an English fair. "It shall be merry England once more on the banks of the Thames," said Lady Sidney.

In the regatta every description of boat had a chance of competition. The river was divided into lengths, and there were four regattas going on at the same time. Prizes were given in a great marquee in the Bishop of London's grounds at Fulham. The Bishop himself presided and bade his guests welcome. The prizes were distributed by Lady Sidney, and then the company sat down to dinner. It was near sunset when the procession began to return. The scene now was even more brilliant than it had been in coming up the



THE BRIDGES WERE DECORATED WITH FESTOONS OF COLOURED LAMPS; EVERY ROWING-BOAT CARRIED A CHINESE LANTERN.

river. All the craft, from the pilot steamer to Lady Sidney's barge, were illuminated with coloured lights, while the whole flotilla was profusely decorated with Chinese lanterns. Never did old Father Thames witness such a brilliant scene. The bridges were decorated with festoons of coloured lamps; every rowing boat carried a Chinese lantern at the bow and at the stern, while the steamers which were lit with electric light showed loyal and patriotic devices picked out in coloured fire along their sides. A salvo of cannon announced the starting of the procession on its homeward journey, and all along its route it was greeted with cannon thunder, while every now and then the river banks burst into coruscations of fireworks. The whole was accompanied with the music of the bands, which were silenced at intervals in order that the rowing song of the scholars might be heard as they plied their oars down stream. Most of the buildings by the riverside were illuminated. The Emancipator building itself was a perfect blaze of light, and the great search-light moved slowly just ahead of the pilot steamer.

Glogoul and his wife had been offered seats in Lady Sidney's barge. The Professor, however, preferred to be in one of the steward's launches, and he was flitting about hither and thither marshalling the crowds of craft and keeping the way clear for the advance of the great procession. The Professor's place was then offered to Dick Grant, who was leaving England next week to spend his holiday by joining one of the Historical Pilgrimages in Switzerland. One person, at least, did not grudge the Professor his choice—one person, and perhaps two. Dick Grant was seated close to Nedelca. They knew each other well. Nedelca had always regarded him with romantic interest owing to the fact that he was the hero of the story of the mortgage of a life of which she had heard long ago in Rome. She had no idea, however, that he was the person who had saved her life at Clapham Junction when she was a mere child, and although she had often enjoyed his conversation and admired his genius, she had never regarded him with any warmer feelings. Never, that is, until that night. Who has ever drifted down stream in the warm twilight of midsummer, listening to the musical plash of the oars, and every now and then catching the sound of the clear voices of girls singing, without experiencing a kindlier feeling to all humanity? She at least was conscious for the first time of a somewhat deeper interest in Dick than she had previously felt about any one. Very lovely it was, gliding down that river, fretted with gold and silver, under the play of innumerable lamps and lanterns, with the sky lit up by the glare of the rockets. Very pleasant, and not without a romantic charm very perilous for young hearts. The conversation was general throughout, but Lady Sidney noticed that as the barge neared its destination Nedelca became more and more silent, and when at last they passed under the streaming mass of fire which converted the Tower Bridge into a miniature Niagara—the climax of the great fête—Nedelca was altogether silent. Dick Grant left them at the landing-stage. Thoroughly tired out, Nedelca and her mother drove to their house in Portman Square.

"You are very silent, Nedelca," said her mother.

"Yes," said the girl, "I am tired, and I have been thinking."

"What have you been thinking about, my darling?" asked her mother.

"I think," said Nedelca, somewhat dreamily, "that I would like to go to Switzerland this year."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PILGRIMS AT LUCERNE.

SWITZERLAND, long the playground of Europe, had in the last half-dozen years become almost a dependence of the British Empire. The Switzers used to say in joke that their Confederation had now two Presidents: one the President of the Republic, and the other Dr. Lunn, the Director of the Historical Pilgrimages, by which the English-speaking world annually submerged the cradle of European liberty. From a small beginning in the pious picnic of Grindelwald, the pilgrimage had gradually swelled, until in 1900 the number of pilgrims from the English-speaking lands was estimated at no less than one hundred thousand. The pilgrimage began in May, and did not close till the end of September. Twenty thousand English-speaking men and women every month poured a tide of wealth into Switzerland. But that was not the reason for which they were prized by the citizens of the Swiss cantons. These annual pilgrimages were not made up of mere pleasure-seekers, or holiday-makers, or Alpine climbers. They represented a genuine pilgrimage from the newest republics of the world to the mother of all republics, and the cradle of the Federal principle. From far New Zealand, from South Africa, and from the distant Pacific Slope and the frozen regions of Northern Canada, pilgrims came to study reverently the working of its democratic institutions, and to learn the last word which the Federal principle had to teach in any European community. What Chautauqua is to the American citizen, Switzerland became on a large scale to the whole English-speaking world. American, South African, Australian and Canadian, as well as English, Irish, and Scotch, felt that they could sit at the feet of the burghers of Berne or of the peasants of the Forest Cantons, and learn from them how to reconcile order and liberty, how to combine the direct government of the people by the people with the strong restraint of a written constitution. Mr. Bryce found a welcome relief in undertaking the direction of the political studies of the English-speaking pilgrims in August and September.

It was not, however, only in the working of state systems that Switzerland attracted so many pilgrims from the United Kingdom. The vast congeries of social and economic problems which are included in the phrase "the Land Question" attracted even more students than the working of Home Rule. As Mr. Bryce conducted the political pilgrims, so Sir John Gorst took charge of those who sought to find in the agrarian laws and customs of the dwellers on the slopes of the Alps a key to the solution of the problems which were awaiting legislation at home.

Grant was an enthusiast, to whom the Alps were the sacred home of Liberty, and every spot where the Switzers purchased their freedom with their heart's blood was to him a holier shrine than any that human hands could build. He had developed a great gift of oratory in the last six years, a gift unsuspected until his visit to Switzerland in the summer. One day, standing with his back to the chapel, erected as a memorial of the battle rendered ever glorious by the devotion and the victory of Arnold von Winkelried, he began to describe the battle to the pilgrims, and so utterly lost the sense of time that he seemed to see the movements of the troops and the sword-play of battle, as if they were occurring before his eyes. He first conducted the pilgrims over the battlefield. Bands of scholars and students, carefully trained beforehand, went through the manœuvres, and took up the positions of the Switzers and Austrians. Everything was made as distinct and clear as if it had been a war game played in the War Office according to rule. He sketched in

a few nervous sentences the beginning of the war. Then waxing warm with his theme, he enchanted his hearers. They were no longer in the twentieth century, in the age of railways and of telegraphs; they saw again the knights and men-at-arms of the Austrians take up their serried ranks. They watched the mustering of the peasants and herdmen who were not afraid to challenge all the pomp of Austrian chivalry.

From time to time a low murmur of excitement ran through the crowd, which Dick heeded not, but spoke on, throwing his whole soul into the visualising of the scene, which was evidently all clear before him. He seemed to hear the clash of sword on sword, the furious cries of the combatants, and the groans of the wounded. When at last he came to describe the devotion and self-immolation of Winkelried, a solemn awe fell upon the assembly, which immediately afterwards broke out into enthusiastic cheering. Under the magnetic influence of his eloquence the whole concourse seemed to see the victorious onslaught of the Switzers through the gap opened in the Austrian ranks, followed immediately by the headlong flight and the ruthless slaughter of the invading tyrants. When his eloquent voice had ceased, and he sat down exhausted to recover his strength, it seemed as if the twentieth century suddenly had come back again. The spell of the magician was broken, but the memory of it will remain with those who were present to their dying day. Standing a little apart from the crowd, Nedelca and Lill watched and listened. Lill was enthusiastic in her admiration of Dick, but the girl was silent under the pride with which she recognised in Dick a power she had never suspected him of possessing. That was the first of his successes, but not the last.

Similar scenes were witnessed in the rocky defile of Morgarten and on the plain of Morat, but it was on the green meadow of Rutli, where the solemn oath was exchanged which marked the birth of Swiss independence, that he seemed most inspired. The meadow was too small to hold the thousands who were attracted by the magic of his eloquence and the melody of his voice. It seemed indeed as if he were the officiating priest at the Supreme Altar of the Liberty of Man. At the close of his speech the whole assembly knelt in prayer, and there were few who did not feel that their enthusiasm on behalf of Liberty was not kindled anew, an imperishable flame in their hearts. Everywhere the Swiss authorities—especially the schoolmasters—co-operated with the English pilgrims in reviving the memories of the heroic days of Switzerland. At Altdorf, Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" was played on the very spot where Gessler raised his cap, and historical processions, reproduced with archæological accuracy, displayed the armour and accoutrements of the men who freed Switzerland from the Austrian yoke. Dick Grant was also not indifferent to the other memories which make Switzerland so dear to historical students. He was almost as eloquent in describing the attempt and failure of Calvin to establish a Theocracy at Geneva; and as he spoke by the tomb of Zwingle, his hearers for the first time realised the heroic character of the great Swiss reformer. It was a smaller company, but one which was not less absorbed in the study of its subject, which he led across the Great St. Bernard, following the track of Napoleon, and realising something of the indomitable resolution with which the great Corsican launched the French armies across the Alpine barrier. Not less interesting was the pilgrimage which followed the route of the veteran Souvaroff and his Russians on their perilous march from Italy to Zurich.

Nedelca and Lill travelling together had joined the pilgrim party in August. Nedelca had not been to Switzerland since her first visit on her way to Rome. The memory of the mountain-encircled lake was still fresh in her memory,

and she determined to make Lucerne her headquarters. She took up her abode at the Hôtel de l'Europe, which stands furthest from the station on the lake side. She never wearied of contemplating the amphitheatre of hills rising from the lake. The impression which Grant had made on Nedelca was deepened every day by the influence of his inspired eloquence. All Switzerland with its romance and heroism seemed to speak through him. Lill warned her that she was losing her head; but where the heart had already gone the head followed. At the same time Nedelca, Lady Sidney's only daughter and heir to all her millions, seemed to tower above poor Dick as much as the snow-capped Titlis towers above the wooded Burgenstock which rises from the margin of the lake. Grant was staying at the same hotel, and frequently met Nedelca; but although he worshipped her afar off, he would not have dared to tell her of his love had not circumstances facilitated or indeed compelled it.

Nedelca was passionately fond of bathing, and was an expert swimmer. She revelled in the sense of buoyancy which the water gives, and which she always fancied she would have felt to a greater degree if the art of flying had been added to the capacities of the human creature. Lill and she bathed every day, preferring always to go in the early morning, when there were few people in the bath. It was an amusement of theirs to see who could gather up the greatest number of articles thrown into the bath at random. It is an interesting amusement, but one which on this occasion nearly cost Nedelca her life.

One morning before breakfast Nedelca and Lill, accompanied by Dick Grant, left the hotel for the baths. Dick expected a friend from the Schweizerhof, but when he arrived at the baths his friend had not appeared. Seating himself under one of the plane trees on the margin of the lake, he waited for him. The ladies went into the baths. It was a beautiful morning at the end of August. One or two boats were drifting rather than sailing over the placid surface of the lake. A white fleecy cloud lay low on the slopes of Pilatus, while a great bank of white mist entirely hid from view the summits of the Urirothstock and the Titlis. The town was just beginning to wake into life. Close to him some workmen who had been repairing the embankment had left their crowbar leaning against the seat. Dick took it up to amuse himself until his friend should arrive, and was poised it on his hand, when suddenly he was startled by a person screaming from the direction of the baths.

Springing to his feet, he saw Lill in her bathing suit standing on the gangway crying in the wildest excitement, "Help, help, Nedelca is drowning!" A sudden rush of blood to his head blinded Dick for a moment; he felt his head swim, and he staggered as if he would fall, then suddenly regaining presence of mind he rushed to the baths, unconsciously still retaining his grasp of the crowbar. That accident, if it were an accident, saved Nedelca's life. Following Lill into the interior of the baths, he could see nothing.

"There! there!" Lill screamed, pointing down into the water; and looking where her finger pointed, he saw, to his horror, a girl in bathing costume at the bottom of the bath. Her feet were floating towards the surface, but her head was near the boards, about six feet under water. That was all Dick knew. In a moment he had dropped the crowbar and had dived to Nedelca's assistance. But though he raised her he could not carry her to the surface.

An instant showed him what was wrong.

The bottom of the bath was formed of planks, between two of which some object had been lodged which chained the girl's hand to the boarding. Dick struggled to release her,

but, desperate and half maddened, he found it impossible. Suddenly he remembered the crowbar he had dropped on the edge of the bath when he had plunged in.

A few strokes brought him to the side. A quick, agonised search and he had found it, and dived again to Nedelca's help. This time, weighted by the iron and his wet clothes, he sank easily. It is infinitely difficult to work under six feet of water; but Dick was accustomed to swimming open-eyed under water, and now fear and love gave him miraculous skill and presence of mind. Inserting the crowbar between the planks, he wrenched them apart, and in an instant the unconscious girl was released. Panting with excitement, and choked and blinded, Dick carried her to the side, where Lill and a group of frightened women at once proceeded to restore her. Dick only stayed for a glance at Nedelca's set face, then, dripping as he was, he rushed away for a doctor.

By this time hot blankets and restoratives had been sent from the *Hôtel Nationale*, and after ten minutes' vigorous treatment Lill had the exquisite joy of seeing Nedelca open her eyes. When Dick returned with the doctor, she was able to give him a faint little smile that changed his despair to triumph. Poor Dick had scarcely hoped that she could survive that long five minutes' immersion in the water.

It was not till then that he heard from Lill how it all happened. They had been diving for a brass chain with a ball attached. Unfortunately, the ball by some accident slipped between two of the planks which must have been wider than the others. The chain, however, remained upon the plank. Nedelca diving caught the chain round her finger. Under water there is not much time for deliberation, and Nedelca impetuously tugged at the chain, through one of the links of which she had put her forefinger. The brass link was elongated by the suddenness of the jerk and held her finger as in a vice. She could not pull it over her knuckle, and she could not get the ball from between the planking. The more she pulled the tighter the chain was compressed upon her finger. It was a horrible moment when she realised that she was practically nailed head downwards at the bottom of six feet of water. Lill, who was swimming at the other side of the bath, did not realise what had happened; but seeing that Nedelca did not appear, she dived down, and saw that she was fast to the bottom of the bath. She tried to pull her companion free. Finding the attempt vain, she rushed to the gangway and screamed for help. But for the fortunate occurrence of Grant's presence with the crowbar, Nedelca would certainly have been drowned. As it was, beyond a violent shake and a quarter of an hour's unconsciousness, she was not much the worse.

Next morning, after breakfast, Lill knocked at the door of Dick's room and asked him to come and see Nedelca. He found her very pale, lying on a sofa, looking out on the glorious panorama of the lake. Her face flushed when she saw him, and she tried to rise.

"Don't attempt to get up," said Dick, anticipating her attempt to rise. "Pray do not move. I am so glad to see you," he added, hesitating; "you are looking—"

"How can I thank you?" interrupted Nedelca. "You have brought me back to life; and not for the first time."

Dick, who had turned his eyes to the great expanse of snow-clad summits that circle the horizon, started. "What do you mean?" he asked, casting a quick, almost frightened look at the pale face at his side.

"Listen," she said. "Why did you not tell me before? I think you are very unkind, Mr. Grant."

"I unkind—what?" stammered Dick, wondering who had betrayed his secret.

"Come," said Nedelca, "sit down on that chair close to me. You are too far off. I am so weak to-day."

Dick did as he was bidden. "Really, Miss Nestor," he began, "it is I who ought to thank you for affording me an opportunity of doing a service to one whom I—whom we all, regard with such admiration."

"Curious cause for gratitude," said Nedelca, smiling, "to give a friend an opportunity of risking his life to save yours."

"You forget," said Dick, who regained somewhat of his self-possession in Nedelca's smile, "that to save the life of a heroine is the supreme reward of a hero; it is rare indeed such a privilege falls to a humble squire."

"Mr. Grant," said Nedelca, "this is idle talk, and unworthy of one who has not even thanked you once for saving her life twice. No," she said, "don't speak, don't deny it. I know all about it now. This is not the first time I have owed my life to your—your—"

"Oh, Miss Nestor," said Dick, clasping the hand she held out to him, "don't talk about gratitude. There is nothing in the whole world for which I am so grateful as for a chance of helping you."

He still kept her hand in his. Nedelca's colour came for a moment to her cheeks and then disappeared. She did not withdraw her hand.

"Listen," she said. "When I caught my finger in that chain I never realised the danger I was in. It was only when I found that I could neither get the ball from between the boards or the chain off my finger that the thought of my horrible position flashed upon me. It was awful," she added with a shudder.

Dick pressed her hand, and bent his head, not trusting himself to look at her. His heart beat with slow, heavy thuds in his breast, but he did not speak.

Nedelca went on. "In the first moment of panic I struggled and tried to cry out. I nearly choked in the water, and then a hideous feeling came over me. I remember making one struggle, and then consciousness left me. I seemed to be no longer a woman dying a cruel death, chained to the bottom of the bath. I was a child again. I had fallen out of the door of a railway-carriage, and was being dragged along the platform, when suddenly a strong arm was thrown round me, and I was lifted safely into the train. Often and often have I lived through that experience, but this time I saw the face of the man who saved me, and oh, Mr. Grant!—how could you have been silent all these years!"

Dick looked up at Nedelca. Her eyes were full of tears, and there was a tender reproach in her voice which roused strange melody in his heart. A hope which blossomed before it budded burst full-blown upon his soul. But he was silent.

"I lived it all over again as vividly as when I first experienced it, and then all became dark and dead," Nedelca went on. "Nor can I remember anything that happened until I woke up and found you and Lill bending over me. Since then Lill has told me everything, told me how for the second time you snatched me from death."

Her voice trembled. Dick half unconsciously raised her hand a little, then lowered his head and pressed the little hand to his lips. Then he looked up at Nedelca and said simply, "I am so glad always to do anything for you. And to save your life, who would not give his own?"

Nedelca was silent. There was a sadness in his tone which filled her with boundless pity. She knew Grant well. In the free republic of the *Daily Paper* she had had ample opportunity of appreciating his talents, and of admiring the enthusiasm with which he devoted himself to fulfil the dying behest of his father. No member of Sterling's staff had ever been more untiring on the trail of dishonesty and fraud. He tracked down the swindler with the pertinacity of the



HE SAW, TO HIS HORROR, A GIRL IN BATHING COSTUME AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BATH, WITH HER HEAD NEAR THE BOARDS, ABOUT SIX FEET UNDER WATER.

slenthound; and when once he had fastened on the criminal, no bloodhound of English breed held his prey in more iron grip. Quiet and reserved, dreamy, and even absent-minded as he sometimes appeared, he pursued the vampires of the modern world with tireless zeal and fiery ardour. He literally held his life as mortgaged to redeem his father's honour, and to wipe off the stain which the Emancipator had brought upon the Nonconformist escutcheon. During the first three years, when he had been Sterling's private secretary, it was he who had borne the brunt of the battle with the dragon, and had won from Lady Sidney the proud distinction of "Our best and youngest St. George!"

All this passed through Nedelca's mind. He, too, was perhaps not unconscious of her thoughts. The vibration of the brain waves at such moments synchronises so closely that the telepathic interchange of thought renders speech unnecessary. Without a word on his part, Nedelca knew that he loved her—loved her with the supreme passion of an ardent soul; but she knew at the same time that between them rose an impassable barrier. And then she had joy in the greater liberty which had been won for womanhood, and exulted in the thought that she could lightly overleap an obstacle through which he would not venture to pass.

A great dumb joy possessed Dick, an irrational joy, he thought, for never again would he stand so near the woman whom he had worshipped. He almost feared to speak lest words should break the spell and hasten the inevitable end.

"You would not let me speak of gratitude," said Nedelca, taking her hand from his and slightly raising herself on her couch, "and perhaps you were right. For gratitude, they say, is a lively sense of favours to come."

"Nonsense, Miss Nestor," said Dick, who had risen from his chair. "You know there is nothing in the whole world that I can do for you that I would not do if I only knew what it was."

"Well," said Nedelca, blushing slightly, "there is something I want you to do for me. But I warn you it is no easy thing, and it entails more than a temporary sacrifice."

"Only tell me what it is," said Dick. "Do you not know," he said, with an undertone of suppressed reproach,

"that ——" then he paused, feeling he had gone too far.

"Yes," said Nedelca, "I think I do. If I did not I would not venture to make my request. You have saved my life twice," she said, and then added artlessly—"would it be too much trouble to ask you—to—to—take care of it for me—in the future?"

"Your life! Nedelca—I mean Miss Nestor," he stammered, hardly daring to believe that the heavens had opened before him.

"No," she said, stretching out her hands, "not Miss Nestor, only Nedelca to you, Dick—or at least," she added, casting down her eyes, "until you can call me wife."

What happened Dick never exactly knew, excepting that the room seemed suddenly dark as midnight, then as suddenly it blazed as with the flames of innumerable stars. In the midst of it all he knew that he was kneeling before the couch, with his beloved clasped in his arms.

Suddenly the door opened and Lill burst into the room with a telegram in her hand.

Dick scrambled to his feet. Nedelca laughed. Lill, however, appeared too much absorbed with the contents of the telegram to notice their confusion.

"Who says miracles never happen?" said Lill triumphantly. "Jabez Spencer has been converted by the Salvation Army

in Buenos Ayres!"—"Hum!" said Nedelca. "But will he bring forth works meet for repentance?"

"Sterling telegraphs," said Lill, reading the telegram—"Spencer makes restitution; hands over entire fortune; surrenders to justice; will plead guilty, and go to penal servitude."

Dick said nothing. This thing that meant so much to him had become unimportant beside the great fact that he had won his love. But Nedelca clapped her hands joyously.

"Lill," she cried, "your news is a betrothal gift! I am going to marry Dick. He has mortgaged his life to me."



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